

PETERSON'S

MAGAZINE



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TO THE

FORTY-SEVENTH VOLUME.

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Eyes Will Watch for Thee.



Engraved & Printed by J. H. Johnson, London.

THE REPRISAL.



CLARA'S HERO.

MA B

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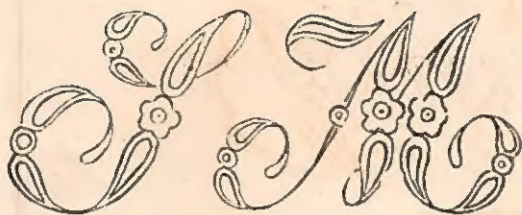
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INITIALS.



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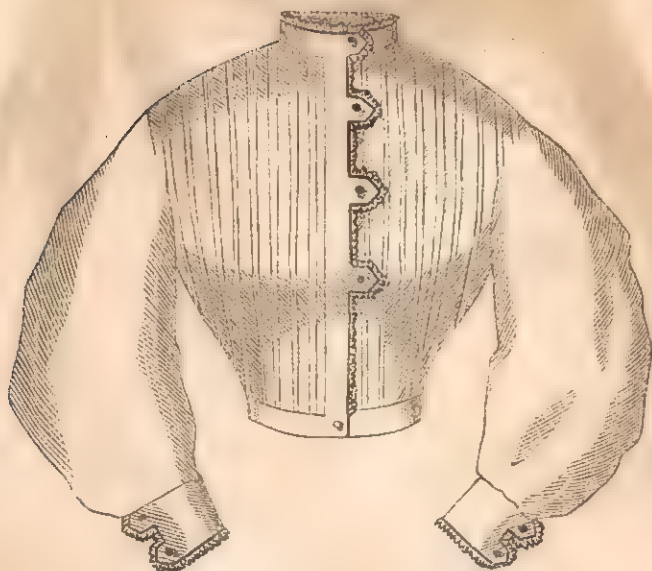
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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1865.

No. 1.

CLARA'S HERO.

BY MIRIAM CLYDE.

"We are too good friends to be lovers, Charley. Fie! there would be no romance in it. I intend to marry a hero."

The speakers were alone, by the fire, in the dusk of the evening: the lady sitting before it, the gentleman leaning against the mantle-piece.

He gave something like a sigh, but added quickly, in a manly voice, "I am sorry for it, Clara; but I am not a hero; good-by."

He was gone. But as he had spoken his farewell, his eyes had looked down into her own sorrowfully and tenderly; and somehow they seemed very like eyes she had seen in her day-dreams. Was she mistaken? Did she love him? She mused, for awhile, with a strange feeling of loss: loss of something very, very dear to her.

She little knew that in the heart she had rejected were all the qualities requisite to make her hero. They only waited an opportunity for development: and that opportunity soon came.

Fort Sumpter had been fired on. Drums were beating, flags flying, everybody was excited. Brothers, sons, and husbands were enlisting. Among others, Charley entered the army: he raised a company and marched to the relief of Washington.

The evening before the regiment left, Charley called to bid Clara's family good-by. Clara had not seen him since their *tele-a-tete*, except occasionally in the street, when he recognized her only by a distant bow. She had been but half satisfied with herself lately. She had missed Charley more than she had thought she would. When he came in, her heart began to beat fast. She asked herself if he would be like himself to-night, or cold as he had been lately. Beyond a few general remarks, however, Charley said nothing to her; he was occupied chiefly in bidding farewell to her father

and mother, with whom he had always been

a favorite; and besides, other officers were present, also old friends, and who had come likewise, to say good-by.

Clara was asked to play while Charley sang. So Capt. Simpson came and stood beside her. At the general request, she played, "Blue Bonnets o'er the Border." But while Charley's voice rose clear and steady, her fingers trembled. The others joined in the chorus, and no one noticed her agitation, except Charley, who dared not attribute it to the right cause. Once or twice, she had hoped they might be alone for a minute, when she half intended to speak the truth. But Capt. Simpson left before most of the others, going away wondering and pained by her seeming coldness.

The war went on. Charley fought in numerous battles and rose rapidly. At Gettysburg, he commanded a regiment, and, toward the close of the third day, fell desperately wounded. With much difficulty he was brought home, and, for weeks, it was doubtful whether he would live or die.

Meantime the ideal hero in the heart of Clara Blake had long vanished, and the image of Charley Simpson had taken its place. Often, how often, did she go back to the old, sweet days of their friendship. These memories were her chief pleasure now, for there seemed no enjoyment in the present, no hope in the future. She would have given worlds if she had never spoken the words which sent him from her side. Ah! she often thought, if her answer had been different, his letters might have brightened the weary days. Sometimes she was shown those addressed to his family; and their modesty in alluding to his own deeds, with which the newspapers were ringing, made her worship him more than ever. And now, when he was so ill, perhaps about to die, she could not even see him. Oh! if she had acted differently, it would

have been her sweet duty, in this hour of agony, to be at his bedside. What words can tell how her heart was racked at reflections like these?

At last he was pronounced out of danger. Then it was said he was able to sit up, to ride out, to walk a short distance, to be able to call on his friends. But Clara never met him. He did not even come to see her father and mother, at which they wondered often. But, in truth, Col. Simpson was deeply hurt. Friends and acquaintances, far and near, had visited him in his sickness; old intimates of the family, ladies as well as gentlemen, had come as soon as he could leave his room; but the one longed-for face had never appeared. So near, and yet denied the pleasure of one word, one look even. Did she fear he would misconstrue her if she came? Yes! that must be the reason, he said to himself: he was hurt beyond words; and had made up his mind to return to his post, for which he was now preparing, without calling at the Blakes at all.

But a night or two before he was to leave, the longing to see her once more became insupportable, and just as twilight was falling he turned his steps to her house. He was dressed in plain clothes, for he never wore uniform except on duty, but the servant, who was an old one, knew him, and ushered him into the drawing-room without announcement, as in the old times. Clara had been out on horseback, and was sitting alone, before the fire, with her hat still in her hand. She was lost in a reverie so deep, that she did not hear Col. Simpson's advancing footsteps, and was only aware of his presence when she happened to look up and saw him leaning on the mantle-shelf.

She gave a little start, for at first she thought she had seen his ghost: but, recognizing him, hastened to explain her emotion.

"You look so pale you frightened me," she said, breathlessly, and still trembling, but holding out her hand. And she added, "I hear you are going back soon. Surely, your friends should keep you here till you are better."

"My friends!" he answered, a little bitterly. "I once counted you among them. But you, at least, have done little to keep me at home, not, I believe, remembering old times sufficiently to send, even once, to ask if I was dead or living."

He little knew what she had suffered, or he would have spared her these words. He little suspected that only the remembrance of her foolish speech, and her fear of his contempt, had kept her away. She sat silent, with quivering lips, and fast filling eyes, while he continued,

"I called to say 'Good-by' again: perhaps, this time, forever. By-the-by," he added, as if suddenly remembering the interview in this same room, "have you found your hero yet, Clara?"

But her face was hidden in her hands, her voice was choked with sobs.

"God forgive me," he said, all his bitterness melting away at the sight of her emotion, "what have I done? I have been a brute——"

"I have deserved it all," she murmured. "I—I—didn't mean——"

A sudden light broke over him. There was something in her tone, her manner, that flashed hope into his heart. He stooped down and bent over her.

"What would you answer now, Clara?" he said, his voice shaking.

She looked up at him: it was enough; in another moment she was weeping glad tears on his shoulder.

When Charley went back to the army, he went as Clara's husband: she had found her hero.

SHADOWS.

BY OLIVE C. FERRISS.

I STAND here alone in the door to-night,
And I watch the shadows fall,
And I think of the shades that will one day come
And gather over us all:
That will gather over us all, kind heart,
In a day that will surely be,
As the gloom comes down on the world to-night,
O'er hill, and vale, and sea.
And I'm standing here in an idle dream,
While I watch the fading light,
And the twilight robes that are falling gray
Round the dusky feet of night;

And I watch the whole world growing dim,
As the day's last moments fleet,
And I think of the valley, dark and cold,
Where the clasping shadows meet.

I know the mists that gather here
Will break on a brighter shore,
Where the gloom of the night-time ne'er is known,
And the shadows fall no more.
I know that all is bright and fair
In the land beyond the skies,
Oh! the blessed home that is promised us
In our Father's Paradise!

A NEW-YEAR'S STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

MARTHA TOLIVAR pushed the book off of the window-ledge and leaned sullenly on her elbows. "A great and beautiful thing to be alive?" Umph! That depends——" she muttered.

It was some story, with dilutions of Carlyle in it, that she was reading.

Martha's eyes were a reasonable gray, and the projecting forehead, under the coarse, yellow hair, promised a good deal of strength and intelligence; but the brain below was a little drunk just now with half-comprehended Carlyle and Emerson. She had just left school, and, you know, every reading girl, between leaving school and falling in love, has a passion for metaphysics-made-easy.

"To think of living!" looking out into the clear December night glimmering into softer starlight, the gray eyes slowly filling with tears. "It might be worth a trial—to live—somewhere, where there would be room for work, or sharp pain, or happiness. In the thick of cities. If she were a man she could be on a battle-field to-night," her blood hot and her teeth clenched. "Even women could do something in hospitals: they lived years in a day there. But here—here——"

The clearer the thought of the full, chivalric life yonder grew to her, the deeper was the disgust on her face. She caught the window-sash as if it had been an iron grating, looked up and down the narrow, muddy street, into the back-yard, at the room within, with its white-washed walls, rag-carpet, and green and yellow chairs. "Bah-h!" with a guttural outbreak, "I'm sick of the whole of it."

Martha's three years of schooling, at the seminary on the hill, had not cleaned off some little vulgar traits of manner; had not even made her conscious of them. But, apart from that, she was an honest, earnest girl, with good, right feelings below all. Well, it was true, there was not much of the polish or delicacy of life around her, you might have thought, that evening. Her father was the turnkey of the town prison: they lived in the front rooms of the jail, wide and well-lighted enough, but with the musty smell of crime about them, somehow, and the cells and their thieves or drunken vagabonds just on the other side of the hall-wall. She could

hear two of the tipsy Irish women, put in last night, yelping at each other now. Her father, a raw-boned man in a red shirt, was smoking a pipe at the other side of the room, and below the window where she stood was a basement kitchen, where her mother, fat and jolly, was finishing the week's washing; the two jail bulldogs were snarling over a heap of bones at the door. Martha had been starching all day herself: her hands were stiff and bleeding.

No, not an inviting, poetic life certainly; yet maybe (glancing at the glass) good enough for her. She did herself injustice in the look, perhaps, seeing only the stout, solid figure, and the features both heavy and dull. She did not know how a bit of cheerfulness and a smile kindled the whole face into downright beauty, just as it did these coarse jail-rooms of theirs.

"Matty," said her father, knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "Don't you want to put on a clean collar and things? Sam'll be up before the meeting, he said."

"It don't matter."

"Well, tell him I'm gone on. We're going to clench old Dyke to-night on the gov'nor question," going out and pulling his coat on as he went.

"It didn't matter for Sam?" Her conscience twinged her sharply. She went to the glass, smoothing her hair, straightening her dress. Sam loved her as nobody else ever would; for two years he had been working hard, so that they could go to housekeeping in the spring; not saying much, but dogging on, day after day; she ought to remember that. Well, she did. Poor Sam, with his snub nose and bushy red hair! There was not much room in his nature for heroic effort, or deeds of derring-do: how absurd these longings of hers to-night would seem to him!

It was a long time since Martha Tolivar had spent so much thought on her lover's nature. She had grown so used to him. It seemed to her they had been engaged since they were children. Down a by-street she could see the snug little house he had rented for the Spring. Well, Sam would go on bossing the nail-shop, then, and she would do her own cooking. Her life was ruled out straight to the end; and again

she caught at the window-frame as if it were an iron cage. Just across the street was Judge Lynn's old place: a queer, old-fashioned stone house in the midst of a clear-shaven lawn and forest trees. Martha's perception was acute enough to see how every trait of the place betrayed the life of its owners, generous, refined, graceful. Molly Lynn and she had been classmates, up at the seminary, used to walk home together; for Molly had no false pride. Since then Martha watched her with a curious interest, though, of course, their friendships had ceased, except for a pleasant nod and smile now and then. Their lives were so utterly apart! God had showered such full, choice blessings on that girl! Martha could catch a glimpse of her now through the folds of the lace window-curtains of the judge's library, sewing by the lamp: how delicate, and fair, and quiet she was! her face still with content and security.

It was not her beauty that Martha envied, nor position: it was the unnumbered chances she held. "The chances—the very air of that house is full of life, and music, and culture, every day. Not one of these men and women to whom she talks that does not help her to knowledge and refinement. It is easy to live nobly, supported by nobler souls——" I am afraid it was a bitter smile which Martha gave at that moment, seeing Sam Carton enter the gate.

Over the street young Robert Fullmer, the State's attorney, had stopped at Judge Lynn's. People said he was soon to marry Miss Lynn. No man in his party, they also said, had the mental force of Fullmer; even his enemies prophesied a sure and speedy ascent for him. "All her life a first chance for her," said Martha to herself. "Always power, and a place to stand where she can make God and man glad that she has lived."

It was the night before New-Year's, and a wild fancy crossed her mind. What if with the new year a new life could begin for herself; if some magic could tear her out of this dull, vulgar commonplace, and give her, too, a higher heroic destiny. "I wouldn't care how terrible was the pain it held," she said, "if——"

Sam Carton opened the door just then. Now, the girl loved Sam, whether she knew it or not. She hurried a smile on her face so as to please him, and felt a little crest-fallen when he did not notice it, or her particularly, but began talking, as her father had done all day, of the meeting, and old Dyke, and the governor question.

"But I forgot, Matty," he said, at last, "you don't care whether we elect our candidate or not. What do you see out of the window, eh? It's

a biting cold night," coming up beside her. "Yon's Bob Fullmer, going in there. They say he's honeyfugled that pretty daughter of Lynn's into marrying him. It's a pity."

"Why?" sharply. "What do you know of Mr. Fullmer?"

"He's not the true wood for a man, Matty," rubbing his red hands in his lumbering, slow way. "Not the true wood! There's things about him I wouldn't say—to you. But that was a scoundrelly trick, now, he played our firm about that screw matter. You mind?"

"Yes, something of it," indifferently.

"That did set my teeth on edge. I've sworn often I'd be revenged on Bob Fullmer for that. But it's likely it'll go off in swearing," with a good-natured laugh. "What are you going to do to-morrow, Matty? It's a holiday. New-Year's, you know?"

Martha looked at him wistfully. "I don't know. I think, Sam—if one could have a new life—begin all over again to-morrow——"

"Eh? Yes! I see," looking gravely out of the window, his face reminding her, as it often did, that there were depths of quiet and seriousness about him in which she had no share. "Most days seem like that to me—a fresh start." He was silent for a little while, then roused himself. "Well, Matty, I must be off. I only stopped to look at you on my way to the meeting."

She stood tapping on the window-sill. This was the end of most of their interviews—just such every-day jog-trot sort of talk. She had read of passionate love-words, of tender looks; they were not for such as her. "It's early yet, Sam," smothering a sigh.

"No, I think not. Will you look at the clock, Matty? My watch is stopped."

She went into the back chamber to look at a clock behind the door, taking a candle with her. "It wants five minutes of eight. Father set ours by the town-clock this evening." She did not know that life and death before long should hang on that trivial answer.

"Good-by then," he said, "I'm late. The meeting begins at eight. I'll go through Ford's lane, though, and make a near cut. Good-by." He held her hand a moment, then went out, touching his cap again at the door. Sam had some old-fashioned courtesies that made Martha smile. He never had kissed her but twice, and then turned pale and looked grave as a woman might. She wondered if it was because he cared so little, or so much.

Going to the window, Martha looked out again, idly. The night had clouded over with

a heavy impending snow-storm. Sharp, wintry gusts rattled the windows and waved the bare poplars across the street like gigantic black plumes. The street was deserted; the political meeting, at the other side of the town, had drawn in all straggling passengers; only Sam's heavy, clog-nailed shoes rung on the pavement, as he passed down under the flickering street lamps and turned at last into an oblique alley. "He said he would take that short cut," she murmured to herself, watching him out of sight for want of something better to do.

She stood there just five minutes, for the clock struck eight, and timed her, when another, lighter step went down the street. "It is Robert Fullmer," peering out. "He is going to speak to-night," watching him, too, turn down Ford's lane. "He'll be late. I wonder what it is Sam has against him?" she said, as she turned from the window, and, poking up the fire into a cheerful blaze, took out her sewing.

The girl was nervous; body and mind were strained and irritable; long after her usual bed hour had passed, therefore, she remained in the family room, pacing restlessly up and down, her sewing strewn on the floor. It was some muslin she was making up for her wedding; it tired her; it was a part of the dull outlook into the future. Had this New-Year, laden with life and death to myriads, nothing for her but the old stagnation?

The night had grown colder and more stormy with every hour; blasts of hail struck sharply against the windows, and the wind howled at intervals through the silence, more fiercely, she fancied, than ever before. It might have been the tension of her own brain, but there was a strange wailing in its sound, meaning in its abrupt pause, as though the whole night waited for some untold sorrow. Even the dull thud of some belated passenger's step, on the frozen snow without, had an ominous sound, as though he were the messenger of evil tidings.

"I am hysteric as any fine lady," she said, arresting herself as she turned toward the window and lighting a night-lamp. "It would be more to the purpose to consider what is for breakfast, to-morrow, than to abandon myself to these silly fancies."

She stopped, however, before leaving the room, hearing a sudden noise without. They were bringing in a prisoner through the hall outside, the same front-door being used as an entrance to the jail and dwelling-house. As much as was possible, Martha avoided all contact with the prisoners, however; it was the only means she had of preserving any refine-

ment, she thought. This was a woman they were bringing in now: she heard Phil Hoyt, the constable, say so, when her father went to unbolt the door; and the woman had been arrested for nothing more than vagrancy, she knew, for they were putting her into one of the more decent cells used formerly as the debtor's prison. Almost all the women brought in made some outcry, but this one was perfectly silent; the only noises heard were the shuffling of the men's feet on the hempen carpet and their voices in an anxious whisper. "What is it?" she said to herself, holding the door-latch in her hand impatiently. "She is tipsy, perhaps, and heavy to lift."

The next moment her father opened the door, in his shirt-sleeves and trousers, holding a flaming candle.

"You up, Matty?" he cried. "That's lucky. Bring us some warm milk for this child, dear. It's starving. I think," going back to the prisoner, who stood leaning against the wall, holding a baby in her arms.

The men were used to sights of crime and pain, so the woman's face did not move them; and if the child had died then and there, they would have looked on it, probably, as a happy deliverance, it was such a wizened, diseased-looking little wretch, bearing such unmistakable marks of its birth in vice. But it made Martha sick to look at it and at its mother; with an under-thought of how coarse and vulgar the life was which subjected her to such sights and sounds.

The woman had been young and beautiful but a year or two ago it might be—but months tell like years on such as she. Yet her face, under the dirt and tangled hair, was fresh-tinted and dimpled, and there was a latent, dewy softness in the brown eyes, with all their unmeaning glare now.

"What ails her?" Martha whispered to her father. It seemed impossible to her that any mother could look at a starving child with so unmoved a face as this; the woman's limbs, too, were rigid, and her flesh had a livid, cataleptic tinge.

"Dunno. She's been an' taken some drug, 's likely. Let's have the babby, my girl. No? Well, bring the milk, Matty; maybe she'll feed her."

"I found 'em on Stokes' cellar-door," said Hoyt, lighting his lantern-candle, which had blown out; "heven't got a word out on her from that minit till now. Maybe she'd tell you what she's tuk, Miss," he added, turning to Martha as he went away.

But the woman only stared blankly in Martha's face when she questioned her. Either she would not hear, or there was some pain here different from any which had come under the girl's ken. So Matty brought the cup of warmed milk and fed the child. It swallowed like some starving cub, and, when it had done, turned its soggy black eyes on her face with a strange appealing look, she fancied. But she was full of idle fancies, she knew, to-night; she put them out of her head; and when her father pushed open the cell-door, and the woman went in mechanically and stretched herself on the ragged pallet with the same glassy stare, Matty tried to forget her with the rest. Did they not lock up just such wretches every night?

Her father looked grave when he came out and turned the key. "There's somewhat out of the ordinary the matter with that un," he said. "It's not drink either. Well, go to bed, Matty. What's kept you up in this shivering night, pet, anyway?" stooping to kiss her.

If his jaws were lank and unshaven, and his shirt patched flannel, her father's eyes were the kindest she ever had known, and his smile as tender as a woman's; the kiss warmed her, and so did the hearty "God bless you, puss. Be up early to give me my coffee in the morning."

Matty turned off, going down the hall. At the woman's cell she halted a moment. What if she went in and sat by her to-night? She could persuade her father to allow it. Only a moment she paused, then went on to bed. "If it had been some great thing He told thee to do, wouldst not thou have done it?"

Her chamber, it happened, was over this cell. She could not drive the woman out of her mind when she tried to sleep; grew impatient at herself at last that she could not. She thought it was only her fancy then, when, an hour after, there seemed to come from the cell below a sharp, sudden cry, breaking out of some depth of pain, such as she never had dreamed of. It must have been fancy, for, starting up and listening, all was silent as the grave, as it had been before. Yet it terrified her; the more, as she thought she heard in the cry a familiar name twice uttered. "Pish! I was asleep. What could she know of him?" she muttered, turning her pillow to ease her aching head. After that she grew drowsy and quiet, gazing out through the square, uncurtained window into the darkness and driving storm. In after years, looking back to this night, that hour used to recur to her with a curious vividness. "It was the last of my girlhood's unreal stupor," she would say. "I woke out of it to live in earnest."

She woke with a confused sound of subdued voices in her ear, a clanging of doors, cries of anger and horror, and then sudden pauses such as fall on a terrified crowd. The sounds were without the gates. Within the jail all was silent, save now and then a smothered footfall outside of her door. Torches, carried by some of the crowd in the street, threw reddish, uncertain glares upon the wall and on her bed. "It is some criminal they are bringing here," she said. "So the New-Year comes in," and she hid her face in her hands, sick of slime and vice, and pitying herself. Don't blame her! She was only a girl, not far from a child, and would have liked an innocent, foolish life just as other girls do.

At first she tried to shut out the noises and the lights, then she got up, and, wrapping a shawl about her, crept to the window. They had taken the prisoner inside; the gates were fastened; but she could catch glimpses of the swaying mass of faces under the leafless poplars on the dark street, red and angry. Overhead, was the wide, cold winter's night, catching the sickly pallor of dawn; beneath, the drifted snow, foul and muddy already with the trampling feet. The whole world was cold and foul, the girl thought, standing there with chilled feet and sick heart, trying to understand the sullen muttering of these men without. She heard it at last. It was murder they talked of—a murder that had been done to-night: not a drunken street brawl, but some deed that shamed the coarsest there, touching him in his thought of home and decency.

"God help us when such things as this can be," said one that she knew; a tipsy thief; but he was sober now.

The crowd scattered slowly, going in groups down the street, but a few men remained, huddled together, talking it over, leaning against the iron railings, and stamping their feet occasionally to keep them warm. In the dead stillness, she could hear them distinctly; she could not go from the window, angry at herself as she might be. She had a strange fancy that she had something to do with this night's work.

"Seven times he stuck the knife in him," said a bloated little Dutchman, in a dogmatic voice. "I was there the first after the murderer, and Joe Stiles. Seven times. The man must have been dead with the first stroke. That went to the heart: after that he went in cutting like a butcher."

"Bah!" It was Phil Hoyt's voice. "The boy as did this 's no butcher, Daddy Heiner. If so be as 'twas a fight, it was a fair fight."

There was an old grudge. That I'll acknowledge," pointing off his sentences with one finger on his palm. "Hot blood, an' young blood; that I'll acknowledge. I want to be fair, though I'm a frend to this boy as you have in the jug, and, to be plain, I don't think the other fellow's much loss." There was an angry murmur. "No. Not a loss," raising his voice. "I sees lots in my beat of work you know nothing about. Well. They two, havin' this grudge, as I said, an' meetin' in this dark corner, words begins it: blood gets up—an' there's the end. Is that onnatural? Is there one here as it mightn't have happened onto?"

There was a pause after this argument. Most of his hearers had their own reasons for treating the constable with respect. They chewed their tobacco more vigorously, shuffled their feet, and looked askance up at the jail windows.

"Yon's Judge Lynn's," said one at last, after a diffident cough. "I have heard say as him as was killed in this fight, to-night, was agoin' to marry the judge's girl?"

"Likely he was," growled Hoyt. "That don't alter the case, does it? I've nothin' against it. But I've a good deal against a fellow bein' howled at to the gallows, as you had all made up yer minds to do with this chap in-doors."

"Wonder if *she* knows?" said a small boy, with his hat askew and eyes set, indicating Miss Lynn by a twitch of his thumb. There was no answer.

"Hoyt," said a grave, elderly man, who had smoked in silence, "there was no fight. I've been thinking of what you said. The murdered man had no arms. The knife which did the business was, on the contrary, long and strong. One blow, as Heiner says, would have been enough, wielded by even a weak hand. And then," lowering his voice, as if it pained him to believe his own words, "in the snow there was no sign of any struggle. Only this, two footsteps, one approaching the other behind. Those which came later could easily be discerned."

Hoyt was silent. "It's a bad business," he said, at last. "But if Fullmer was done to death, foul or fair, he wrought for it. I'm clear on that."

"Fullmer?" She staggered back to the bed. "Robert Fullmer; done to death; hot blood and an old grudge; they meeting in a dark corner——"

The broken sentences rung dully, again and again, through her brain. She gave them no meaning; thrust their import away from her, sick and angry. Then she sank into a quiet

stupor, sitting there until the sun was up, leaning her head against the pine bed-post, dragging her bare toes to and fro across the carpet. The men were gone; the street long ago had relapsed into silence; in the jail, though, there was a hushed sound, now and then, that told there were anxious watchers astir. She knew; it was her father, pacing through the down hall, waiting for daylight. When it came, he would come to her door and knock; he had something to tell her. Yes, she understood. She chuckled; that insane laugh of the first paralysis of pain or terror.

It was a pale, bitterly cold winter's day when it came, the snow heaped deep on hills and streets, the wan New-Year's dawn chilling the air more than the close wrapping night. She heard the step at last, coming up the stone stairs, hesitating as it neared her door. How those old slippers of her father's dragged; she had meant to buy him a new pair for Christmas, but hadn't money——

She looked up and nodded, as he opened the door, after tapping on the panel.

"Matty!" he said. Then he came up, and, sitting down on the edge of the bed, drew her close and chafed her face. "Poor child! poor little Mat!"

Neither of them spoke for a time. At last she raised her head, and said, "Where is he?"

"Sam?"

She nodded.

"In the lower cells. Don't shiver, Matty. I wouldn't hev put him there—there's none but the worst go there, them as is sentenced for murder! But it was Simons as ordered it. He's got a spite agin the boy, to start with."

"Tell me all," she said.

He gathered up her feet and wrapped them in a blanket. "How did you know? I thought you were asleep, poor little puss, all night. It's been a long night to mother and me—longest in my life. For you, you know, Matty. I said to mother, 'Who'll tell her? It's Matty I think of,' I said."

"There's no danger," said the girl, resolutely.

"He can prove his innocence in an hour or two. There is only a mistake somewhere. If you'll tell me all, I'll see where it is, father."

The old jailer coughed to hide a groan, pulled at his ragged whiskers, then took her hands in his and told her the story.

It was short and direct enough. Last night Joe Stiles, the flour inspector, had been passing down Pleasant street on his road to the meeting, when he saw a man come out of Ford's lane (which opened on Pleasant street,) run-

ning, a knife in his hand, the knife and his clothes bloody. Stiles hurried after him, when the man, who was Sam Carton, dropped the knife, and told him with a husky voice and every mark of terror, or guilt, that he had found young Bob Fullmer dead in the lane, lying against the fence of a back-yard, this knife beside him. Stiles' suspicions were aroused by Carton's manner, and, after finding that Fullmer was actually dead, he had caused him to be arrested. "Though he's not formally gone afore a magistrate yet," said the jailer. "There's many as has heard Sam swear revenge agin Bob Fullmer, myself for one."

Martha's heart grew sick as she remembered the last night's conversation.

"An—now, Matty, I don't believe Sam did this thing; 'twan't a fair fight, or, it might hev so been, 'twas a foul, back-handed murder; I don't think as he did it—mind you. But I do say, as his actions have been onaccountable this night on any other ground of explainin'. There's not a man as saw him that would believe he was not guilty, savin' myself. That's how the matter stands. Questions him: 'Was nobody by when you finds the boddy?' No answer. 'Was any human person in that lane. Who do you believe was the murderer?' Dumb as a mule. Then says I, 'Sam Carton, did you kill this unfortunate man?' 'No, so help me. God, I found him as I told you, the knife beside him, them seven wounds in his breast and stomach,' he says, clear and round. 'Who do you think did the deed?' then says I. 'I have no more to say,' he answers, growin' sullen."

"This was early in the night," said Martha. "Where was he until they brought him here?"

"In the station-house, close guarded. Lord, child, the town was wild with it; the meetin' was broke up. The Fullmers have more influence than any family, you know. It'll go hard with Sam."

He was silent for awhile, then, clearing his throat, he began to stammer. "After breakfast time, Sam'll be ink before a magistrate for examination. Now, there's one point, Matty, as I haven't told you on. It were just nine o'clock when Sam Carton met Stiles coming out of Ford's lane. Dr. McCoy says as Fullmer had at that time been dead nigh onto an hour; he was on the spot near as soon as Stiles and examined the boddy. Now, what time did Sam Carton leave this house? If but a bit before nine, only enough to give him time to go through Ford's lane, then his story is true, an' he found Fullmer, dead already, there. But if he left you an hour before goin' into Ford's lane—do you

see? Where was he all that time until he goes out an' finds Stiles, an' what was he about?"

Martha Tolivar sprang to her feet and walked to the window. She did see. Oh, God! where had he been? Some cold grip seemed to have clutched at her breast, she drew her breath heavily.

"Gilton, the 'torney, was there, last night," pursued her father, eyeing her keenly askance, "an' he says to Sam, 'Carton,' he says, 'doubtless you can prove an alibi. If you can account for yourself up to fifteen minutes of nine, it's all right, for Fullmer had evidently been dead some time,' he says. Sam said nothin'. Now, Matty, they'll call on you for a witness in an hour or two." He affected not to see her shiver, but went on hurriedly. "If you can prove as Sam Carton left this house nigh onto nine o'clock, his business is all right. There's none knows but you and him. Mother—she was asleep down in the kitchen: I was at th' meetin'. It rests with you, Martha."

"I—"

"Well, well," opening the door, "don't say nothin' to me. Wait till you—you think a bit. This matter of time is sich an uncertain thing. It'll take you to consider a spell. It might n' seemed eight to you when he left, when it was really nine. Don't be in a hurry; it's—it's Sam's life as is dependin' on it."

He held the door a moment, mumbling to himself, looking at her with his bony face and gray eyes full of a strange unspeakable pity and affection; then he shut the door and went down the hall, rapping at the prisoners' doors who were noisy, and swearing at them.

She dressed herself mechanically and sat down on a wooden stool by the fire-place, where there were only a few half-burned coals, hiding her head in her lap. Her mother came in, bringing hot tea presently, and one of the women to make the fire followed, watching Martha curiously.

"You can go, Sukey," said Mrs. Tolivar, her voice more gentle than Martha had ever heard it. "I'll build the fire;" and when she was gone, "Oh! Matty, kin you save him? What d'ye mind of the time?"

"None o' that ere," said the jailer, who was watching at the door. "You quit worritin' that child, wife. You build that fire an' then come out o' here. Did I ask her questions?"

Mrs. Tolivar took Matty's fingers in her fat hands and squeezed them, then obeyed and left her alone.

At ten o'clock she was to go, to the magistrate's office, they told her.

Yesterday, when she had planned a strong heroic life for herself, she had fancied how self-poised, serene she would be when God's great judgments met her face to face. New-Year's had come. Was this the supreme new life, the grapple with destiny she had hoped for? She never thought to ask. It was the old moil of thoughts and people: Sam, the jail, crime; but soul and body were wrenched alike with the fierceness of the struggle. It was only the old lover, Sam, with his stubby, sandy hair, red hands, and truth-telling eyes; but she loved him so madly that day, that she could have been glad to let out drop by drop from her veins to save him from pain. To save him from death—

It was no new revelation of sublime duty flashing on her to-day; only the old God, her father had read to her of from the Bible, down stairs, when she was a child, the God she had kneeled to by her bed every night since, asking herself if she dared perjure her soul before Him for this old lover's sake. Where were the great primitive truths with which she had meant to comfort herself when the trial came? She crouched down on the floor, picking at the chain of the rag-carpet, her eyes swollen, her nose red, the tick, tick of the town-clock vexing her dull thought, trying to thrust this new grappling agony out of her brain, to think of the trousers she was making for her father, of the dinner to cook; anything to bring back her old life and waken her out of this horrible dream; now and then, when its reality grew too sharp to bear, sobbing, "Oh, God! have pity on me!" her head on the stool like a whipped child.

When nine o'clock came, and the brass hands of the clock ticked slowly on to ten, no calmer, no more certain than at first, still wringing her hands, looking helplessly out into the bright blue air.

A sudden sound made her stop and stand motionless, listening. It was the jar of one of the cell-doors; they were taking Sam out. She heard his slow, firm step among all the others, passing through the hall. It seemed to quiet, determine her; she ran to the iron door of her room, by which he must pass, and laid her head on it as if it had been his breast. "I'll save you," she said, in a hot whisper. He was innocent; if she lived to prove the truth, would God blame her? Then she pushed that mean sophism away, she was too clear-headed to accept it. "I love him," she said, looking up, a fierce light in her homely face. "I'll save him. God can do to me what He will. That's all."

The steps went out on the pavement, the hall-door clanged, there was a noise of wheels driving away.

In a few moments her mother and father came in. "Time's up, Matty," the latter said, cheerfully. "It's only a few steps round to Squire Dutton's office. Sam was put in rather informal last night, as much to get out of the mob as any other reason. It'll all be plain sailing this morning. We'll have him taking tea with us to-night as usual on holidays."

"No; I'll put off the New-Year dinner till late. That's better," said his wife. "Sam's monstrous fond of turkey," tying on Martha's hood and furs as she spoke.

Oh! if what they said were real words! Was she ever to sit down by Sam again at the cheery little table, with the four happy faces about it? Yesterday, those cozy little feasts had seemed dull and wearing, now they were far and bright as dreams of Paradise.

"I'll go speak to Holster before we start," said the jailer, with a warning look at his wife to be silent. She did not heed it.

"I was dozin', Matty, last night," said the mother, in a rapid mutter, her hands trembling as they smoothed the pelerine. "But I'm dead sure as the clock struck nine just as Sam went. You know. For God's sake, save him, child. He's aged ten years since they put him in."

"Come, Martha," cried her father's voice, interrupting her. She went out to where her father stood in the hall; his face had a new trouble on it. "That poor wretch we took in last night is dyin'," he said. "You'd best stay with her, wife. Dr. M'Coy says as she's took some drugs, and took more on it through the night. It's too late to save her, he says. An' she's turned out to be Marget Hench, Sam Carton's cousin; her as was unfortunate some time ago." All this in a rapid undertone to his wife; then tucking Martha's hand under his arm, he led her briskly down the street.

The sun had broken from behind the gray pall of cloud, and glittered brilliantly on the white snow, the dripping icicles, the long rows of red brick houses, with cheerful fires shining through their windows; the streets were full of happy faces; crowds of young men, furred and cloaked, dashing along in sleighs, making their New-Year's calls. One, more earnest, honest, hard-working than the whole of them, waited for a gibbon; she could save him; only she. Her father, who was watching her, stopped short. "Ye's sick, Matty!" kneading her hands in his. "It's so then as you can't speak the good word for Sam?" in a voice of blank disappointment.

"Come on," she said, steadily. "It's only a step farther."

The magistrate's office was a one-roomed, wooden shed at the corner of Pleasant and John streets. There was a crowd of loafers on the steps and about the door when they came near, trying to catch any crumb of news from within; for the door itself was locked. They made way for Tolivar and his daughter, with whispers about "Carton's sweet-heart," "prove an alibi," "neat foot and ankle." And this while the man that had loved her so was near death on the other side of the door.

He *had* loved her; she knew now how well; she could curse herself bitterly as a man would, remembering how selfish she had been with him.

When she entered the office, she saw him first, standing alone, his arms folded on his breast, by the window, the sun lighting up his shoulders and head. It was a homely face, but there were grand, steady lines about it, an air of quiet strength and truth that none of these flimsier men shared who sat in judgment on him. He changed color when he saw her, and then smiled. There was always something sad and tender in the man's smile; she felt herself breaking down, the tears coming. Going straight to him, she took his hand. "Sam, I—"

"It would be better you had no conversation with the prisoner, Miss Tolivar," said the policeman.

Her father brought her a chair in a corner a little out of sight.

They went on with the examination. It only proved the story I have related more clearly, though carried on in a rambling, discursive style. Squire Dutton was a friend of Carton's, in fact, an old employer; he addressed him as "Sam," and affected a lightness of tone as if the whole accusation was a mere farce. But all his petty schemes could not throw discredit on the facts, as they were more plainly elicited: he bit the end of his goose-quill impatiently. The men owed each other a grudge. Carton had sworn revenge. ("Them was idle words, spoke in heat," Sam said. "But I don't expect none to credit that.") The death-wounds had been inflicted with this knife, that lay, with its fresh blood-stains, on the squire's green baize table; the knife was found in Carton's hand. Fullmer lay dead in the lanc. Only they two had been there alone.

"For how long? That's the pint," said Dutton. "Doctor says, Fullmer had been dead an hour. Where was Sam an hour back? It all depends on that, gentlemen." The jailer whispered to him. "Eh? Yes. I heard of this,"

trying not to look too boyishly pleased, rubbing first one gray whisker and then the other. "A few words from Miss Tolivar will settle the matter then." Carton started, took a step forward, turned deadly pale. "An alibi, you understand, Simons. If Carton left Mr. Tolivar's house at nine, or but a few moments before, it is clear he is an innocent man. The blood on this knife was frosted and dry when Stiles took it from him."

The jailer led the girl forward and stood beside her. "Don't be feared, Mat," he whispered. "It's Sam's chance."

Carton leaned his hand on the squire's table; it trembled, but his voice was steady as he looked round at every face in the room.

"I've a word to say." The reporters looked up, the old squire laid down his pen. "As God lives, there's no blood on my hands. But that's all I'll say. I could clear myself of this murder by a word; but I've made up my mind not to speak it. I want no lies sworn to for my sake, Squire Dutton, either." He stopped here as if his strength failed him; no one broke the silence. "Not that Matty Tolivar," with a pitiful smile crossing his lips, "is the woman to speak it. I'm not feared of that." His eyes fell, his fingers working nervously on the table; then he raised his head, and said in a hearty, cheerful tone, "I'm in a bad risk. I see that. But I think I'm doin' right in not clearing myself. I've no mind to be a martyr either. But I thought the matter over when I found Bob Fullmer layin' there dead, and I concluded to keep quiet. I believe," taking his felt hat off his head, "God will see me righted. I'm sure of it." He turned and looked at Martha, nodding for her to go on.

There was a pause; a little stir then; one or two men drew a long breath, as if they had been startled, by a strong, true word, into cognizance of a better life than that of every day.

"You can sit down, Miss Tolivar," said the old squire, then rubbing his hand uncertainly across his forehead.

She sat down. How clear the air had suddenly grown, how easy her duty; she did not think, hardly, of the doom she was bringing on this man she loved; for the first time in her life God was so near and actual, waiting to help, listening for the true, unflinching word. Question and answer came sharp and quick.

"Mr. Carton spent part of yesterday evening with you?"

"A part of it."

"At what hour did he leave the house?"

"At five minutes to eight."

She could not help but hear the low murmur that passed through the room, nor her father's smothered groan. Sam Carton had not inspired them with the security he had given her.

"Are you positive as to the time?" the old squire said, rising and pacing to and fro.

"Yes," her voice failing.

"That is all that is required of the young lady," said Simons, in a compassionate tone.

"No," said Dutton, his face brightening. "It may be that— You did not notice where Carton went after leaving the house? You didn't see if he went in the opposite direction to Ford's lane, eh?" eagerly.

It was a long time before the answer came. "I did see." Even Carton had not looked for this; he lifted his hand irresolutely, let it fall.

"Where did he go?" asked Simons. "I am sorry to compel this answer, but it is important. Did he enter Ford's lane?"

He scarcely could catch the reply

"He did?"

"You, doubtless, then were at the window or door. Did any other persons enter the lane immediately before or after Carton?"

She got up, her face white, her eyes burning. Mr. Simons had time to notice that it was a beautiful face, clear-cut for tragedy. He was a connoisseur and hunted men to death coolly.

"I will not answer," folding her shawl about her. "I—oh, God! I'll not murder you for the sake of any lie, Sam!" with a smothering cry.

Carton stepped forward and took her in his arms as she fell; then turned to the lawyer, who was hesitating how to apply the thumb-screws.

"I know what she saw, Mr. Simons. There's no need to force her to speak the words that'll condemn me, likely. She's seen Robert Fuller follow me into the lane. He must have come about five minutes after."

"You are a mad fool!" said the old squire, seating himself in a rage. "D'ye mean to risk this girl's happiness—if your own life counts for nothing—to save some wretch? Do ye?"

"No," said Carton, huskily, chafing Martha's face. "It'll come right. Where's her father?"

"He was sent for post-haste," said the policeman. "Somebody dead or dying at the jail. Said he'd be back in half a minute."

"You will make out the necessary papers, squire?" said Simons, lowering his voice. "You cannot refuse to commit this man for trial?"

Dutton's color went and came angrily, and he fell to chewing his quill again. "No, certainly not, Mr. Simons. I will make them out."

The trial was over. Her trial. It had left her

like one dead. She knew nothing but that she was kindly enough lifted into a carriage, and found herself lying on her own bed, looking vacantly into the great charring fire in the grate, her mother crying softly beside her. She did not know how long she lay there, it might have been minutes or hours. Sam was to die, and she had killed him, all the world thought so. Was it true? He said if she spoke truth, God would help them. The thoughts came to her faintly, touched her with but dull points; then she slept. This was like death, she thought; she wished it might be death. Life was too horrible for her to bear.

It grew toward evening; the room was dusky but for the pleasant, red firelight shadows: She heard a faint stir in the room; after awhile some fresh, cold hand took hers, not her mother's. It was a long time before she looked up; then her father's grizzly face met hers, with the old eyes dim with tears watching hers.

"Why, Mat!" as though he were speaking to a baby, "I've waited long to have a word with you. I've a story to tell you, puss." She tried to comprehend, though his face grew dim and far-off even as he said that. But he went on, and she understood before he had finished. "It's a short story an' I'm afeared I'll be rough breaking it to you; but they said I'd best tell it. You mind that woman as came in last night? Marget Hench it was. She was a good, pure girl two years ago. You and she used to play together when you was little shavers. I saw you didn't speak to her of late. That wasn't right or womanly, Matty. She had much to bear, Marget bad, and other women's scorn, maybe, was worst of all. So, it might be, all this pain drove her mad, or, it might be, seein' the man as she loved coming to love another, was what brought the devil to her, temptin'; but, howso'er it was, she made up her mind to put an end to it all yesterday. She made up her mind, I say, that she, and him, and her baby should go together to hell, if God pleased; I don't think she cared where. Yet, Marget was a rosy, jolly little thing only a year or two ago."

Martha's senses had suddenly grown quickened, alive. "Go on," she said, the red blood rushing to her face.

The old man took her head in his trembling hands and hurried on. "So she waited for him, the father of her child, you know, in a dark lane, and he coming by, with his hands clasped behind him and his head down, thinking, maybe, of the other poor girl he was going to marry, she strikes him once—seven times—the devil being in her hand, as I said. Then she took

up her baby from the ground where she'd laid it, and was going off like a dazed woman, when——

"I know," covering her face with her hands, her lips nervous: only God knew what they said.

"Yes. Sam, he comes back, hearin' the cry, an' sees how it all was. Marget is his cousin. That was why he was dumb. He said he knowed he was safe; that it would come right, and he couldn't bring that child to a death of shame. For she was but little more than a child."

"Was?" in a whisper.

"Yes," said the jailer, reverently, "she's dead now. An' she told all afore she died," his voice growing thick and fast with eagerness. "An' I had a magistrate here for the 'davit, an' just as Sam was committed, I an'—— here he is!"

Stronger arms than her father's were about her. The old man walked to the hearth and poked the fire for a long time, with his blue cotton handkerchief to his face. When he turned again, nose and eyes were red; he came over and put his hand again on Matty's head, where Sam held it to his breast. "Yes, old father must always have his share in you, child," he said.

Sam put up his hard hands quickly and grasped the bony fingers; then all three were silent for a little while. Rough, coarse people, meant to do vulgar work in the world, yet they came very close to God in that silence; and, because of this trial of this New-Year's day, served Him all their lives long with a downright honesty, a fine tenderness, which many of His children never knew.

Mrs. Tolivar spread out her New-Year's dinner to her heart's content that evening; indeed, between cooking and crying, her face was dyed a scarlet that lasted for days.

It was a cozy, bright little table, faces too happy for laughter about it; yet under all was a vague, cold shadow; across the hall in the closed room lay the dead girl; not many doors away her victim. To-morrow they would be put out of sight forever: but——

"It puzzles me," said Martha, as they stood alone in the evening firelight, "such sad, use-

less lives as these." Carton made no answer. "And what have I done," putting her hand to her head, the tears coming, "that mine should be different from theirs? So little as I have deserved it! So discontented as I have been, Sam."

"I did not know it, Matty," taking her hand gently. "For their lives I oughtn't to ask. God gave, and took away. He knows."

They stood silent, the flickering shadows coming and going; then he said, his grave voice hesitating, "There was one thing I thought. Maybe this was sent to us to make our lives less sham and shallow, Matty——"

"Yes, Sam," humbly.

"An' if there was any work offered itself to us, not to shirk it, no matter how mean or little it was. Eh? I think I needed that lesson. I was always planning out my work clear to the grave."

She said, "Yes," again, doubtfully, feeling that he had some further meaning unspoken.

They went into the kitchen presently, where Mrs. Tolivar was feeding the dead girl's child by the fire.

"When do you send it away?" asked Sam, putting his finger into its skinny little hand.

"Tolivar'll take it to the poor-house to-morrow, poor little wretch!" she said, dandling it tenderly enough.

Martha thought the baby's eyes again followed hers with that strange look of appeal. "Look!" she said, nervously. "All the loss and pain of those two lives seems to be in this child's face."

"I see," said Sam.

She was silent a moment. Disease and vicious blood had done their worst on the puny little body; but the soul that God had given? Was it too late to make that healthy and happy?

"It looks, Sam, as if it asked us to help it."

He made no answer. She gave one quick glance at his face, then took the baby in her trembling arms. It clung to her neck and laughed.

"I will take it for mine," she said. "God do so to me as I shall deal justly with it or no."

He put his hand on her head. "God bless you, Matty," he said, "I thought you would do that."

So Martha Tolivar found her new life's work.

ALICE.

MARTHA she has a queenly brow,
Yet ne'er her light foot trod a palace,
But Nature's self the crown bestowed
She wears so well, my dainty Alice.

There's high command in ev'ry look:
Vice cowers beneath her eye's pure lustre,

All holy thoughts within her heart
Like roses 'round a fountain cluster.

Oh! Alice, leave not this sad earth,
Too much we need thy pure example;
Stay yet awhile to teach our feet
To stand within God's upper temple! R. S. S.

IS IT RIGHT?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

GETTY, the little shoemaker of Leverington, sat bending over his work, singing to himself a pleasant tune; for Getty had a cheerful mind, and a heart as full of music as the throat of a bird. A shadow fell across the room, and he looked up, meeting the face of a neighbor who stood leaning over the half door of his shop.

"Good-morning, Getty," said the neighbor.

"The same to you, Mr. Hey," returned the shoemaker, a squile breaking over his not very handsome face. "Won't you come in?"

"Just for a moment. I want to say a word or two." And Mr. Hey pushed open the half-door and entered the shop.

"Sit down," said Getty, nodding toward a chair; or, what remained of a chair—the back having disappeared.

The neighbor sat down. His face had grown serious. He looked at Getty, and Getty looked steadily at him. Now, the shoemaker had a pair of clear, steady eyes—honest, brave eyes—and no man in Leverington had ever been able to look him out of countenance. His eyes were the index of his character. There was nothing covert, nothing awry, nothing of policy about Getty. Meet him where you would, he was open as the day—upright, outright, downright, as was often said of him. So he looked steadily into his neighbor's face, waiting for his word.

"I was sorry to see you so strongly in opposition to Mr. Gaskill, last evening," said Mr. Hey.

"Which was right? Mr. Gaskill, or I?" promptly asked the shoemaker.

"That isn't the question I have come to discuss, Getty. I'm your friend, and, seeing danger ahead, I am here to warn and counsel. Gaskill is a strong man in this town."

"And I'm only a cobbler!"

"Just so; and dependent on the good-will of your customers."

"No, sir!" answered Getty, lifting his arm with a quick, emphatic motion, and dropping his heavy brows. "I'm dependent on no man's good-will. While a just God rules in the affairs of this world, I am not afraid to be right, to speak right, or to do right. I opposed Mr. Gaskill last evening in our church meeting; and not another man present had a word to say

against him. True, there were not many really on his side; but none was found to stand up for principle with the poor shoemaker, lest the favor of this rich and influential man should be lost."

"You put the case very broadly," said Mr. Hey. "I can state it differently."

"Very well. I'm always ready to hear. Show me the truth, and I'll accept it."

"Our society is not rich."

"Granted."

"Half its expense is borne by Mr. Gaskill."

"I know."

"We cannot, therefore, afford to lose his good-will. If he is inclined to have things his own way, it is better to indulge him, even if it is not the best way. There is more to be lost than gained by opposition."

"Do you believe in God?"

The little shoemaker's voice rounded out into a full tone of questioning surprise. The neighbor did not answer.

"Is this God's church, or man's church? Are we working for the salvation of souls, or to give honor and glory to men?"

The neighbor kept silence. He was no match for Getty when the little man roused himself.

"If it is God's church, He will take care of it, if we will let Him. But if we set men above truth and right, because they happen to have money and influence, He will depart from us."

"It's of no use to talk with you," said the neighbor, rather coldly. "You take the bit into your mouth and go your own way headlong."

"And God being my helper, I'll always get the bit into my mouth when men try to turn me into the wrong way. 'Is it right?' That is the question for me, and you, and every Christian man to ask, Mr. Hey. All the rest is with God; and so far in life I have never seen cause to let my faith fail. When I am right, I feel safe. I am tranquil and peaceful. All the powers of hell cannot prevail against me."

Mr. Hey rose from his chair.

"Don't be in a hurry," said the shoemaker.

"Don't go yet."

"Yes, I must go. One might as well talk to the wind as to you. I saw danger in your path

and came as a friend to warn you; but you set my counsel at naught. If harm befall you in this thing, my skirts are clear."

The little shoemaker laid down his work and stood up, leaning over his cutting-board.

"Mr. Gaskill is angry?" he said.

"Of course he is. Such men do not bear opposition well."

"Anger is like fire in a man's own house. It may blaze over and scorch his neighbor's house; but it burns most where it begins. If Mr. Gaskill tries to hurt me, he will get hurt the worst."

"I am not sure that retaliation is a Christian spirit, friend Getty."

"I didn't speak of retaliation. I stand simply on the right; and if Mr. Gaskill thrusts at me because I am right, he will wound himself. That is all."

"Good-morning," said the neighbor, and went out.

The shoemaker resumed his work, turning the matter over in his thoughts. He was a man of remarkable natural shrewdness, very independent, quick to penetrate character, and not given to policy or man-pleasing. He made enemies, as such persons always do; for when weak and venal men, in pursuit of selfish ends, set themselves against him, he was not only able to stand his ground, but to defeat them; for, entrencing himself in the right, he fought with the weapons of truth, and so exposed the selfishness that would bend everything to its own purpose.

Not long after Mr. Hey's departure, another shadow fell across Getty's little shop, and a fellow church member came in, looking very grave.

"I owe you a small bill," said the man.

"Only a trifle," answered Getty, as he laid down his work and took from a drawer a small account book. "Three dollars and forty-one cents."

"Very well. I wish to pay it." And the money was counted out.

"Shall I give you a receipt?" asked Getty.

"No; just mark it off of your book. Good-morning." And the visitor hurried away. Not even the semblance of a smile had flitted across his sober countenance.

"That means something," said Getty, as he went back to his work.

"Father says you needn't make them boots he ordered yesterday," cried a shrill voice at the door, and a child's face looked in.

"All right," answered the shoemaker.

"And that means something of the same kind," he added, as the child's face appeared.

"But it won't do. Tom Getty isn't easily scared. There's to be another meeting to-night, and I shall certainly be on hand and have my say. One man shall speak for truth and right, if all the rest are dumb."

"Look here, Getty!" called a rough, familiar voice over the half-door of the shoe-shop, "I want to say a word in your ear."

"A dozen if you please, neighbor Jones. Say on."

"You've made a stir in the camp; and are likely to have a hornet's nest about your ears."

"Indeed! What's the matter?"

"Oh! you know well enough. What on earth possessed you last night? Every one is vexed at your opposition to Mr. Gaskill. You know how much he is relied upon. In fact, the church can't stand without him."

"Then the church had better go down," said Getty. "Anything so weak in the knees isn't worth saving."

"You're a hard-headed, self-willed fellow," said neighbor Jones, rather sharply; "and presumptuous into the bargain. Why, on earth, can't you keep quiet, and let the congregation go with Mr. Gaskill, if they wish to?"

"Even if they go to ruin! That sort of thing may suit time-servers like you, friend Jones; but Tom Getty always asks, 'Is it right?'" The little shoemaker spoke out strongly, with reproof in his voice. Neighbor Jones was offended at his free speech, and flung himself off in a huff.

Getty felt a little sober. He went on with his work; but the singing-birds in his throat were silent. Matters were growing serious. The question at issue between him and Mr. Gaskill had particular reference to the Sabbath School, in which Getty was a teacher. Mr. Gaskill, who was not at all familiar with its operations, had proposed an entirely new organization under a new superintendent; while Getty, from his more intimate acquaintance with the school, and deep interest in its welfare, saw that, if Gaskill's plans were carried out, half of its usefulness would be lost.

Before night more than a dozen of Getty's customers, members of the church, had sent for their bills; and from at least half a dozen other members he had received warning or advice.

"The people are getting tired of your opposition to everything that doesn't just suit your fancy," said one.

"You are too presumptuous," said another.

"I only wonder that Mr. Gaskill was so patient with you last night, letting himself down to argue the case," remarked a third. To all of which the shoemaker had only one response.

"Which was right?"

"You mustn't mind that captious little shoemaker," said one to Mr. Gaskill. "He's always putting in his oar when nobody wants him to. The people are out of patience with him for his conduct last night. I know of two or three of our members who have sent and paid their bills, and who say that he shall have no more of their work. He'll be crowded out. You won't be annoyed by him much longer. He had a piece of my mind to-day."

"You've seen him?"

"Oh, yes! I called at his shop on purpose, and gave him a good setting down."

"What had he to say for himself?" inquired Mr. Gaskill.

"Oh! what he always says when cornered!"

"What?"

"Am I right? He throws upon you the burden of proving him wrong; and if you can't do that, you might as well try to move the Rocky Mountains as to influence him. I never saw such a set mortal as he is."

"Humph!" Mr. Gaskill made no other reply; but pressed his lips, drew down his brow, and looked, as his visitor thought, quite angry and annoyed.

"He'll be at the meeting to-night, sure; but some of us have made up our minds to put him down squarely."

"That is," said Mr. Gaskill, "to show, by fair argument, that he is wrong. I don't see how else he is to be put down."

"We can vote him down," said the other.

Mr. Gaskill did not seem to be altogether satisfied with this, but said little.

In the evening there was an unusually large meeting in the vestry-room. Getty, the shoemaker, was there, sitting alone in one of the pews. He was braced for a conflict, and looked hard and resolute. None came near him. "Mr. Gaskill shall see how little we regard this man." So the people said in their hearts. It was an easy thing to choose between a poor shoemaker, who didn't give twenty dollars a year to the church, and a rich manufacturer who lavished his hundreds.

The meeting was opened, and the school question came up. Two or three spoke in favor of the new plan of organization which Mr. Gaskill had proposed. Getty kept silent, though it could be seen by the perpetual rising and falling of his brow, and the restless motion of his lips, that he was a deeply interested listener, and would have his say before the thing was over. Mr. Gaskill had not yet participated in any action of the meeting. He looked dull. At

length, one of the speakers, carried away by a mean spirit of subserviency to a rich and influential man, made this thrust at Getty,

"We shall have captious opposition from narrow souls, who cannot see beyond the limits of their little horizon; but let us not be disturbed thereat. Such things always attend the steps of progress and liberality."

The speaker sat down, and Getty was on the floor in an instant. Cries of "Question," "Question," ran round the room, from those who had made up their minds to put the shoemaker down. They were satisfied that Gaskill's reform plan would be carried by a large majority, and therefore clamored for a vote.

"Let me say three words," said Getty.

"No!" "No!" "Not half a word!" cried voices here and there.

"I appeal to the chair," said Getty.

"Sit down." "Question." "Question." Excitement and confusion reigned in the room.

The chairman was about putting the question, when Mr. Gaskill arose. All became silent. You could hear a pin drop. Every eye was turned upon the man whose word in church matters had become almost law with more than half of those present. No one cried, "Question" now.

"Mr. Chairman—" he began. But Getty did not allow him to proceed. Respectfully, but firmly, he said,

"I have the floor, Mr. Chairman."

"Insolent fellow!" exclaimed one, near the shoemaker, loud enough to be heard. But Getty paid no attention to him.

"And should be heard," said Mr. Gaskill, yielding the floor. He spoke this sentence heartily.

"I have but three words to say, Mr. Chairman." There was a change in Getty's voice. The stern resoluteness with which he had declared, "I have the floor, Mr. Chairman," was gone. In the deep hush that followed, he said, with an appeal in his tone that made every heart thrill,

"Is it right?" And then, moving out from the pew in which he had remained alone from the commencement of the meeting, he walked slowly down the aisle and left the vestry-room.

No response was made for over a minute. Most of those present sat with their eyes cast down. At length Mr. Gaskill arose, and, in a subdued voice, said,

"As men and Christians, we must not be deaf to that appeal, 'Is it right?' Honestly, my friends, I am not altogether sure that the change we have purposed making will be right. God

instructs us in many ways; and He also rebukes us in many ways. He does not ask us by what messengers we will hear from Him, but sends counsel and warning by whom He will. I think He has spoken to us to-night, and through the lips of one we may have been weak and sinful enough to despise. I believe that a motion to adjourn is always in order, and I now offer such a motion."

The motion was carried, and the meeting adjourned: all present returning home more sober and thoughtful than when they assembled together.

It was still early, and Getty went back to his shop to finish a shoe he was mending for a customer. About nine o'clock a lad came in and said,

"Mr. Gaskill would like to see you for a little while this evening."

"Let Mr. Gaskill come and see me. I'm as good as he is, and he's as able to walk as I am." This was what Getty thought, but he did not so speak. Instantly another thought came into his mind, "Is it right?" This settled his action.

"Very well," he replied. "Tell Mr. Gaskill that I will come round."

The rich man met the poor shoemaker with a frank, kind manner.

"There was nothing doing for you left," said Getty. "I move a home-made adjournment. You put the question, and at the right time. It was worth more than a volume of arguments addressed to men who didn't wish to hear. I'm obliged to you for coming round. I would have called at your shop, but I thought we could talk over matters with less danger of interruption here in my library. Have you half an hour to spare?"

"Yes, sir: and more at your service, if any good will come of it."

"That is to be seen. And now, friend Getty, I will come to the point at once. Why can't you and I work in the Sabbath School to the same end? We both mean right, I hope; and if we draw together, instead of against each other, how much more good may be done. Why do you oppose my plans so strongly?"

"Not from any opposition to you, Mr. Gaskill; I beg of you to believe me in this," answered Getty, with a frank earnestness that carried conviction; "but because I can't see your way to be right. I love children—my heart is in our school—I have not been absent one day in five years—I have studied its welfare more deeply, I think, than my own. Any change, therefore, which looks to me as if it

would prove hurtful, I must oppose. I cannot stop to ask from whom it comes. I cannot be moved by personal influence. Only one question presents itself: 'Will it do good or harm?'"

"And you think my plan will do harm?"

"If I had not thought so, Mr. Gaskill, I would never have put a straw in your way. Too long have I desired the hearty co-operation of an active, influential man in our school to set myself against one like you. Don't think that I want to lead or direct—that I fear to be overshadowed. When such feelings come into my heart, I call them evil, and try to thrust them out. Perhaps I may not have understood the new plan in its bearings. If you will set it forth to me again, I may see it differently."

"No, not to-night, friend Getty," replied Mr. Gaskill. "Let my plan step aside for the present. You are an honest, earnest, independent man, and mean all for the best. I see that. If we can work smoothly together, we may do a great deal of good. If we work in opposition, harm will come. I like your watch-word, and mean to adopt it as my own: 'Is it right?'"

"Mr. Gaskill," said the little shoemaker, a tenderness in his voice, born of deep feeling mingled with surprise, rising and offering his hard, discolored hand, which was taken with a strong grip—"Mr. Gaskill, you have lifted a mountain from my breast. I went away from that meeting to-night hurt and discouraged. I have never seen so unchristian a spirit manifested in any church meeting before. Because I loved our school, and could not stand by and see what I thought harm approaching, without uttering a sound of warning, I was thrust at, insulted, contemned, and silenced!"

"It was as well, perhaps," answered Mr. Gaskill. "Opportunity is the test of quality. There was a general unmasking to-night. I understand you all a great deal better than I did before; and myself into the bargain."

"I am a very happy man!" exclaimed Getty, unable to repress the upward rush of feeling. "It seems as if I had gone out suddenly from a dungeon into daylight. We poor and insignificant ones have a hard time of it to do our work and keep a clear conscience in this selfish, time-serving world, where so few ask the question of all questions, 'Is it right?'"

There was some rattling among the dry bones on the Sunday following, when, after church, Mr. Gaskill and the little shoemaker were seen walking away together in earnest conversation. What could it mean? The member who had countermanded his order for a pair of boots, that he might gain favor with this rich and

rides. She came dashing up the avenue on her fiery black horse, her long habit sweeping nearly to the ground, her scarlet feather floating backward on the wind, her cheeks aflame, and her eyes kindled out of their customary languor by the exercise, or perhaps by some secret hope, till they shone like two stars. Her groom followed, as best he could, her flying pace, and was at hand as soon as she stopped to take her from the saddle, but she scarcely seemed to touch him as she dismounted. She threw him her gay reins, and then walked up the steps and stood a moment on the piazza, looking out over the pleasant landscape.

As she stood there, I wish Murillo could have had a day's resurrection, and painted her. She would have been a fit subject for his brilliant tints. She had great, dark eyes, like an Andalusian's, long, black hair, with a sort of purplish shade where the sun shone on it. Just now her beauty was royal. A clear, vivid color burned on her cheeks, and her lips were a brilliant scarlet. But these hues were born of the exercise, the cool, crisp day, her mood, perhaps. Ordinarily you would not see them. Ordinarily, at this period of her life, her lips were pale, her face a clear, dark olive, her eyes languid. Her beauty required some stimulus to bring it out. Her manner, too, was indolent. There was plenty of *verve* and spring in her, really. She would go through more to carry a point than any other woman I have ever known, but she made no unnecessary displays of strength or energy. Her figure was tall, and almost too slender. The lines of a wonderful grace were there, but she wanted a little more fullness and softness. Her habit, however, fitted with French skill, concealed all this; and, just as she stood, she was perfect.

A strange, exuberant sense of joy and power thrilled, wine-like, through her veins. She tasted to the full the exquisite delight of living. Just then, if never before or never after, she was happy. Wait a moment, Destiny, before you turn the next leaf—leave us awhile this image of splendid grace, of royal joy. But Destiny was immovable. It touched her elbow, in the person of Rosette, her French maid, and it said, with a curious voice, which had in it neither love nor hate, sweetness or temper, but had yet a certain quality of exciting attention, insinuated itself with a certain power.

"There are letters for you up stairs, Miss Veronica."

And so Veronica went in.

Her room was characteristic of her tastes and her temperament. She kept it summer there

all the year round. It was heated by no visible means, for the furnace register which warmed it was concealed by drapery. Opening the door, you seemed to enter the atmosphere of a summer day. Green vines covered the windows; a bird sang in the warm, perfumed air. All the hangings were of vivid, brilliant tints, and scattered around was every article of luxury, every dainty device of the toilet that the most capricious fancy could crave. Between the two western windows stood the writing-table. Miss Tremaine's desk was on it, a curiously carved affair, lined with sandal-wood, and containing secret drawers and pigeon holes enough for a conspirator. On it lay three letters. She took them up and glanced at the first two carelessly. They were from young lady satellites, a group of whom revolved unweariedly around the wealthy Miss Tremaine. The third letter she touched more tenderly. Looking at it, the glow deepened on her cheeks, and into her proud eyes came a softer ray.

"From Gerard!" she said to herself, in a low, caressing tone. Then she took off her hat and tossed it one side, and sat down in front of the table to read her letter, her habit still on.

As she read, her face darkened, and the light and glow passed out of it. The lips set in a hard, cold line. The cheeks grew pale as ashes. Her eyes did not lose their brightness, but the expression changed and grew terrible. And yet, if you had been looking over her shoulder, the words she read would scarcely have explained to you her emotion. It was a cordial, cousinly letter, full of kind thoughts of her, and pleasant memories of their old life under the same roof—such a letter as might have been written to a sister, with, toward the close of it, this passage:

"I wonder if you will care to hear of the new lesson I have learned since I saw you last—the lesson which comes, I suppose, to every one sooner or later? Shall I tell you about Alice Lauderdale?"

It was those few words which changed the expression of Veronica Tremaine's face, and blanched it to such a deadly hue that Gerard himself would scarcely have known her. She read them over and over, helplessly, clutching the paper fiercely in her hands.

"Faithless!" she cried, at last, with a tone which sounded like the cry of some deathly agony. But she sat still. She did not pace the room, or weep, or give any other vent to her sorrow. She bowed her proud head, and, sitting still, let all the waves sweep over her. After awhile she set herself a task—to go over

all the past and see when and why she had begun to love her cousin Gerard, and whether, when she had believed in his love, she had deceived herself utterly without reason.

She recalled the day when she first came to her uncle Tremaine's. She was an orphan, and Rosette had taken her from her father's death-bed in the south of France, and brought her home to her uncle, Ralph Tremaine. It had been a strange household for a young girl to enter. Mrs. Tremaine was dead, and a house-keeper—a commonplace woman, who understood pies and cakes better than human nature—was, except servants, the sole female influence in the house. Mr. Tremaine, himself, was absorbed in business. He was a man possessing very contradictory elements of character, grasping, selfish, willful, yet weak, visionary, and with a strong affection for all who belonged to himself. In this affection his only son, Gerard, had, of course, the first place; but he also adopted Veronica into it, for he had loved his only brother, whose child she was. Her welcome was, probably, none the less sincere from the fact that she was heiress to a large fortune, which came at once into his sole control as guardian. It was so left that he could invest it as he pleased, and, having already been bitten by the madness of speculation, he at once conceived an idea that he would double or treble it for her.

She was fifteen then—for it was ten years before the opening of my story. Reckoning by dates, Gerard was a month, only, younger than herself. Judging by maturity of thought and capacity for emotion, she was five years the elder. Yet, from the very first she had liked him. How well she remembered that first day. How chill and strange it seemed to her when she had taken off her wrappings, and came, a lonely stranger, into that great drawing-room. She could scarcely remember her mother; but, ever since her death, she had lived with her father in that sunny nook in the south of France where he had died. It had been the balm of that soft air which had preserved him to her so long, for he had been wasting away for years. She had loved him with a frantic sort of devotion. It was her nature to love so, where she loved at all, and her father had been her all in the universe.

She looked solitary enough, in her deep mourning robes, when she went into that strange room in the new home, and, going up to the window, gazed out upon the desolate grounds and the dreary, drizzling November rain. She cried, involuntarily, like Mignon,

"I am so cold here,"

and a few passionate tears plashed down upon her face, as the rain plashed against the pane.

Happily shyness was not in Gerard's temperament. He was not very intense, not particularly strong—he would never be a great man, but he would always be gallant and graceful. He was so in his fifteen-years-old boyhood. He went up to his cousin and stood beside her.

"Do not cry," he said, simply. "I am glad you have come. My mother, like yours, is dead, and we can comfort each other when it is lonely. You will like it here, after awhile, for I will make you happy."

She remembered now how those words, spoken in those sweet, boyish tones of soothing, dropped into her lonely, sorrowful heart. Again, as so long ago, the gust of responsive emotion shook her, which made her cling to Gerard, and cry like a tired child come home.

"Yes, you can comfort me—you can, you can."

Was that the beginning of her love for him? After that he sufficed to her. She learned to think of the southern grave, with the cross above it, at which she had hung a wreath of *immortelles* the day she went away with something like resignation—with even a feeling, sometimes, that she would not have her father back, if to do so she must give up Gerard. Of course, in those days she had not thought of any future relations between them. The present, just as it was, satisfied her.

As they grew older, their intimacy strengthened. They rode, and walked, and read together—a tie bound them as strong and sweeter than if they had been brother and sister. Yet, Veronica was never Gerard's ideal; for a boy does not grow from fifteen to twenty without an ideal. She was dear to him—he made her happy as he had promised to—he would have sacrificed himself for her in any conceivable manner; but the woman he dreamed of and idealized was of another type. She, on her part, knew all his weaknesses—just how easily persuaded he was, how disinclined to exertion, in some things how weak. She knew that her own nature was stronger, and yet, just as he was, she was satisfied with him. It was not in her to dream or idealize. She loved without reason, and with no thought of self-control.

When they were separated, during Gerard's college life, she existed, from one vacation to another, she hardly knew how. She only *lived* when he was at home. After he graduated, he went away for two or three years of foreign

travel, and this separation was a hard trial to her. His gay, pleasant letters, full of gossiping descriptions, were her only comfort. But she did not give herself up to melancholy—she had a steady purpose which she never lost sight of. Gerard's tastes should not outgrow her. When he came home, he should find her in no wise inferior to the most brilliant women he had met. She engaged the best masters, and she cultivated herself assiduously in every accomplishment.

He came home in time to pass his twenty-fifth birthday. Hers had gone by a month before. She was in the full radiance of her charms—as beautiful as she would ever be—graceful, and with all her good gifts of nature developed to the utmost. Gerard admired her, was very proud of her, thought that she surpassed any one he had ever seen in power of attraction; but it was a purely brotherly pride and fondness. He wanted his friends to see and admire her also—there was none of that jealous exclusiveness which belongs to love. Veronica saw this, and bent her best energies to the task of moving him from his calm. Sometimes she thought she was succeeding. Again, some careless, cousinly speech would make her doubt. It was not until the very last evening of his stay at home that she began really to have faith in her own success.

It was a September night, balmy as summer. The next day Gerard was to go to New York—partly to meet a traveling companion, who was located there, and partly with a view to establishing himself in some profession or business. This latter was not a very definite purpose, however. He had a fortune quite independent of his father, one inherited from his mother. The income was not large, but sufficient for the wants of a single man; and though he kept affirming that he ought to do something, it was doubtful how soon his plans would take practical shape.

Veronica was in high beauty that night. The excitement of his presence was sufficient to give her eyes with light, and call to cheerfulness their brightest sparkle. She wore a dress of some thin, black fabric, with curls of hair in her hair and on her bosom. There was a sort of Indian perfume surrounding her, an odor which had a sort of magnetism. Gerard was so radiant. She sang to him, and then he asked her to read. None had been so carefully prepared. Her singing was flooded with an expression that entranced

was less magnetic than her reading. There was nothing to which I can compare the piercing sorrow and sweetness of her tones. Glancing back, I feel as if I had told you nothing of her—given you no idea of her power to charm. To a man who met her for the first time, she would have been irresistible. Gerard's proof-armor had been familiarity. He was used to her, as you are used to sunshine and summer. Do you think you can tell what a July day would be to a blind man, whose eyes were suddenly unsealed? Would he see no more than you see in the green fields with the summer ripeness on them—the haze in the air—the light and shade on the hill-sides?

But, on this September night of which I write, perception seemed to come to Gerard Tremaine like a new sense. Veronica dazzled him. He sat half breathless while she read "Evelyn Hope," then some of Mrs. Browning's passionate and superb Portuguese sonnets, and ended, at last, with a fragment from some unknown pen, whose tender melancholy thrilled to his heart, and stirred his pulses with a new spell:

"You smooth the tangles from my hair
With gentle touch and tenderest care,
And count the years ere you shall mark
Bright silver threads among the dark—
Smiling the while to hear me say,
'You'll think of this again, some day,
Some day—'

"Some day! I shall not care
Your fond hand rove about my hair,
I shall not shrink from your caress,
And draw the threads of life from me—
I shall be silent, and you—ye—

"And you—
Upon—"

He had not really meant anything by his words—they were the tribute to her grace, to the charm of her voice, to the magnetism of her presence. He scarcely thought of them again until he began to love Alice Lauderdale, and then an uneasy consciousness of them came back to him. He wondered if they had conveyed to Veronica more than he intended—if her answer had come from a deeper emotion—had expressed more than the significance of his own words. He wrote to her with hesitation—though he contrived to make his letter sound natural enough—and the few sentences toward the close about Alice were put in as a test. He could judge by her reply, he thought, whether she had ever cared for him—whether she held him free or bound. He forgot that, at twenty-five, women like Veronica are not quite transparent.

Going over all these things in her own room, that December day, Miss Tremaine understood, at last, just how much and how little his words had meant—a cousinly love, warmed somewhat by a momentary burst of admiration. Something seemed to rise up in her throat and choke her with a perfect passion of self-contempt, as

remembered how she had lived on those hills, they had thrilled like music kindled her whole nature to a joy. Did he remember

her answer—"And something more to he, perhaps, that why he this new her. From st

her nearest friend? She read the letter over when she had done, and smiled bitterly at her own success. It was precisely what his sister, if he had had one, might have written to him.

Then she looked at her watch. It was just three-quarters of an hour to dinner. They dined late, and Mr. Tremaine usually returned from town in time to take dinner at home. If she had not been more than eighteen, she would, probably, have staid in her own room and nursed her misery—but, at twenty-five, women are beyond making a parade of sorrow. You may "guess the length of the sword by the sheath's"—the wound you shall never see. She put away her papers, then rang for Rosette and made her toilet. Radiant in a crimson silk, which suited the day and her dark beauty, she went to the dining-room, and her voice, as she asked gayly, "What news of Boston, to-day, uncle Ralph? Does the State-House still stand, and do the girls wear spectacles and carry books as of old?" had not a trace in it of sadness or emotion.

Pouring himself out a glass of wine, when dinner was about half over, and looking reflectively at the brilliant color mantling against the delicate crystal, Mr. Tremaine asked,

"How old is Gerard?"

"Twenty-five."

"Ah! yes—but I had not realized it. He has been convincing me this morning that he was not a boy. Have you heard from him?"

She understood the question, and accompanied her—"Yes, I had a letter"—with a bright, arch smile, which convinced Mr. Ralph Tremaine that his niece's heart was not broken—for, though in general he thought very little of such matters, somehow a suspicion had grown into his mind of Veronica's love. Hitherto, indeed, she had taken little pains to hide it. She had worn the blossom royally—henceforth, though she could not kill it, it must grow in secret, and hide itself for very shame. It was her nature to dissemble skillfully. She would trouble in concealment. She had never a confidant in her life. Even Rosette, so-much a mail and plotter as she was, had not been for the post. Though she had never in her to have won a hold on most secrets.

—THE WOOING.

Tremaine received his cousin was quite satisfied. She than he had, he thought. him, just as he loved her. ble not to care for each

other, after all their years of household intimacy together—but as for any other love, it had been absurd for him to fancy it for a moment. By the same post came a brief epistle from his father—in answer to an announcement of his intention to propose to Miss Lauderdale. Ralph Tremaine was the least authoritative or dictatorial of parents. Loving his son as much as it was within the compass of his nature, he had never interfered with his plans and projects. Of course, he did not commence now. Secretly he would have been glad if his son's choice had fallen on his cousin Veronica. He had reasons of his own which would have made him rejoice to see her thus settled and provided for. But he had too much worldly wisdom to do anything so useless as to hint this now. His letter was kind and cordial, and he offered with frank *bonhomie* his wishes for the success of the wooing.

Now then—as Gerard said to himself, in young men's phraseology—the coast was clear, and he had nothing to do but to go in and win. A smile, with a little anticipatory triumph, curved his lip, as he thought that this would not be very difficult. He had a pleasant sort of self-esteem; not in the least obtrusive or offensive. It did not prevent him from giving every one their dues; but, so far, the world had been kind to him, and it is not strange if he had faith in his own deserts, as well as in his own fortunes. He had fulfilled the promises of his boyhood. He was not a great man—not a man who would influence the age, and make himself felt as a power in the land—but he was a far pleasanter person to live with than one of those immense, intense men, cast in a grand, heroic mould. He was a gallant, gracious gentleman, not above enjoying the good gifts of this life—not too high and mighty to notice a ribbon or a shawl. He was handsome enough for a school-girl's Apollo, thorough-bred all through, from the haughty head to the long, slender hands and feet. With an eloquent smile, bright eyes, and manners which united French grace to American kindness, it is no wonder that all women liked him, or that he anticipated little difficulty in making his way to the timid, fluttering heart of gentle Alice Lauderdale.

"Dear little, brown-eyed darling!" he murmured to himself, as he thought of her. He recalled the time he had seen her first. She stood among a group of gay girls, at an evening party, and he had been attracted by her at once. It seemed to him she looked like a simple wild-flower, transplanted by some mistake to bloom in a hot-bed of brilliant exotics. Not quite

eighteen, she seemed yet younger than her years. Her figure was slight, her face as sunny and unsuspecting as a child's; yet there were depths of feeling in her brown eyes as yet unsounded—the promise of a dawn that might break gloriously by-and-by. About the dainty, rose-bud mouth was an expression which seemed like a constant appeal for tenderness and protection. Her whole existence, you could see, must be one of the affections. She looked like one to whom nature has given a right to a quiet life; the safe, sweet shelter of a home; the warmth and peace of husband's and children's love. Her dress was a simple robe of some delicate, white fabric, and only a few rose-buds, as fresh and graceful as herself, were twisted for ornament in her bright, brown hair.

This then was what Gerard had been waiting for. He recognized his ideal in her at once. That was ten weeks ago, and, though he had seen her almost daily, her charm for him had lost nothing of its potency. There had been but one discouragement. He had discovered that she was an heiress, and was beset with a fear lest he should be suspected of fortune-hunting. It was not powerful enough, however, to keep him from her side, though it did haunt him uncomfortably at times.

Miss Lauderdale was come of good old stock. The stately family mansion of gray-stone, on Long Island—the mansion in which more than one generation of her ancestors had lived and died—looked from its great windows over a wide stretch of country, not an acre of which was not hers. She was the only child of the last Lauderdale, and her careless hands recked little of the power they held. The poorest of poor cousins could not have been simpler or more unpretentious. She had a guardian, however, a shrewd, sarcastic man of the world. He had no children of his own, and I think Alice had found the softest place in his heart. He was ambitious for her, and exacting for her. Even Gerard Tremaine, with his comfortable endowment of self-esteem, stood a little in awe of Simeon Goldthwaite, Esq. He was haunted, as he tied his blue cravat, by Mr. Goldthwaite's keen, shrewd gray eyes—his visions of the sweet consent in Alice's face were shadowed a little by speculations as to what her guardian might say to him. But "faint heart never wins," he said to himself, by way of exhortation and encouragement.

He found Alice at home and alone, but it was not quite as easy to open his heart to her as he had imagined. It was in the drawing-room of her guardian's city house, where her winters

were always passed; and just opposite the would-be wooer hung a portrait of Mr. Goldthwaite, by Elliott. The keen, shrewd gray eyes seemed to Gerard to be asking with sarcastic emphasis what he wanted. It was almost as bad as having an actual human listener in the room.

He led the conversation on by devious paths, meaning to bring up at the right gate at last; but, somehow, he got no nearer. It had been easy enough to pay Alice compliments, but when it came to making serious love to her, there was something in the very atmosphere of her girlish simplicity and innocence which hedged her round, cold and sparkling, yet enticing, like hoar frost. At last he made a desperate plunge.

"Why will you persist in seeing me only in the presence of your guardian? It is deliberate cruelty."

"Of my guardian?" with the prettiest surprise in her inquiring eyes.

"Yes," glancing at the portrait. "Don't you see how he looks at us? I am afraid, before him, to tell you that I love you. And yet," seeing her cheeks turn crimson, "I must say it, for all my future life depends on your answer."

By that time he had quite forgotten the cool, watching eyes of the picture, and his true feeling made him eloquent. He told her of all she was to him—the realization of his dreams—the embodiment of his ideal; of all she could be in the future—his guardian angel, his household deity—his—

Spare me the rest, and if you are a young man, and have a "brown-eyed darling," imagine it; if you are a young lady, and have a lover, remember it.

Shy little Alice was startled at first. She was not one of the class of girls who see a possible suitor in every gentleman friend. She had liked Mr. Tremaine, enjoyed his society, felt complimented by his friendship. This being asked to belong to him, to share his life, was a new and unexpected phase. At first it surprised her—then she began to think she liked it—to understand why his praises had been sweeter in her ear than any other homage she ever received. When Gerard won her shy consent that he should ask her guardian, he was triumphant.

It chanced that fate gave him the opportunity for the interview sooner than he had expected. As he was going out of the door, he met Mr. Goldthwaite coming in. Leaping with desperate courage upon the bridge of the occasion, he asked a few moments conversation, and they were accorded immediately. Mr. Goldthwaite

was the most trying of confidants for a tender secret. He did not smile, made no encouraging responses, only listened with the quietest and most scrutinizing attention, looking his interlocutor steadily in the face with those cool, shrewd eyes.

Tremaine told his story as well as he was able—said something of the ardent love he felt for Miss Lauderdale, hinted his belief that she returned it—then paused for judgment.

Mr. Goldthwaite's first question regarded the extent of his fortune. The sum seemed absurdly small to Gerard as he answered.

A satirical smile crossed Mr. Goldthwaite's lips, and he asked,

"Do you know what Miss Lauderdale has?" and then he named an amount which absolutely startled Gerard, who had never heard any particulars beyond the fact that, like the young man in the Bible, she had great possessions. He was vexed and humiliated by her guardian's manner, and began an indignant disclaimer as to interested motives. Miss Lauderdale's fortune should be settled on herself, he preferred it—he cared only for her.

Mr. Goldthwaite interrupted him.

"Excuse me, this is not my province. If my ward is convinced of your affection, and favors your suit, I have neither right nor inclination to interfere. She will be eighteen, next May. At that time; by the terms of her father's will, her fortune passes absolutely into her own hands, and she becomes her own mistress. If you will excuse me a moment, I wish to speak to her."

Alice looked up with a bright blush as her guardian entered the drawing-room. Stern and cynical as he was to others, he was always kind and tender to her. There was a fatherly gentleness in his manner as he spoke to her.

"What am I to do with this suitor, Alice—this young man who has come pestering me? Shall I send him away?"

"If you ask me, I think I shall say keep him," and she looked up with eyes which told the same story as the shy blushes on her cheeks.

"Then you love him, Alice?"

"I am afraid I do."

He looked at her for a silent moment, as she sat there in her girlish grace, her unclouded happiness, and a mist grew before the eyes of the man the world called so cold. She was as dear to him and his invalid wife as the daughter would have been whom heaven denied them. He could not bear to give her up. Would she ever be so happy again? Was he not seeing her at her best, now—a girl just learning to love, joyous light in her eyes, blushes coming

and going on her cheeks—young, innocent, hopeful, with all her troubles lying before her? And yet he had no reason to urge why Gerard Tremaine should not make her happy. He put his hand with a caressing motion on her bonny, brown hair, as he said,

“Are you *sure* this suitor loves you for yourself, Alice? Do you know what a very rich woman you are?”

“I am sure. I am ready to venture it, at any rate,” she answered, bravely. But his words had struck a pang to her heart—they insinuated a doubt, of which, left to herself, she would never have dreamed.

Thereupon he went back to Mr. Tremaine.

“Well, sir,” he said, in a tone which he tried to make cordial, “I find that you have won a consent more important than mine—so I may as well make up my mind to second the motion. She is a good child, deal kindly and tenderly by her.”

“As I hope God will deal kindly by me,” Gerard answered, with an earnest solemnity which, more than anything that had gone before, impressed Mr. Goldthwaite in his favor.

Then the lover went again to his gentle Alice and claimed her as quite his own—took some kisses from the pure, bright lips, and then urged her to name an early day for the rite that was to unite them wholly. Listening to him, her soft, brown eyes grew full of tears, and she turned to him with a passionate earnestness of expression, so unlike anything he had seen in her before that it startled him,

“Oh! Gerard, Gerard, do you love me, and only me? Remember, if you take me, that I shall love you very dearly, and I could bear no coldness, no half-love. Do you give me all, Gerard, *all*?”

“Alice—child—darling! Do you doubt me? Can you doubt me? I am *all* yours—yours only. You are as much to me as ever woman was to man. Be satisfied.”

It was strange, but even in that moment it occurred to her that he did not say he had never loved any one else. But he *did* say that he loved her only. There was an earnestness in his manner which she could not doubt, and she trusted him entirely—satisfied him to the full with her assurances. He won her promise, before he left her, that their wedding should take place in four months, on her eighteenth birthday.

He went away at last, to sit up half the night, writing to Veronica the story of his happiness; and Alice went up stairs to Mrs. Goldthwaite to be petted, and congratulated, and cried over, after the manner of women.

That was Wednesday. On Friday morning, the letter written by Gerard Tremaine with such eager delight, was punctually laid before his cousin Veronica. It was a real lover's letter—full of happy, unconscious egotism, eloquent over the charms and graces of his little betrothed—telling how good she was, how sweet, how innocent, how simple, how utterly unspoiled by her fortune and the indulgences it had brought her, how beautiful, and how young. He wrote of what he fancied their life would be together—the home joys they would share—the perfect union of which he dreamed. Oh! if Veronica could only see her! He knew she could not help loving her. They must be dear as sisters to each other. How happy they would all three be in the visits she must pay them in the future.

As Veronica read, she felt a slow hate curdling about her heart. It seemed to her that the girl had done her a bitter wrong. She had wiled away from her, so she said to herself, the only heart she coveted on earth. She smiled a bitter, scornful smile, as she murmured,

“My turn will come. By-and-by I shall have my day. By-and-by he will tire of his eighteen-years-old doll. He will prefer wine to milk and water. My day *shall* come. She shall drink the cup she is pressing to my lips.”

Do not judge her too severely. Her sufferings, like her nature, were intense. Weaker hearts could not fathom them. She had known Gerard and loved him for so many years. What right, she thought, could any new-comer have in comparison? In judging her, all through, remember that she was born with violent impulses, and without high moral sense. Remember that she had no mother to study her character—foster her good, and weed out her evil. Pity her, then!

She forced herself to talk cheerfully about the projected marriage to her uncle. No one could have guessed what sorrow lurked under that gay, brilliant manner of hers. Warmed to cheerfulness by his son's prospects, or, perhaps, by the wine in which he had drunk his health, Mr. Tremaine put aside, for the time, a mysterious burden that had seemed, of late, to weigh him down, and grew almost merry. He even jested with Veronica about her lack of a lover; and expressed, in so many words, his wonder that she had never married.

“I suppose all the men I have met have been too meek, uncle,” she answered, with a gay laugh. “We do not read that the lion and the lamb shall mate together until the millennium. It's a pity I had not more of the turtle dove in

my composition, if, as the world seem to think now-a-days, the chief end of woman is matrimony."

She got away from him as soon as she could. His light words jarred on her mood. Of late he had been self-absorbed and silent, almost cross, and that phase suited her better than this new pleasantry.

By the next day he had settled back into his grave, sad ways again, and Veronica noticed how fast he was growing old. Weary day after day passed on for her. Snows had come at last, cold and deep. She was confined for the most part in-doors. She invited no one, however, to bear her company. She was better alone, she said, in answer to her uncle Tremaine's remonstrances. She did not care for any one she knew—they were like old books, she had read them all through. He did not interfere any further. In truth, at that time, he had his own troubles, and, when he was at home, was quite as well pleased that the house was quiet and there were no guests to make any demands upon his courtesy.

How the lonely days went by to Veronica, she could never have told. She received, every few

days, joyous letters from Gerard, full of anticipation; and had to bear them and answer them as best she could. But every one of them was a link in the chain that bound her to her purpose—a steady purpose that grew stronger day by day—to win him some time—some time to shut the door of his heart on that young girl who had crept into its throne, and reign there herself sole empress. If it crushed that other woman's heart, blighted her life, what matter? She persuaded herself that she would only be giving as she had received.

And yet, I say, pity her. Since her father died she had never known satisfaction for the great need of a woman's heart—to be loved, *loved best*. Until you have felt that hunger, until your very soul has fainted for that manna, do not assume to be her judge. In all the world there was not one heart which held her first and dearest—one being whose world would be darkened if she dropped out of it. There was no soul to whom she could turn for strength or comfort; and so her secret stung her like a scorpion in her solitude and penetrated every fibre of her being.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY MOTHER.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

Sun was my friend when others turned aside,
My guide when others failed to point the way,
The one bright star to which my heart could turn,
However dark the day.

No childish grief my heart did ever know
But she was ready to assuage the pain;
She warded off from me each heavy blow,
And bade me hope again.

She liked to see the sun shine in my life,
Her own had been so cold, and dark, and chill.

Within her heart there was an aching void
Earth's pleasures could not fill.

She taught me that this earth had nought so fair
But it must fade, o'ershadow'd by the tomb,
Nowhere, except beyond the grave, could we
E'er find immortal bloom!

I miss her smile—her words of hope and cheer,
They never failed me in the darkest day:
"Tis but a little while," she often said,
"This grief will pass away."

DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY WYNIE WYLD.

Down by the side of the lonely sea,
Slowly we roamed as the sun went down,
Flung across the woody mounts
His latest smile like a golden crown.

Calmly we roamed, in that Autumn time,
Down by the sea at the close of day;
While the wild waves, with a mellow chime,
Rolled from the rugged shore away.

Sweet were the words your young lips gave,
True as the Heaven they seemed to me.

Ah! it was well they made thy grave,
Under the willow, down by the sea.

Under the willow, down by the sea,
Lowly she lies, with a brow like snow,
Patiently waiting there for me—
Watching and waiting till I shall go.

Thus, with a simple, childlike faith,
Calmly I wait till I shall be
Laid, with a brow of marble white,
Under the willow, down by the sea.

THE OLD MIRACLE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDEICT.

LET me introduce him properly—I shall sketch his portrait in passport wise.

COMPLEXION—*Rather dark.*

EYES—*Very dreamy.*

NOSE—*Slightly supercilious.*

MOUTH—*Firm and decided.*

GENERAL EXPRESSION—*Indolent and bored.*

Churchill Thorman, American, *ætas* 25, journeying from Naples to Rome.

It was a heavenly day in March, the March of southern Italy, which deserves to have a name of its own, and not be in any way connected with the cross-grained, spoil-sport old monster that owns the cognomen in less favored portions of this very tiresome globe.

It was the perfection of traveling—his own carriage—a Marvel in the shape of a servant—the latest new books—the sky with its opal tints—the atmosphere so crystalline that distant objects lost one-half their distance—the sea glowing and shining below—above, the olive-crowned hills, the long sweep of orange groves, glimpses of picturesque old towns nestled on distant mountain sides, and nothing to hinder the most ecstatic enjoyment of the varying panorama, except the utter impossibility Thorman found of keeping his mind filled with nature and her beauties.

You shall discover that, nine times out of ten, when you are looking at scenes or objects of which you had dreamed for years, that it is quite out of the question to get back the feeling you had during those delicious reveries. Quite possibly, while you are roaming about the Coliseum, instead of dreaming of Roman triumphs, and “I see before me a dying gladiator lie,” and all that sort of thing, your perverse mind will insist on going back to some grove or meadow you knew when a child, and will stay there, too, in spite of all your efforts. Usually, when you ought to be ecstatic and sublimated, you are hungry, or cold, or wet, and Giovanni has forgotten to put up any luncheon or provide umbrellas; and it is a narrow chance, when you ought to be breathless and expectant, waiting for St. Peter’s dome to lift itself over the distant Campagna, if you are not scolding your companions and making yourself unpleasant, generally, in the eyes of men and angels.

But, Lord bless me, where was I? Oh! I meant to say that Thorman had made the same journey several times during the eight years he had been dawdling about Europe, but never when he was so thoroughly weary of himself and all that he had found in life as now.

He knew society thoroughly, from London to St. Petersburg, and Berlin to Naples, and had made the unpleasant discovery that, with a whole world about you, existence will narrow down into a dry kernel that might be put in a nut-shell.

He was tired of trying to be in love—tired of the poor, miserable little vices that are older than the flood—tired of the praise offered a book which gave him the nightmare to think of—tired of everything he had tried, and, as his was a somewhat discursive nature, there was very little he hadn’t attempted.

He had smoked his—whatever the proper Egyptian for pipe may be—on the Nile, and likely enough owned a Georgian slave on the Bosphorus; he had held some sort of an honorable appointment under some one of our old blunderheads of ambassadors; he had fought a duel at Malta, and been robbed by the descendants of Solon on the hills back of Minerva’s pet city; he had—it is of no use—it would be much easier to tell you what he had not done.

But there was a great deal in him. I always said all he wanted was an incentive, something to wake him up, and his indolence and indifference would fall off like a worn-out cloak. Oceans of energy and determination, only he had never found occasion to employ them; much more unselfish than one could have expected, and with ideas of honor and principle left yet, after the life he had led, more than many men begin the world with; and I think I have shown there were hopes for him yet.

They were going up a steep hill; numberless fierce-looking creatures were hitching oxen to the carriage; there was more noise and row than would have been necessary to harness a griffin and a Sphynx to the Capitol at Washington and drag it off bodily; the Marvel of a servant was relieving his feelings by reviling the poor wretches in every known and unknown tongue, and Churchill sprang out of the carriage

with more activity than he had displayed in a week, and hurried on up the road to escape the tumult.

And when he reached the top of the long, steep ascent—a sort of dwarfed mountain that appeared to have taken its revenge in being as rocky and ill-natured as possible because it could not grow any larger—Churchill looked down the inclined plane and beheld something which startled him into new action.

A *vettura* upsetting in the most diabolical manner possible, and all its six horses leaping and kicking in different directions, apparently bent on annihilating the occupants of the crazy old vehicle, if they managed to escape from the perils of its embraces.

Away went Thorman down the hill. He could hear the groans, and howls, and execrations of the *vetturino*, who was dancing up and down and making a complete mad-house of himself; and then he saw that a lady was lying on the ground, and another, just picking herself up after her tumble, was hastening to her companion's rescue.

Several peasants had rushed out from adjacent hovels, and the pandemonium was worse than the one Thorman had left behind.

Useless to attempt a repetition of the howls and curses from those Italian lips; but in the midst of them went up groans and lamentations in unadulterated English from the female prostrate on the ground.

"Oh, my back! I'm killed—I know I'm dead! Don't try to lift me, Laura. Oh! oh! It's all your fault. I wanted to go with the Morford party, and you wouldn't, and here I am, my back broken, and now we shall be robbed and murdered by these wretches—we shall! Where's Victor? Why don't he come? Call Victor, Laura! Don't you see I am hurt so I can't speak?"

After calling to the men ineffectually, the young lady was doing her best to get her friend up, receiving a great many not very amiable speeches with perfect composure.

"I want Victor," continued the sufferer: "I will have Victor! Don't you let one of those creatures come near me—they shan't touch me. I'm dead now, and I will not be murdered."

By this time Thorman had reached the scene of disaster, and called out to the men in Italian to loosen the horses from the carriage if they wished to quiet them—a proceeding which had not occurred as possible to any member of the mass of human shrieks.

"There's another!" cried the old lady. "It's the head of the brigands—I tell you it's all a

plot! Let me lie still. Where's Victor? Scream, can't you? Don't speak or move. If I don't stir, maybe they won't touch me. Go right away from me. I'm dead now, and I don't want to be murdered!"

"Can I help you, ladies?" demanded Thorman, walking toward them.

"Oh, Lord! he speaks English!" he heard the old lady whisper. "Don't you answer, Laura—it's all a snare! Tell him I'm dead and to go on about his business."

The lady who was bending over her rose quickly—she and Thorman stood face to face.

"Miss Woodward!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, I believe it is," she replied; "at least it was, a short time ago."

"What are you saying?" called her companion. "I'm ashamed of you, Laura, holding talk with such wretches! Tell them I'm dead—that's all I ask of you."

Thorman could endure it no longer; the poor woman might be dying, but he must laugh, and he did, and after an instant the young lady joined him.

"It's Mr. Thorman, cousin Faith," she said.

"A much more commonplace person than a brigand chief," pursued he; "but very happy to help you in any way, Mrs. Lake."

With a variety of insane sounding ejaculations the old lady sat up on the ground, a very sorry spectacle indeed, her clothes torn, her face muddled, and her false hair curled in a heap at the side of her head like a drowsy snake.

"Mr. Thorman," cried she. "Isn't this a pretty business? Laura, there are my front teeth by that stone! Where's Victor? Call for Victor! Well, Churchill Thorman, do you mean to help me, now you are here, or must I die like a dog in the mud? If it had only been brigands I'd fallen amongst, I might get help! Where's Victor?"

Thorman instituted a search for the missing courier, and saw him struggling out of the sand a little way off. He had been stunned and was just coming to himself; but instead of making use of such of his senses as were left in the service of his mistress, he hopped about, on one foot, and abused the *vetturino*, cursing him through this world and the next in a way that was enough to make one's hair stand on end.

In the meantime the old lady rated her companion and Thorman with as much acrimony as if they had caused her accident between them.

"My leg is broken, and that's all about it! Will you help me or not? Oh! oh, don't touch me! I'll just die here calmly. I haven't made my will; but, Churchill Thorman, bear witness,

the last words I ever spoke were that none of my sister Jane's family should have a cent! She treated me like a brute. Not a penny shall she touch. I forgive her, or I will, if somebody'll remind me of it, just before I die—but not a penny!"

Down she lay on the grass again, moaning feebly for Victor, while Victor hopped about and cursed the *vetturino*, and the men shrieked in concert and lifted their hands, as if appealing to an angel to descend and help, while Thorman explained, as well as the noise would permit, that he was only waiting for his carriage to get down the hill to put an end to this extraordinary state of affairs.

When assistance arrived, they lifted Mrs. Lake up: but she had suffered some serious injury and was unable to bear the motion of the carriage.

"I told you so," were her first words, when a sudden faintness that seized her had passed. "I knew I was dead! It's a pretty place to meet one's death in. Talk about your martyrs! I should like to know if a gridiron was any worse than this!"

Miss Woodward showed great presence of mind, and she and Thorman decided at once upon what seemed the best plan; indeed, they had no choice in the matter, for Mrs. Lake could not be moved.

A little beyond the group of cabins stood a small house of more prepossessing aspect than its neighbors, and the Marvel discovered that it belonged to a couple of very neat, respectable-looking women who had just reached the scene of the accident.

Thorman had no difficulty in making terms with them. They placed their house and themselves at the strangers' disposal with the utmost alacrity.

So they made a sort of litter and carried Mrs. Lake into the dwelling, the second floor of which the good women gave up to the ladies without a murmur, and it looked sufficiently tidy and clean to be considered a perfect palace under the circumstances.

The Marvel, who always had ways and means of information unknown to common mortals, was aware that an English family, who had a physician with them, were at Terracina, and for this important individual a messenger was forwarded at once.

So there arose a pleasant bustle of making things comfortable, while Mrs. Lake lay quiet and waited for the doctor to arrive, occasionally breaking out in the most wonderful speeches such as she had astonished people with all her

life—not condescending to groan or complain of her hurts, though she was suffering severely and looked grayer and grimmer every moment, while she lay scolding anybody that she chose to scold, and taking special pleasure in ordering Thorman about and making him really exert himself.

Before dark the physician arrived—the very *beau ideal* of a fussy English doctor, a species entirely distinct from the Esculapean race in other countries—blandly condescending to his Yankee cousins, and at last rousing Mrs. Lake's ire in so much that she gave him a slight taste of Bunker Hill and startled him off his stilts.

Absolute quiet, for a week at least, was imperative. The old lady's side was very badly bruised, and if she attempted to move for the present, something would irritate something and cause something else; whereas if she lay still, something would not touch something, and so the else would not happen—all of which the pussy doctor explained, or rather made more mysterious, in language so wonderfully grandiloquent that it seemed as if he must have just dined off an unabridged edition of Dr. Johnson, dictionary and all, and washed him down with a draught of Carlyle.

He departed. Mrs. Lake had her opiates and prepared to go to sleep, and the Marvel, having occupied himself in ransacking house and farmyard, had improvised a meal, which his master sent him to request Miss Woodward to grace with her presence.

She declined to go, but the old lady ordered her away without ceremony.

"Go along and eat—don't mince, either. I suppose you don't want to be sick too? That fat-faced Italian woman can sit by me. Just lay something convenient, so that I can shake it at her if she ventures to speak."

So Laura made her way into the little sort of balcony, where the Marvel had spread the dinner-table, and where Thorman sat watching the golden sun disappear slowly under the sea in the distance, wondering at himself for not feeling more incommoded by the noise and disagreeableness of the past hours, and thinking how quietly Miss Woodward had accomplished everything which had fallen to her share.

As she entered, he rose and said,

"I am glad you made up your mind to come down. How is your cousin now?"

"Easier, and inclined to sleep," Laura answered.

They sat down at the table, and the Marvel served them—the thin soup, rendered palatable by a dash of cheese—the little savory dish of

kidneys, a wonderful stew—two small, red fowls, and some sort of a cream that he had tossed up on the inspiration of the moment, and then some wonderful coffee, materials which his good genius led him to keep always on hand: so that, altogether, the young couple might have fulfilled the proverb of faring a great deal worse if they had gone farther.

"The last time I met you was at the Russian ambassador's ball," said Thorman. "I hardly supposed then we should ever be dining together in this primitive fashion, in such a delightfully impossible place."

"One soon ceases to be surprised at anything in Italy," returned Miss Woodward. "But I fancied you had gone on to Rome—you disappeared from Naples a week since."

"I was at a friend's villa, near Gaeta," he answered. "I am very glad now that I paid the visit, since it enabled me to be of service to you."

"Oh! we are neither in Paris nor Naples," said Laura, gayly. "Let us be shepherds for the nonce, and have done with all those stale pretty speeches—they are as much out of place as diamond rings in a cottage."

Just one of the abrupt remarks with which she had so often half vexed, half amused him; and he sat looking at her now, thinking how different she was from the generality of young ladies, and straying upon thoughts which had many a time been in his mind since their acquaintance had begun, till recalled from his reverie by some words of hers which plunged them into a river of talk at once.

I am reminded that, while they sit there in the gold and crimson of the sunset, and Mrs. Lake grows easy and sleepy in her room, watching the good-natured Italian through her half-closed eyelids, and vaguely wishing she could wake up enough to scold the patient creature for sitting so still, I might as well take this opportunity to tell you something about the people whom I have spilled out of carriages into your presence after my own blundering, unceremonious fashion.

It was at Florence, quite early in the previous autumn, that Thorman had met Laura Woodward and her singular relative for the first time.

He was presented to Laura at the house of some American, whom, in his caprice, he had visited—an unusual thing, for he was vain of avoiding his countrymen—and was nearly petrified by the bow—hardly enough for courtesy—with which the collected, auburn-haired young lady received the announcement of his name.

He stood for a few moments trying to talk to the hostess and Miss Woodward, but the latter might have been cut out of stone for all the eyes or ears she had at his service, and he was mentally deciding that, in spite of her elegant appearance, she was new and raw. When up came an elderly English notable, with whom Miss Laura commenced a very animated conversation, and Thorman, to his unbounded surprise and wrath, found himself as completely set aside as if he had been a mere nobody; instead of the most talked-of foreigner among the whole troop, smiled at by grand-duchesses and petted by Russian princesses, as was meet should happen to a man bringing the renown he did from his Parisian life.

Mr. Churchill Thorman walked off vexed, and was just looking at the gayly dressed groups and cursing himself as an ass for having ventured among his brother-Jonathans, when he saw a very determined-looking old lady in handsome clothes, that she had evidently remodeled after her own fancy, nod to him over the top of a fan large enough to have excited the envy of a Chinese Mandarin.

"I don't know the old magpie," he muttered to himself. "Can she be making signs to me?"

The nods redoubled and he walked up to her, when she said, coolly,

"You don't know me. Did you just curse me in your mind for a cormorant, or a crocodile? I'm Mrs. Lake, Laura Woodward's cousin. I saw her freeze you—very well she did it. She's prejudiced against you."

Thorman, of course, stood and stared.

"Sit down," pursued she. "I knew your mother very well."

She stopped to take breath, and Thorman, infinitely amused by her oddity, and interested by the mention of his long lost mother, took his seat by her side.

"What a troop of geese these people are!" said the unscrupulous old woman, in a louder tone than was safe. "The poorest specimens America could send out."

"Have you been long in Florence?" Thorman asked.

The dreadful lady transfixed him with a glance like a dart.

"I am sixty," said she, "and so relieved from answering questions. I want to know about you. Talk—talk! The English ambassador said you were very agreeable, and, if you are, I want to put your name on my list: for, really, these people are salamanders, and worse."

Then, having sufficiently astounded Thorman, she began to converse in an exceedingly agree-

able manner, and told him all sorts of stories about celebrated people she had known in Europe, forty years before—remembered most of the dead and gone Americans worthy of the name—and, altogether, made him laugh and marvel more than he had done in a year.

After awhile he rose to go away, and the old woman said, as calmly as if she had been a duchess,

"You may come and see me—I really want you to!"

He saw Miss Woodward hovering near; somehow, the cold disapproval in her face made him return hearty thanks for the invitation.

After that, they met often; but it was some time before Thorman and the young lady got on at all.

She was very decided in her opinions, hated what are called men of the world, but, after all, she was not old enough to be very wise; for Thorman caught her with the poor chaff that has entrapped so many women with rigid ideas. He began telling her how useless he was and how tired of his life, and so Miss Laura grew friendly with him.

He found that she was not rich, nor did she live on Mrs. Lake's bounty, although an orphan. When the sojourn in Florence was over, they met in Rome, and only lately they had run over each other in Naples. They had argued and disputed, and Thorman often lost his temper. Sometimes Miss Laura said biting things, but some mysterious attraction would draw them together again, while Mrs. Lake laughed at or scolded them, according to her whim.

Now, this chance had thrown them together again, and there they sat, on the vine-wreathed verandah of the odd little house, and talked of all sorts of things; and Thorman forgot to be cynical or *blase*, and Laura allowed her real enthusiasm and poetry to display themselves more freely than was by any means her want.

By-and-by it became necessary to go and see after the invalid. When she had disappeared, Thorman lighted his cigar and strolled out toward the moon-lit sea, thinking that he had never heard any woman talk so well in all his life. Pretty, too, she was—oh! better than that!—a face with a soul in it, eyes that one couldn't look in and tell a lie; not strong-minded, either; thoroughly bred and elegant!

Well, he couldn't in conscience go on and leave them to the mercy of that stupid old courier. He must stay there the week out.

Then he walked by the sea, and smoked, and dreamed, and was more natural than he had allowed himself for a long time.

The next morning Mrs. Lake sent for him. She lay in bed, propped up with pillows, and only a crease in her forehead as a token the pain was not gone.

"So you are here yet," said she; "how you must hate me!"

Thorman did not protest, he knew better.

"When are you going on?" she asked.

"When you do, if you will allow me."

"Why, you are a St. Augustine for charity," cried she. "Think of it—a whole week—no French dinners—no ballet—just the old cormorant in her bed, and Laura to come out and quarrel with you."

"I shall stay, if you'll let me," he said.

The old lady was pleased at the attention, grim as she looked, and although very exacting in sickness, she registered a secret vow, then and there, and kept it, too, that Laura should not be mewed up in her room—Thorman should have his reward.

"In the morning, early," said the absolute Mrs. Lake, "I want you to take Laura out, Mr. Thorman. In the heat of the day, when I'm cross and can't sleep, you may come in and amuse me. You're not afraid of a night-cap? Laura and you shall dine together, and you may flirt every evening till midnight—I get wakeful then and want my side rubbed."

Those golden spring days—Italian spring—how often afterward he looked back on those days and asked himself if they could have been real—how the light of the moon haunted him, the sound of the sea went with him, and the scent of those rare-hued flowers he gathered for Laura's hands to hold would float across his senses!

He saw her patient under all the invalid's exactions—and very cross she was at times—fertile in expedients in any of their household difficulties; and as the days went on, and she allowed him to pass closer and closer to her real nature, he revered her for its purity as much as he admired her for its depth and intellect. And so the day came when he said to himself that he loved this woman, as he had believed he never should love.

The old lady was better. She could sit up, even be helped out upon the verandah; but the week had grown into more than a fortnight, and the prosy English doctor had been obliged to leave his gouty lord at Terracina and journey down several times during the interval.

And one afternoon, she woke up from her nap and said to Thorman, who had read her to sleep,

"I shall start to-morrow morning. Do you hear, Laura?"

But before Laura, from her seat in the window, could answer, Thorman said,

"But are you strong enough? Is it safe?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" she retorted. "Call Victor—I want him. I'm going to-morrow."

Thorman went out and summoned Victor, and then sauntered away, feeling a sudden pang that the end of those strange days had come—wondering if he could be the aimless, weary man, who had settled down in that quiet so short a time before—wondering, too, with a sudden leap of his heart, if he had dreamed and changed in vain, for he could no more decide than if he had been blind.

So, in the evening, he and Laura Woodward stood among the vines and looked out across the sea, while the moonlight stretched over it like a golden bridge. There they stood and talked till, in the ecstasy of the time, Thorman uttered the words which he had had no mind to speak then, and Laura Woodward was listening, grown suddenly pale and cold in the glorious radiance of the night.

"I love you," he said; "I did not mean to tell you now, but I must speak! I know my faults—I have not tried to keep them from you—but may I hope, Laura?"

At first she had tried to check his passionate speech; but when she found that impossible, she listened while the sudden shadow on her face grew colder and almost stern.

"Dare I hope, Laura? Only one word——"

"Hush, hush!" she interrupted. "It is impious to use such language, Mr. Thorman! I cannot accept the offering—it is impossible!"

She spoke the words so resolutely that her tone sounded cruel.

He broke into no entreaties—no expostulations. After a little he said, in a quiet voice,

"This is irrevocable?"

She pitied him, he was so manly and dignified; her voice softened as she said,

"I can give you no other answer."

"Some happier mortal——"

She heard the sudden anger in his tone.

"Don't say anything you will be grieved to remember," she interrupted. "You offer me the ashes of a youth wasted in indolence and dissipation—you have done no good with your life!"

"But I might," he cried; "it is not too late."

"That may be," she said, more coldly; "but it is not probable any change will be made! I tell you, honestly, I would sooner marry a man who toiled with his hands to earn his daily bread, than one whose wealth and idle luxurious habits have made him waste the first

years of his manhood so completely that, in nine cases out of ten, no after resolutions of amendment could avail against them."

A few moments longer they talked; then Laura Woodward left him.

The next morning they started on their journey. It was impossible to make any different arrangements, and certainly Miss Woodward must have confessed to herself that her disappointed suitor was a thorough gentleman, for it would have needed a wizard to observe the slightest change in his manner from what the past days had made it.

At Rome, Thorman found letters which forced him to return to America; not ruin and all sorts of romantic incidents, but an absolute necessity to go and attend to his property.

He went to say farewell to Mrs. Lake. He met Laura making her way toward the room where a number of guests waited.

He told her briefly what had happened, and added, "Will you shake hands and wish me good speed?"

She laid her hand in his.

"I congratulate you," she said. "Perhaps I spoke harshly to you the other night; by the time I get to America make me sorry for it."

She was gone before he could even wonder if there was the shadow of any future hope meant to be hidden in her words.

"What are you making a statue of yourself in my ante-room for?" said a voice at his elbow, and there stood the dragon leaning on her cane. "I heard an hour since that you were going," said she. "I heard you and Laura the other night. I didn't listen, but you screamed like night-hawks; maybe, if you'll get to be a beggar, she'll think more of you—all girls are fools—all young men bigger ones! Go along. Good-by. Write to me when you want to. There, don't kiss my hand, I hate flummery."

Thorman set out on his journey that very evening. There was nothing to detain him, and the rapid, incessant traveling was his best antidote against the pain he left behind, and the anxieties to which he was going forward.

The long, wearisome voyage was over—a terrible record of days and nights to a man suffering from the pain of a recent blow—and for the first time since boyhood Thorman set foot on his native shore.

It was a good deal his own extravagance, partly mismanagement and the stupidity of others, but his affairs certainly looked black enough.

Not many months after, my petted, dainty hero was away out somewhere toward the set-

ting sun. Damaged principals were left to recuperate—overdrawn stocks to become presentable—Thorman had taken his discontent and heartaches out of what he had been in the habit of considering the civilized world.

He was living on a large farm he owned in the West—he was really trying to do some good to other people and himself, and often he said,

“At least she shall live to acknowledge she mistook my character; there is something in me, somewhere, and out it shall come.”

Two years went by. I have no room for details and must jump to the conclusion.

Thorman was making ready for a journey to Washington. In those two years he had won this proof of his neighbors' confidence and esteem; and just then there were matters to be decided which might well have employed the energies of the greatest mind that ever existed.

He had written a few times to Mrs. Lake; she had even answered him in her odd way, yet there was but very little mention of Laura.

Now there came in a letter from a friend, news which smote harshly the unhealed wound—Laura Woodward was in America, going to be married.

Thorman knew now that he had never quite relinquished hope. It was not alone duty and the satisfaction of well-doing which had urged him on. He was not likely to fail after so earnest a probation, but the pleasure of his task was gone.

He wrote to Mrs. Lake in his distress, hardly conscious of what he said, and cursing himself for a fool when the letter was gone.

The very night before he set out on his journey an answer arrived. This was what he read:

“Laura isn't married, nor likely to be, that I know of. Do you? Then wasn't now, Mr. Goose! You may stop and see me on the way. I am grayer and uglier than ever. Sister Jane's

daughter has a baby, and it's got red hair. I sent it a present of a lead comb. You know I forgave her when I thought I was dying.”

There was not a word more in Mrs. Lake's remarkable epistle, but the next morning Thorman was on his road.

Once more he stood by Laura Woodward's side, and when he asked if he might hope now, she put her hand in his, whispering,

“If you had asked me that night, when you were in trouble, I should have gone with you then!”

“Laura, darling!”

“Wait—I am ashamed to confess—I spoke harshly for fear you would discover what I really felt——”

“Chee! chee! K'chee! batcheechee!”

The lovers started to their feet at the unearthly sound. It was only the old dragon, sneezing; she had just entered the room.

Not in the least discomposed, she walked up to Thorman and patted his head.

“She loved you all the while,” said she, “and that's the truth. She sniveled every night for a year. Chee! k'chee! I never had such a cold. You don't carry a snuff-box, do you?”

Then, without any warning, she astonished the pair by bursting into a fit of tears and kissing them both till they were quite damp.

“I'm an old fool!” said she. “But the truth is, if you were my own children, I could not love you better—and I've had nothing to love in thirty long years. Give me a little good-nature out of your happiness.”

And as they clasped the queer old woman's hands, and remembered how her youth had been darkened by the trenchery of her own kindred, and afterward by the evil conduct of the man she married, they promised not to forget that they owed much of their own joy to her, and, suspicious as she was, the old lady knew that neither ever broke a pledge.

OVERTASKED.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

Is this the glory crowning all my toil,
These throbbing temples, and this weary brain?
Have sleepless hours, spent o'er “the midnight oil,”
But wrought for this low brow a wreath of pain?

Is he not happier who, with careless heart,
And brain unwearied, hears the songs I sing?
Who knows no yearning for sweet poesy's art,
Who ne'er has tasted from ambition's spring?

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Oh! soul immortal, crying after God,
Lifting thine unfledged wings in vain, in vain!
Oh! thoughts unuttered, classic paths untrod!
Oh! heart o'erburdened with an unsung strain!

Oh! life, too swift to quench the burning thirst!
Oh! veil, too thin to keep the spirit masked!
Sweet fount of peace, from vales of beauty hurst
And bless the heart and brain, the overtasked!

"HE" AND I.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

It is not at all necessary to enter into a dissertation on the nature, attributes, and relative position of the "he" thus referred to; any human being who has had dealings with women who wash, scrub, whitewash, or "go out by the day," generally, or who drive "garden-sass" to market, and stand in natural and comfortable attitudes and dispose of the same—telling you, meanwhile, that "he" said so and so, or "he" must be consulted relative to the number of pounds of butter, or dozen of eggs, that you are to be allowed per week—any and all of these stirring females will designate the man who owns them by the laconic personal pronoun, which implies the delicate compliment that, for them, there is but one "he" in the universe.

My case was not quite a parallel one—as there was not exactly a man who owned me, but one who seemed quite confident of doing so at no very distant day. In short, I was engaged—and I think that, on the whole, I was proud of it. Not proud of being engaged, (I could have been that at least *six* times, if I had chosen,) but proud of the man whom I had taken for my master, shield, and father-confessor. To these light duties, he added those of preceptor, mentor, and commander-in-chief.

I was seated at my sewing, on that soft June morning, in the side window of cousin Sarah's cozy little sitting-room; and as I sewed, with an occasional dreamy glance through the thickly-clustering leaves of the Virginia-creeper, a delicious feeling of gratitude for life, and youth, and happiness, stole over me, and I murmured,

"I have enough, oh, God!"

I had been so knocked about, during the whole period of my thinking years, that I almost seemed to be a stranger and an alien upon the earth with no abiding-place; and I could fully appreciate the pleasant shelter of cousin Sarah's roof, where I enjoyed the independence of a boarder with the privileges of a guest.

Soon, I thought, I should preside over a little love-nook in this same country-like city, and raise my own vegetables, perhaps, and keep his buttons in order. I didn't like the idea, it was not romantic; and I wished that buttons would grow upon shirts, and not squirm

and twist themselves off without the smallest provocation.

I was very happy that morning, though, with my sewing; and I thought that presently "he" would pass, on his way to his "nooning," and then I should have an elegant, courtly bow, (a bow fit for a duchess,) and I would think how handsome he was, and how proud I should be of him. And then, perhaps, he would stop in for a few moments, on some pretext or other, (lovers are fertile in such expedients,) when he would lift my hand so gallantly to his lips, and just kiss the tips of my fingers, (I never allowed him more); and here I looked at the hand with fresh interest, and remembered that he thought it small and white; he had called it a "snow-flake," but I am afraid that, if such flakes were in the habit of falling, during snow-storms, we should soon be buried alive. My dress of light, spotted muslin was what "he" admired, and the little, black silk apron was his especial delight.

It was very pleasant, this being continually admired and appreciated, and having all one's doings a subject of interest; and I pined cousin Sarah intensely, who was the very nicest old maid I ever saw. She was my cousin a generation or two removed, and lived in the pretty little house that had been her father's, in all the comfortable independence of a single lady of means.

Cousin Sarah wore spectacles, and had very little hair, and her figure was straight up and down, and she never studied what was becoming—but she *did* study her Bible, and I verily believe that, half of her time, she was in a kneeling posture. When she first saw "him," she did not ask if he were rich, or of good family, or one that would rise in his profession—she simply said, smoothing my face with her hand, at the twilight hour, "My child, has he the one thing needful?"

I struggled with tears in my eyes, as I answered in the affirmative; and then I told her how he was trying to lead me in the right way.

"Just as it should be," she said; "the man should lead the woman, and not the woman the man—you will be very happy, child."

A tear came with her good-night kiss; and I felt sure then that cousin Sarah had a history, and a sad one.

When evening closed in, and I sat there in the little parlor, with a flower in my hair, and in the dress that I considered was becoming at the time, and waited for "him," how sorry I felt for cousin Sarah, when, after a few words of courtesy, she glided quietly off and left us two together in the half-dim summer light.

How we talked and talked! Or, rather, how "he" talked and I listened, or broke in upon him with some impertinence that always elicited the laugh I loved to hear—it was so hearty, and yet so well-modulated and refined. For he was dreadfully learned, this individual whom I was to take for better or for worse; and he would sometimes go prosing along, as I called it, but probably dropping pearls and diamonds of thought and research, until my inferior mind floated in a sea of chaos, and I answered him that he might as well talk Greek and Latin to me.

I do not believe that any one ever said, "darling!" just in the tone that he did; and he would utter this one word, and look at me with such a light in his beautiful eyes, when I perpetrated the impertinences referred to, that I felt like falling down and worshipping him.

But oh! the watch I kept upon myself to conceal this weakness! the unnatural sternness and reserve that pervaded my manner, whenever I felt myself approaching the idiotic in this respect—the homage which I acted—and the infinitesimal crumbs of condescension which I dispensed in return! Once let a man know that you think the world of him, I said to myself, and he becomes perfectly unmanageable; and it would be humiliating, indeed, for him to dare to think what the lover says in "Annabel Lee:"

"This maiden she lived with the single thought,
To love and be loved by me."

I might "live with that single thought," but he should never suspect it.

I sat thinking over a great many things, that morning; and as his handsome, decided face came up before me, I wondered if I had not been rather meek? Did not his tastes guide me in everything? Was I not even pursuing a course of reading in deference to his advice? Cramming so many pages per day of that dull old Rollin, and that duller Bancroft? Swallowing biography, travels, essays, poems, romances, all at the option of his high-mightiness? Tacitly acknowledging my inferiority, in short, and endeavoring to render myself worthy of the exalted individual who had chosen me? To be sure, he was ten years older than I, and this gave him some right to direct and mould; but I had arrived at the dignity of twenty, and I

began to wonder if I were not called upon to assert myself in some way or other.

"Do you see nothing nearer than Africa, Mrs. Jellyby?" asked the voice that, of all voices, I loved best to hear. There is so much in a voice, and this was so deep and manly, so gentle, and yet so firm.

"Your eyes have such a far-off, dreamy look, that I am afraid it will take them longer than I can stay to travel back to such a commonplace individual as myself. May I sit down? I believe I am rather tired—the sun is warm, to-day."

I had only one hand left to work with, for "he," after the first salutation, had forgotten to restore the other to its rightful owner—and I suspended my "tucking" until a more convenient time.

Sitting there close to my sewing-chair, I saw that he looked pale and not quite like himself. The rich coloring that formed one of his greatest charms to me—for I was a pale little thing—had departed, and the light in his eyes seemed to have flickered out; and altogether—I do not exactly know how it was—but somehow, he was not so satisfactory as usual. His manner was less devoted—so I fancied—and although any one else would have pronounced him agreeable and charming, I, knowing him so well, could detect nice little shades of difference that would escape a less observant eye. He was in one of those moods that occasionally exasperate us in those we love best, and which are often produced by outward causes of which we know nothing.

I tried to talk and laugh unconcernedly; I told an amusing story, which extorted from him a faint smile, as he sat there pondering; and then, having satisfied my conscience by doing my best in this line, I gradually elevated my head several inches, and diffused an Arctic temperature about me that could not but prove refreshing to one suffering from the heat.

"He" actually dared to sigh in my presence, as though it were not sufficient happiness to be seated near me, and in an absent moment dropped my hand.

This was too much! My morning doubts were fully confirmed, and I resolved to stand it no longer. I rose abruptly from my chair and advanced to the front window.

He looked up in surprise. "What is the matter, darling? Are you sick?"

"Sick!" I repeated, scornfully, and a freezing monosyllable was my only answer.

I do believe that no one ever makes a wicked or foolish resolve without being immediately

supplied by the enemy of mankind with the means for putting it into execution; and just at that moment a glitter of brass buttons and a naval cap flashed past the window, and very soon after they were shown into the sitting-room. There was not much besides the cap and buttons; but what there was I introduced to "him" as "Capt. Nellwidge," and the gentlemen shook hands as usual; and then the good-looking captain sat down to do the agreeable.

He was quite young, not more than twenty-five; but he had been engaged in the siege of Vicksburg, and had just come home covered with honors. His mother was one of cousin Sarah's old friends.

Here was a promise of something exciting; the captain had plenty to talk about, and everybody was, or ought to be, interested in the war; and I plied him with questions, and drew forth accounts of his own exploits, until the flush of gratified vanity rose to his cheek, and his handsome teeth glittered upon me continually. "He" grew very still, and only a direct question could extort anything from him.

A half-mirthful, significant expression gleamed in Capt. Nellwidge's eyes, and he bent over me most attentively. I enjoyed it all. It was such a delightful break upon the monotony of behaving properly, that I resolved to see just how far I could go.

I went off in a gale of enthusiasm over "the defenders of our country." "Were I a man!" I exclaimed, rapturously, "I would always take off my hat to a wounded soldier—and I am not at all sure that I wouldn't to any returned soldier—it is not *his* fault that he isn't wounded—but it makes him far more interesting."

Here the captain murmured something about his regret at not having his arm in a sling—I think he would have preferred that as being the least disfiguring mode of gaining laurels.

"Do you not agree with me?" I added, appealing directly to "him."

"Not quite," with a very composed smile. "I believe in giving all due honor to those brave men who go forth to the aid of our country in this her hour of peril, but not *undue* honor; and before taking off my hat to a returned soldier, I should wish to know the motives that actuated his conduct. All are not pure ones, and patriotism has sometimes no place in them."

Here the captain rather winced, for he had been heard to say that he did not care the toss of a penny which side won, and he only went for the excitement of the thing.

There was rather an awkward pause, during

which I was extremely provoked at myself for not knowing what to say; but presently "he" took his departure, on the plea of being pressed for time, and I was left alone with the captain, to dissemble my anger and disappointment as well as I could. "He" had plainly shown symptoms of jealousy—and that was a satisfaction.

The captain wanted music—such men always do, at all times and seasons—and I led the way to the parlor, and sang, "No one to Love," and "Beautiful Star," until I hated the sound of my own voice, and almost wished that the captain had run against a cannon-ball during the siege.

"Your friend is rather quiet," remarked my visitor, carelessly, as I trifled with the keys.

"He is not always so," I replied at random; "when he is pleased, he talks a great deal."

"I conclude, then, that he was *not* pleased, this morning?"

The smile exasperated me, and so did the color which I felt rising to my face. "I believe he was tired," I managed to say, and talked of something else.

I wondered if the captain knew of our engagement. It seemed to me that he must know it—only that cousin Sarah was no talker, and I did not belong to the class of young ladies who like to publish an engagement.

The captain's manner told nothing. He just treated me as any gay, idle man would treat any young lady who plays the piano, talks, and is sufficiently good-looking to receive compliments. When he left, I was glad to get rid of him; but, determined to keep up the course of action I had begun, I made an engagement to drive with him that very evening, just before the hour when I knew that "he" would come in for our accustomed chat.

I told Susan never to take the captain into the sitting-room again, but Susan was not aware that I had company; and, to do her justice, I believe she could not have been induced to thwart in any way the course of true love that she believed to be in progress—for Susan had a follower of her own, and was, besides, especially soft-hearted where "he" was concerned, for servants are very much influenced by the eye, and cousin Sarah had been informed by her housemaid that "he" was a "fine-lookin' feller."

Cousin Sarah looked a little surprised, but made no remark, when Capt. Nellwidge drove up in his stylish little vehicle; and we were soon whirling along at such a terrific rate that it banished every other thought from my mind. I did not enjoy that drive—how could I?—but

the captain evidently did, if incessant chattering is any proof of enjoyment; and when, at the expiration of two hours, he set me down at cousin Sarah's door, he expressed the utmost gratitude for my society, and, before I could prevent him, he lifted my hand to his lips, in a manner that betokened both passion and reverence.

I was fairly blazing with rage. How dared he! That hand that was consecrated to "him," on which rested the little pearl hoop that "he" had placed there; for "he" was poor, and I loved him better than diamonds. His very action, too! My hand was a degraded thing; and, like that strong-minded female, Lady Macbeth, I felt that all the perfumes of Araby could not sweeten it.

I dashed into the house, and encountered Susan. "Has any one been to see me?" I inquired, as carelessly as I could.

"Oh! yes, Miss—and he looked so pale and peaked, poor gentleman!"

There was a shade of reproach in Susan's voice, and I did not feel exactly comfortable. So I sat down to the piano and played all the lively songs I knew, and went to bed early, and did what I always do when I am guilty of a similar weakness—stayed awake nearly all the night. How the chickens manage it, I never could tell; but I felt that I was not cut out to be "healthy, wealthy, and wise."

The next morning brought Capt. Nellwidge again, for which I was rather sorry, as I thought I had done enough for a beginning, and preferred waiting to see how it would work. But the captain was not to be shaken off so easily, and managed to get into the sitting-room again before I could prevent it. He hung heavily on my hands, and I proposed a game of chess—which, I think, was especially invented for stupid people. I became interested, though, and as I found that the captain did pretty well, I determined that I would not be beaten.

An hour passed, and I was so much occupied that the sound of "his" voice had to make me aware that he had entered the room. I lost my queen in consequence. After a merely civil greeting I returned to the game, and resolved that, cost what it would, my opponent should not triumph.

"Check-mate!" I exclaimed, at length. "I have won!"

There was a heavy fall—and there, stretched at my feet, lay my lover, with closed eyes and a face of such ashy paleness that I shrieked aloud with terror and remorse, while Capt. Nellwidge loosened his cravat, and cousin Sarah

came flying wildly from the kitchen, with a dish of half-beaten eggs in her hand.

"Oh! cousin Sarah!" I exclaimed; "I have done it! I have done it all!"

Casting upon me a sorrowful look, she bent down over the insensible man, and they managed to get him on the sofa; and then Capt. Nellwidge ran for the doctor, and I sat watching the closed eyes, and wondering if they would ever open in this world.

The doctor came and shook his head, as in duty bound, and felt his pulse, and forced some brandy into his mouth, and bathed his head with cold water. At last "he" opened his eyes and muttered some incoherent words; then he closed them again, and I heard something about "brain-fever," and then I fainted away myself and knew nothing more, until I opened my eyes, upon my own little white bed, and the kind face of cousin Sarah beside it.

"Do you think I have killed him?" I whispered, fearfully. "I have been so wicked!"

"Hush!" said cousin Sarah, gently. "You will make yourself sick, if you get so excited. He is more comfortable now, and is lying in the spare-room—poor fellow!—where he shall remain until he is able to go out again. I couldn't have him taken to that comfortless boarding-house, where I don't believe they ever see linen sheets, nor pillows, more than half a yard wide. The doctor says that his whole system is very much run down, but that some sudden shock has brought on this crisis. I'm afraid he rather dreads the result."

I buried my face in my hands and groaned aloud. I prayed wildly that God would spare his life; and cousin Sarah became so alarmed, that I was obliged to confess all my folly and wickedness.

She shook her head sorrowfully. "I pity you, child," said she, gently; "and I hope the punishment will not be so severe as it threatens; but a woman deserves much who trifles with a noble nature."

"May I see him?" I asked, with quivering lip.

"He would not know you," was the reply; and my heart almost stood still with horror.

Nevertheless, I would nurse him and watch over him—no one else had the right that I had; and, in spite of cousin Sarah's remonstrances, I crawled feebly from the bed and entered the large front chamber, which seemed like the chamber of death. What a change in a few short hours! I stood gazing upon my darling until my heart was ready to burst, and then I sat quietly down beside him and waited for his waking.

Alas! he awoke not to the light of reason for two dreary weeks, and the word "coquette" seemed branded with a hot iron on my heart. But I kept a faithful watch beside him, and no step was so quiet as mine, no hand so light and quick to arrange things about the sick man. He liked to have me around him, although, I think, he took me for a professional nurse; and he often murmured, "Darling!" as though I were far away. How I should always hate the sight of brass buttons and chess-men!

I took pleasure in making a slave of myself for him, and my pale face grew paler, and my belt-ribbon looser, until cousin Sarah remonstrated with me, declaring that I did not eat enough to keep a canary, and that I was sinfully trifling with my life. For once, I disregarded her advice and remained obstinately at my post. He was all my own, for there was no mother to interfere, no sister of whom I could be jealous.

The doctor became more encouraging and actually held out hopes. There were two or three "ifs" in the way, but there was a prospect of returning reason—and, with God's blessing, all would yet be well.

I longed for, and yet I dreaded, the moment when his eyes would rest upon me with full recognition and remembrance. I pictured to myself the scene over and over again, as I sat there all those waiting hours, and heard his stern reproaches, and almost feared the bitter misery of being renounced forever. To be restored to life and health, and not to me! It must not, should not be! I would confess all my unworthy thoughts and motives, cling to him, plead with him; for my pride was all gone, my spirit broken, and, like a repentant child, I was ready to promise "never to do so any more." Oh! that I had not thought those silly thoughts on that eventful morning! I had been so severely punished.

Capt. Nellwidge had fortunately disappeared, having been suddenly ordered off; but not until I had received a dainty epistle from him, known in common parlance as "an offer"—and it was an offer, too, that seemed quite certain of acceptance. I committed his letter to the flames, and indited my answer with much self-reproach and virtuous resolves for the future. The last I heard of the gallant captain was, that he had married a "secesh" lady, at Memphis, and resigned his commission in the Federal army.

Cousin Sarah came to me, one bright mid-summer afternoon, with a smile on her lips and hope in her eye. "He is better," said she; "he has asked for you."

I trembled from head to foot. How could I meet the reproach of those eyes, or live under their cold, averted look? I smoothed my hair, mechanically, and gave a hasty glance at my swollen eyelids, red with recent weeping.

"God give you strength, my child," whispered cousin Sarah, as she pushed me into the room and closed the door behind me.

"*Darling!*" The voice was low and weak, but not cold—not angry; and I rushed into the outstretched arms, and buried my head in the bosom that should henceforth shield me forever. I sobbed wildly, and covered with kisses the thin hand I had grasped in mine.

"Not *that*," said he, gently, "that is not for *you*, lady-love—you are queen, you know, and I your liege subject—but kiss me once on the lips, darling, for I have been so near death—kiss me, if you are glad."

I hesitated no longer, and he drew me tightly up to him, and whispered, "My little wife! My own darling! And you have shed all these tears for *me*, and wasted yourself to a shadow nursing me night and day? I know *all* now, precious one!"

"And you forgive me?" I murmured, through my sobs. "Oh! say *once* that you forgive me! I have suffered so much!"

He looked bewildered. "Forgive you what, darling? What have I to forgive?"

I thought his mind was wandering again; and, half-fearful of the effect, I uttered the name of Capt. Nellwidge. "But he is gone," I added, earnestly, "I shall never see him again."

"Capt. Nellwidge?" he repeated, in evident forgetfulness. "Oh, yes! that good-natured, rather soft individual, is he not, who was in the room when I got up that exciting scene? What of him, darling? He has not come to grief in any way, I hope? Why are you never to see him again? I believe he was very kind to me, was he not?"

I was almost choked; so noble, so unsuspecting! and I—I was a wretch!

"I did not mean to do it!" I cried. "If I had known that you would feel it so much, I would never have spoken to him! And to think that I should have brought all this upon you for a man whom I hate and despise! Only tell me that you forgive me and I shall be happy!"

At first, intense astonishment was expressed in the invalid's face, but gradually a light broke over it; a mirthful gleam stole into the eyes—a smile hovered about the pallid lips, as, when I paused to take breath, he lifted my face from the spot where I had pillowed it, and, taking both my hands, he asked, provokingly,

"What is this all about? And why are you calling yourself such hard names, little girl? And what has this poor Capt. Nellwidge done to us that we are to rejoice at his going away? And what have you 'brought upon me?' You surely do not suppose, my own darling! that you had anything to do with my illness? Why, if it had not been for you, I do not know what would have become of me! But I do not think I quite understand it yet."

This was different from what I expected, and rather a disappointment on the whole; but I went bravely through with my confession, even to the very thoughts that had possessed me as I sat there with my sewing.

"What a blessed little idiot it is!" exclaimed my amused auditor, folding me rather more tightly than was absolutely necessary. "Why, my silence, and absent-mindedness, and singular conduct generally, of which you seem to have so vivid an impression, were caused entirely by ill-health and overwork. I exposed myself rather recklessly, too, to the noonday sun, but imagined that there was no help for it; and all these things together culminated in the first fainting fit I ever indulged in. And so you really thought," he continued, with such an exasperating smile, "that I was foolish enough to suppose you could, for a moment, prefer this Capt. Nellwidge—an individual composed almost entirely of brass buttons—to me?"

"Conceited thing!" I murmured.

"No," he replied, very calmly, "I am not 'conceited'—but I have a mind capable of appreciating the beautiful and true (of which you are a living witness)—I have been flattered by your preference, which shows that there must be something desirable in me—and this captain, what is he? A very tolerable person, perhaps, for a morning call, or a game of chess

—but think of spending a life-time with him! I would not insult you, darling, by such a doubt. Our life shall be so beautiful, that doubt, and jealousy, and all such ugly monsters, will not dare to come near us."

I had nothing to say, and so I said nothing. My little tragedy had ended in a very unexpected manner; and, while feeling that I ought to be intensely grateful, I could not help a slight shade of disappointment.

I started to my feet in confusion as cousin Sarah glided in; but she gently restored me to my former seat, as she saw by our faces that all was right between us. "Sick people must not be excited," said she, pleasantly, "and I was afraid your interview might be too long."

"It has done me a world of good," replied the patient, earnestly. "Cousin Sarah," added the unprincipled man, ("I may call you 'cousin Sarah,' may I not?) we have had a very funny time, indeed!"

Here I fled outright and locked myself in my own room, where my burning cheeks had time to cool, and my throbbing heart to become quieted. At tea time, I caught the shadow of a smile in the corners of cousin Sarah's eyes—but I was so happy that I could afford to be laughed at.

I never tried anything of the kind again, though, and I have become very meek. I "come when I'm called, and do as I'm bid;" I sew on buttons, and hold conversations with the butcher; and I have to tax my ingenuity to prevent my tyrant from bringing up the name of Nellwidge; but I do not believe that, when the twilight closes in, there could be found a happier little woman than the one who sits on a vine-covered piazza, very close indeed to the identical "he," with whom I played and lost the game I have just recorded.

A MAY LYRIC.

BY E. MILLER.

On! softly blow, sweet winds of May,
The groups of April flowers away
So wan and white!
And where they lie, like spots of snow,
Let pink May blossoms blush and glow
With gay delight.

Oh! softly blow, sweet winds of May,
The lingering clouds in hadden-gray
Across the hills!
White clouds and azure skies are thine,
Oh, May! and suns that golden shine
O'er joyous rills.

Oh! softly blow, sweet winds of May,
Till earth casts off all dull array,
And greets the Spring,
With singing birds and seas of bloom.
And breezes faint with rich perfume—
Long lingering!

Abs! that all your magic sweet,
Calls not from out their dim retreat
Our fairest flowers!
Whose stainless souls to Heaven flew,
As from a flower exhales the dew—
And then it was that first we knew
They were not ours!

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CHAPTER I.

A BATTLE raged in the distance, one of those momentous battles that change the destiny of nations and sweep great men from the earth like dead leaves whirled into nothingness by a storm.

It was the battle-field of Barnet, where Warwick, the king-maker, was in the heat and storm of his last contest against the monarch whom he had placed on the throne of England. Upon this scene a young girl sat gazing hour after hour, shuddering and yet horribly fascinated by what she saw. The strife raged on; the sweet air grew foul with smoke, through which the whiz and rush of arrows came dimly, and the blaze of fire-arms shot in and out like flashes of lightning. Through the fleecy blackness, battalions rushed to and fro, and a riot of halberds, cross-bows, and gleaming spears were flashing in and out of the picture, giving it an awful grandeur that appalled that young creature to the depths of her soul. The grim old tower in which she sat occupied a broken ridge of hills on the east of the battle-field, still it was so near the contest that its foundations trembled as the thunder of cannon rolled along the base of the hills, blackening the valley with one sweltering death-pall, and giving a new and appalling feature to a scene that was already terrible enough.

As the roar of the cannons died away among the rocks, she would raise her white face from the trembling hands, clasped over it in wild affright, and wait till the smoke was lifted and a glimpse of the pure sky peeped through. Then she would lean out of the casement and search the battle-field with yearning eyes, and cry out in sudden joy if a white war-horse and a helmet plumed with black loomed out from the dust one instant on her sight. Thus she remained by the open casement, sometimes upon her knees, with her arms folded, sometimes standing upright, with rigid limbs and strained eyes, and again sitting prone upon the floor, shrouding her head from the booming of the cannon, which was so new to the combatants themselves that the very sound struck them with superstitious dread.

At last a sunset all scarlet and flame-color fell upon the tumult. The great fleeces of rolling smoke grew hot and broke up under it; floods of molten gold turned brazen in the lurid surges, and the battle-field gleamed out in a variety of broken and fiery pictures grandly terrible to look upon. Then the twilight began to deepen, all the golden tints died out in the sky, leaving it submerged with crimson as if the clouds had trailed themselves through the carnage of the battle and swept the sky with its awful red.

The strife raged into the dark night, and through the stillness that fair young girl could hear the twang of bow-strings, the whirr of arrows, and the wild shrieks which followed each charge of the pike-men. She could no longer discern the charges, or guess how the fight went on, but listened with hushed breath, till a shout, wilder and fiercer than any that had gone before, rent the air: "Long live the king—long live King Edward!" She heard this cry and fell upon her knees, moaning. Her father had gone out with Warwick. Another wild shout. She lifted herself up to listen. It might not be a victory. In the shock of battle such shouts were often premature. She leaned far out of the casement. The noise of artillery had now ceased, the smoke was rolling away under the glow of a lovely moon which was veiling that awful war-picture with its silvery mist. But shouts and the hollow sound of human groans rose upon the stillness with painful distinctness. Above all came the sharp clatter of hoofs along the broken hill slopes; then a white war-steed, snorting with pain and mad terror, tore around the base of the tower and plunged upward along the road, spurning back dust and stones with his flying hoofs.

It was her father's horse, and the saddle was empty. Then Maud Chichester knew that her father had fallen and was even then being trampled to death on the battle-field. She arose without a word and went down into the grand hall which opened upon the stone court. Half a dozen men, too old for the battle-field, sat upon the hearth, silent from that stern anxiety which chokes the words in a man's throat.

They stood up and turned their withered faces on Maud as she came into the hall.

"Get your lanterns," she said, in a low, hoarse voice, such as had never issued from those lips before. "Heard you not the tramp of his war-horse?"

"Then the master is safe," cried three or four weak voices from the hearth. "The blessed virgin be praised!"

The exultation in these old men thrilled Maud from head to foot with impatient anguish, which spoke very sharply in her voice as she answered them.

"The saddle was turned on his back, the stirrups dashed loudly against the stones as he rushed on. Is this a sign to be thankful for?"

The old men looked at each other in dead silence; then one crept away in search of a lantern. The others followed him one by one, like mourners at a funeral. Maud was left alone in the flickering fire-light, filled with that wild exaltation which generally possesses a loving soul when anything is to be done. Her father might be wounded and lying down yonder among his enemies. She would go to him, though all the king's army mustered in her path. There was no power in England strong enough to keep her from his side.

The old men came back, carrying lanterns, and besought their young mistress to remain in the shelter of her home, while they went forth to search for their lord; but she silenced them with a gesture and bade the man who stood nearest unchain the door and draw the huge bolts which shot deep into the stone framework.

The stone court lay full in the moonlight, save where the shadow of a jutting tower cut across it, paving a line of black into the silver radiance. A struggle, and the fearful sound of a dumb beast in pain came from the base of this tower, where a mass of whiteness that lay heaped against the stones was dimly revealed.

"It is white Jeffers, it is the master's horse," whispered one old man to another. "The master's horse!"

The men moved slowly onward, afraid of what they might see, but lighting the shadows with the lanterns that began to shake in their hands. The white mass which had fallen against the tower was suddenly upheaved; neck and head, with quivering ears and a white mane flowing wildly, rose out of the mass and gave a broken neigh which brought great drops of blood from the fiery nostrils.

Maud heard the sound and went past the men, crying out, "Oh! white Jeffers, poor old

fellow! I knew that they must kill you before he was hurt. What have they done with him? What have they done with him?"

White Jeffers made a struggle to gain his feet when he heard that voice, as if he had been human and wished to pay his young mistress homage even in his death-throes. But he fell back again, still keeping his head aloft and his neck arched, though every fibre of his body quivered with pain.

Those blood-stained nostrils and fiery eyes had no terror for Maud. She fell upon her knees by the wounded animal and flung one arm over his neck, half embracing it.

"Oh! if you could speak, if you could only speak, white Jeffers! Is he dead? Have they killed him? Oh! poor, dumb creature, I see you here and know what it means—too well, too well!"

The horse turned his great eyes full of anguish and dumb intelligence upon her and made another struggle to get up. The effort broke the shaft of an arrow that had been trailing from his breast. A torrent of blood poured forth and he fell back, still with his head lifted, and gazing upon the young mistress. She had not wept before, but now tears came running down her cheeks, and she looked round piteously, begging for help of the old men.

But no help could be given. That pierced heart had poured forth its life. The snow-white limbs stretched themselves, the delicate hoofs beat the pavement a moment; then the proud head sank, and the neck straightened never to arch itself again.

"Now," said Maud, "let us go down yonder. This sight will make cowards of us."

It was a long way to the battle-field, near as it had seemed when the strife was at its fiercest. The ground was uneven, and the road broken with the passage of hostile troops; but this young girl, so fair and so delicate that the moon veiled her as it falls on a lily, kept on her way, unconscious of fatigue, till she reached the verge of the battle-field. Here her step began to falter, for dead men lay thickly on the trampled grass, and groans of pain made her pause every instant, with vague impulses of mercy trembling at her heart. Once or twice she stopped, as some wounded man called out piteously for drink, and, being unprovided, she gathered up dew from the grass with her hands, with which she moistened the lips that appealed to her with such pathetic pleading. But as she advanced, these cases became so common that she was forced to hurry on, lest her father should perish from the delay. So she moved

on quickly, stifling the compassion at her heart, and listening for some voice beyond all else that should call her by name. But, alas! alas! none came. She began to feel that the lips which had blessed her that morning were sealed in death. The heart in her bosom beat more and more heavily, and she grew faint under a mournful sense of bereavement.

At last a half-stifled voice reached her as she wandered blindly among the dead. It came from a hollow shaded by young larch-trees and choked up with lush grasses, among which many a wild-flower had been tangled and trodden to death. A tiny brook ran down the bottom of this hollow, threading the grass like a ripple of diamonds. On the sward which rolled downward lay two men, clad in partial armor which gleamed in the moonlight.

"Maud! Maud!"

"Father! I am here—I am here!"

She ran forward, with a sudden thrill of joy trembling out of her heart; for the form of her father, lying prone on the earth, with his pale features rendered ghastly by the moonlight, struck her dumb and cold.

"Father! Father!"

She was answered by a struggle on the grass and a moan of anguish.

"Father, are you hurt, badly hurt?" cried the poor girl, kneeling by him. "Bring me a lantern, John; here, here!"

One of the old servitors came into the hollow and held down his lantern at her bidding. There was blood upon the grass in pools fed by a crimson stream that poured across the broad chest of the warrior.

Maud tore the scarf from her shoulders and made a wild effort to staunch the wound, but the dying man lifted his hand and spoke the last words that he must ever utter on earth.

"There is another here—we fought together! Take care of him—it is Warwick!"

As the words left his lips, the brave man stretched himself, a shudder swept his stately form from head to foot, and he was silent forevermore.

Maud would not believe it. She touched his forehead and pressed her hand upon his heart. She called upon him with cries of sharp anguish only to get that dumb stillness for answer. Then she lifted her face piteously to the old man, hoping for contradiction of the awful fear that had seized upon her. But he was standing over his prostrate lord, with a look of grief that held her mute. She saw the lantern trembling in the withered hand and great tears roll down his cheeks, but she could not weep. All that she

had on earth lay frozen in that warrior form. To her, life seemed at an end.

After a little, Maud remembered her father's last words and arose from the earth.

Under the larch-trees, where the shadows fell deepest, another form lay motionless. A tall, stately form, clad in a black armor embossed thickly with gold, which glimmered fitfully when a moonbeam fell upon it through the feathery larches. The warrior's head was bare, for his helmet had rolled downward to the brink of the rivulet, which had seized upon the tall plume and was rippling through it as if the snowy plumage had been grass.

Close upon Maud's footsteps the old servitor followed, and the light of his lantern fell upon the grandeur of that dead face. The hair, half raven, half silver, swept back from the massive forehead, which had turned to marble such as Michael Angelo alone could have chiseled. The mouth was firmly set and the teeth clenched. Even death had failed to rob that kingly head of its power.

The old man bent low and searched those august features.

"It is true," he said. "This is the great earl!"

"Dead, too?" questioned Maud.

"He died first. See how hard and cold he lies."

Maud arose from the turf, on which she had knelt in the unconscious awe of that dead presence.

"Call our men," she said. "Let them bear these two off the field. The enemy shall never learn where they are laid. Leader and friend side-by-side."

As she spoke, a shout broke in upon the stillness of the place, the rude cry of soldiers pil-laging the battle-field.

"It was hereabouts his white plume was seen last," shouted a voice; "I marked it well dancing against the green branches of these larch-trees. The prince has offered fifty marks to any man who finds the body, dead or alive. What ho! here he lies! See you not the moon glistening on the bosses of his armor?"

With a rush and coarse shouts half a dozen soldiers swarmed down into the hollow and gathered around the body of Hugh Chichester.

"A murrers on him!" cried one. "It's no more the traitor earl than it's the king. There's fifty marks out of our pouches, lads. But who is the traitor? He may be worth a few groats, though it isn't Warwick."

Maud had crouched in the shadows, listening with keen anxiety. When she heard this rude

speech, she spoke in a low whisper to old John, "Take off your cloak and cast it over him," she said; "then follow me."

The old man obeyed her, and shrouded the form of Warwick under his serge cloak, beneath which, up to this moment, he had concealed his lantern from the soldiers.

"Quench the light," whispered Maud.

Again the old man obeyed her. Then out of the shadows Maud went, resolutely, and stood among the soldiers with the moonlight full upon her face.

"It is my father, Hugh Chichester of the tower," she said, gently. "I pray you leave his remains undisturbed, they are all that I have in the wide world."

At first the men were silent from surprise, for, in the rude cruelties of a battle-field, this young creature arose upon them like an angel. But after she had spoken, the awe of her presence died out, and they began to move again.

"Ho, ho! it is the traitor's daughter. See you not the red rose on her bosom?" cried one.

"And her kirtle of orange silk?" cried another. "St. Dunsted, but this is dainty! In place of a dead earl, we find this choice bit of woman's flesh. Well, for my part, the fifty marks may go, I am content with the exchange."

Maud shrank back from these ribald words, which were enforced by looks that made her shudder. Old John placed himself before her, and, for a moment, kept the soldiers at bay.

"She is a gentlewoman of birth and breeding," he said, "and but comes here to crave Christian burial for her father, Hugh Chichester of the tower. It is but small grace, good fellows, if you will let her bear him from the field."

The soldiers whispered together.

"He says truly," urged one, who seemed of better breeding than the rest. "Our prince has no great hankering for the company of slain men, so they be not the traitor earl. Let the child have the poor clod. It harms no one, and saves our men so much work."

"But look at her," answered another. "Our prince may not care for this—here he touched the dead warrior with his foot—but he has an eye for a bit of live beauty, and is willing to pay a price for it, as our lady, the queen, can testify. If a dead traitor is worth fifty marks to him, think what price—"

"Tush!" interrupted the first speaker, "this is foul slander of the king's majesty, besides a sinful waste of time; while we are gossiping here, some one will find the prize and get the fifty marks."

The group of soldiers broke up and seemed about to scatter in search of the fallen earl; but one, the worst favored and most brutal, refused to join them.

"Go on ye will," he said, "so long as ye leave her to me. Better a live dog than a dead lion. This bit of woman's craft shall be my share of the booty. Come, pretty one, I know a way to reach the eye of his majesty, or, failing that—Well, well, there is no need of creeping backward in that fashion; many a woman has looked farther and failed of the husband I could make you."

Several of the soldiers turned back at this and seemed irresolute.

"If there is money to be got, it is but fair that we all have an equal allotment," said one.

"Believe me—believe me, I but seek the—"

The soldier, who persecuted her so tenaciously, broke in upon the wild pleading which trembled on the girl's lips and seized upon her with rough violence. She attempted to wrench her arm from his grasp, but he held it with a grip of iron.

"Come along, come along. Women who tramp a battle-field at night need not be so dainty of themselves. Let us kill two birds with the same arrow, comrades, while we search for the traitor earl and earn fifty marks; thereby this gentlewoman, as the old man calls her, shall march with us. She has done it before, I'll be bound."

"Unhand me. Oh! you hurt my arm, hurt it cruelly," cried Maud, turning her frightened face on the soldier. "Let me go: if you want gold, loose this cruel hold on my arm, and I will give you that which will bring twice fifty marks."

The soldier laughed out his coarse unbelief.

"Let me see—let me see if there is gold hid under thy kirtle. I can find it as well as another."

He flung back the silken sleeve that flowed over her arm, as he spoke, and gave a rough shout as the moonlight fell upon a band of gems that gleamed underneath.

"What ho! my lads? Said I not that we had found a prize? Look here, and tell me how much this bauble may be worth."

The men crowded round him, and he made an effort to wrench the bracelet from Maud's arm; but not knowing the secret of the clasp, only succeeded in galling the delicate skin.

"Let my arm free and I will give it to you gladly," panted the wretched girl. "It is of great value; only take it and let me go. I pray you—oh! on my knees I pray you!"

The man released her arm so suddenly that

she fell on her knees from the shock. She made a wild effort to unlock the bracelet, but her hand shook so violently that she could not force the spring, and, at last, she tried to wrench it away, crying out in the extremity of her terror, "Wait—wait only a moment more. See how hard it is."

"Come along," was the coarse answer; and two of the soldiers lifted Maud from her knees. "So long as we have thee, the bauble will take care of itself."

Maud gave a wild shriek; then old John rushed forward and flung himself before her.

"Give her up; take your hands from my master's child and I will give you a double price. The dead cannot feel. Leave the young mistress free to go her way, and I will lead you to where the great earl is lying."

"John, John, I charge you be silent! On your life, on your soul, I charge you! My poor life shall not be purchased with that price."

Maud's face brightened into inspiration. She stood up among the soldiers like a priestess at some sacred shrine, her eyes shone dark and large with intense feeling. The soldiers dropped away from her, and she lifted her freed arms to heaven.

"We have forgotten that there is a God above all. Take me, if you will, before the king!"

"What is this, my men? What is it ye do here?"

The voice that uttered these words was sweet and low, but not effeminate. Maud turned and stood face to face with a young man somewhat above the middle height, and clad in half-armor such as commanders in the army, on either side, usually wore. Besides this there was nothing singular about his appearance. The features were clearly cut and delicate, harmonizing with the voice. His hand, from which the gauntlet was drawn, shone out in the moonlight, slender and delicate, as sculptured marble. The soldiers drew back and stood with their eyes cast down, rebuked by the very quietness of his voice.

"Have ye no better work than frightening women?" he added, after a moment. "Get to a distance and wait orders, while I inquire into this."

The men shrank away, without a word of protest, and gathered in a group on the verge of the hollow within sight, but out of earshot. The young man looked earnestly at Maud and seemed waiting for her to speak; but the violent scene through which she had passed rendered her dumb, for the moment, and he spoke first.

"I fear these rough men have terrified you, fair lady," he said. "But they have been at wild work to-day, and this scene is scarcely one for a lady's presence."

The young man cast a glance at the warrior, who lay dead on the green-sward, with his face turned upward to the moonlight.

Maud followed his eyes, and, seeing those dear features so calm and still, notwithstanding her peril, burst into a sudden passion of tears.

"He is my father," she cried, clasping her hands. "Only this morning he held me in his arms, and see where he lies now."

"Poor child! it is a sorrowful sight," answered the young man, drawing close to the prostrate warrior, and regarding him for a moment. "You came here in search of him?"

"Yes, yes; I did not think of the danger," sobbed Maud.

"Nay, there shall be none," was the gentle answer. "Our blessed Lady will herself guard such filial piety: but on which side did your father fight? I do not recognize the face."

"He fought side-by-side with the great earl."

A faint "Ha!" broke from the young man, but it scarcely disturbed the calm smile that hovered on his lip.

"So he fought against the king—that is unfortunate as the day has turned."

"Ah! most unfortunate," answered Maud. "He is gone, and I have not another friend on earth."

"Indeed, that is loneliness."

"And yet, ours was a large family when these wretched wars commenced."

"And all have fought under the Red Rose?"

"All! every one," answered Maud, with animation. "There was not gold enough in King Edward's exchequer to win a Chichester to his side."

"And you, fair maiden?"

"You see—you see," cried Maud, pointing to the dead warrior, "I am alone, and oh! how helpless! These men will not give me even that poor clay."

"But they shall, I can promise that much."

"You, you? I thought at first that you were the captain of this rude troop; but that cannot be. No friend to the usurper was ever so kind."

"Let that rest," said the young man, smiling.

"I have the power to save the lady of a brave man from rough usage, and will, if it were only for your sweet sake. Tell me where you would have these remains carried, and I will see that your wishes are performed with all honor."

"He lived in the tower which overlooks this spot from the east," answered Maud.

"From the east? Ah! yes, I remember. Go home in peace, lady, and by an hour after day-break this poor clay shall be ready for its funeral rites."

Maud thanked him gratefully, but broke off as if there was some anxiety still on her mind.

"Is it that you fear the soldiers?" asked the young man.

"Not so; they are terrible, but I was not thinking of that."

"Still you have a wish unexpressed. I can see it in those eyes."

"Yes; and a duty to perform. My father had a—a friend, a fellow-soldier, who fell fighting by his side. His remains lie in the shadow of yonder trees. If you would, in great kindness, lay them both on one bier, and let them share the same tomb, it would be a generous deed, for they were both brave men as the sun ever shone upon."

"The name of this man to whom you would give such honored burial, lady?"

"The name! What does that signify so long as he was a brave man? Have I not said he was my father's friend?"

"Yes, truly; and I was over anxious to ask. It should have been enough that you cared to keep it secret."

"This is kind; nay, more, magnanimous. If I could only thank you; but our blessed Lady makes up for the deficiency of weak creatures like me. You were a stranger to me only half an hour ago. I was in great peril—a word from your lips redeemed me. Morning and night I will pray for grace to be thankful enough."

"Prayers from those lips will not fail to bring blessings on far more selfish deeds than mine; but am I mistaken, or is there some lurking wish yet withheld? I hope not."

"Wish? Oh! no. You have been too generous for that; and yet——"

"Well, and yet?" repeated the young man, in a voice that was persuasive without words.

"Only this: It grieves me to have rude eyes on the forms that should be sacred. We have shrouded my father's friend in a cloak which belonged to my old servant here; pray give orders that it shall not be removed. That wish expressed, and I have nothing more to ask."

The young man gave an almost imperceptible start, and a singular smile crept over his face.

"I will remember!" he said, kindly as before; but a close observer might have remarked that his eye shone and his breath came quicker. "Now, sweet maiden, let us think of your own safety. I will, myself, guard you to the outer lines, and then say farewell till to-morrow. Old

man," he added, turning to John, "if you have companions, bring them hither, for the young mistress will need your escort after passing the lines."

John went up from the hollow and soon gathered his fellow-servitors into a little group. The young man gave a brief order to the soldiers whom he had ordered to wait and passed on, supporting Maud with his mailed arm. No one spoke to them as they passed through; many a group of soldiers turned from their camp-fires and looked after them, with singular curiosity, as they passed. Now and then a subdued remark was made, but always in a voice so carefully modulated that Maud could only hear an indistinct sound. The lines of sentinels stretched to the verge of that group of hills on which the tower stood. Here the young stranger gave Maud up to the care of her own servants and hurried back to the thick of the battle-field. He took no heed of the scene through which his way led, but passed by many a wounded man heedless of all cries for help, and only swerved a little from his path when it was obstructed by heaps of the dead. The watch-fires, when he came near them, revealed a smile on his lips, and the eager glow of expectation in his eyes. He reached the larch-trees which were now in profound solitude, and wrapped in that thrilling silence which creeps so mournfully around the dead. The tiny rivulet, which tangled its silver among the grasses in the bottom of the hollow, gave out murmurs so sad and faint that they harmonized with the stillness and made it only the more impressive.

These things had an effect upon the young man which the coarser scenes of war had failed to produce. His imagination was keenly alive to the poetry of nature, though commonplace and real suffering seldom touched his heart. He could pass by tortured and dying soldiers without a thrill of pity; but the chime of a brook, or the shimmer of moonbeams upon the still earth was enough to enthrall him. Even then, fired as he was with anxious curiosity, this strange being paused to dwell upon the beauty of this quiet spot, which the presence of death only intensified. But the object before him was too urgent for these thoughts to hold precedence long. He strode into the shadows, flung the cloak from that prostrate hero, and stooped low to examine the features. But the darkness was too thick; he could only distinguish the pale outline of a form clad in rich armor, and a face that met his touch like marble. He made one effort to drag the body out into the moonlight, but gave up the attempt, for,

though active, he was not a powerful man. As the gauntleted hand fell like lead from his hold, his impatience became almost ferocity. He looked around, the red gleam of a watch-fire brightened the tops of the larch-trees. He hastened toward it, snatched a blackened torch from the ground, where it had been flung, and thrust it into the flames. As he lifted the blazing hand above his head and came forward, that handsome face shone out against the opaque background with singular force. The smile was gone. The sweet expression which had softened the mouth in speaking seemed to have melted into marble, and the fierce light of the torch revealed a slight inequality in the figure, which alone broke up what would otherwise have been lines of perfect symmetry. One shoulder was lifted slightly from a level with its fellow, and there was a little heaviness of the chest. Still all this would have passed unnoticed but for the extreme beauty of the head, which seemed cut out from the background like a cameo.

On he went, holding the torch on high, quite alone, for no one dared to follow him, though many an eye watched the lurid light as it sank away into the hollow, sending out a little cloud of red from under the larches.

"Ho! by St. George! it is as I thought," he cried, sweeping a torrent of light across the majestic corse of the king-maker. "We have him low at last, and our work is done. What ho! my men? Come, lift this master of kings from the earth and bear him to the royal tent. Edward waits for this to make our victory complete."

The young man's voice rang out like a trumpet; a crowd of soldiers leaped up from their fire and rushed down to the hollow which they illuminated with a dozen torches. Instantly the scene became one of wild commotion. The delicate foliage, the lush grasses, and the rivulet glowed in the hot light. It seemed as if a troop of fiends were breaking up the sacred stillness of the place.

With shouts, and curses, and coarse exultations, they lifted the body of Warwick from the earth and swung it forward into the blackness of the battle-field. The moon was down now, and this revolting picture was rendered more hideous by the smoke and raining sparks that floated from the torches. So on they went like demons at a revel, dragging that august dead irreverently along the earth, with hands that dared not have touched the stirrups of his war-saddle only twenty-four hours ago.

In the center of the field stood a cluster of

tents. One of crimson silk shone out like a mountain of carbuncles, for a blaze of lights shot through the lustrous palace, and bathed the white rose on the royal standard that floated above it so richly that it seemed turning to a traitorous red. The guards that surrounded the royal quarters gave way, without a question, when the young man came forward, leading this horrid procession up to the very entrance of King Edward's tent. The sentinels stationed on each side the curtain lowered their halberds as the young man swept the drapery aside and entered the royal presence. A man was lying upon a couch draped with blue velvet, and covered with an ermine robe that fell downward to the earth, in soft folds, like wreaths of snow. The armor, which he had taken off, lay in a heap of steel and burnished gold close by the couch; and near that, overturned upon the ground, was a goblet of fretted gold, which had fallen from that sleeper's hand evidently but half-drained. The red wine was still dropping from it and slowly soaking into the earth, while the man who had dropped it, only a minute before, was sound asleep.

"How easily he falls to rest," muttered the young man, gazing upon the splendid beauty of the sleeper. "After all, it is something to have so much of the animal in one's nature. Now, if I were king, the presence of this arch-enemy to the house of York, fallen though he is, would lift me out of a death-sleep."

As he thought this, the young man touched the wine-cup accidentally with his foot, and it rolled toward the ermine of the couch, staining its whiteness with a patch of dull crimson.

The young man looked down upon his work with a sneering smile.

"Always thus—always ministering to the appetites that are his master. Where did he get this superb sensuality? Not from his father, for he was noble and self-sacrificing always; not from his mother, for her sin is an overbearing ambition. When I see him lying thus, my reason half gives assent to the old scandal, and I doubt—I doubt——"

The young man finished this line of thought with an impatient movement of the head, as if he were angry with the brain that could harbor the foul idea which he was not yet ready to receive willingly.

The sleeping monarch turned on his couch, disturbed, but not awakened by a second presence, flung both arms over his head and fell into another posture of graceful repose. Again the intruder fell into thought.

"How magnificently beautiful he is! No

wonder women go mad for him. Even with those glorious eyes closed, he looks like a demigod. Oh! yes, nature marked him out for the king! If he had but the plotting brain—always busy and always wakeful here—this man might rule the world."

The young man swept his hand thrice across his forehead, as these thoughts passed through it, and his eyes looked dreamily far away, speculating, perhaps, on what might have been had he possessed a right to rest on that ermine couch. After a little, he stooped down and touched the sleeping king.

"Edward, sire!"

Edward started to his elbow.

"What, thou here? What time of the night is it?"

"Early enough always for good news, sire. The Earl of Warwick is here close by your tent."

The king started up, setting his feet on the ground, and dragging the ermine robe with them.

"This is news! Bring the traitor before us. Give us yonder robe, not the armor; we will not wait for that. There, now lead him in, lead him in."

"Sire, if the earl ever darkens this presence again, it must be feet foremost."

The king sank back to the couch, and the bloom went suddenly out from his face.

"What say you? Is he dead?"

"He was cold as marble when we found him, sire."

Edward bent his eyes to the ground; the long brown lashes quivered over them for an instant, and a pang of regret shot through his heart. During one moment he remembered the fallen earl only as a benefactor and friend; then his face flushed, his lips parted, and he started up exultant.

"Nevertheless bring him in. It is hard to believe the stalwart traitor dead on any evidence short of one's own senses. Let us be thrice sure."

The young man went to the door and beckoned the soldiers who bore Warwick's body to advance. They entered the tent and were about to lay their burden on the bare ground, but Edward snatched the ermine robe from his own couch and flung it to their feet.

"Couch the old warrior on that, for he was a man to whom more kings than one have done homage, traitor though he was."

With a sudden transition of feeling, such as often marked his character, Edward advanced toward his old friend and late enemy, and,

clasping both hands, looked down upon him with an expression of yearning sadness in his face. At last he turned to the young man.

"There lies as brave a man, ay, and as noble, as ever repaid ingratitude with treason," he said.

"Sire, sire, remember we are not alone," answered the young man under his breath, and with an imperative motion of the hand he ordered the soldiers to leave the tent. "Sire, these are no words for the greedy ears of your soldiers."

Edward turned, with a flush of anger on his face.

"Nay, check us not," he said, with a quiver of deep feeling in his voice. "It is not kingly to exult over a dead lion. When Warwick fell, our kingdom lost its bravest man."

"And the bitterest enemy of your house, sire, all the more dangerous because of this very bravery."

"Boy, why reason so coldly? Is your young bosom never thrilled by generous impulses?"

"Not when fate places an enemy under my heel. How can I grieve for this traitor's death, when I know that the weapon which gave him a glorious end but saved another victim from the block; for to that, sire, he would have been consigned, had there been life in this body, notwithstanding this outburst of regret."

Edward laughed, though the dead lay at his feet, and his fine eyes were full of sorrowful mist. The cool audacity with which this youth spoke swept aside his regret and turned the current of his thoughts.

"Never was a truth more bluntly spoken," he said, flinging himself back upon the couch. "What else could have been done with him? We had both sinned against each other. The stake was a kingdom or death. Warwick is there, and Plantagenet has won. Pick up yon goblet, boy, and fill it with wine from the flagon. This hot day's work has left us athirst."

The youth obeyed this order and brought the wine. Edward took the goblet in his hand, but set it down again with a gesture of disquietude.

"The wine will taste like blood, with him lying there. Let the men bear him forth—in all honor, remember—and if there is a chapel in the neighborhood, place him by the altar till we take further counsel."

This order was scarcely given when several soldiers appeared and bore the earl out from Edward's tent in silence as they had entered it.

Then the king drained his goblet of wine and fell back upon the couch, half-dressed, and fully recovered from the momentary compunction that

had seized upon him, while the youth stood near, gazing thoughtfully on the ground.

"Well," said the monarch, a little impatiently, "what new thought is plotting treason against our rest?"

The young man was silent a moment; then he said, in his calm, sweet fashion of speech,

"This earl was a favorite of the people."

"Yes, by St. George!" cried the king. "When we rode in company down Cheapside, it was doubtful if our loving subjects did not oftener cry, 'Long live the earl!' than, 'Long live the king!'"

"He is gone, and now the Plantagenet is indeed a monarch!" said the youth, with quiet emphasis.

"Ay, ay, now we can rest in peace. So get thee forth, or this heaviness in mine eyes may pass away."

"Sire——"

"Will that brain never cease plotting?"

"Nay, it works for no selfish purpose."

"Faith, we know it! So out with the thought."

"When go we up to London?"

"At once. We shall deem this victory but half-won, till our Lady Bess ratifies it with the sweetest kisses that ever dropped from any woman's lips. Oh! boy, but she is a rare creature!"

"She hated this traitor Warwick——"

"Right heartily! How the softest and daintiest of these womenkind can hate! But he was never her true friend."

"It would pleasure her, undoubtedly, were the people of London to see her foe in the triumphant procession of her lord——"

"Doubtless, doubtless! And it would be the very first procession in which she ever saw him with pleasure."

"It would be a pity to balk her caprice."

A faint smile hovered around the young man's lips, and there was a tone of quiet sarcasm in his voice which the king did not heed; for he was obtuse to the keen changes of intellect which gave significance to the slightest words of this young man.

"Besides," continued the youth, "it were a wise thing to show the people their favorite; else they may prove restive not believing him dead."

"There lies the pith of this matter. The thought is a shrewd one, and shall be carried out. See that it is done."

"As if the kingdom to be secured were my own."

The young man went out as he spoke and dropped the silken curtains behind him. Edward stretched out his hand for the wine-cup, moistened his lips with a few drops that had been left when he drank before, and fell back upon the couch with a sleepy sigh.

"The boy wearies me with his wisdom. What a brain he has, though! Not a member of our council approaches him. It was a good idea, that, and Bess will like it. Pity, pity, pity, that such men should die! Where will Edward find an enemy worth contending with now? Where—where—where——"

The king fell asleep, with these words breaking in fragments on his lips. There was many a brave man to be sent to the block at daylight, but he slept quietly. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SONG OF THE NIGHT.

BY M. E. GRAM.

The gates of the sunset are opened wide,
The glory of Heaven shines through;
Day bids good-night to the earth, his bride,
While I sing, dear Maud, to you.
With a rippling laugh, on the distant shore,
The silver wavelets break—
Dreaming I rest on my idle oar,
As we drift o'er the glassy lake.

The pines sing low to the evening breeze,
And, in the gathering gloom,
The primrose is swinging beneath the trees
Her consens of sweetest perfume.
The fair water-lilies have anchored their fleets,
And furled each snowy sail—
They are guarding well their cargoes of sweets,
With a care that shall not fail.

The silver rim of the crescent moon
Dips down behind the hill;
The latest robin has ceased his tune,
And the sleeping world lies still.
In the dusky gloom no more I mark
The tint of thy peerless cheek,
But my spirit swells, in the silent dark,
With a love no words may speak.

The stars of Heaven are beaming bright
And calm in the far-off skies,
But I note them not as I watch the light
That gleams from thy starry eyes.
Our boat rocks soft on the drifting tide,
With the night below and above—
There is no life in the world beside,
But the warm life of our love.

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



In the front of the number we give numerous patterns of walking dresses, morning dresses, cloaks, etc., etc., which are described, in the usual fashion department, at the end of the number. We add, here, various other fashions, among them some children's fashions.

The first is a cloak of black velvet, trimmed with mink of a rich brown color. The tippet is of the same fur. The second dress is of blue silk, trimmed with black velvet. There is a deep basque faced with black silk, and ornamented with gimp and jet trimmings. A broad belt with a square buckle completes this very stylish costume. The next is a dress of green

silk, with black velvet side-trimmings. A black cloth cloak with a broad velvet trimming, edged with a ball fringe.

The fourth is a dress and paletot of steel-gray cashmere, opening down the back over a blue cashmere under-skirt. This dress is made to open or close, with buttons, at the option of the owner. The next figure represents an evening dress of white silk with puffings of tulle up the skirt. The opera cloak is of white cashmere, embroidered in a scarlet coral pattern with scarlet silk and goat's-hair tassels.

The boy's dress is the Polish style, and is of dark blue cashmere frock and pants, with a

black velvet surtout. A cap of blue velvet, trimmed with a band of fur and peacock's-

velvet. The loose paletot is ornamented with bands and buttons of black velvet. The little



feathers. A band of fur is put around the sleeve of the dress. The little girl's dress, at

girl's dress, that closes this article, is green cashmere, with a crimson cashmere jacket.



the head of this article, is dove-colored cashmere, with a narrow flounce edged with black

These comprise the prettiest patterns, in their various departments, which have come out since last month.

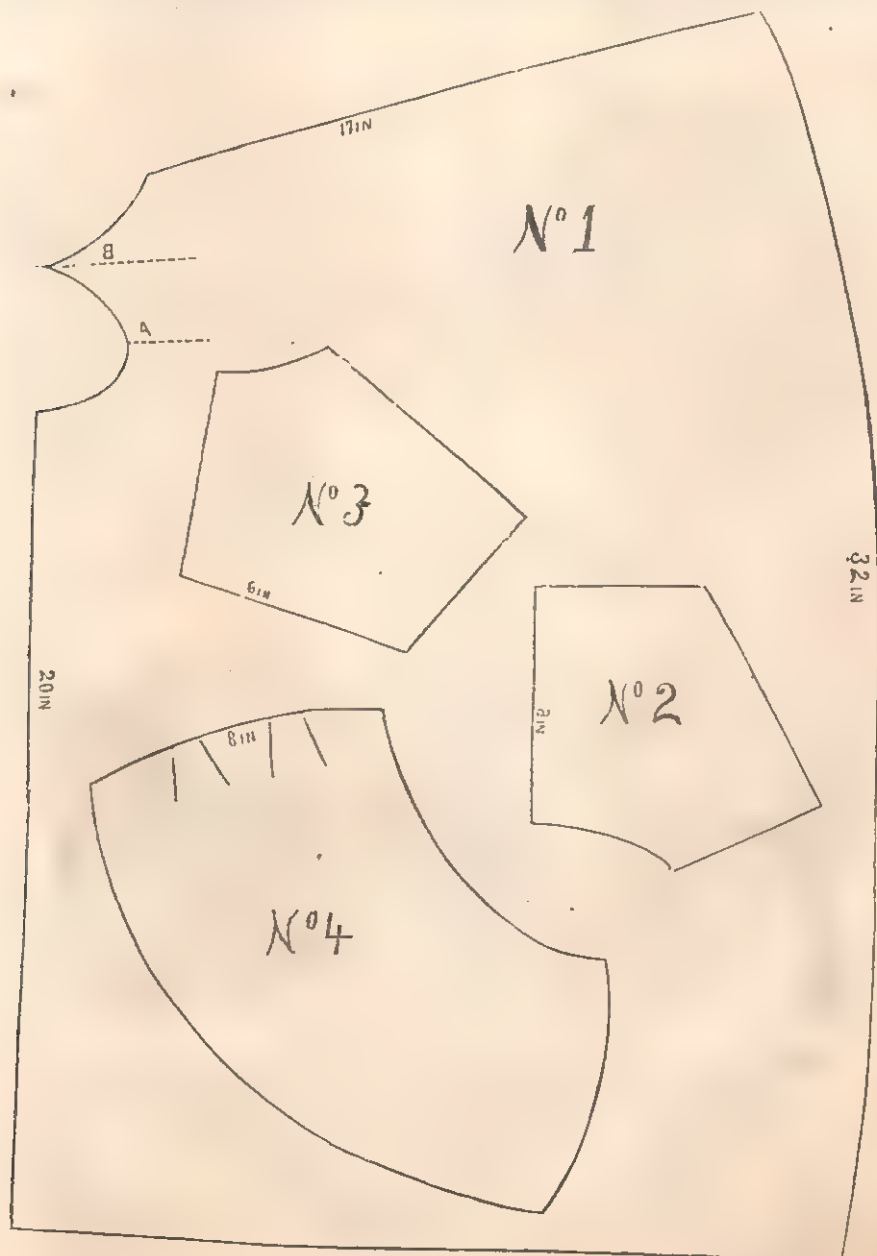
INSERTIONS.



FROCK FOR A YOUNG GIRL OF EIGHT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give here a diagram, from which to cut out } an ample skirt laid in large hollow plaits and
a frock for a little girl, say about eight years old. } reaching a little below the knees; it is sewed on
It is an undress frock for in-doors, composed of } to the piece forming the top of the garment.



We only give the pattern of the front of this skirt, the back part being cut exactly the same.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. FRONT OF THE PIECE.

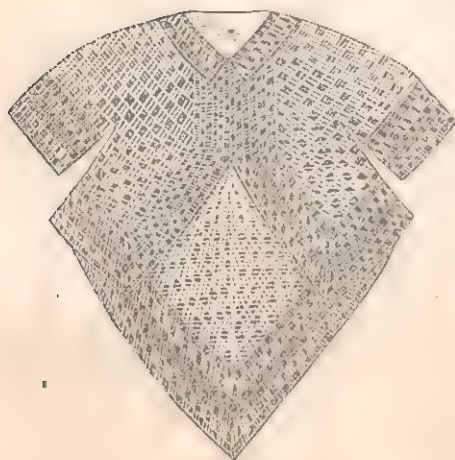
No. 3. BACK OF THE PIECE.

No. 4. SLEEVE OF CROCK.

If made of poplin, it is trimmed all round the piece, and also at the bottom of the skirt, with a silk chicory ruche.

INFANT'S SACK IN CROCHET.

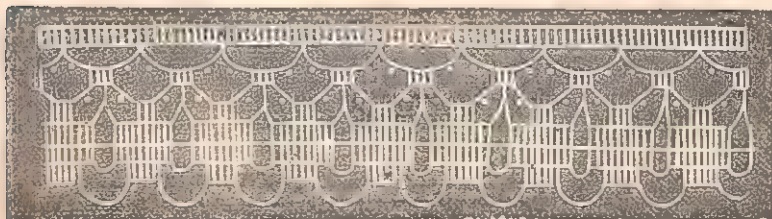
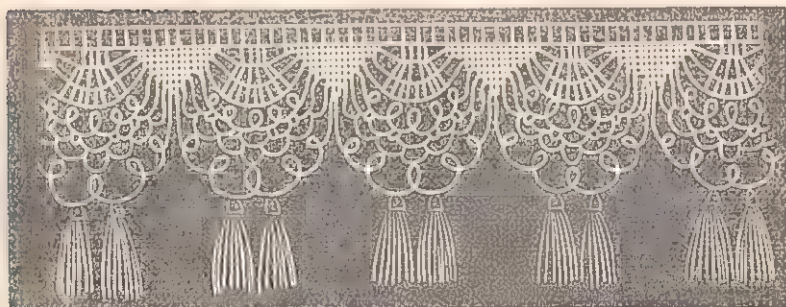
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS— $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of white split zephyr;
 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of pink split zephyr.

With the white wool make a ch long enough to work on it 24 shells, 3 dc stitches to each shell. Work 20 rows plain, widening in the back and in each shoulder (by working 2 shells in one stitch, at each place); then take 8 shells each side of the widened part on the shoulder for the sleeves, and work 8 rows plain for the length of the sleeve. Around the sack then work 11 rows plain, only widening at the back. For the border—1 row pink, 1 white, 2 pink, 1 white, 1 pink, around the entire sack, widening at the corners to keep the work flat, and at the back, as before. The same border for the sleeves, without any widening. For the collar—2 rows pink, 1 white, 1 pink. Turn down and run a pink cord and tassel through it.

EDGINGS IN CROCHET.



THE "LITTLE COMPANION."

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



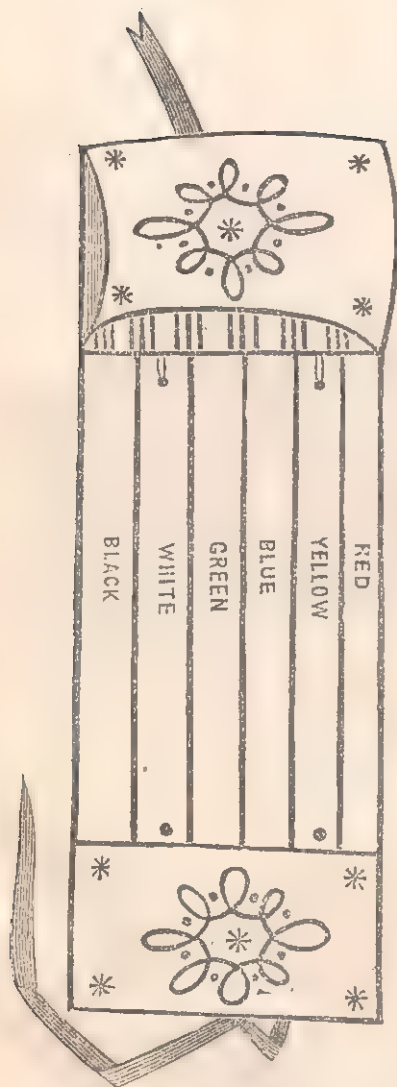
This pretty Little Companion is thus composed:—A wooden doll with china head and legs; a wooden stand and support; a few odd pieces of merino, calico, ribbon, etc., with which to dress the doll; two papers of needles; a thimble; a pair of scissors, and a ball of cotton.

Cut a piece of wool round, measuring three inches and a quarter in diameter, and make a small hole in the center for the piece of stick which supports the doll. The doll measures eight inches from head to foot. Tack on the body a pleated muslin chemisette with long sleeves, and over this fasten the petticoat (which should be made of stiff glazed lining) and the skirt of the dress. The latter consists of scarlet French merino, trimmed at the bottom with three rows of narrow braid, put on with steel beads at regular intervals. Two square pieces of merino, laid on in front, and button-holed round, form the pockets for the needles. The

thimble-case is made of merino, edged round with bugles and beads, and suspended from the waist by a piece of blue ribbon. Another piece of blue ribbon, with a ball of cotton threaded on, is tied on the right shoulder, and the scissors are slipped through a piece of *toile circe* cut in the shape of a slipper, with two openings in the toe to hold the scissors securely. The head-dress, which serves the purpose of a pin-cushion, is made of silk, wadded and edged round with lace. A bow of ribbon is placed in front, and strings tie under the chin. To secure the cushion properly, it is necessary to glue it to the head. Now, to fasten the doll to the wooden support, sew the top of the stick firmly to the doll's body, and then glue the other end in the center of the round piece of wood. This done, you have finished this pretty affair, which would be particularly suitable for a Christmas or New-Year's gift.

WOOL-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, here, a pattern for a Wool-Case for double German wool. The case we have in use was made from a remnant of gray poplin and the trimming of Solferino color, but we have

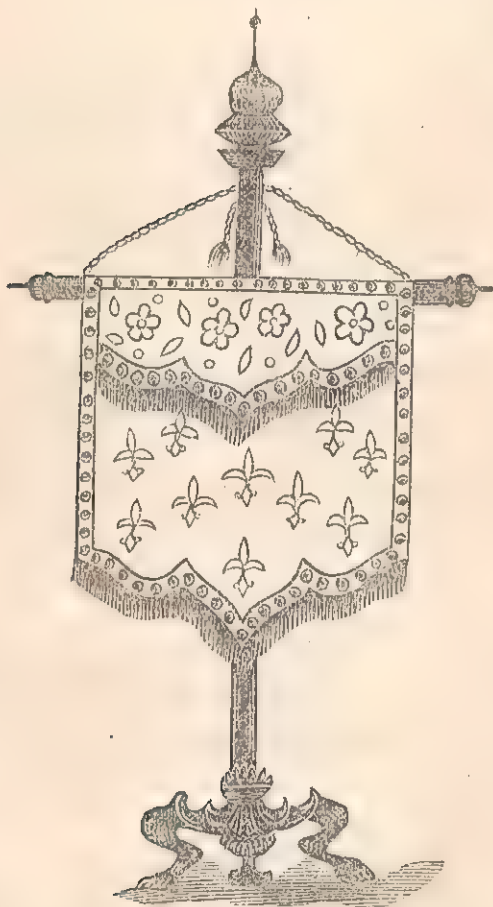
also often made them in brown holland, dark colored silk, etc., etc. Skeins of German wool are usually about half a yard in length, and one piece of material is required a yard long, and a second about fourteen inches, and perhaps eighteen inches wide—but this may depend a little upon convenience—half a dozen yards of binding, about half an inch wide, a piece of silk or worsted braid, according to the material made use of, and a yard and a quarter of ribbon for strings about an inch or rather more in width; also four small buttons. The smaller piece of material is bound at both ends, then placed in the middle of the long piece, so that the edges coincide, but the long piece projects ten or twelve inches beyond it at each end. The runnings for the skeins of wool are made through both these pieces at even distances from the edges. We prefer them rather different widths, none less than an inch, and some one and a half and two inches apart. Filoselle will occupy the narrowest, and two skeins of wool the widest. A line of braid can be placed upon these runnings to hide the stitches, and a braided border pattern can be worked on the flaps, both inside and out, if not too much trouble. The ends of the long piece each require binding, and then they must be doubled down, so as exactly to meet the piece with the runnings; the next process is to bind the case all round the outer edges, so as to make an oblong two feet in length and eighteen inches in width. The ribbon strings are sewn in the middle of one side, so that when the case is rolled up one string goes in each direction and ties round; two tabs of ribbon or binding, forming a button-hole, are placed at the edge of the flap at equal distances from the edge, and a button on one of the runnings opposite to it; by this contrivance the ends of the wool are kept beautifully clean. Some string looped round the skeins before they are cut is the best way to pull them through the runnings, which we generally do with a tricot needle as the least troublesome plan, the wool can be cut at both ends, or at one only, according to the length of needful that is preferred; but cut only at one

end and pulled out by the loop, these must be all in the same direction, and the flap kept buttoned down over the ends. For single German wool the runnings may be much closer together, and the flaps are not required quite so roomy.

The best idea we can give of the wool-case is by comparing it to a magnified edition of one of the old-fashioned silk-holders, with many runnings, about half an inch wide, to hold different silks and threads.

FLEUR-DE-LIS BANNER SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In the front of the number we give, printed in colors, the design for this beautiful screen, called the Fleur-de-lis Screen, from the fleur-de-lis in the design. This piece of work, when finished, is to be mounted, as seen in the design. The stand consists of an upright stem, supported on three feet, about five feet in height. The stem, of course, is very slender. The cross-piece is entirely separate and supported by a silk cord and tassel, which passes through a gimlet hole about nine inches from the top. On the cross-piece the canvas work is tacked. It swings in any direction, thus adding to its convenience. The stand may be made of black walnut, or common pine, painted black and varnished.

SULTAN'S POKEA.

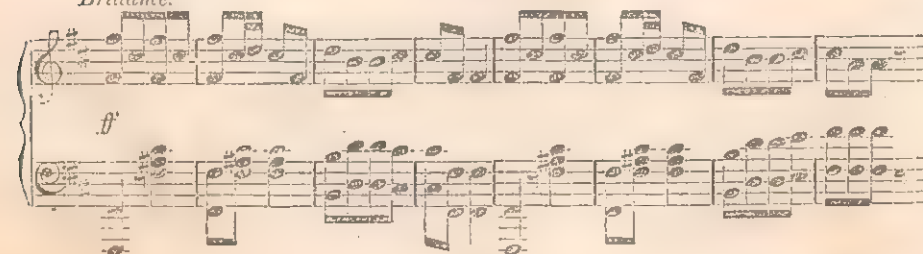
BY

CHARLES D'ALBERT.

As published by Sep. Winner, 933 Spring Garden St., Philadelphia.



Brillante.



SULTAN'S POLKA.

D.C.

A musical score for a piano piece titled "Sultan's Polka." The score is written for piano (p) and consists of six systems of music. Each system contains a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The first system begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The music is characterized by a lively, rhythmic melody in the treble and a complex, often syncopated accompaniment in the bass. The notation includes various note values, rests, and articulation marks. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1865.—We offer this number to the public as an earnest of what we intend to do in 1865. We ask attention, also, to the Prospectus to be found on the cover. It will be seen there, that, notwithstanding the enormous advance in the price of paper—and the government tax (which we have to pay) of ten cents a subscriber—we continue to furnish "Peterson," to single subscribers, at TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, though all the other magazines have greatly increased their prices.

But not only to single subscribers, but to clubs, also, we still furnish "Peterson" vastly cheaper than any other ladies' magazine is furnished. Considering these facts, we ought to double our list, this year. In 1864 we had more mail subscribers than all the other magazines together: in 1865 we ought to have twice as many more.

Elsewhere we give some notices showing what the public and the press think of "Peterson." The fashion department is admitted, by all conversant with such matters, to excel that of any contemporary. The arrangements are such that all patterns are received in advance. Other magazines continually publish fashions as new which we have published months before. The latest Paris, London, Philadelphia, and New York fashions are faithfully reported, every month, in "Peterson."

The original stories in "Peterson" have been considered, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. Our list of original contributors is unrivaled; and such first-class writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," write exclusively for us. While retaining the best of these contributors, all new writers of acknowledged ability are added, thus keeping "Peterson" always fresh.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

THE MATERIALS FOR DRESSES, this winter, are truly magnificent. The satin striped with velvet are the newest for evening wear. The Empress Eugenie has already worn two of these superb fabrics. One was black satin with narrow red velvet stripes upon it; the other was pink satin striped with pink velvet. We may, therefore, conclude that these striped satins will become popular. Many new patterns in moire have likewise appeared; the designs upon the moire ground are now produced in dead, instead of bright silk, as formerly.

"MORE THAN PROMISED."—The Wilmington (Ind.) Independent, noticing "Peterson," says:—"The December number of this best of monthlies is at hand. It closes up the year in a manner which is, to say the least, highly creditable to its publisher. He has given, during the past year, much more than he promised in the Prospectus, which, in these times of high prices and real peril to printers, is rather astonishing."

"THE REPRIMAND."—This is after a celebrated French picture of the modern school. Could anything be better? We think it excels any *menoit* we have ever given.

A KIND WORD.—Recall what Scripture says of a kind word, that it "turneth away wrath."

BUTTERFLIES CONTINUE to be worn, and are made in a variety of materials. When composed of mother-of-pearl, they are used for hats, and are placed in a puff of velvet for the center of the brim. When made of gauze, and lined with tinsel, they are worn in evening head-dresses. They are also made in black lace, and these are sewn upon the corners of collars and upon the cuffs of white sleeves; they are embroidered upon pocket-handkerchiefs, and even upon table-linen. The advantage of these detached butterflies and flowers is, that they can be placed upon dresses, etc., according to taste, and, by lining them with either blue or pink, they produce an admirable effect upon white dresses. Those who are industrious and understand embroidery can easily imitate them by working lace stitches upon net, and by doing the thick parts with batiste, under net, overcasting round the edge of the batiste. The manner of proceeding is as follows:—A butterfly is drawn upon a small square of batiste; the batiste is lined with Brussels net; then the design is worked with overcast; after that is done, the batiste is cut away, with a pair of scissors, from all those parts where the wings should be transparent. Lace stitches must then be worked in the net in order to make the imitation complete. The butterflies are easier to arrange if they are made of different sizes.

WHAT THE GENERAL VERDICT IS.—Our old friends do not need to be told that the newspaper press universally pronounces "Peterson" to be "the best and cheapest of the Ladies' Magazines." But new subscribers may like to hear what editors of papers think. Says the Gouverneur (N. Y.) Times:—"The older Peterson's Magazine grows, the better it is. Its tone, always of a moral character, improves with each succeeding issue. The engravings are always attractive." The Morgantown (W. Va.) Post says:—"No parlor-table should be without it. It is the standard of fashion and household matters, cookery, etc." The Broad-Axe of Freedom (Ind.) says:—"The fashion-plates and fashions cannot be excelled." And the Lockport (N. Y.) Bee sums up as follows:—"This excellent Magazine is received, filled, as usual, with choice reading, beautifully colored fashion-plates, fine engravings, and many other attractions that make it emphatically the Ladies' Magazine of the land. The war has not been able to force the publisher 'to put up the price,' or to take anything from its embellishment that would mar its utility or beauty. Altogether, it is one of the best as well as the cheapest Ladies' Magazines published."

TOILET CUSHION.—To make a pretty and lady-like affair of this kind, procure a moderate-sized cigar-box; cover it inside and out with pink glazed calico; then make a cover of spotted muslin for it, with a frill of washing lace round the edge. Put a pleating round of ribbon, with a bow at each corner. The box will be found very useful on the dressing-table, and if the lady makes her cover in one piece to take off, it requires very little trouble. Of course, she will put a piece of ribbon to keep the lid of the box open. Stuff the top of the pin-cushion with a bag of bran.

"PURITY."—This exquisite engraving, after a picture by a popular English artist, recalls the lines of Wordsworth:—

"A creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food."

* * * * *
And yet an angel, too, and bright
With something of a Heav'nly light."

A WORD ABOUT JACKETS.—There is great variety in jackets at the present season. The chief novelty about them is, one and all are ornamented at the back. Dressy jackets are made of velvet, cut quite straight, and in no ways fitting the figure. They are trimmed with either guipure or glimp, fringed with beads; upon the center of the back there is a row of large jet beads. Skirts, which button down the center seam of the back, are made to wear with these jackets. Another style, and certainly a very novel one, is a jacket cut to fall into the figure, and with four square basques ornamented with stars of silver beads, the edge being trimmed with silver bell-buttons. The sleeves, which are narrow, and of the usual coat form, have *recers* and *epaulets*, ornamented with silver beads. This jacket is open all down the front, and is simply held together by means of a chain of silver beads which fastens on to the hanging bell-buttons. A waistcoat (only differing from the masculine waistcoat in length) is worn underneath the jacket. It has two small pointed pockets, starred with silver beads; there is a buckle at the back which is invisible, but serves to tighten the waistcoat to the figure. All the winter *paletots*, bodices, and jackets, have a small straight collar added to them, which stands up round the throat. This necessitates a small all-round linen collar to be worn also; this is back-stitched, and then edged with narrow lace, and to such collars, as no white is now worn about the face, white muslin cravats are added. These cravats are likewise cut after the masculine type, as they have all pointed ends. They are very narrow at the back, and the ends are fringed with either fine guipure or Alençon lace. This pattern is also made in tulle and moire of all shades, embroidered with chenille, and edged with either a chenille or a jet fringe. The Russian neck-ties are also extremely pretty; they consist of a narrow satin band of any color, bordered with either swans'-down, ermine, or chinchilla.

"THE MOST VALUABLE."—The *Shakopee* (Minn.) *Argus* says:—"Peterson's Magazine for November is a gem worth double the subscription price for a year. Mr. Peterson is certainly publishing the most valuable Ladies' Magazine of any in this country—or any other. The three first illustrations are alone sufficient to recommend it anywhere—to say nothing of the thousand other good things therein contained. The engraving, 'Departure of the Swallows,' can never be excelled in beauty or perfection. Every well regulated family should have it by all means."

YOUNG LADIES' HAIR-NETS.—The pretty hair-nets, which have enjoyed so long a reign of popularity, are only revivals of a fashion that prevailed, to an equal extent, in the fourteenth century, when the ladies used to draw their luxuriant tresses into similar nets, then bearing the fanciful name of "dove-cots." This rural appellation might well have been revived with the graceful article to which it formerly belonged.

"WORTH FIVE TIMES ITS COST."—Says the *Princeton* (Ill.) *Patriot*:—"Peterson's Magazine has been received. No lady should deny herself the exquisite pleasure of reading this world-renowned Magazine. It is richly worth five times its cost."

EAR-RINGS are still growing in length, but we hope it will be a long while before the long ones, reaching to the shoulder, will be the prevailing fashion here, as they are endeavoring to make them in Paris.

THE POSTAGE ON THIS MAGAZINE is twelve cents, yearly, payable in advance, at the office where the subscriber resides.

How to WEAR THE HAIR.—In the fashionable world, in Paris, the hair is now worn on the forehead, instead of in the nape of the neck, which has been the style during the last twelve-months. The curls, the fringed locks, and the hair parted at the side are again to be seen, as in the days of the First Empire; and to fasten the hair at the sides a new comb has been invented: it is made of gold, and is in the form of a horse-shoe; of course, it is only intended for evening wear. The gold braid, arranged to form a *grecque* across the head, is an adornment to be seen even in daylight, but those who dress simply, wear the velvet ribbon in preference. The following head-dress is according to the last fashion, and is very suitable for the daytime. The back hair is formed into two loops, one of which is pinned higher than the other; three rows of very narrow ribbon-velvet, not more than a quarter of an inch wide, are bound across the top of the head, and are fastened invisibly in the loops of hair at the back. Upon the forehead there is a small scaffolding of tiny curls. If desired, either a ringlet or a bow of velvet can be added at the side. The head-dresses are not any longer worn high in the air and starting from the head, which was the case last year; they are now, on the contrary, pressed close to the temples. The back hair should look thick, but instead of being arranged over a wide cushion, or as a wide bow, it should be narrow. This is necessary to observe on account of the present shape of the bonnets.

ESCH ARDEN.—Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston, publish two elegant editions of this famous poem by Tennyson. One is illustrated on nearly every page, on thick, creamy paper; and one edition, smaller, the size of their "Poetry of the Age of Fable," also tinted paper, but with fewer illustrations. Both are splendid volumes as would be expected from these publishers.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—The *De Ruyter* (N. Y.) *News* says:—"Peterson's engravings are never approached by any of the three dollar monthlies, and his reading is fully equal to the best of them."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Familiar Letters from Europe. By C. C. Felton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. These letters, written by the late and lamented President of Harvard University, are the familiar ones sent home to family and friends. They are terse, thoughtful, and unaffected. The most valuable of them are those which relate to Greece, for Professor Felton not only spent several months in that country, but, in consequence of being able to speak Greek, had peculiar opportunities for observation while there. Glimpses of humor occasionally enliven the volume, as where he says of the women of Constantinople, that the poorer ones "run about, looking like bundles of dirty linen going to the wash of their own accord; others, a little higher up the social scale, look like bundles of linen coming home from the wash." It is very evident that fashion-books are not much studied in harems; and that the harems are the worse for it.

The Poems of Bayard Taylor. 1 vol., 32 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—In line and picturesqueness, Bayard Taylor is excelled by no American poet, and is probably not even equaled. Such poems as "Tyre," "The Fight of Pao del Mar," and many others of a similar character, are sure to live in American literature. The present is an edition in blue and gold, and is embellished with a portrait of the author.

Gascoyne, the Sandal Wood Trader. A Tale of the Pacific. By R. M. Ballouyne. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A tale of stirring incidents and hair-breadth escapes, the very thing for a holiday gift to a boy.

Looking Toward Sunset. From Sources Old and New, Original and Selected. By L. Maria Child. 1 vol., small 4to. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a selection of articles, in prose and poetry, made by Mrs. L. Maria Child; and designed for persons who are no longer young. Bryant, Ilames, Zschokke, Barbauld, Cook, Wordsworth, Uhland, Burns, Parker, Hood, Heber, Tennyson, Richter, Sterling, Elmsfield, Whittier, Stowe, Carry, Muloch, Beecher, Pierpont, Johnson, Bremer, and Caskell are among the writers, from whom the compiler has culled with rare taste, these "words of consolation and cheer," as she beautifully characterizes them, for those who, like herself, are "looking toward the sunset of life." Some of the best articles are by Mrs. Child herself; among them are "The Friends," "Unmarried Women," and "Hints about Health." Far back in our earliest boyhood, we remember Mrs. Child as one of the most eloquent of American female writers, and now, in the late prime of manhood, we meet her again, still as eloquent as ever. It is impossible to speak too highly of this book. The taste with which the selections have been made, has been rivaled by the taste with which the volume is got up; and both are perfect. The paper, the type, the binding, even the color of the muslin covers: they all leave nothing to be desired. No book has been published, this season, so desirable to people of taste. It would make the choicest of Christmas gifts for a parent, or other person of mature years.

A New Atmosphere. By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We hope, some day, to give an extended notice of this volume. It is devoted to the relations between man and woman; but instead of being capricious and one-sided, seems to us singularly broad and true. The eloquence, which occasionally blazes out in Gail Hamilton's rarer articles, here burns with a steady effulgence. If we are to judge from the style, spirit, and intelligence displayed in this work, Gail Hamilton is herself a convincing example of the truth of her theory. For ourselves, we have never doubted, as she maintains, that woman, the more she is educated, becomes the more fitted for companionship with man.

Oswald Gray. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is, perhaps, the best of Mrs. Wood's novels: it certainly is so, if we except "East Lynne." It is printed from the author's manuscript, received from London in advance of the publication there. The volume is a handsome octavo, and is issued in double column, on thick, white paper. The copy before us is handsomely bound in cloth. It is something of an enterprise, in times like these, for a publisher to buy the copy-right of an original English novel, and by an author so well-established. We recommend "Oswald Gray" as one of the best stories of the year. Few writers manage a plot as well as Mrs. Wood.

Under the Ban. A Tale of the Nineteenth Century. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a translation of a French novel, which has made an extraordinary sensation abroad. There is much power in the book. "Under the Ban," indeed, is something more than mere fiction: It is an eloquent Philippic against what its author thinks a great social wrong. No story has appeared, for many years, which has aroused such attention. The author is generally believed to be a priest of the Roman Catholic Church, a fact which lends additional force to his opinions in regard to the Jesuits. The translation is well executed.

Ellen and Her Cousins; or, Two Months at Ashfield Rectory. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A well-written story for children, very suitable for a Christmas or New-Year's gift.

The Tutor Boy. 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: J. K. Tilton & Co.—Another of those popular books for children, "The Plymouth Rock Series;" well printed and nicely illustrated.

"From Dan to Beersheba." By Rev. J. P. Newman, D. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an excellent description of Palestine as it now appears. The boundaries, topography, agriculture, antiquities, cities, inhabitants, scenery, and geology of the "Land of Promise," all come in for their share of the writer's time: in some respects, a Murray's Guide-Book could not be so full of details. The accuracy of the sacred writers, in their allusions to their native country, is set forth in a manner we have never seen excelled. Maps and engravings fill the volume.

Twice-Told Tales. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. A new edition. 2 vols., 24 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is an edition, in the famous "blue and gold," of the tales which first made Hawthorne's reputation. The typography is so exquisite, that it reminds us, on a small scale, of the beauty of the celebrated Pickering editions. In reading over these tales, we are impressed, more forcibly than ever, with the purity of the author's English and the weird character of his imagination. It will be a long time, we fear, before America sees another Hawthorne.

Sacred and Legendary Art. By Mrs. Jameson. 2 vols., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is an edition, "in blue and gold," of one of Mrs. Jameson's most popular books. Ticknor & Fields have already published "The Legends of the Madonna," and others of the series, in a similar style, all reprinted carefully from the London editions, and those persons, who have the former volumes, will, we doubt not, hasten to add this to the collection.

Arizona and Sonora: the Geography, History, and Resources of the Silver Region of North America. By Sylvester Mayr. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the third edition, revised and enlarged, of the most authoritative work we have on Arizona. The author is a West Point graduate, who has lived for many years in the far South-West. Numerous engravings illustrate the volume.

The Ocean Wife; a Story of Adventure on Land and Sea. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—One of those stirring tales for boys in which Mayne Reid is so successful. The volume is illustrated.

The Pigeon-Pie. A Tale of Roundhead Times. By Miss Yonge. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—This is one of those charming tales for young people, for which the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe" has become famous.

The Tiger Prince; or, Adventures in the Wilds of Abyssinia. By William Dalton. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—A story for boys, very much in the manner of those of Mayne Reid, and quite as good.

Cousin Grace. By Sophie May. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—Another of the charming "Little Purly Series," of which we have spoken heretofore.

HORTICULTURAL.

TO OBTAIN FRESH-BLOWN FLOWERS IN WINTER.—Choose some of the most perfect buds of the flowers you would preserve, such as are latest in blowing and ready to open; cut them off with a pair of scissors, leaving to each, if possible, a piece of the stem about three inches long; cover the end of the stem immediately with sealing-wax, and when the buds are a little shrunk and wrinkled, wrap each of them up separately in a piece of paper, perfectly clean and dry, and lock them up in a dry box or drawer, and they will keep without corrupting. In winter, or at any other time when you would have the flowers blow, take the buds at night and cut off the end of the stem sealed with wax, and put the buds into water wherein a little nitre or salt has been diffused, and the next day you will have the pleasure of seeing the buds open and expand themselves, and the flowers display their most lively colors and breathe their agreeable odors.

SKATING FOR LADIES.—NO. I.

PUTTING ON THE SKATES.—Everybody, now-a-days, skates, or is learning to skate. Accordingly a few hints on the subject will not be out of place. But instructions in skating are of no use, unless you put them into practice at once, and take your first lesson, and perhaps your first fall, with the skates actually buckled to your feet.

First, as to the skates themselves. The simplest form of skate is the best; ours have a rounded toe and very little strapping. By all means avoid straps across the instep; a double strap round the toes, and another from the heel to the bend of the ankle are all that are necessary in a well-fitting skate. Do not buckle your straps too tightly. If you do, you will find it as difficult to skate gracefully as it is for a gentleman to dance in tight boots. In putting on your skates, be careful that the screws are well in the heels of your boots; and, by the way, always let your boots be stout in the sole, and level in the heel. If they are not, you will be unable to properly keep your balance. Tuck the ends of the straps comfortably away, and never allow them to hang loose. As soon as you have fastened the straps, rise carefully, but boldly, press your feet firmly down, so that the little spikes in the front part of the skate enter well into the sole of your boot, and then strike out boldly, right foot first, as in dancing; then follow with the left foot, and so on continuously. Avoid grooved skates. They may be of some advantage to the amateur, but they are dangerous, in consequence of their cutting up the ice in shavings, and being apt to throw their wearer. Don't be afraid of a fall or two, as, unless you come down on the back of your head, you will not hurt yourself. In learning to skate, ignore all such new-fashioned contrivances as a chair with rollers on the legs, and so on. They are like crutches in swimming; they delude you into false confidence, and never teach you to rely upon your own exertions.

STARTING TO SKATE.—And now as to position in skating. Keep the knees straight and bend well forward in making curves. If you find it impossible, after a long start, to keep your balance, don't be afraid of going down gently; for if you attempt to recover yourself instantly, you will most probably come down with a heavy thud. Confidence, after all, is one of the first requisites. To ensure this, it would, perhaps, be as well to go with your brother, or father, to some private pond, if it is your first attempt. Watch their strokes. Lean forward and imitate them in everything but their force and rapidity. Push out each foot with deliberation, trusting the keeping of your body entirely to it for the first few yards. Then strike with the other foot, and let the stroke be equal, both in force and in duration. Have your arms free. The advantage of this, while learning, cannot be overestimated, as in cases when the balance is lost—and such cases will occur—the movement of them, which you are prompted to make, will enable you to recover your equilibrium. The best dress for a lady to skate in is a loose-fitting jacket, very like that which gentlemen wear when in undress; and if there are pockets in the front, they will be found useful.

Directly you have learned to strike with ease and equality, cease to do so. The visible strokes, that is, strokes in which each foot is alternately lifted from the ice and pushed vigorously forward, are very properly ignored by ladies altogether, and are almost as much so by all gentlemen who know anything about skating. There is an invisible stroke quite as effective. The best way to learn it is to make use of the impetus obtained by two or three ordinary strokes. While this lasts, draw your feet close together; turn the toes to right and left, keeping them always parallel and striking from the inside edge. You feel how to do this when you try, though it is not easy to describe. A little practice will enable you to start by means of this stroke, and to continue it for any length of time. Unless you are skating against a strong wind, you will not require

any other inside stroke. It is very graceful, and ladies use it to even greater effect than gentlemen. A lady who has learned to skate properly always has recourse to it. There are two things to be observed in learning; they are to keep the feet tolerably close together, and make them act in unison. These and a little patience will make it easy.

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OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

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SOUPS.

Sage's Cheap and Good Soup.—Have a quarter of a pound of fat bacon cut into squares, peel and slice two good-sized onions, or three small ones, and put both into a stewpan, with one ounce of dripping; fry them gently until slightly brown, then add two ounces of turnips, two ounces of carrots, one ounce of small onions, and one ounce of celery; cut them thin and slanting; fry for ten minutes, and fill up with seven quarts of water; when boiling, add a pound and a quarter of split peas, and let them simmer for two or three hours, until reduced to a pulp, which depends on the quality of the pea; then add two ounces of salt, half an ounce of sugar, quarter of an ounce of mint, mix one half-pound of flour in twelve ounces of water to a thin batter, pour into the soup, stir it well, boil one quarter of an hour, and serve.

Scotch Broth.—Take the chops from a neck of mutton, cut the remainder up in small pieces, and let it stew the whole day. Boil a quarter of a pint of Scotch barley till tender, strain it dry; chop fine two large onions and turnips, which put with the barley and chops into a close stewpan, strain the broth into it, let it boil one hour and a half, and skim it well, seasoning it only with salt and black pepper. This will make a large tureen of broth, besides preserving the chops for table.

MEATS.

To Stew Sheep's Kidneys.—Obtain from half a dozen to one dozen of sheep's kidneys, remove the outer skins, and split them open, but do not cut them wholly through. Sprinkle over them, inside and out, a sufficient quantity of pepper, grated nutmeg, and salt, to afford them a seasoning, fry them in good butter until they become brown, pour a small teaspoonful of scalding water into the pan, keep stirring it round to constitute a gravy; introduce the contents into a stewpan, place the same over a gentle fire for half an hour, continually shaking it round, thicken with flour and butter, and add at the same time a small annexation of sweet ketchup. Serve up in a deep dish, covered and garnished with small pieces of toast, cut square.

Wild Ducks.—Must be roasted at a very brisk fire; they take from twelve to twenty minutes, according to taste. Some people are of opinion that they should only fly through the kitchen: by epicures they are considered to be in true perfection when they come up dry and brown, and, when cut, flood the dish with gravy. The means of ensuring success consists in a very ardent fire, rapid motion of the spit, and constant basting. The carver should score the breast of the duck, put a piece of butter on it, and cut a lemon in half, putting on one half a spoonful of salt, and on the other a cayenne-spoonful of cayenne; put the two together, and squeeze vigorously over the duck; then pour over them a wineglassful of hot port-wine.

Potato Puffs.—Take cold roast meat, either beef, mutton, or veal and ham; clear it from gristle, chop small, and season with pepper, salt, and cut pickles; boil and mash some potatoes, make them into a paste with one or two eggs, roll it out with a dust of flour, cut it round with a sancer, put some of your seasoned meat on one half, fold it over like a puff, prick or nick it neatly round, and fry it a light brown. This is an excellent method of cooking up old meat.

Relish for Chops.—Pound one ounce of black pepper, half an ounce of allspice, one ounce of salt, half an ounce of scraped horse-radish, and the same of small, mild onions, peeled and quartered. Put these into one pint of mushroom ketchup, let them steep for a fortnight, and then strain it. A teaspoonful of this is very good with gravy for chops or steaks, or added to thick melted butter.

To Stew Rabbit.—Cut it into pieces, put it into a stewpan with butter, salt, pepper, parsley, sorrel, and young onions chopped. When sufficiently done, add the juice of a lemon. The legs may be broiled and laid on the top.

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER DISHES.

Scotch Short Bread.—Take two pounds of flour, one pound of butter, four eggs, and twelve ounces of loaf-sugar powdered very finely. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour with the hand, and by means of the eggs convert it into a stiff paste. This must be rolled out to quite half an inch in thickness, and cut into square cakes, or round, if preferred. The Scotch ones are generally square, and six inches in size. The edges should be pinched up to the height of about an inch, and on the top of the cake should be laid some slices of candied peel and some large caraway comfits. These are slightly pressed down so as to imbed about half of each in the cake. They must be baked in a warm oven upon iron plates.

Light Rolls for Breakfast.—One pound of flour, one ounce of butter, one large eggspoonful of carbonate of soda, and the same quantity of salt, a large teaspoonful of sugar. Mix the butter with the flour so thoroughly that you will hardly know there is any in it. Then mix the three other ingredients together, and put them in among the flour in a basin. To this add as much buttermilk as will make the dough like that used for common white bread. It should not be much kneaded, but rolled out to the thickness required, and then cut to the size wished for the small rolls. The oven must be well heated before the rolls are put in. They take about three-quarters of an hour to bake.

Lemon Honeycomb.—This is a very simple dish, and one that makes a pleasant variety on the supper-table. The juice of a lemon should be sweetened to the taste, and put into the dish in which it will be served up. The white of an egg is beaten into a pint of rich cream, with a little sugar, and whisked. As the froth rises, it should be placed on the lemon-juice, and has a very light and pretty appearance. It is desirable to prepare this dish the day before it is required, and a few ratafia biscuits (the very small ones) may be strewed over it just before it is sent to table.

Apple in Jelly.—Peel and quarter some good renetts, and take out the core. Cook them with just water enough to cover them, some slices of lemon, and clarified sugar, until they are soft. Take out the pieces of apple with great care, not to break the pieces, and arrange them in the jars. Then boil the syrup until it will jelly, and pour it over the pieces of apple.

A Nice Breakfast Dish.—Boil half a dozen eggs hard; cut them in halves, and cover them with sausage meat, making up into balls. Fry them a rich brown, and serve with a good gravy. I have always found this dish greatly appreciated by epicures.

CAKES AND BISCUITS.

Luncheon Cakes.—The requisite ingredients are a little good, sweet yeast, a pound of flour, a small quantity of milk, ten eggs, half-pound of butter, and a little salt. Put a tablespoonful of yeast, and half a teaspoonful of warm milk with the flour, and put it in a warm place to rise. Beat well the yolks of ten eggs, and the whites of two, and with the hand mix them and half a pound of butter, and half a teaspoonful of salt with the dough. Half fill buttered tea-cups or small basins with the dough. Set them to rise until the cups or basins are nearly full, and then bake them in a hot oven.

To Make Drop Biscuits.—Beat up the yolks of ten eggs and the whites of six, with one tablespoonful of rose-water, for half an hour. Add ten ounces of sifted loaf-sugar. Whisk these together with the beaten eggs for half an hour, then add, by degrees, one ounce of caraway-seeds crushed fine, and six ounces of fine flour (the flour must be whisked in gently.) Drop the mixture on wafer papers, and bake in a moderate oven.

Orange Biscuits.—Take the grated rind of an orange, six fresh eggs, a quarter of a pound of flour, and three-quarters of a pound of powdered sugar; put these into a mortar, and beat them to a paste, which either put into cases or cut out, and bake them like other biscuits.

Gingerbread.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter mixed in half a pound of brown sugar, and as much molasses (not melted) as will roll it into a paste, add ginger to taste; pour it thin upon tins, and bake in a quick oven.

DESSERTS.

Mince-Meat.—One pound of raisins, chopped fine, one pound of currants, half a pound of suet, three-quarters of a pound of castor sugar, one pound of russet or ribston apples, chopped, half a pound of mixed peel, a quarter of a pound of sweet almonds, a gill of pale brandy, the juice of one or two lemons, according to taste.

Apple Charlotte.—Take any number of rennet apples you may desire to use; peel them, cut them into quarters, and take out the core. Cut the quarters into slices, and let them cook over a brisk fire, with butter, sugar, and powdered cinnamon, until they are *en marmalade*. Cut thin slices of crumb of bread, dip them in butter, and with them line the sides and bottom of a tin shape. Fill the middle of the shape with alternate layers of the apple and any preserve you may choose, and cover it with more thin slices of bread. Then place the shape in an oven, or before the fire, until the outside is a fine brown, and turn it out upon a dish, and serve it either hot or cold. For *croquettes de pommes*, you cook the apple just as for the Charlotte; but instead of putting it into the jelly shape you roll into balls, or rather cakes, which you cover with egg and bread-crumbs, and fry of a rich brown.

An Excellent Rice-Pudding.—Put a small teacupful of rice in a saucepan of boiling water; let it boil for ten minutes, then pour the water off, and let the saucepan stand by the fire uncovered for a little time. Put a piece of butter about the size of a walnut in the rice, stirring it with a fork till thoroughly mixed; then add a breakfast-cupful of new milk, and let it simmer at the fire for half an hour, till the rice is soft and swelled. Beat four eggs, yolks and whites, with two tablespoonfuls of sugar; pour the rice into a basin, and grate half a nutmeg over it. Mix it well before putting in the eggs; have your pudding-dish well buttered, and after the rice and eggs are beaten up, pour in and bake in a quick oven.

A Good Christmas Pudding.—Take three ounces of flour, and the same weight of finely-grated bread-crumbs, six ounces of nice beef suet (kidney suet) chopped very small, six ounces of raisins, (weigh the raisins after they are stoned) six ounces of well-cleaned currants, four ounces of minced apples, five ounces of sugar, two ounces of candied orange-peel, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg mixed with pounded mace, a very little portion of salt, a wineglassful of brandy, and three whole eggs. Mix all these ingredients well together, tie them tightly in a thickly-floured cloth, and boil for four hours. This is a light, rich, but, of course, small pudding. It should be served with wine-sauce.

A Plum-Pudding.—Two pounds of currants, one pound of raisins, two ounces and a half of flour, one ounce and a quarter of beef suet, half a pound of moist sugar, four eggs, one ounce of citron and one ounce of lemon-peel, cinnamon, cloves, mace, and wine and brandy a tumblerful. To be boiled at least nine hours.

Citron Puddings.—One spoonful of flour, two ounces of sugar, two ounces of citron-peel, a little nutmeg, half a pint of cream. Mix them together with the yolks of three eggs, put them in teacups, and bake them in a quick oven.

SICK-ROOM, NURSERY, ETC.

For Colds and Coughs.—At this season of the year, when coughs and colds are the order of the day, and scarce a family is to be found, some of whose members are not afflicted with them, the following remedy, communicated by a Russian, as the usual mode of getting rid of those complaints in that part of Russia from whence he came, is simple; and we can, from experience, also vouch for its efficacy. It is no other than a strong tea of elder flowers, sweetened with honey, either fresh or dried. A basin of this tea is to be drunk as hot as possible, after the person is warm in bed: it produces a strong perspiration, and a slight cold or cough yields to it immediately; but the most stubborn requires two or three repetitions.

To Prevent the Smoking of a Lamp.—Soak the wick in strong vinegar, and dry it well before you use it; it will then burn both sweetly and pleasantly, and give much satisfaction for the trifling trouble in preparing it.

Peppermint Lozenges.—Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of gum-arabic, and half as much isinglass, in a quarter of a pint of boiling water; let it stand till quite cold; (dissolved gum-arabic may be used alone, or gum-arabic and gum-dragon together;) then mix into it ten or twelve drops of the oil of peppermint. Add to it one pound and three-quarters of sifted loaf-sugar, or more, work it all well together into a stiffish paste; roll it out thin on a marble slab, dusting it with starch-powder; cut it into lozenges about the size of a shilling, with a tin-cutter, and put them on paper or trays, and dry them in a proving oven or stove.

Wine Biscuits.—Take two pounds of flour, two pounds of butter, and four ounces of sifted loaf-sugar; rub the sugar and the butter into the flour, and make it into a stiff paste with milk; pound it in a mortar, roll it out thin, and cut into sizes or shapes to fancy; lay them on buttered paper, in a warm oven, on iron plates, having first brushed them over with a little milk. When done, you can give them a gloss by brushing them over with a brush dipped in egg. A few caraway-seeds may be added, if thought proper.

Ague.—Saturate chalk with vinegar, and, after the effervescence ceases, give a tablespoonful one hour before the expected chill. It acts on the bowels and kidneys.

Lip-Salve.—Oil of sweet almonds, one fluid ounce; spermaceti, three-quarters of an ounce. Melt, and when nearly cold, add any essential oil you please.

TOILET, ETC.

Cleaning the Hair.—From the too frequent use of oils in the hair, many ladies destroy the tone and color of their tresses. The Hindoos have a way of remedying this. They take a hand-basin filled with cold water, and have ready a small quantity of pea-flour. The hair is in the first place submitted to the operation of being washed in cold water, a handful of the pea-flour is then applied to the head, and rubbed into the hair for ten minutes at least, the servant adding fresh water at short intervals, until it becomes a perfect lather. The whole head is then washed quite clean with copious supplies of the aqueous fluid, combed, and afterward rubbed dry by means of coarse towels. The hard and soft brush is then resorted to, when the hair will be found to be wholly free from all encumbering oils and other impurities, and assume a glossy softness, equal to the most delicate silk. This process tends to preserve the tone and natural color of the hair, which is so frequently destroyed by the too constant use of caustic cosmetics.

To Remove Mildew from White Clothes.—Having well washed the part with soap and water, lay upon it, while it is yet wet, a thick plaster of finely-scraped chalk, expose it to the air, and as the chalk becomes dry, wet it again and again, until the spots are quite removed, which will most likely be on the second if not the first day. A grass plot in the shade is the best situation for bleaching.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Clean Decanters.—First roll up in small pieces some whited-brown, or blotting-paper; then wet and soap the same; put them into the vessel with a little lukewarm water; shake them well for a few minutes; then rinse the glass with clean water, and it will be as bright and clear as when new from the shop.

Rye Drop-Cakes.—One pint of milk, three eggs, one tablespoonful of sugar, and a little salt. Stir in rye flour till about the consistency of pancakes. Bake in buttered cups, or saucers, half an hour.

Honey Cake.—One cup of nice sugar, one cup of rich sour cream, one egg, half a teaspoonful of soda, two cups of flour. Flavor to the taste. Bake half an hour. To be eaten while warm.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. 1.—BALL DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed with bands of crimson velvet, over which falls a broad flounce of white lace. The body is made to correspond with the skirt. Head-dress of crimson velvet.

FIG. 2.—BALL DRESS OF LEMON-COLORED SATIN.—The skirt is trimmed with a flounce of white lace and ruchings of satin. The body is finished to correspond. Head-dress of small ostrich plumes.

FIG. 3.—DINNER DRESS OF PEARL-GRAY SILK, SPOTTED WITH GREEN.—The body has a deep basque, which, with the skirt, is trimmed with narrow ruffles of green ribbon.

FIG. 4.—EVENING DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE-STRIPED SILK.—The skirt opens at the side over a white silk skirt, trimmed with three rows of blue silk, and is faced with blue silk, and trimmed like the body and sleeves with white lace.

FIG. 5.—CARRIAGE OR DINNER DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED SILK, with a deep coat basque. The skirt and basque are both trimmed with black velvet and Irish lace.

FIG. 6.—DRESS OF BLACK CASHMERE, WITH A PALETOT OF THE SAME.—Both dress and paletot are trimmed with black velvet.

FIGS. VII. AND VIII.—FRONT AND BACK VIEW OF AN "AT HOME DRESS."—The skirt opens both in front and at the back over an underskirt of a pretty contrasting color, as a gray upperskirt over a blue under one, or black over crimson, etc.

FIG. IX.—RIDING HABIT OF BLACK CLOTH, fitting tight to the figure in front, and with a short coat basque.

FIG. X.—PALETOT OF BLACK VELVET, with a trimming down the back, which opens part way to the waist. It is ornamented with long button fringe.

FIG. XI.—CASIQUE OF BROWN BEAVER CLOTH, trimmed with black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—An English correspondent says:—"Three things in a lady's toilet are now considered necessary, and to appear without them is to appear unfashionable, and these three are—a small bonnet, a wide waistband, and a coat-shaped shawl." If the coat basque is worn, the waistband is usually worn *over* it, but this is so ugly a fashion that we hope it will not last long. The belts are now from four to six inches in width, and, of course, the buckles are in proportion. Jet, gilt and jet, plain gilt, steel, and mother-of-pearl buckles are all worn; but the latter is only fashionable for evening wear.

LARGE BUTTONS "are all the rage," the square mother-of-pearl ones being the handsomest, but jet, steel, and gilt are equally worn.

THE BACK AS WELL AS THE FRONTS of dresses are now opened and trimmed, as will be seen by our woodcuts, but this necessitates great expense, as the under-dress should be of a corresponding quality with the upper one, without an old skirt can be used for the lower one. The trimming on the sleeves, the waistband, etc., should be of the color of the under-skirt.

EMBROIDERY is profusely used on some dresses, and when this is mingled with jet beads it is particularly elegant. Lace insertion is, also, popular for silks, as well as gimp with jet. For woollen drawers silk braid is the most suitable trimming, and this is very convenient, as it can be disposed of in so many different ways.

TIES are simulated by starting the trimming from each side of the waist, and letting it sweep off, gradually, toward the back, where it forms a trimming around the bottom of the skirt.

SASHES, for evening wear, are in great demand; but some, who are tired of the old fashion of fastening them at the back, now tie them at the side.

THE PETTICOAT is of as much importance, for out-of-door wear, as the dress itself, in these days of looped-up skirts. Of course, linsey, merino, cashmere, or any warm material

is worn; but these are always, more or less, ornamented with grave or gay colors, according to the fancy of the wearer. Scarlet, trimmed with black, is popular, but so showy that, if many are worn, they will soon look common. The most stylish ones are black silk, quilted in white of some pretty pattern by a sewing-machine.

THE SHORT PALETOT is probably the most fashionable, but just now almost any style of out-door covering can be worn and not look odd. The sleeves ought always to be of the coat-shape, however. Circulars, with hoods, are still adhered to by many who think that drapery from the shoulders is more graceful than any other. The hood should be round, not pointed. For paletots, gimp epaulets and trimmings on the cuffs are necessary.

A VERY PRETTY EVENING DRESS has just come out in Paris. The material is blue taffetas covered with white gauze; the skirt has a pleating round the edge, and the bodice has seven basques at the waist, two in front, two at the sides, and three at the back. These are short in front, and increase materially in length as they turn toward the back, where they form a point in the center, and are finished off with a sky-blue silk tassel. These basques or straps (so narrow are they) are piped with blue taffetas. There are pointed epaulets at the tops of the sleeves, with a blue silk tassel depending from each point. The dresses for out-door wear are made in the same style, with five basques or tabs separated from each other. A single long basque all round the waist is also worn (exactly like the basques of the time of Charles I.); and above the basque an Empire waistband is added. As both scallops and vandykes are fashionable, these basques are frequently cut out round the edge in one of these forms, and a tassel is sewn to each point. Above the vandykes several rows of narrow ribbon-velvet are sewn vertically. This original style of bodice was worn first by the Empress Eugénie.

BONNETS are very small, as will be seen by looking at some of our woodcut figures. What is called the *fonchon*, or half-handkerchief bonnet, will be the popular form for the winter. The front alone will consist of velvet, plush, satin, or whatever material may be selected. Thus for a bonnet, with a front of black velvet, the crown would consist of a black lace half-handkerchief falling over a soft white tulle one; a damask rose lay upon the neck underneath the lace—black strings. With these small bonnets it is necessary to wear the hair very low in the neck. Drooping loops at the back are still the favorite style of the day; they are secured by small *laçable* nets of thin silk. In front, full bandeaux turned back from the face, or a number of rolls, one above the other, are worn; an attempt is also made to introduce the small curls falling over the forehead, without any parting in front.

FOR COLLARS continue comparatively small. Some are pointed, and some rounded both at the back and front, but this is a matter of taste. Muffs are small; some are made of velvet, and trimmed around each side with a border of fur, or embroidery.

HEAD-DRESSES, for young ladies, consist of nets scattered over with gold, steel, coral, or jet beads. Flowers are placed on the hair in detached bunches, sometimes only a single rose being employed. Wreaths are no longer seen.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

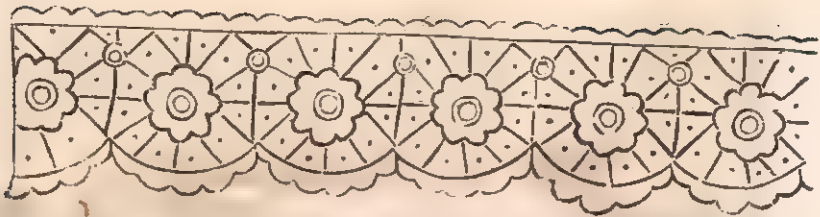
FIG. 1.—DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED POPLIN, EMBROIDERED IN BLACK.—The body is square, with a pleated chemise worn under it. The waistband is cut in a leaf-shape and embroidered like the skirt.

FIG. 2.—CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE JACQUET MESLIN.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The paletots for children are made just like those for ladies. Dresses are trimmed according to the mamma's, and the hats are of the various shapes worn during the summer.



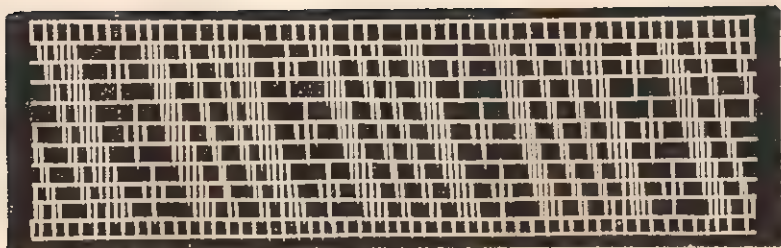
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.



GUIPURE EMBROIDERY.



WALKING DRESS.



CROCHET LACE.



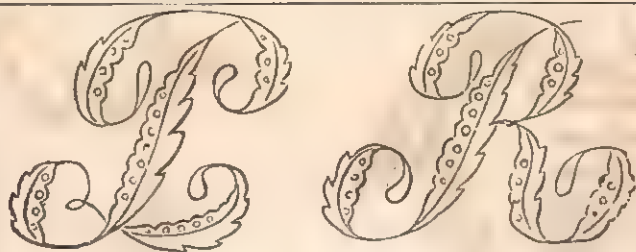
HOUSE DRESS: CHILD'S DRESS.



INITIALS.



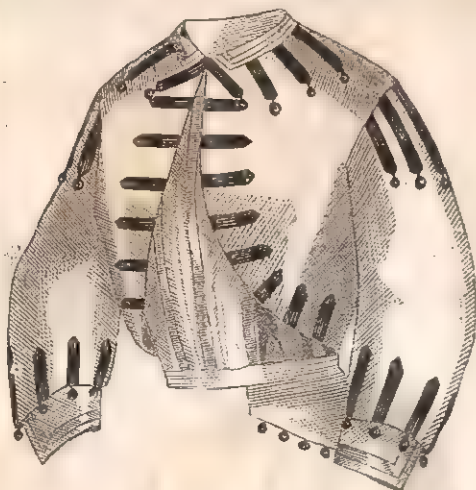
THE ALEXANDRINA CARRIAGE DRESS.



INITIALS.



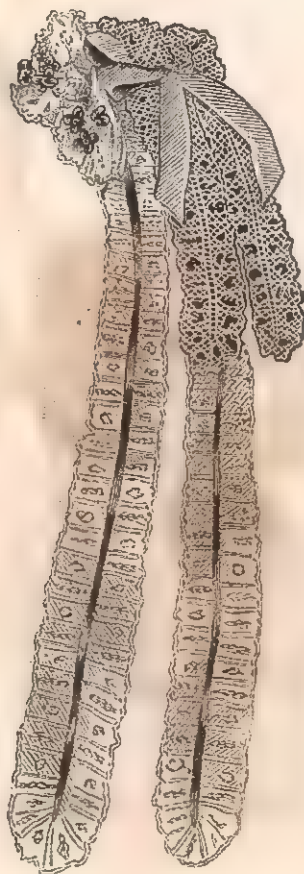
RAPHIAEL-BODY DRESS.



JACKET.



COLLAR AND CUFF.



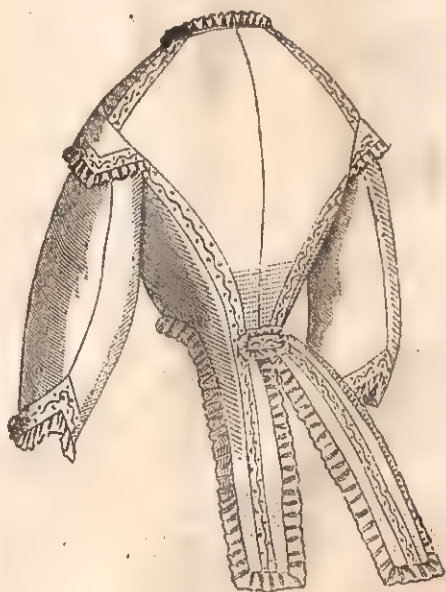
HEAD-DRESSES.



NEW STYLE BONNETS.



NEW STYLE BONNET.



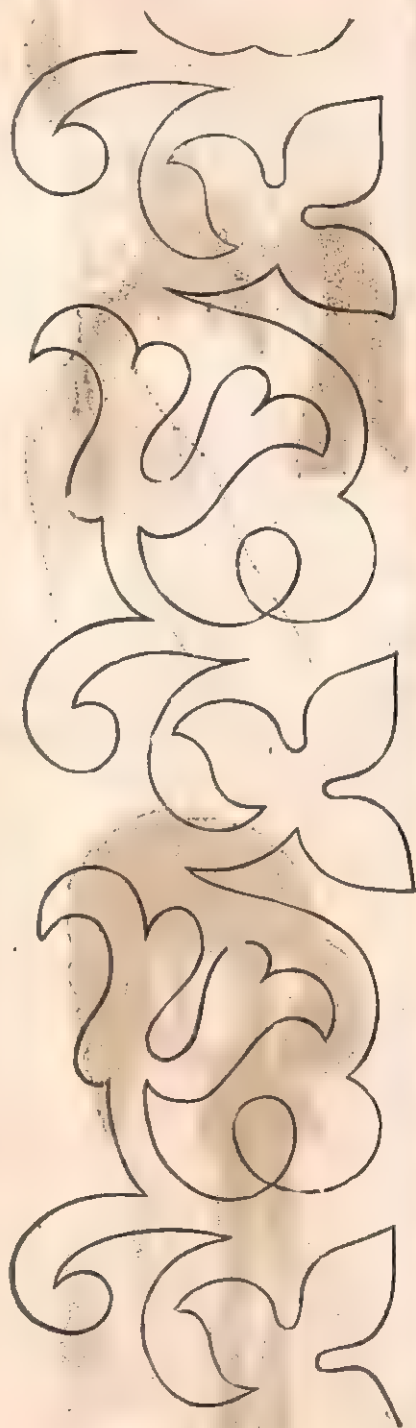
COAT BODY.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.



NAME FOR MARKING.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



INITIAL.



INITIALS.



INITIALS.

"PRETTY TO ME."

NEW BALLAD.

By ALICE HAWTHORNE.

ARRANGED FOR THE GUITAR.

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VOICE.

GUITAR.

Her eyes are not blue, like the skies o-ver head, Tho' sweet their ex-

pres-sion in sor-row or glee, Her brow is not fair nor her cheeks are they

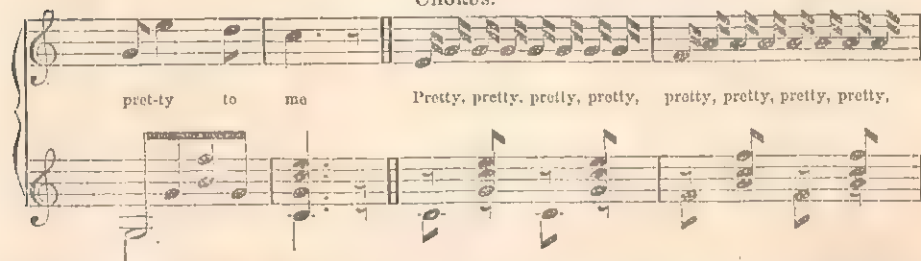
red But yet ev-en yet she is pret-ty to me. Pret - ty

"PRETTY TO ME."



pret-ty, pret-ty to me, But yet ev-en yet she is

CHORUS.



pret-ty to me Pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty,



pretty, pretty, pretty, to me, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty, pretty,



Pret-ty to me.

II.

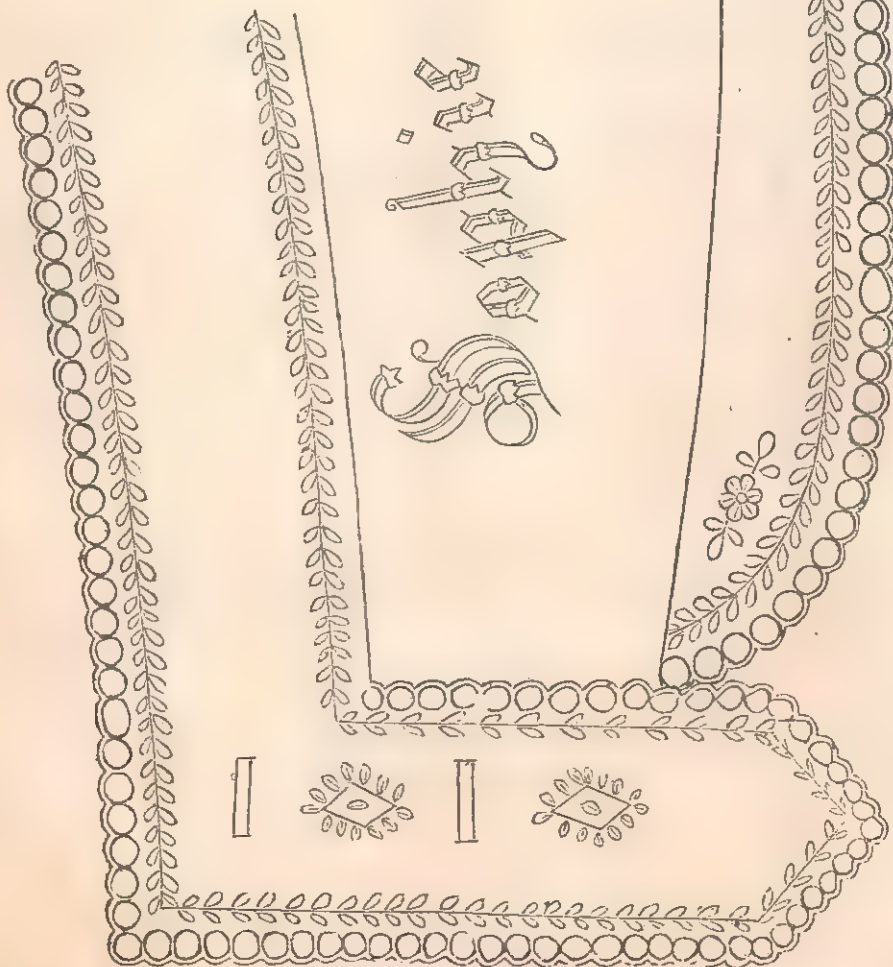
Her hand is not small, nor as white as the snow,
Nor soft as the down to the touch can it be;
But great are the blessings it prides to bestow.
Then wonder not why it is pretty to me.
Pretty, pretty, &c.

III.

Her voice is not low, like the sigh of the breeze,
Nor loud as the bird's, ever joyous and free;
But sweet is her song, with a tone that must please,
Then ask me not why it is pretty to me.
Pretty, pretty, &c.

IV.

Her eyes, and her brow, and her cheeks have a charm
That none like myself in the wide world can see;
Her hand and her voice give a welcome so warm,—
Then wonder not why she is pretty to me.
Pretty, pretty, &c.



COLLAR AND CUFF: NAME FOR MARKING: INITIALS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1865.

No. 2.

THE HAT WITH THE HAREBELLS.

BY MRS. M. F. AMES.

"Just your style, exactly! I intended it for a blonde! Those tiny harebells are precisely the color of your eyes! You will take it?"

"Not now, Mrs. Chapeau; but I will let you know to-morrow. It is very beautiful. How much did you say?"

"Forty dollars. But, as you are an old customer, you shall have it for thirty-five."

As Avis Weldon turned to leave the shop, she encountered the dark, handsome eyes of Charles Summers, one of the most favored of her many admirers; and who had evidently been politely waiting for the close of her business with the milliner.

Blushes accompanied her smile of recognition, as he apologized for his presence in the shop. He had come on a commission, he said, for his sister, who occupied many of her hours by fashioning little articles of use and beauty and giving them to her friends.

A shade of disappointment was on his face, as he opened the door for Avis, and he said, mentally, "Just like the rest, after all. Thinking of dress—dress only. And I had hoped so much better things of her; and thought, sometimes—but pshaw!" and he cut short his soliloquy and stubbornly resisted the temptation to accompany Avis home.

"Thirty-five dollars, in times like these, for a thing like that!" he said, as he walked away. "How much good the amount would do some poor woman, whose husband is away, fighting our battles!" And, at dinner, his sister wondered what had made "Charley," as she said, "so cross."

Avis Weldon was the housekeeper of her father—her mother being dead. At dinner, Mr. Weldon said,

"Well, Avis, how does your allowance hold out?" And he smiled, pleasantly, upon the fair girl of whom he was justly proud.

"I shall have plenty, papa, if I don't indulge

in a little extravagance, a thing, which, just now, I am tempted to do."

"Anything reasonable, Avis; I have only you. What do you want?"

"A hat at Mrs. Chapeau's. And such a love of a one. But it is too high-priced."

"How much is it?"

"Thirty-five dollars."

The father placed forty dollars in her hand without a word.

Avis jumped up and kissed him, and then, as he rose to go, said,

"Any news from the army to-day?"

"Yes; another skirmish before Petersburg."

"That is where Mary's husband is. I hope he is not hurt. Poor thing, she is nearly distracted because she does not hear from him."

Mr. Weldon went back to his office, and Avis turned to go to her own room. On the landing she met the usually brisk chamber-maid, her eyes red from weeping.

"Any news from Dick yet, Mary?"

"Yes, Miss," she sobbed. "He is lying in the hospital with the one arm gone intirely, and a bullet-hole through his foot. And now, to think I cannot even go to see him! And he dying for a kind word, maybe."

"But why can't you go to him? I will keep your place for you."

The poor wife shook her head, and, covering her face with her apron, sobbed as if her heart would break. Avis waited a moment, and then said, "You have the means, Mary, certainly?"

"No, and that is what is killing me intirely. When I drew my last quarter, I gave it to my brother, who had a place as coachman, to put in the Safety-Fund, along wid some money of his own. I went to him, to-day; but 'twas no use. He can't git it back till after notice. And poor Dick may die there, alone, and I niver see him."

"How much would it cost to go to him?"

"Thirty dollars; there and back again."

Avis put her hand in her pocket and drew forth the roll of bills she had just received.

"There are forty dollars, Mary!" she said. "Go to your husband, and if you need more, write to me."

The poor creature, with many thanks, hurried off to prepare herself for her journey: and Avis went up stairs, giving up the bonnet, with a sigh; but not repenting of what she had done.

That afternoon, as Charles Summers was leaving the house, his coachman came up to him, hat in hand, "May I speak with you, for jist the minnit?" he said.

"Yes, Thomas; what is it?"

"Well, ye see, sir, Dick is in the army. He is me sister's husband. And a kind creeter she is, too. Well, in that last skrimmage, he had his arm shot off intirely; and the poor thing, that's me sister Mary, is crazy to go and see him. She lives to Mr. Weldon's; and when they paid her last quarter, she give it to me to put in the Safety-Fund with mine, and I did that same; and now ye see, sir, I can't git it back till after notice; and, in course, she can't go to see poor Dick."

"And so you want to borrow it of me?"

"The same, sir. And ye can keep it back from me pay next quarter."

Mr. Summers gave him the money, and went on his way. Two hours later, he again met Thomas, who, tendering the identical money, said,

"I don't want it, sir. All the same obleeged. Mary has gone. Her young lady give her the money—Miss Avis, they call her. It was some her father had give her to buy a bonnet, so Mary told the girls in the kitchen. When she found that Mary had no money to go and see Dick, she give it right over to her, and is going to keep her place for her till she comes back. And they say it's not the first time she has done the likes since this war begun! She one time sold a goold brasslet to help a poor feller buy a cork-leg, who had his shot off."

Charles Summers walked down the street, thinking less of himself than ever before in his life. That evening he called to see Avis. What he said we shall not repeat; but as Mr. Weldon has engaged a housekeeper, our fair readers can, perhaps, guess.

This was last summer. Since then poor Dick has died in the hospital. But Mary has come back, and will, never, she says, leave Avis.

SUMMER RILLS.

BY M. L. MATHESON.

Ye bubbling, gushing, limpid things,

Whither away—

Why leave those cool, maternal springs
In wanton play?

Now gleaming, laughing, dancing well,
In sportive glee—

What joyous, merry tales ye tell
Of wildwood free.

Then panting, sighing, sobbing low,
With grieving moan

Ye chant the strains of solemn woe,
In sadd'ning tone!

And as ye thus through vale and dell
Meanderling go;

As shines the sun o'er moor and fell,
Or swift, or slow,

Methinks I hear, in rippling tones
And merry ways,

In hisping laugh, or grieving moans,
Your Maker's praise!

TO THE SWALLOWS.

BY E. H. BREWSTER.

SWALLOWS flying, that the Summer

Through have cheered our hearts with song—

Song so gentle, cheering, soothing,

That to other realms belong.

Oh! how sad to part our friendship,

Though our love shall e'er be one!

Sad it is to see ye flying

Homeward to the warmth of sun.

Ah! we gaze and pierce the azure

With our eyes to see ye still:

How we loth to part our friendship,

'Tis against our very will.

But we look and know ye're coming,

When the Summer sweetly loves,

To our home to cheer and bless us

With the ever blissful doves.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER," "JUNO CLIFFORD,"
"MY THIRD BOOK," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52.

III.—THE WEDDING.

THE white, pitiless winter days that shut Veronica in, and chilled her heart with their pale silence, went by on golden wings for Gerard and his brown-eyed darling—each one bringing nearer their day of days. Alice was happy—utterly happy. She asked no more of fate than it had given. Gerard felt a little man-like, lover-like impatience for his bridal, and had, in the midst of his happiness, one slight vexation—the persistent refusal of his cousin Veronica to come to the wedding. He was not going to take his bride home until mid-summer; partly he feared the effect of the penetrating New England spring, with its biting east winds and uncertain temperature on her delicate and unacclimated constitution, and partly because of her strong desire that they should go at once to her own home on Long Island, and pass their honeymoon in the spot most likely to be endeared to them by the joys and sorrows of their future. So the present prospect was, that he would have to wait some little time before displaying his prize to his cousin.

This was a trifle, however, in his sum total of happiness. Nothing could seriously annoy him when a great part of every day was passed with Alice—and every evening found him at her side. Mrs. Goldthwaite complained that he did not give the child time enough to be fitted properly to her dresses; and even Mr. Goldthwaite had begun to be satisfied of his devotion.

And so, at last, the May morning came on which they dressed Alice for her bridal. Mr. Ralph Tremaine had arrived the day before blazed and paternal. He seemed to have left his mysterious burden, whatever it was, behind him in Boston. He was all smiles and geniality. He professed himself delighted with his son's choice; and I think the satisfaction was real. As I have said before, he had a strong affection for all things nearly connected with himself; and the strongest emotions of love and pride which he ever experienced were concentrated on Gerard.

Never was more enthusiastic bridegroom. To him his brown-eyed darling, with her delicate,

spiritual beauty, clad in her robes of misty white, seemed a being fitter for heaven than for earth. He loved her with a love which was the essence of all that was best and noblest in his nature. His comfortable self-esteem gave way to a sense of unworthiness of so much goodness and grace—a fear lest he might not make her entirely happy. Could any shadow ever come to darken such a love—any frosts to chill it?

Alice felt neither doubts or fears. Joy as pure as heaven shone in her clear eyes. Perfect love and perfect trust shone on her face. Surely never was fairer promise of happiness.

At eleven o'clock it was all over—priestly benison, congratulations of friends, good-byes—and with sunshine over her bonny head, and flowers strewing the path she trod, the bride stepped into the carriage which was to convey them on the first stage of their journey to Paradise—for is it not Paradise for which every newly married pair set forth so gaily? Do they not expect to walk under the trees of Eden; to see the magical splendor of brighter days than this prosaic world ever knows; to feel their brows fanned by immortal airs? No matter if the true goal be sometimes not Olympus but Avernus—if the fruits turn, now and then, to apples of Sodom, and there is heaviness instead of joy, mourning instead of laughter—they are gifted with no spirit of divination. Let us not be Cassandra, to doom them with unheeded prophecies. A kind world smiles, and for one bright day they believe immortal love and immortal youth no fable.

To Veronica, far away, the day rose mockingly. A chill east wind blew—a wind which seemed to blow over her life, sweeping away all its blossoms, and whirling them like withered leaves over a path where no other steps would ever join her solitary feet. Her uncle being away, she had breakfast in her own room, and Rosette waited on her. She was not well, she said, and truly white lips and ashen cheeks indorsed her statement. Rosette watched her keenly. Once she remarked, looking straight into her mistress' face,

"It is strange Mr. Gerard did not wait till

next month. They used to say in France that marriages in May are always unlucky."

If she had expected any sign of emotion, she was disappointed. Not one muscle of Miss Tremaine's face quivered. She answered in the most careless tones,

"Lovers are not apt to like waiting. They make their own omens."

Rosette retired, as usual, from any trial of skill with her mistress, discomfited. She knew well enough the secret that proud face scorned to reveal, but she saw that not even by so much as the movement of an eyelash would Miss Tremaine confide in her.

The rest of the day Veronica sat alone. She made no plans—she scarcely thought at all. It was a day so bitter that no cup she might ever again have to drink could contain worse dregs. She drained them drop by drop; but her purpose never failed—the day should come when that girl-bride should weep for her lost lover—when she, Veronica, should wear the crown of that man's love.

Alice Tremaine would never know a happier hour than when, with her husband by her side, she came in sight of the great hospitable house on the Long Island shore, raising its gray height toward the May sky, and looking its grandest and stateliest, with its doors open as if spreading out arms of welcome. Here she meant to live her happy life. Every nook of the old place was dear to her. Father and mother, friends and kinsfolks, had lived and died here. The old home seemed to her like a friend. She almost believed that the loved and lost still walked to and fro under those ancestral trees—that hands she could not see were stretched toward her in blessing, and faces which her dim eyes had no power to distinguish, were looking at her, on this her bridal day, with looks of love. She grew jubilant over Gerard's admiration of the spot—"All-Come-Home," was its quaint, hospitable name. She made him go with her into all the rooms; look at all the pictures of dead Lauderdale; note from the windows how yonder you gazed on the sea, with its shifting waste of emerald, and from this other side you looked into a beautiful country, with stately trees, soft, bosky dells, and paths that seemed to lead into green vistas of peace.

It had been her home through all her early girlhood, before her father died; and ever since Mr. Goldthwaite had been her guardian, she had always persuaded the family to come here for part of the summer months. She had come back to it now, in her new happiness, feeling as if her joy was more real than it could be

elsewhere; and, with Gerard by her side, she thought she had found her Paradise.

May its gates never shut her out! May the blossoms of Eden grow forever in her path—her skies never lose the radiance of the dawn—her suns never set in darkness!

But earth is not yet heaven.

IV.—RALPH TREMAINE'S TROUBLES.

It was almost summer. The time for Gerard to bring home his wife was near at hand. That morning Veronica had been superintending some preparations for their reception. It was nearly dinner-time now, and she went down stairs and walked to and fro on the broad piazza, waiting for her uncle. Not all her secret wretchedness had brought a touch of change to her sparkling beauty. She looked as regal as ever, as she paced backward and forward, speculating about the future. She turned as she heard the hoof-beats of a horse ridden rapidly up the avenue. What could possess her uncle to come tearing home at such a pace? In a moment she saw it was not Mr. Tremaine—then, as the rider drew still nearer, she recognized a man who had occasionally come out on business from her uncle's office. What could be the matter? She knew by the look on his face that he came to bring no pleasant tidings. He dismounted, and said respectfully,

"My errand is to you, Miss Tremaine. I am to give you this letter," and drawing one from his pocket, he put it into her hands.

"You will wait to rest your horse and take some refreshment?" she asked, with a mechanical instinct of hospitality.

"No, thank you—I was to return at once."

He looked at her a moment with a curious expression of admiration and pity—then he mounted his horse and rode away as rapidly as he had come.

She went to her own room before she broke the seal of the letter—then she opened it and read these words:—

"I have nothing to say for myself, no excuse to make, only one crushing fact to tell you. I am ruined! Every dollar of my property, and every dollar of your fortune, is gone. Why was your father so mad as to leave it in my charge, to be invested according to my judgment? I meant for the best. I thought I should double the money. The mining stocks in which I invested it promised well, but they have burst like a child's soap-bubble. I wonder I dare to write you this. My own calmness and courage surprise me. I know you cannot forgive me, so I do not ask it. If you have any message for

me—if there is anything that I can do for you—write to me at the office. I shall not come home again until you have left the house. The establishment, of course, must be broken up; as a first step you will have to go away. After that I will manage the rest. You can have several weeks in which to make your arrangements. Fortunately, you are not without money on hand for immediate uses. Of course, you can go, for awhile, to Gerard; and, by-and-by, I hope to be situated so as to help you. If I dared, I would promise some time to pay you all; but I am getting an old man, and I do not venture, when the past has been so disastrous, to count upon the future. Gerard's fortune, thank heaven, is in his own hands; otherwise that would have gone too. Believe me, I can bear the shock to myself willingly, and well enough. The hardest part of the blow to me is, that it must fall on you. As I said, I know you cannot forgive me—but blame my poor judgment, my weak brain, not my intentions toward you. Of intentional wrong toward my dead brother's child, God knows I am guiltless.

“RALPH TREMAINE.”

Veronica read the letter through without indignation, with an honest pity for the stricken, humiliated man. She had faults enough—but love of money was not one of them. She was kind-hearted, too, where some stronger passion was not interfered with. She was not at all cast down by this blow. Indeed, her eyes brightened over a thought that came into her mind as she read. She would have lost ten fortunes for the sake of the hold she could foresee that she might acquire through this loss upon Gerard. She sat down and wrote, first of all, a letter to her uncle, full of business. She told him that, had his speculations been successful, and her property increased on his hands, no one would have blamed him for the manner in which he used it—then, surely, it would be unjust to blame him now, when his intentions had been the same, and he himself had lost all. She begged him to come home at once, and let her help him in all his arrangements; to feel sure that she should never blame him, any more than she would have blamed her father, if, through any misfortune, he had lost the property before it came into her hands.

This done, she wrote to Gerard. She enclosed to him the letter from his father, and told him he would understand by that her position. If she might come to them for a few weeks, until she could make some arrangements for the future, she should be very glad. She hoped to

have no difficulty in procuring a situation as governess; but she knew so little of the steps necessary to be taken, that she would wait until she could have his advice and assistance. She begged him not to blame his father, and declared her entire conviction that he had acted with the very best intentions. She expressed her regret that the visit they had been planning should be interrupted, and that, instead, she must throw herself upon their hospitality; and concluded with an injunction that they should not pity her nor condole with her, for she was not going to lament her loss. The trial would strengthen her, and do her good.

Gerard Tremaine read this letter, sitting at case in the pleasant drawing-room of “All-Come-Home.” He was terribly shocked, of course. He felt vexed with his father—felt a personal sense of shame at what he considered a scandalous abuse of trust. His first impulse was to make over every dollar he possessed to Veronica; then his pride revolted at the thought of the entire dependance on his wife in which that would leave him. Just then Alice came into the room, and, seeing his troubled face, perched herself, after a childish fashion of her own, on the arm of his chair, and demanded to know the cause of such a rueful countenance.

For answer, he put into her hands Veronica's letter and his father's. She read them both through deliberately, and while she read he watched the expression of her face. It was an innocent, transparent face, whereon he could always read the thoughts like an open book. He saw there surprise, sympathy, and finally, admiration and satisfaction.

“It is very sad,” she said, as she handed the letters back, “but, of course, we can never let her go out governessing as she talks about. It is quite out of the question. Our obligation to her is just as strong as if she were your sister; and she must always live with us. I am sure you will agree with me, Gerard. She must come here, and we will make her as happy as we can. I know I shall love her. How generous and noble she is. Who else would have taken the loss of a fortune as she has? Her only fear seems to be lest we should blame your father. We must write to her at once. It would be cruel to leave her in suspense about her future a moment longer than we can help.”

Gerard drew down the bright, earnest face to his own, and kissed it with a fervor which nearly three months of matrimony had not abated.

“Brownie,” he said, earnestly—Brownie was his pet name for her—“you are too good for

this world. There never was any one else like you. You are very generous in this matter; but let us not act too hastily. You are not sure you will like her. Would it not be better to let her come here first, and see how you suit each other, before asking her to stay with us always?"

"Only that it seems to me, Gerard, that would be but half a welcome. She would be troubled all the time about her future. I am sure I shall like her; but whether I do or not does not seem to me to alter the case. I think we have a duty to do, and it would not be right to let her seek a home among strangers because of your father's misfortune. Then she is not fit for a governess—that proud, stately woman you have told me of—the bread of dependance would choke her—wages would burn in her hands. Here we must make her feel that she is our sister, and that her rights are as undoubted as our own."

Gerard smiled—he could not help it—at the thought of his stately cousin, with those royal manners of hers, trying to teach hoydenish children, or bending her haughty head to listen to the directions of some commonplace woman, purse-proud and under-bred.

"You are right, Brownie," he said, "at least in thinking she is not fit to be a governess. For the rest, if you are willing to make the sacrifice of having her here, I can only consent, and be most grateful for your kindness. And yet we must not delude ourselves into thinking that we have nothing to give up. We shall miss our drives and walks alone together, and our happy, solitary evenings—for it will not do to shut her out of our pursuits."

"And we shall gain a sister. You shall not frighten me. I will write to her myself while you write. She will like to have my welcome also."

"I was thinking about Rosette. You know, Alice, I have mentioned her to you. She was the one who brought Veronica to us from France. She was quite young herself, then—only a few years older than my cousin. They have never been separated since. Do you think we could make a place for her among the servants?"

"Of course we could. What is the use of having a great house, and a great fortune, if we cannot make any one happy with it? Let us write our letters."

Gerard wrote warmly and kindly—told his cousin that they would accept no refusals. She was to come to them, to bring Rosette with her, and to be from henceforth their sister. At her peril she was not to talk of any such nonsense

as governessing. She belonged to them, and they should never spare her till she tired of them, or loved some one else better. Should he come on for her, he asked, or would Rosette be a sufficient escort?

Alice's letter was simply charming. It was the first time she had ever written to Veronica; but her genuine warmth of heart and desire to give pleasure saved her from all embarrassment. It read like the words of one fond sister to another—putting Miss Tremaine's coming to live with them quite in the light of a favor to themselves, and begging her to join them with as little delay as possible.

When Veronica read the two letters, Alice's touched her in spite of herself. She had looked for Gerard's, but Alice's was quite unexpected; and its delicate tenderness, its warmth, its quick appreciation of feelings and circumstances, charmed her, and almost beguiled her from her intention. If I have made you think Veronica Tremaine without heart, without tenderness, without gratitude, I have failed in my purpose. She was without principle. Her own undisciplined wishes were the law of her life; and she never troubled herself to measure actions or purposes by any abstract standard of right and wrong; but she had generous impulses and strong power of loving. If Alice had not been Gerard's wife, had not, as Veronica persuaded herself, wiled him away from her, she would have loved Alice dearly. As it was, the young wife's sweet, fond letter almost won her—almost persuaded her to let her happiness alone.

She rang for Rosette, and told her briefly that Mr. Tremaine had been unfortunate, and their establishment was to be broken up. She herself was going to live with her cousin Gerard, and she was empowered to offer Rosette a situation there, if she chose to accept it. Rosette considered for a few moments, and then answered her,

"That I am not necessary to you, Miss Veronica, I know well. I have never made any professions of devotion to you; but you are used to me, and I am used to your service. The only tie I have in the world is the tie of long habit, which binds me to you. If you please, I will accompany you."

"Very well. You can commence at once to make arrangements for our removal. I shall take all that is mine, and you must see that everything is properly boxed and prepared."

Then she wrote to Gerard and his wife her letter of thanks and acceptance. She assured them that she could travel perfectly well with

Rosette—it would be quite unnecessary for Gerard to come for her. She appointed a day of the next week for her arrival; and then, at the close, she wrote a few lines especially to Alice, so tender and grateful, that they won at once the gentle heart to which they appealed.

During the few days before Veronica left she did not see her uncle. He replied to her letter, and wrote with deep emotion of her generosity in forgiving him so freely. But he had not strength to see her, he said. It would be the kindest thing that could be done for him to leave him to himself. There was nothing in which she could assist him. When her possessions were removed, all else that was left would be sold at auction; and there would be nothing that he could not manage better in her absence.

So she went on with her preparations.

V.—AT “ALL-COME-HOME.”

At “All-Come-Home,” too, preparations were being made—preparations of welcome. Alice appropriated to her guest one wing of the house, containing three rooms. The largest was for Veronica's sitting-room, when she chose to be alone. It was arranged, as nearly as Alice could ascertain from her husband's recollections, like his cousin's room at home. It was hung, like that, in warm, bright colors, and was adorned with everything quaint and beautiful that Alice could find room for. Pictures were on the walls, statuettes smiled down in white beauty from brackets in the corners—here was a graceful vase, there a stand for flowers, yonder a bronze dancing-girl, holding a delicate porcelain lump. Out of this room opened two others, the larger of which was fitted up for Miss Tremaine's bed-chamber. In this Alice had consulted only her own taste, and it looked cool, and fresh, and simple. A delicate green carpet was upon the floor, white muslin curtains at the windows; all the toilet-glasses and ornaments were of pale green, and over the mantle, opposite the bed, she hung Muller's engraving of the Madonna di San Sisto.

It looked a temple for pure dreams and a pure life. Could any one ever think dark, despairing thoughts, or plot evil, with those sad, yet hopeful eyes of the Virgin Mother shining down upon them?

The third room was arranged for Rosette, whose chief service was to be still to attend upon Miss Tremaine.

When Alice had completed her arrangements, she was as delighted with them as a child. She made Gerard look at and admire everything, and went in herself, half a dozen times a

day, to see if there was room for any finishing touches.

At last came the appointed day, and with it, a little before the late dinner, Veronica. Alice, herself, took her to her rooms and enjoyed to the full her expressions of surprise and pleasure. For the time that proud heart was really touched, and there was sincerity as well as warmth in the kiss she pressed upon Alice's cheek. She had a strong impulse, just then, toward the right—an impulse to leave to the little wife, who was so kind to her, the enjoyment of her husband's love. If she had loved Gerard a little less jealously, with a passion less absorbing and exclusive, there might have been hope that she would conquer it.

She made a simple toilet for dinner—a dress of plain, white muslin, with a few scarlet fuchsias in her bosom, and drooping from the shining coils of her dark hair. But, dress as simply as she would, nature had made her look like a queen. For Gerard, who had not seen her for nearly a year, her beauty had almost the charm of novelty. He had forgotten how perfect it was. Indeed, she was more brilliant than of old. Her cheeks used to be colorless, and her eyes languid, except when kindled by some especial excitement—now, though, eyes and cheeks shone a light which seemed like the glow from some central fire which never ceased to burn. Vivid tints brightened her cheeks and lips, the lustre in her eyes was clear and strong as the ray struck from a diamond. Alice was dazzled. Gerard's description had not prepared her to expect anything like this. After knowing his cousin, she wondered how he could ever have loved her.

Gerard did not wonder. Looking at them both, he confessed that Veronica was the most magnificent. He saw in her

“A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair;”

but, to him, his Brownie was more attractive. He was as satisfied with his “brawn-eyed darling” as on the day he wooed her.

Making Veronica at home, receiving her as one of themselves, they passed their evening as usual—wandering under the trees, and down toward the sea, singing and talking.

Veronica did not sing. She was too tired, she said. I think she preferred hearing Alice. She wanted to gauge all her attractions, understand her powers.

That night she sat in front of her mirror, with Rosette brushing out her hair. She was silent, but Rosette seemed unusually inclined to talk. She commented on the extent of Mrs. Tremaine's

possessions, the elegance of the establishment; and then she remarked, with apparent carelessness, but watching keenly, as she spoke, the expression of her mistress' face reflected in the glass,

"I never should have thought Mr. Tremaine would make such a devoted husband. He used to be gay and careless enough; but now he seems to think nothing in the world is too much trouble for that little fair-faced woman. How his eyes follow her!"

A dark shadow obscured, for a moment, the brightness of Miss Tremaine's face. She drew her head away with a petulant motion, and exclaimed,

"How you pull my hair, Rosette. If you would keep *your* eyes on your work I should be the gainer."

But the shaft had struck home despite her careless air. She, too, had noticed the devotion of her cousin's manner toward his wife, and it had aroused all the fierce, passionate jealousy of her nature. If she had found them living on terms of comfortable indifference, she could have borne it better. Perhaps then she would have let them alone. But to see their perfect happiness, stung her. She could not give him up so. He had said once, "I love you, Veronica!"—he *should* say it again. What matter, then, if they both died—if all three died—she should have had her day. All gentle ruth died in her heart. Gratitude was swept away. She persuaded herself that Alice had done her wrong, and deserved to suffer. Long after she had sent Rosette to bed, she sat there forming her plans. She was proud, and she hated hypocrisy; but she must stoop to it. She would win Alice's love, gain a hold on her, for the first step; then she would in some way work coldness between her and her husband—in some way convince Gerard that he had thrown away his happiness when he gave her up—in some way bring him back to her feet. Beyond that she did not go. Whether he was to separate himself wholly from his wife—what the future was to be—she did not then pause to think. She thought all she wanted, all she asked, would be compassed when once she should hear him say again, "I love you, Veronica."

VI.—IN NEW YORK.

Mrs. TREMAINE began her new life warily. It would not do, at first, to take one step toward alienating her cousin and his wife. First of all they must both be convinced that they were no less happy in each other for her presence—that her coming had added to their resources for

pleasure, not diminished their enjoyment. It would spoil all if either of them should be able to date from her advent any shadow upon their life. Passionate and impulsive as she was, she could be cautious and patient when there was need. She managed with a tact worthy of an Italian diplomatist. She did not bore them. She contrived to have resources of her own, occupations which left them plenty of time to be alone together. Then, when she was with them, she made herself so thoroughly agreeable that both of them were enchanted with her. To Alice she devoted herself particularly. She was not very caressing, nor did she flatter. Neither flattery or lavish demonstration would have suited the proud equipoise of her character—but she let Mrs. Tremaine see that she found a strong attraction in her society; and to perceive this, in one for whom her own admiration was so unbounded, was to Alice the most subtle of compliments. When Gerard was at home, Veronica was very likely to have something to do which kept her in her own room most of the day; but if Alice was alone, there was always some walk they must take—some drive—something to read—some reason they should be together; until, in a little while, she had become almost a necessity to the young wife's happiness.

This went on for several months, until approaching cold weather began to remind them to make arrangements for the winter. I think both Gerard and Alice, if their cousin had not been with them, would have been tempted to remain at "All-Come-Home"—for they were still too happy in each other to care much for the outside world. But both of them felt a sort of responsibility about Veronica—her amusements—her prospects—though they were quite too delicate to allow her to imagine that they made any change in their plans on her account. Alice was the first to propose that they should go for the winter to New York. The idea just suited Veronica. She was not happy at "All-Come-Home." If a lost soul can look into heaven, can hear from the sad underworld the anthems of perpetual joy from above, the suffering may be something of the same nature hers was, when she looked on this Paradise in which she had no right—saw the man she had loved with all the resistless bent of her strong, tropical nature wholly devoted to another. She would be glad of any change. She adroitly withheld all expression of opinion, but they saw, nevertheless, what her wishes were.

The next day Gerard went to New York and engaged an elegant and convenient suite of

apartments at the St. Blank Hotel. In a few days their preparations for removal were completed, and the whole party established for the season in their winter quarters. It was a gay winter; and I think there were few who crossed the threshold of the St. Blank that season who would not remember the brilliant party from "All-Come-Home." Gerard was pleasure-loving by temperament—Alice was young enough to enjoy heartily, and pretty enough to win her own modest meed of admiration—but Veronica it was who dazzled, who startled, who electrified. Her influence upon all who approached her seemed magnetic. She took her legitimate place at once as a queen of society. It was new to her; she had lived hitherto in such comparative quiet, that this atmosphere of homage and excitement had all the charm of novelty. She found herself the object of attentions from men far enough superior to her cousin Gerard in personal prestige, in intellect, in fortune; yet her love for him never wavered. With all her faults, she was steadfast—nay, perhaps, that was the worst of her faults, since she was steadfast in the wrong.

Not for the devotion of one of those men's lifetime would she have sacrificed the single hope of hearing Gerard's voice say but once again, "I love you, Veronica"—though after that should wait for her death and judgment. The attention she excited was, at first, a surprise to her cousin. He had before acknowledged that she was brilliant and charming. He began to discover now that she was unique among women as the diamond among precious stones. Did he ever wonder that the diamond's sparkle had not caught and held him, before he had seen the delicate lustre, the pale brown of his own pure pearl?

A thought of that nature crossed Mr. Goldthwaite's mind one evening, when they were all in his drawing-room. He admired Veronica, but he did not thoroughly like her. Those cool, penetrating gray eyes of his—Gerard's dread in the old time—had gone far toward discovering her secret. That she had loved her cousin he was confident, even if all hope were dead now; and he wondered why that love had not been returned. She was just the woman, it seemed to him, to infatuate a man like Gerard. He puzzled over it often.

"Has Miss Tremaine any fortune?" he asked Alice, when he happened to be near her for a moment, out of hearing of the others.

"Not now—she lost it."

"Lost it—when?"

"Since we were married. It was a sad pity.

Gerard's father was her guardian, and he invested her money without proper security, and lost it all. That is why she lives with us."

There was something in his manner that excited Alice's suspicions. She was not naturally suspicious; but there are times when minds the least speculative, and the most transparent, are stimulated to unwonted keenness of vision. She knew as well as if he had told her, that it had been in her guardian's mind when he asked her the first question, that possibly Gerard might have loved his cousin, and been prevented from marrying her by her want of fortune.

"How glad I am," she thought to herself, "that I could tell him that it was since our marriage, and not before, that her property was lost. He never *did* have faith in Gerard's love. Did he think I had no power to please except my cent per cent. value?"

This with as indignant a look upon her face as such a gentle face could wear. Then she went across the room to where her husband stood talking, and put her hand through his arm, as if to claim him before the world as her very own.

All this time Gerard had not once suspected that Veronica had ever loved him. Her cheerful responses to his letters about Alice, had long ago settled that point in his mind. The first suspicion came one night, at one of Mrs. Lauderdale's receptions. Mrs. Lauderdale was a relative of Alice, and a great social magnate. To be, or not to be, in Mrs. Lauderdale's set, was a question of almost life and death importance to that part of New York who strove for social distinction. Of course, her relationship with Alice established the party from "All-Come-Home" on terms of familiar intimacy at once—and their position was quite the envy of less favored denizens of the St. Blank. At Mrs. Lauderdale's one met the *creme de la creme*, literally. Riches alone were no passport.

No social triumphs, however, were powerful enough to lure her from her purpose. She valued one of Gerard's smiles more than the entire devotion of any other; but she rejoiced in a success which would convince him of her power. Perhaps her very indifference to homage, her haughty self-possession, was her chief charm—for surely she reigned a queen. On the evening of which I speak, her success, like her beauty, was at its zenith. Robert Huger was then at the height of popularity. Born of the old blood, with all the tastes and habits of a gentleman, with a fortune large enough for his not stinted wants—a sybarite, as it were, by in-

heritance—he had bravely shaken off the fetters of fashionable indolence and folly, had espoused the cause of the masses, and, working for humanity solely, had found an unexpected and present reward in a personal popularity which would have intoxicated a weaker man. He was a friend of Mrs. Lauderdale's; and when he ranged himself among the admirers of Veronica Tremaine, the lesser lights felt themselves extinguished, and began to watch the game.

This night he had been urging her to sing. Superb as her voice was, she seldom used it in public. She never seemed to think it worth the trouble; and to-night she refused Huger, as she had the rest. Gerard happened to stand the other side of her. He was proud of her singing, and half vexed at her refusal. He bent toward her and whispered,

"Sing for me, if not for them, Veronica. Imagine yourself at 'All-Come-Home,' and give me just one song."

She saw that Huger had noticed the whisper, and she turned to him with a smile,

"My cousin thinks I am willfully wicked. His exhortation has brought me to a state of penitence; and, by way of doing penance, I will sing, if you will let me change my mind."

He led her to the piano: Gerard, who felt that the song was for him, following. She struck a few careless notes, then began playing a strain of wild, sad melody, full of passionate woe, of bewildering sweetness. Then her voice floated out upon it—a voice which thrilled you like the cry of a bereaved spirit as she sang it—telling the whole story of a lifetime's despair:—

"Though we were parted, or though he had died,
She said, I could bear the worst,
If he only had loved me at the last
As he loved me at the first.

"But woe is me! said the hapless maiden,
That ever a lover came;
Since he who lit in my heart the fire
Has failed to tend the flame.

"Ah! why did he pour in my life's poor cup
A nectar so divine,
If he had no heart to fill it up
With a draught as pure and fine?

"Oh! if he were either true or false,
My torment might have end;
He hath been, for a lover, too unkind—
Too loving for a friend.

"And there is not a soul in all the world
So wretched as mine must be:
For I cannot live on his love, she said,
Nor die of his cruelty."

As she rose from the piano, she met Gerard's eyes. The look lasted but a moment—but her whole soul was in hers. No one else saw it—and as she took Robert Huger's arm and walked away, he had no idea that she had been singing, not for him, but for her cousin.

Gerard questioned himself as to the meaning of that look—the passion of woe in her song. Not even yet did he fully understand her; but a breath of suspicion had troubled the calm equilibrium of his self-satisfaction. In spite of himself his thoughts went back to that other night, and the look in her eyes, when they answered to his, "I love you." Could it be that she had loved him once? He looked over to where Alice was sitting—calm, gentle, and undisturbed. How sweet and simple she was. There was nothing intoxicating about her. He went over to his wife, and sat down by her. She welcomed him, as always, with a smile.

"Brownie, you look tired," he said, kindly.

"No, Gerard, I was only thinking about Veronica. What a strange song she sang. She must have loved some one once, and been disappointed. That is why she is so indifferent to everybody now. It is a cruel thing. She is so calculated to make some one happy. How royal she is? Who is there here that can compare with her?"

Involuntarily Gerard glanced around the room. Some of the most noted beauties of the season were there. But there were none like Veronica. How earnestly Huger was talking to her. He thought he was glad of it. He turned, after his survey, to his wife.

"I think this must be the right one at last, Brownie. See how interested she appears. Huger is just the man for her."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LINES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

LIGHTLY! full lightly.

Oh! sleep, on her now,
Let your rarest of balsams
Be shed on her brow.

Let the rosiest of visions
Embellish her rest;
And the wings of bright creatures
Wave soft o'er her breast.

Come gales from Elysium,
Breathe fragrance around—
The breath of the flowers
With which cherubs are crowned;

And let no ill shadows
Her spirits invade,
Till Morn's conquering hand
Upon Darkness is laid.

THAT AUGUST.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

It was along the first week in August—I can remember it by our having a blackberry pudding for dinner that day, and we hadn't had one before, and the blackberries always got ripe in the lot, back of the barn, the first week in August, just as regular as it came.

Maybe you'll think it seems sort of foolish for me to recollect the time Noel Fenton got to our house by such a thing as that; but I always do, and I can remember just how hearty he ate of it, in his dainty way, and how the great ring on his little finger sparkled and danced every time he lifted his spoon.

The stone in that ring was an emerald. I had read about the like in story books, and what bad luck they brought to anybody who had a present of them; but I didn't think then what was to come, and—but I'm sure you can't make English, nor anything else out of what I wanted to tell, if I don't manage to do it plainer than this.

Well, then, to begin a little straighter. Dauphin and I had been living a year here in the old house; and for all it was the first year we'd been married, it hadn't been a year of ease, nor roses either, I can tell you; for though the old house was comfortable enough, and the farm raised all we wanted to eat, what with Dauphin's ambition and mine to get rich—and mine more than his—he'd started a steam saw-mill up in the woods, and, though it was likely to prove a fortune, for the first it just took all we could rake and scrape to keep it going.

I don't think I'd quite made up my mind whether I loved Dauphin Cargill or not when I married him. He was one of the best-hearted men in the world, I knew that; but you see I'd kept school a little, and I'd read more story-books than there was any use of, and got all sorts of queer ideas in my head. I just knew enough to know I was ignorant and dissatisfied without knowing how to change it. I told Dauphin exactly how I felt about it all; how I was willing to work, and work hard if there was anything coming of it; but I didn't mean to dig, dig, till I grew old and gray, with never time for a book or newspaper, like the folks round me did.

So we got married, and for awhile I worked

with a will; but somehow I couldn't feel contented, and I never gave Dauphin any peace nor myself either. He was away a good deal that winter lumbering, and when I was alone, I used to sit up half the night reading every book I could lay my hands on. There was a library down at Kenford, and every week I'd send the books I'd read back by the stage-driver and get a new pile.

Well, the spring came on, and I was real unhappy. It appeared to me I'd made a mistake. I seemed to hate work, and hate the farm, and Dauphin petted me with his old-fashioned ways, and I expect I scolded and worried him more than most men would have put up with; but he never talked back, only just sat and looked tired like, and worked harder than ever—oh! how he did work!

So the time got on to August, and that morning I'd been out and picked the first blackberries, and made the pudding, because I knew it would please Dauphin, and I'd been so on edge for two days past that I began to feel ashamed and wanted to come round a little.

The dinner was all ready, and pretty soon I heard him come up on the long stoop at the side of the house. He was talking to somebody, and I just peeped out to see who it was, because it wasn't a voice nor a way of speaking that belonged to anybody about there—and then I saw Noel Fenton.

He was dressed in such a pretty summer suit, he looked so pale and handsome with his light-brown hair and long curly moustache; and before I could even wonder who he was, I remembered how I looked, and ran away into the bed-room and got into my pink muslin dress and smoothed my curls down.

When I got out into the kitchen again, there they both were, and Dauphin introduced me to him, and told me how he'd come to look after a lot of land his father owned about there, and how there was timber on it that they thought could be managed to make money of for all hands.

I wasn't often very shy, though I felt so at first, and somehow Dauphin's countrified way of talking never struck me as it did then; but Noel Fenton kept chattering and laughing so

pleasant, that pretty soon I couldn't do anything but listen.

Before dinner was over, Dauphin managed to tell him what a hand I was for books and all that, for he thought there never was a woman so smart as I, though, goodness, I should have supposed he'd have hated the sight of a book after the way I'd been going on.

Fenton told us how he'd been stopping at the tavern in the village, and had eaten boiled cabbage till he was afraid of growing into a vegetable, and somehow—I can't tell how it came about—it was decided that he should stay a week with us; and Dauphin promised to send over and get black Lucy Johnson to come and help do the work.

I didn't know what ailed me that afternoon, I never was in such a flutter, but I flew round and put the house to rights, while Dauphin and Fenton went back to the mill, and Lucy got there, and we made up a lot of cake; and all the while I was ready to cry because I had to work so, and hated myself worse than ever.

I fixed a chamber for Mr. Fenton. I bung up white curtains, and put my Marseilles quilt on the bed, and twisted ground pine over the glass, and did my best to make it pretty; but I thought all the while how bare and poor it looked, and wished he had never come near us, and yet wouldn't have had him go away for anything.

All that evening he sat and smoked his beautiful carved pipe, and talked about the places he had seen, the foreign countries he had visited, and the wonderful people whose books I had read, till I just had to shut my eyes to keep the tears from streaming down my cheeks: and Dauphin was so pleased, what with Fenton's ways and the delight he knew I'd have in hearing it all.

"It's like a new lease of life to Annis," said he. "Only think, Annis, you was dreaming the other night, about going in a gondoly in Venice."

Those dreadful y's that he would put at the end of words, and I couldn't break him of the habit!

"Oh! never mind my dreams," said I.

"But we do," Mr. Fenton put in; "tell it to us, Mrs. Cargill, it is sure to be a perfect little poem, I know."

And just then he was looking straight at me, and I knew he was thinking I was handsome—and that pleased me. If I was poor and learned to work, he saw I was meant for something else—now that was just my ridiculous idea.

So he and Dauphin teased me to tell my dream, and a bit of poetry I learned once came into my head, and I read it off—it was out of

Rogers' Italy. I never saw the book, but that extract was in a story I had read.

"You never made that up," said Dauphin.

I was real mad at his stupid way of talking.

"At all events," said Fenton, "Mrs. Cargill has made the lines her own by her beautiful delivery of them."

There, that was the way people talked in books—it was what I had always wanted to hear. I sat and wondered about the great world beyond our narrow valley, where people were rich and educated; and oh! how something in my heart beat and tore because I could never be like them!

Well, that week got by very fast. Sometimes Fenton went out with Dauphin, sometimes he loitered about the house, and I hated so to have him see me at work, that what I couldn't leave to Lucy, I managed to get over before even Dauphin was out of bed.

Fenton was pleased with everything, and I don't suppose he made it either. I don't doubt that in his life of ease and luxury, yes, and wickedness, this taste of nature was agreeable by way of a change.

I was so anxious he should feel the difference between me and things and people about me—and he did. He hadn't been there two days before he made me understand that he did, and would look at me with a sort of wondering pity, that gave me a queer feeling of satisfaction and anger.

The week of his visit was up; but whether he would have gone away, and our lives gone back to where he came across them, I can't tell, for he met with an accident that made him a prisoner whether or no.

He had been over to the mill, and, coming home, he was climbing a cliff to get some wild clematis, when he fell and sprained his ankle, and Dauphin had to get a wagon to bring him back in.

"But I have your clematis safe," he said, when Dauphin had done explaining. Only those words, but I understood he had hurt himself in trying to please me, like men for the heroines in books! You can't tell how it came over me like a romance, and how much more wonderful it seemed to me than all the days and nights of coarse, hard labor Dauphin had spent in the hope of brightening the life I wasn't fit to enjoy.

I don't believe he suffered over much from his sprain; but he had to keep in the house—and for a week he lay all day on the lounge in the sitting-room, and I waited on him.

I can't tell you how pleasant those days were to me. I don't know what I was thinking of. I

don't believe I thought at all. One thing you may believe, there wasn't in my mind one of the fancies, maybe you are thinking from what I have said, had a place there. It was only that it was like living in one of the stories I was so fond of—and so I just went on.

Dauphin was busy all day; and before that week was over he was less in the house than ever. But I didn't mind it. I didn't notice him much, except to be impatient and fretful when he wanted anything done; but the Lord knows he didn't trouble me much in that way.

So we went on, and, among other things, Fenton was going to teach me French—and he praised my accent, and told me how readily I should learn. I've hated the sight or sound of the meaty-mouthed stuff ever since.

So I waited on him and tended him, and learned French of him, and let him repeat poetry to me, and stood the fire of his great, dark eyes, and really thought an angel had come down to lighten the muddy river of my life a little—muddled and stained by my own bad tempers and discontent, while I was laying the blame on all creation, instead of looking at home for the real cause.

"This has been a fortunate accident," he said, one day.

I suppose I looked surprised—his way of putting things was so different from the talk of those who had lived by me all my life.

"You are pretending not to understand," he said. "If it had not been for this sprain, I should have had no excuse for encroaching further on your hospitality. You must have found me very troublesome, I fear?"

I told him I only wondered he had been able to content himself so long.

"Oh, how unjust to me you are!" he answered. "You cannot dream—you whose life has passed in such blessed quiet—how delightful this rest is to a man as world-tired as I am."

"Do people really get tired out in the world?" I asked.

"So weary!—oh, so weary! You cannot think—you cannot dream how stale and dreary it grows!"

"I thought if I could get away from here—get out of the shadow of these mountains—out into the world where there was life and change—I should never grow tired."

"And you ought to go," he said; "this is no place for you, poor prisoned bird! but not alone. You need some one to sympathize with you; to understand, without explanation, all the thoughts and dreams which oppress you."

"But I shall never go," I said, drearily—"never!"

"You shall not be sad to-day," he continued. "I will not allow it; your life has shadow enough. Into this pleasant room I will not have it intrude."

I got up and brought the French books. I thought he looked a little provoked, but I didn't know what at.

"You never will talk to me about yourself," he said.

"Bless me, there's nothing to talk about! I'd rather study French a good deal. I like to hear you tell about all those beautiful foreign countries, and the great cities you have been."

He put up his hand and stopped me.

"If I tell you something, will you believe it?"

"If it isn't too unlikely," I said, laughing.

"I have been happier during the past week than I have been for years. I have lain here in this shadowy room—heard the birds and the wind singing without—watched one beautiful face bending over my pillow, felt the light touch of a cool hand on my hot forehead—and I have been content to dream on. If it was not real, I never wished to wake."

His voice wasn't more than a whisper, but I could hear it plain enough, and somehow it held me as still as if it had been an iron weight—and there he was looking straight in my face with those great, sorrowful eyes, till I felt the tears coming into mine.

I didn't try to speak—I was too bewildered and dizzy like; and just then black Lucy opened the door.

"Here, Miss Cargill," said she, "come 'long, please, and see what ye think 'bout this ere bread raising."

I heard Fenton mutter something, but I started up. I think I was glad to get away, though I couldn't have given any reason if you'd teased me till I was gray.

I flew round the kitchen and made a custard for ten, and then, while Lucy was setting the table, I went out on the back porch, and stood looking across the fields, and saw Dauphin coming home from the mill, looking tired and hot, with his hat in his hand, and his coat on his arm.

He didn't look pleasant to me. I wasn't glad to see him come. It brought me right down to the facts of my life again.

"You look as cool and cheery as can be," he said, coming up the stoop. "I don't believe anybody'd suppose you belonged to such a dusty, tired chap as I be."

Somehow, though he smiled, the corners of his mouth worked a little. He wanted me to contradict him, and I couldn't; so I said,

"Get washed and a clean coat on—tea is all ready."

He went off to fix himself without a word, and I went back to the sitting-room to call Mr. Fenton. There he sat, looking so like a picture—for he was a beautiful man—that the feeling I had, when I saw Dauphin come up hot and dirty, grew stronger, and I forgot who it was that he was toiling so for; forgot how often he had worked all day, and then watched me all night when I had one of my nervous headaches, patient as my mother could have been; forgot everything that ought to have made him look handsomer than a king on his throne, even if he'd been in a beggar's rags.

But by the time we got to the table he came out, looking fresh and clean—for he was always very neat round the house; yet even then I couldn't see how his good, honest face, his strong, manly talk, was worth a dozen of the pale, helpless chaps who'd make so much more show in the world than he. How it'll be at the bar of God is another thing; but I didn't think of that in those days.

The time went on, and still Noel Fenton didn't go away. His ankle troubled him yet, he said, and he couldn't walk very far, and used a cane that Dauphin cut and varnished for him.

I let things go as they would more and more, and wanted nothing, only to sit and hear him talk—such talk as I had never heard from anybody's lips, seeming to put in clear words so many ideas that had troubled my poor brain like shadows, giving me no quiet, only just while his voice went rippling on in my ears like a brook over the shiny white pebbles.

One day we were going to ride over to a water-fall there was about a mile and a half beyond our house on the river road. How distinctly I can remember everything that happened that day. It was after dinner. Dauphin had taken his with him to the mill, because he was very busy—so Fenton and I had ours alone.

It was in the little sitting-room—something I'd been saying about his emerald ring—and then he told me a pretty German story, and finally drew the ring off his finger and bade me hold out my hand.

"You shall wear it," he said; "it will be a spell like the one the water spirit gave the knight."

But I laughed and put my hands behind me, not because I had any superstitious feeling about the ring, but from a foolish feeling that they would look tanned and brown by the side of his slender white ones.

"I insist on your wearing it," he said, playfully.

He leaned toward me, and catching hold of a knot of ribbon I wore to fasten my collar, he slipped the ring through the ends, and tied it there. While he was doing it, I felt his warm breath on my forehead, and his eyes looking straight into mine; but I could neither stir nor look up, and as the emerald touched my neck, it seemed to me to stir and sting like some live thing.

I heard my mother tell once about being charmed by a rattlesnake, when she was a little girl, and her father came and killed it just as it was ready to spring—for he heard her make a queer sort of noise as he was mowing near the bushes where she sat.

Just so I felt—charmed. I couldn't break away; and if my soul gave any cry of warning, I was too dizzy and deaf to understand it.

He never knew what an influence he had over me at that moment. He broke the spell himself with one of his gay laughs.

"You were born to wear jewels," said he; "my poor emerald will have a new lustrous now."

Then I said it was time to start, if we were going to the water-fall; and I went out to tell a man that was working round to get the horse up. I remember, as I went through the kitchen where black Lucy was, I put my hand over the emerald, so that she should not notice it; and as I did so, it came across my mind, just as if some one had whispered it, that it was the first time in my life I had ever had a thing to hide from anybody.

Only I didn't understand my own feeling about it. Maybe you'll think I'm superstitious, but sometimes I've thought it was a supernatural warning from some soul that loved me, and was dead. They say there can be such things, but I don't know.

We went out riding, and I wore the emerald—the great, green, wicked-looking stone on my neck. I never heard Fenton talk as he did that afternoon, and his words never took such hold of my mind as they did then.

He talked about Italy, and made a spot just as plain to me as a picture where two people might live and be happy. He said no human law had any right to chain down an immortal soul; that its dictates were the highest rule we could have, and that if in following them, we violated the world's laws, we need only look down in pity and scorn for the ignorance that made the world blame us.

I just sat and listened as if I was in a dream. I didn't half understand it all, at least not as he

meant me to; but I tell you I felt exactly as I have heard my mother describe she did when the snake kept coiling closer and closer, and she had looked at it until she saw beautiful colors, as if it was turning into a dozen rain-bows.

By-and-by we came to the fall and got out, and Fenton hitched the horse to a tree.

We had to walk up a path a few rods, and then we came just at the foot of it, and there it was dushing down over the mossy rocks, with the great pines and evergreens meeting over head, falling a little way in a beautiful white sheet, then breaking on a great, flat stone that was all covered with ferns and little green plants, and then giving another dash and scattering in clouds of foam into the basin at the bottom.

There we sat a good while, and Fenton repeated poetry, and showed me a thousand beauties, maybe, I should have missed; then he began to talk about water-falls in Switzerland, and the Falls of Ferni, till somehow there was a great longing in me to fly off to some of those lovely spots, and I called out,

"If I could only go—only go!"

He had been plaiting a little wreath of ferns, and he pushed my hat off and put them on my forehead as I spoke.

"Would you be glad to go and leave this dull, cold life behind forever?" he said, in his half whisper.

"Oh, so glad!" I answered; but I wasn't thinking what I said. I don't mean that—I can't well explain to you—but I mean I wasn't thinking of him, nor of leaving Dauphin—only just thinking of getting away where I could educate myself and make my life worth living.

"So glad," he repeated; "and yet you wouldn't dare."

"I never can," I said; "a woman isn't like a man. She must stay where her life happens to be ordered; and I don't suppose, however rich Dauphin might get, I could ever persuade him to take a voyage across the ocean."

He muttered something, and looked so vexed that I couldn't think what was wrong.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing, nothing; it was only a foolish thought I had."

"I didn't know you ever had any such," I said.

He drew closer to me and whispered,

"If I dared tell you all my thoughts—every one—but you would not listen—you would be angry. Oh! Annis, Annis!"

He had called me by my given name some-

times lately, but never in a voice like that. I tell you, that instant there came a thought in my head that had never troubled me before, and it made me turn sick with fright and horror.

"Annis, Annis!" I heard him whisper, and I felt his arm drawing about me, and he just lifted my hands and held them to his lips, and they burned as if it had been fire that touched them.

I gave a start back and pulled my hands loose. As I did so, they touched the ribbon on my neck—the emerald ring was gone.

Between the shame at the new thought in my mind, and fright at the loss of the ring, I thought I should have fainted dead away.

"Go and get the horse," I called out; "I want to go home."

I suppose there was something strange in my voice—it made him go without a word. I hunted on the grass, but there was no trace of the ring. I looked all the way to the wood, but I couldn't see it.

I got into the wagon and we drove toward home. I didn't speak—I couldn't—I really believed I was dying.

After a little, he began to talk just as if nothing had happened, smooth, and composed, and pleasant, and I sat still, though it seemed to me as if I must jump out into the road and scream!

I was thinking more of the ring than anything else. How could I tell him it was lost. Suppose I made him angry, and he should declare I was keeping it, and bring trouble on me for it, and maybe on Dauphin, too; and when Dauphin found it out. Oh! if only I had died that very hour when I looked out and saw him standing, for the first time, on our porch!

We got home, and by that time I had such a nervous headache come on that I had to go and lie down; but I couldn't sleep any more than if I had been on a rack.

Dauphin came into the bedroom and spoke so kindly to me that it seemed as if my heart would break; but I couldn't have him pity me. I just dressed myself again and went out into the sitting-room, and somebody came in from the village, and there I sat, and laughed, and talked, till I saw Dauphin look at me as if he was afraid I was getting light-headed; and once I caught Fenton's eyes—something in them made me start as if I'd found myself on the edge of a precipice.

Long after I was in bed I couldn't get to sleep; and when I did, I had a dreadful nightmare that I never could remember clearly, only I saw Fenton strangling Dauphin with a great

emerald ring, and then Dauphin woke me up and wanted to know what was the matter.

I made as light of it as I could, and pretty soon I pretended to be asleep again so that he wouldn't make me talk. When he thought I was asleep he sat up, and I could see his face quite plain in the moonlight—it was all worn and changed, but I hadn't noticed it before.

"If I knew what to do," he muttered several times: "I feel so wicked to think. Oh! I don't know, I don't know."

It just flashed across me, Dauphin was troubled about what had been going on, and yet he had been so patient and kind, and never reproved me in any way.

I covered my head up in the sheet, and just wished that when morning came he might find me there dead and cold, but I could neither die nor sleep; and when, after awhile, Dauphin got into a restless drowse, I just lay there with my eyes wide open, feeling a sense of wickedness and shame that was like an eternal load lying on my heart.

Through it all came the thought of the ring, that put matters in the blackest way. I couldn't tell Dauphin about losing it, for now it seemed no right thing that I should have had it on, and I remembered his fastening it. Oh! I couldn't even think of that! Then if I went to Fenton and confessed that it was gone—what would he answer? How could I help listening? What—I was nearly beside myself, and that is all I can say—for I might talk forever and not make you understand how many dreadful ideas came in my head.

All the morning I kept busy about the house. In the afternoon, some man who rented a farm of Fenton, rode over to see him on some business, and Fenton had to go with him, so I had all that time to myself.

You may think how I hunted, in hopes I'd dropped the ring before leaving the house; but it was all no use—I know it wouldn't be—I was to be punished, and that emerald was to be the means of it.

Black Lucy got tea ready, then she wanted to go down to the village to spend the evening, and I let her. Fenton and Dauphin came in about the same time, and we sat down to the table, and I did my best to act as usual, but I expect it was a poor attempt.

After tea I was on the porch, and in the garden, and Fenton sat smoking on the steps. I thought Dauphin was busy about. I'd no idea of letting him go away, when I happened to look up and saw him away down the road toward the village.

I felt as if I must scream, or run after him, or do something; but it was no use.

It was quite dusk; the moon was just coming up bright and splendid, and Fenton came sauntering along in his easy way into the garden.

"You will get cold," he said; "pray come into the house."

I let him lead me in. We went into the sitting-room and sat down. He acted the same as usual. If I had only been in a bad dream, and it should be ended now!

He talked very pleasantly for awhile, but in a sort of melancholy way that made me feel sadder than before. At last, he began to sing. He had a beautiful voice, and often in the evenings, when he first came, Dauphin had begged him to sing to us, for he loved music.

I can't remember the words Fenton sang that night; it wasn't them, I think, but the sad, soft air just overpowered me after all I had been undergoing during the long dreadful afternoon; and before I knew it I was sobbing and crying in a wild way and not able to stop.

Fenton stopped singing—got up out of his chair and came toward me. I don't know whether it was some motion I made, or whether what had happened the day before made him careful, but he stood near me quite still, and said in such a tender, pitying voice, that it seemed as if it could have only belonged to a gentle, good man,

"Will you not tell me what distresses you? I cannot bear to see you weep so bitterly; do trust me. Surely you may consider me your friend—tell me what your trouble is."

But I could not speak—I couldn't have explained to anybody what I felt, my mind was in such confusion.

"Oh! don't cry so, don't cry so, Annis!" he pleaded.

"I'll be better in a minute," I said; "just let me cry a little—it does me good."

He came and stood close by my chair, leaning his hand on it, and talking kindly as a brother could have done. There was no spell over my senses—with all his strength and power there was no magnetism of his that could affect me. I was terribly humbled, oppressed with a vague sense of wickedness and some coming trouble. I just sobbed and sobbed till a kind of quiet came over me.

"You are better now," he said; "now you will tell me what pains you, will you not? If I can help you, there is nothing I will not do for you—only speak; do let me aid you—let me feel that you trust me, and that the sweet days of our little past are not to be broken up."

I took no thought—until the words were on my lips I didn't dream of speaking them, but I cried out,

"I've lost your ring—your emerald ring."

"And is that your trouble?" he said. "Oh! you foolish child! Dear Annis, don't you know if I had all the gems of a king's treasury, I would give the whole for one smile from you. Never mind the ring—only keep your own secret."

I had not moved. Oh! I didn't know what was coming—but he was down on his knees before me—he was holding my hands fast and hard, and telling me how he loved me—loved me.

I started up with a sort of scream, or it seemed one to me. As I did so, I looked toward the open window, and there, oh, my God! I saw Dauphin, my husband, running past with the face of a dead man in the moonlight. I think I was quite crazy then!

"Let me go!" I cried. "I hate you—I hate you! You are a bad, wicked man: don't ever come near me, nor look in my face again."

He sprang up as if I had struck him—perhaps I did, I can't tell.

"Take care," he whispered; "don't make a mistake! Remember how you have helped this on! Ask your husband whether he'd rather believe that ring a love token, or——"

I broke loose from him, and ran out into the yard, calling,

"Dauphin, Dauphin!"

There was no answer—no sound. I listened, and in the stillness I seemed to hear the noise of feet on a bridge away up the road.

A great fright came over me—I don't know what I dreaded—I was mad. I ran toward the barn—the white horse in the pasture came running to meet me—I called him. I sprang on his back, and without saddle or bridle I was dashing away through the moonlight up the road from whence I heard those sounds.

"Dauphin! Dauphin!" I called many times; but there was no reply.

The road I had traveled the day before with that man. I understood what the suffering of a lost soul was during that ride!

The water-fall was in sight—on rushed the horse—I was near the bridge that crossed the swift stream—it had been broken and tottering for days. As I looked I noticed that the boards were gone now, and down below in the back water I saw something lying.

I was off the horse, across the bridge, and down by the pool, and as I gained it the moonbeams struck through the trees, and showed me

my husband lying motionless at my feet, half in the water, half as if he had dragged himself out in a last struggle.

I can't tell you how I managed, but I got him up; I know just what to do, and did it. I saw his head was hurt, and looked for my handkerchief to wet and put on it. I had dropped it on the other side of the bridge, just where we had got out of the carriage the day before.

I ran back for it—stooped to pick it up—something glittered on the grass close by it—there lay the emerald.

And Dauphin came to and sat up; and when he saw me and groaned, I just got my two arms round him and held him fast, crying,

"It isn't what you think. I love you—I love you! Maybe I never did before as I ought, but I do now, and I will till my death!"

Oh! the blessed great heart of him! He did not want proofs—he was satisfied, and he just laid my face on his neck, and there we cried together.

I told him the whole—everything. I showed him the ring, and he told me how he had feared, not that I should be wicked and bad, but that I should learn to hate and despise him for his rough ways, and then he was coming home, and through the window he saw that man at my feet. He didn't know what he meant then—he must be alone to think. He ran up the road till he got to the bridge, and fell, and had only just strength enough to drag himself partially on shore.

Then a sudden fear came over me of trouble between the two men, and I wouldn't be quiet till he heard me, that it was only a little folly on Fenton's part, and—oh! I had my own way.

When Dauphin was better, he got on to the old white horse and lifted me up before him, and we rode home through the moonlight, and I was the happiest woman that ever came to her senses before it was too late for her to set her life quite straight.

When we went up the yard Noel Fenton stood in the door, and Dauphin just put the emerald into his hand, saying,

"My wife has found your jewel."

And Fenton looked a little pale and defiant-like; but Dauphin went on into the kitchen for a lamp, and I said,

"You'd better take your emerald back to the city, it's safer for it there."

Noel Fenton laughed a little, and then he went up stairs; and the next morning, before breakfast, one of Moseley's boys came to our house, and Fenton was standing on the porch and spoke to him; and then came in and said

how sorry he was a letter called him away at once. He could not even wait for breakfast for fear he should lose the train, which he had to ride five miles to catch.

So he went away, and presently Dauphin

came in, and he and I sat down alone in our home once more, and a blessed solitude it was; and a home that was better than any palace ever I dreamed of in the days of my old foolishness.

UNDECEIVED.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Sax said she loved me!—was it love, indeed,
That set her lip, her cheek, her brow a-flame,
And lit her eye, when she was wont to plead
Some portion of my heart's estate to claim?
With all the sweet attractiveness of youth;
With all Love's sweetest witchery—but its truth.

She said she loved me!—and her tones beguiled
My freighted lips their burden to confess;
And as I kissed her, she, delighted, smiled,
And gave me back, with int'rest, each caress;
And, like a pledge in solemn moment given,
The bond we formed seemed ratified by Heaven.

Alas! my heart misgave me; and the doubt,
When once aroused, would have its willful way;
Sweeping like blood-hound, with a desperate shout,
More madly fierce that it was held at bay.
How could I keep the rash intruder back,
Or bid the truth withhold its dire attack?

Strong hearts have courage to await the hour
That bears them toward inevitable fate;
Proud to assert the majesty of power;

Strong in their love, but stronger in their hate;
As those rare flowers the hand of God hath made
Thrive in the sun, but perish in the shade.

So young! so fair! so false to all that's true!
With self the delly she has ensnared
Amid her charms, her way she must pursue,
Led by the fancies of a fickle mind.
To-day she slights what yesterday was dear,
Nor knows the meaning of the word—sincere.

These are not tears, which trickle down my cheek,
Such as are wrung from bosoms rent with grief;
But, when loved ones deceive me, I am weak,
And find in silent weeping some relief.
The heart may feel no lingering regret,
But finds its hardest task is—to forget.

Yet would I banish from my lightest thought,
Even the memory of that dark-eyed maid.
The bird within the fatal meshes caught,
If once escaped, of snares is still afraid.
False maid! false heart! out from my presence go!
Ask if I love thee now! I answer—no!

IN TIME OF DROUTH.

BY N. F. CARTER.

A PLEA for rain!
From many a thirsty, open mouth,
In field and wood, on hill and plain;
From East to West, from North to South,
A plea goes up for rain—
Refreshing rain!
A thousand drooping flowers
Plead tremblingly for showers.
The fading grass and rolling corn,
Their mute pleas utter, night and morn,
For life-reviving rain!

A sigh for rain!
The bird that sings its matin song,
Sings in a low and plaintive strain;
And from its shelter all day long,
Looks up and waits for rain—
For cooling rain!
The brute creation looks
For fuller springs and brooks;
For clouded sun and dewy grass,
And sighs in vale and mountain pass—
For cooling rain!

A cry for rain!
A selfish, bitter cry from lips
That only murmur and complain,
When fond hopes suffer death's eclipse,
For pressing need of rain—
Enriching rain!
They see the loss of toil
Upon the burning soil;
And in the fear of days forlorn,
Their cries they murmur, night and morn,
For wealth-enhancing rain!

A prayer for rain!
From hearts attuned to trusting love,
That never asks a gift in vain;
Unto the God who rules above,
A prayer goes up for rain—
Life-giving rain!
They own Him source of all,
That blesses great and small;
And with a living purpose, still
To be submissive to His will—
They pray for needed rain!

MRS. BLAKE'S VISIT TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

A'most everybody has took a tower this summer; and I've been and took one too. I dunno but what I've as good a right to as any other individoal. I don't owe nobody nothing, except Jim Hansen, the tin pedlar, for a strainer; and I've got more'n rags enuff to settle with him—or shall have when I cut up Caleb's cotton flannil shirts; and then I owe Tim Goreh's wife three cents for gitting me a pound of salleratus and not making the change.

I could pay her now jest as well as not if she'd only take a siled postage-stamp; but she don't take stamps for fear the post-office will bust up. Miss Goreh is the most cautionsest woman that ever you see.

I've had a hard summer's work of it! no mistake! It makes my back ache to think of it. Feed has been so poor on account of the dry weather, that the cows has worked themselves clean into skillitons a keeping from starving, and haint give no milk worth men-shuning.

Butter has been so skeeree and high, that I've felt jest as if it was a sin to use it common; and I haint allowed our folks none sense last July. To be shore, I allas have butter on the table—a plateful on it; but if anybody goes for to tech of it, I just tread on their toes, and give em a look that stops purseseedings at once.

One plateful has lasted us all summer. I believe it's gitting a leetle strong now; but it'll have to do this month out, I guess.

Along, in June, sometime, Samuel White he went up to the White Mountains; and when he got back, he had more to tell than anybody that had been to the North Pole need to have had. All that he hadn't seed wouldn't have paid for looking at it.

He sot me into a tilt to go and see for myself.

I spoke to Betsey Jane, my oldest, about it, but she only turned up her nose, and sed I'd better stay at home. Betsey is an awful hand to gad about herself, but she's never willing for me to stir outside the threshold. She's afeard she shall have to wash the dishes. I never seed anybody quite so afeard of siling their hands as she is. She takes a sight of pains with 'em, and does 'em up in tattered rags every night of her life, to keep 'em smooth.

But as it happens, I haint under Betsey Jane's govornment yet, so I made all my pepperrations just as if she was tickled to death with the idee of my going.

The first of August I sold ten cheeses, that come to a leetle rising seventy-five dollars.

I went to Dover rite off, and bought me a scarlet merino gownd—a yuller sattin bonnit, trianamed with blue and lalock-colored roses; and the slickest green and blue shawl that ever you sot eyes on to.

I got me some new false hair—for, jest between you and me, mine is so thin I can't do much of anything with it; and then I got a "rat" to roll it over, so's to make me look like a girl.

After I'd got detarmined on going, I went over and asked aunt Peggy Miles to go with me. She sed she'd like to, only she dassent go in the rail-road, for she should sartingly expect it to blow up and Kerry every man, woman, and child with it! And as for a steamboat, it would be sinful to tempt Providence by gitting into one of them contrivances of Satan. Aunt Peggy is a leetle peccooliar in her idees, but a nice woman for all of that.

So I told her to fix herself to start in two days, and we'd go with the old mare. She's nigh onto seventeen years old—the mare is—and haint had nothing but oat-straw to eat this summer; but she's spunky as a colt, if you jest tech her with the whip.

I got some new shafts put into the waggon—the old ones has been tied up with shoe-strings this two years, and we dassent step onto um; and I took my green flannil quilted petticoat and cushioned the seat, and put a braided rug into the bottom for our feet to set on, and my red and blue calico comfortable to take up in front of us cool mornings.

We had considerble baggage; but then it takes a good deal for females that purtend to be ladies. I had a trunk, three handboxes, a cap-box, a carpet-bag full of gingerbread, an am-briller, a parasol, a peck-measure to feed the hoss with, a spare shawl, a bottle of lineament, in case I should be took with the newrollogy, and a clothes-line, to tie the old mare with.

Aunt Peggy, she had two handboxes, a valices, a satchel of turnovers, a sugar-box of dough-

nats, a six-quart pail full of pickles, two baskets full of apples, and Bounce, her dog.

I objected to her kerrying the dog; but she sed she wouldnt be sepirated from him for no money! She couldn't go to sleep o' nights without Bounce on her feet.

The first day we travelled six miles, and hauled up by the side of the road for repairs. One eend of the waggon-seat broke down, but I put the pail of pickles on top of the sugar-box, and stuck them under the seat, and made it all right.

The next day we did better. We went e'en a-most twenty miles. I held the reins and aunt Peggy she did the walloping with the whip—and the old mare went like a hoss. Lots of folks banter'd me to swop hosses. But I told 'em I hadn't no time to talk with 'em, I was bound for the White Mountains.

Aunt Peggy had the worst of it. Her arm was so lame after a day or two, that she couldn't skeercooly git it to her head.

At the eend of five days we got in sight of the mountains, and stopped at a small house rite in under a mountain, and close to quite a smart little pond of water. The grandest place to raise geese and ducks up there that ever was!

I was pretty much tuckered out, and asked to be showed to my room rite off. Four tow-headed children, fighting for the one taller-dip that lit the way, led off. Aunt Peggy she couldnt git into the room till after I was a-bed, it was so small—so she staid outside and let me go in fust. The door to it was off from the hinges, and I told the young ones to set it up close, and put a cheer aginst it. Naterly, I expected they'd obey me—so I went to taking off my hair and pulling out my "rat," when I heard a giggling just outside, and on looking at the door, I seed that it didn't shet by as much as two inches, and that space was full of eyes peeping in at me.

"Mother! mother!" called one of the boys: "this woman is a peeling her head! Quick! quick! only see her!"

I was mad, and afore I thought of anything about the condition of the door, I grabbed hold of it to open it, and down it went bang into the floor, knocking over five children, two cheers, a cat, a table full of crockery, a pole of chickeys that was a roosting in the kitchen, and nigh about stunding all creation.

I apollergised as well as I could, and explained to the folks that I warn't used to ondressing before so many spectators—and they sent the children off to bed.

I was real mortified. For a widdier woman that may think of marrying agin some time, to be latched n taking off her false hair that every-

body thinks is her own natral locks, is too bad.

Howsomever, I comforted myself up with the idee that there aint no onmarried men about the house. When I finished ondressing, I hung my clothes out of the winder to make room for aunt Peggy to come in; and a half hour afterward we were within the arms of Morpheus.

We started early the next morning, and by driving the old mare hard, we managed to git to the Glen House about dark. That is a nice tavern rite at the feet of Mount Washington.

There was a black bear chained in front of it to prevent people from robbing the clothes-lines and hen-houses. Bounce he flew rite at the bear; but arter he'd lost a mouthful of hair and skin, he was glad to come back and behave hisself.

I asked the landlord if he could put us up. He sed he was sorry, but he was full. I asked him if he couldn't give us a bed on the floor. He sed it was out of the question. Then I asked him if I couldn't roost somewheres. He scratched his head a minnit, and sed we might have the dining-room table.

He led off the old mare, and we went into the house. The floors everywhere was kivered with people, wrapped up in shawls, blankets, and comfortables, and snoring like all possessed.

We eat our supper, and then I got the comfortable and the braided rug out of the wagon, and by the help of a cheer we hoisted ourselves on to the table and turned in. I soon got to sleep, and dreamed that old Capt. Chamberlain was a trying to kiss me, and in the skrimmage I thrashed over, and off I rolled rite onto a fat man who was a laying close by the table, snoring loud enuff to split the universe.

I knocked the snore clean out of him, and smashed his watch-crystal, and his patent double-barrelled squizzing-glass all to flinders, and scraped all the skin off from my left elbow.

The fat man yelled dreadfully, and skeered some of the people nigh about out of their wits. Most of 'em thought the house was afire, and the way they gathered up their baggage was lively.

As soon as morning came, I made my toilet as well as I could, though I had a pretty tough time to make my "rat" look decent with so many folks a staring at me. As for a looking-glass, I hadn't seen my face sense I left home.

I asked the landlord what about going up onto the top of Washington, for I hadn't a grate while to stay.

He sed that most people went up in kerridges that belonged to the hotel—though some folks purfured to go with their own teams.

I told him I should go with my own team, then; I was acquainted with the old mare, and she was acquainted with me. He advised me to leave my baggage with him, but I told him no, I'd rather have it under my own eye.

We started real airy. The sun wasn't more'n up afore we was on the kerridge road. Ever seen it? If you haint, you've jest missed seeing one of the slickest roads in the country. It's about nine miles long, and jest as smooth and even as yer parlor floor. But it's awfully up hill!

They made us pay some money for going onto the road at a little house, by a bridge, down at the bottom of the mountain. I told 'em I thought that was mean when we'd come so far—but law! you can't expect a mean man to be born over agin into a ginerous one.

The sun come out pretty hottish, and afore we'd gone more'n a mile that hoss was as wet as if she'd been dipped in the river. Aunt Peggy and I got out and travelled afoot a piece. And after a spell, I took out a couple of my handboxes and lugged them to lighten the load, and aunt Peggy she did the same by her vallees, and the pail of pickles. Bounce he trudged on behind, and a sorrier-looking dog you never seed. Every mite of the wag had gone out of his tail, and his ears hung down like two wilted cabbage-leaves.

It was e'en almost sunset when we got to the top, and the old mare was clean tuckered out. For the last half-mile I had to hawl her by the bridle, and aunt Peggy she pushed behind.

We couldn't see nothing but a couple of houses bilt out of rocks; and lots and lots more of rocks laying all round, jest as somebody had carted 'em there for stone wall.

I slept tip-top that night in the Tip-Top House, or the Summit, I've forgot which. There was two of 'em there, and I disrimember tother

from which. The morning was clear. We seed a sight of things. It was ekal to being up in Squire Horrick's garrut winders, only more so.

We picked up some rocks and some pieces of moss to show when we got home, and started to go back down the mountain agin. I rid, and aunt Peggy walked.

"We was a going down a pretty steep place, when the old mare pricked her ears at a stick in the road, jumped, and, law me! that wagon parted, I bounced out—the hoss kerried off the forrad wheels, and the rest of the consarn, baggage and all, went tumbling to destruction down a slantindickular precipice more'n a hundred feet higher than the steeple of our meeting-house.

I screeched, and clambered down after my vallerbles as fast as I could—but deary me! They was all ruined—everything except these handboxes, two carpet-bags, and an ambrill! The waggon was all stove to kindlings! I picked up the remnents and clambered back with them. Aunt Peggy and I strung 'em onto a pole and lugged 'em down to the Glen House.

There we found the old mare, with the fragments of them forrad wheels tied to her—but she looked as sober as a judge, if not more so.

We stayed there all night, and the next morning sot sail for home. I'd seen enuff.

I led the hoss, and aunt Peggy kerried one eend of the pole on which the handboxes and bags was strung, and I kerried the other: Bounce he skulked behind.

Folks laffed at us on the way, but they laffed at their betters. Nobody keered for 'em.

Thank goodness! we got home at last, though I haint been able to go a step sense. my new-rollogy is so bad; and aunt Peggy haint wore a shoe for a month. Partly because her feet is sore, and partly because she haint got none to wear. Well, anyhow, we made the tower.

I'M WAITING FOR THEE.

BY ANTOINETTE LA VALLE.

Er my widely open casement,

Where the crimson roses cling—

In the moonlight I've been sitting,
Singing songs we used to sing.

I've been waiting for thy coming,

But my watchlog has been vain,

For I hear not yet the foot-fall
Of thy steed upon the plain.

Once I thought I heard thee coming,

And my heart throbb'd with delight,

But when forth I sprang to greet thee,

'Twas a stranger met my sight.

Sad and dreary I turned backward,

Sought my lonely room again,

And for hours I have been sitting,
Waiting there for thee in vain.

Now the Summer moon is waning.

Soon the stars will fade from sight;

I must seek repose, my darling,

I will watch no more to-night.

May bright angels guard thy slumber,

Bringing dreams of love to thee,

And to-morrow's cheerful sunlight

Send thee safely home to me.

"ONE EVENING'S WORK."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S COLD."

A noon opened and shut in the hall, and a voice called at the foot of the stairs, "Come, my daughter, you will be very late—James has been waiting for you a long time."

Rebecca Ware moved across her chamber, in answer to this summons, and paused a moment at the glass in her old-fashioned bureau, for a last consultation, before she went down stairs. She must have been very vain if the result had failed to please her, for even the little squinting, cross-grained mirror, which grudgingly reflected a tithe of her tall figure, showed her straight as an arrow, slender as Psyche, fair as a marble lily. Too well accustomed to this sight, however, her admiring glances were not dedicated to her own beauty, but to the unusual splendor of her dress, arranged more with reference to her future than to her present position. For the ring which sparkled on her finger—not a diamond, indeed, but bright with stones hardly less costly if more modest—that her lover with better taste had chosen—the flowers which drooped in her hand, the pretty bouquet-holder that confined them; all these expensive accessories, which she now paused to admire, were tokens that she was soon to exchange the plain necessities, provided with difficulty from her father's narrow purse, for the luxuries of another station and life. Too proud to accept more than these trivial tributes from her be-brothed husband, her slender means had been taxed to the utmost to properly provide the dresses for the *trousseau*, one of which she was now wearing, half-ashamed to display it so soon, but unable to resist the temptation its silken glories offered by contrast with the older and plainer contents of her wardrobe.

She glanced around the little chamber as she left it, thoughtful of the coming change, and forgetful, I fear, of the happy days she had spent there in spite of its faded carpet—over which she trod like a queen—of its plain, old-fashioned furniture, its dim, small windows, its grudging little glass, which made it more an aggravation than a pleasure to be young, or beautiful, or well-dressed—in the satisfactory vision of the handsome, well-appointed mansion in which she was soon to reign as mistress. It was something to preside over that elegant establishment; to be able to indulge expensive

tastes and live amidst pretty surroundings; to move about the spacious rooms and tasteful grounds, and feel herself at home among them all, an ornament in keeping with the rest. In all her affection for James Arnold, truly acknowledged and felt, I think Rebecca must have found her pride suited as well as her heart, and been half conscious of making what the world calls "a good match."

She glided swiftly and noiselessly down the stairs and entered the dull back parlor, where the family were usually assembled in the evening. Her entrance did not create any very marked sensation; her mother looked up, for an instant, from the great basketful of clothes she was mending for half a dozen noisy boys; her aunt Vavinia shivered and drew closer to the fire as the chill draught from the door reached her; her father had fallen asleep over his paper, and was not awakened by the sound of her light footstep or the rustle of her silk. Only James Arnold arose and came forward from the dim corner in which he had been sitting moodily apart, with a quick, impatient movement that gave him no time to notice her beauty nor her dress. If his glance touched either, it was to bring a look of dark dissatisfaction to his face, and his tone in speaking was abrupt and stern.

"Your shoes will be too thin—you had better change them."

"James thought, my dear," interposed her mother, gently, "that you would like to walk this evening, it is so fine, and you have had no exercise to-day. I ought to have told you to bring down your thick boots."

Poor Rebecca turned away, vexed and bewildered; the privileges of her belleship were dear to her, she did not like to resign them, and was terrified by this first omission of a usual attention on the part of her lover. Besides, she was really weary with the tiresome duties of the day, and would have enjoyed, as she did all luxuries, the lying back on the comfortable carriage-cushions, and being conveyed without further trouble to herself, or injury to her pretty toilet, across the drear three-quarters of a mile that must be passed to reach Squire Thurston's. She had no fancy for toiling along that bleak, dark road, all the way up hill in the

she so much needed and might otherwise have lacked.

A bevy of scandal-loving dowagers, self-constituted a committee of inspection, surveyed her keenly as she passed, and exchanged ominous whispers and meaning looks behind their fans. Rebecca was at no loss to understand why James Arnold had drawn her hand through his arm; he was leading her forward to greet their hosts with his usual grave dignity of manner and unostentatious elegance of dress—her trailing robes and jeweled ornaments shining and glistening in the full blaze of the chandelier. A ruined man, a poverty-stricken woman, who must starve for a year to come to pay for this worthless finery of a postponed marriage, she could feel the sting, and hear the hiss of the gossips’ tongues while she strode stately up the long room as if she trampled envy and slander beneath her victorious feet. The momentary conflict of emotions had given to her cheeks a scarlet color, to her eyes a bright light, that enhanced and deepened her beauty. The comfortable, elderly couple, the squire and his wife, stood astonished—they hardly knew her; the daughters, finished at a fashionable seminary, seemed dwarfed in manner and stature beside her, and were surprised into deference and politeness. On Mr. Henry Thurston, the newly returned heir, in whose honor the entertainment was given, a more startling effect was produced. Hitherto he had rather languidly received the visitors convoked for his benefit, replying with but indifferent grace to the various welcomes with which they saluted him, and taking refuge as much as practicable behind the smiling civilities of his dressy sisters. Now, however, hastily buttoning a glove with which he had long been toying, and casting a rapid glance downward over the faultless apparel, which a moment before he had not deemed worth a thought, he suddenly rushed forward, forcing himself into a front rank, and monopolizing Rebecca’s greeting to her hosts, somehow succeeded also in appropriating her hand, and, amid a shower of excuses, drew her away to a distant seat.

“Surely these are the last,” he exclaimed to his sisters. “Agnes, Caroline—pardon me for a moment while I renew acquaintance with an old friend. Have you forgotten me, then, Miss Ware?—Rebecca, may I say? Have a few years of absence effaced all recollections from your mind and parted old playmates and companions?”

His handsome head bent low over hers, his dark eyes looked into her own, longingly, lingeringly. Rebecca was flattered and pleased, but

her inward flutter did not extend to the serene beauty of her face, or disturb the sweet and gracious repose of her manner. Harry Thurston surveyed her, seated before him, with discriminating and undisguised admiration. She was right in assuming that he had forgotten her as a child—so he had. That slender maid, with braids of shining nut-brown hair, complexion of purest Parian, and eyelashes of wonderful length and silky splendor, had disappeared from his memory during his college life and subsequent travels, as utterly as her notes from his memorandum-book, and her lock of hair from his vest-pocket. Their youthful flirtation, carried on under cover of convenient classics at school, and long since superseded by more serious entanglements on the part of both, might have remained comfortably in the background forever, but for Rebecca’s transient splendor of array, and flush of bloom and beauty. As she now sat, queen-like, superb and still, the light wind idly lifting her laces, and displaying more fully the rounded contour of the arm and neck they draped. The glare of the lamps reflected on her satin skin, and in her lustrous eyes. Her companion, who fancied himself a connoisseur in such matters, determined, in his own mind, that no more beautiful woman could be found to bear his name, and do his taste credit, in the eyes of what he called “that world.”

By various manoeuvres he detained Rebecca in his society for hours; nor was she loth to engross the homage of the hero of the evening, or to enjoy the consequence it gave her among her young companions, who too soon would be able to mortify her by their knowledge of her changed circumstances. Perhaps already the gossips were whispering of her intended husband’s ruin, and conjecturing all the consequences that she knew were to follow. Humiliation in the future was inevitable; she determined to forget it in the triumph of the present, and taste the dangerous, delightful pleasure of Harry Thurston’s admiration, so lavishly offered, as a balm for the pangs that pierced her proud heart, with pain most bitter even in the anticipation. Never more beautiful than under the excitement of these goading thoughts she had the victory she desired, and enjoyed it to the uttermost. She saw the countenance of her handsome young escort flush and kindle with triumphant pride as he bore her away from the circle of admirers her unusual animation had gathered about her; she saw his eyes return to the fascinating study of her face, and felt the felicity of the conquest his looks and tones assured her she had made. There was a sort of stern satisfaction in so

shining among these bright scenes which, perhaps, she might never visit again—like a brilliant rocket, which mounts high through the night, and dazzling all eyes with brief, sudden splendor, sinks down to its original obscurity, and is seen no more. If she was doomed to this fate, she would at least so shine as to be remembered, and thus take a trifling revenge on the man who had made it what it was.

James Arnold, meanwhile, ever kind, thoughtful and unassuming, had devoted himself, as usual, to the aged and the neglected, leading out forgotten wall-flowers, introducing shy young men, and bestowing on awkward Misses all quiet and friendly attentions. He did not follow Rebecca's movements, or give her conduct a thought; his confidence in her was too supreme to be shaken by an hour's frivolity; and if he noticed the feverish vivacity of her manner, or stopped to listen to the frequent music of her laugh, as she swept past him among the whirling crowd with her handsome partner, it was only to regret that she must relinquish hereafter, for his sake, this gay and luxurious life which she so enjoyed, and which she seemed born to adorn. When supper was announced, mindful of his duty, he hastened through the fast-emptying rooms to find her: but she had already joined the moving throng on Harry Thurston's arm, and made no attempt to relinquish it as her own proper escort drew near. Arnold gently explained. "I was detained, Rebecca—pardon me." She thought he repeated the necessary apology in a mechanical matter-of-fact way, like a husband who knows there is no further need for civility or attention to his married wife. Her lip curled, and her eyes gleamed bright with suspicion. Thank heaven! she was not married yet!—and she moved on steadily without offering to withdraw her hand from the close clasp in which her partner's arm still held it.

"It is of no consequence," she coldly answered, "I am going with Mr. Thurston."

"How? I don't understand."

"I shall go with Mr. Thurston," she repeated, turning her large eyes full of insolent light upon him.

"Rebecca!"

Surprise, grief, indignation struggled in his tone; but there was no time for remonstrance or explanation, if either felt disposed to make it. The crowd swept on; James Arnold disappeared; and Rebecca was led by her triumphant escort to the head of a long table, where, under the blaze of the wax-lights, and the gaze of the crowd, she must rally her disturbed faculties, and recover her shaken self-possession.

Her partner noticed her paleness and abstraction, and tried to dispel them by his attentions; had they lessened her beauty, his interest might have gone with it; but paleness for her was only another form of prettiness, and his sympathies grew warm.

"You are faint," he whispered; "take my arm"—and not waiting for an answer, he artfully insisted on yielding his place to a couple who had been disappointed in obtaining one, and drawing Rebecca after him, plunged into the crowd, from the mazes of which, lost to all observation, they presently emerged on a lonely piazza. The wind was blowing chill and cool, but Thurston had secured a shawl during their hasty flight, which he wrapped about his fair companion with a tender hand.

"I saw you were annoyed," he murmured, "by that fellow's unparalleled rudeness. I wish you would give me leave to stand between you and all further annoyance from him."

Rebecca was silent; how could she reply that the fellow thus censured had almost a husband's right to be as rude to her as he pleased? How explain to one apparently a stranger to the relations between them, the remorse and terror she felt at her temporary revolt? Was it, indeed, only temporary? What punishment would James Arnold inflict? Would he abandon all claim to her, leaving her to the tongues of gossips, rejected and forlorn, or should she be obliged to subdue her pride to the concession of suing for love and pardon to a man who had ruined all the bright hopes of their joint future by his ill-advised speculations, and then treated her disappointment so coolly. What was she to do? She hardly knew—her brain was in a whirl. The sight of the luxury and beauty, in which she so delighted, which she had so lately thought were now as hers for life, but found forever lost again, half maddened her; the events of the evening seemed a troubled dream, over which she had no control; and, in a spirit of recklessness, she resolved to let it glide on to what end fate willed, with no further care or effort on her own part. Nothing could be worse than this maze of love, regret, remorse, doubt, fear and hope, irresolution and profound unhappiness, in which she wandered. Welcome the hand that should lead her forth—no matter to what! Mr. Thurston's was promptly extended, as if in answer. By the pale gleam of moon and starlight he had watched her troubled face, and read within it all the conflict that was passing in her heart. None would have fancied, in seeing the almost lover-like devotion of his manner, that he understood perfectly the relations of his fair companion with

the person of whom he spoke to her, as, dropping his voice to the lowest and tenderest cadence, he went on,

"Rebecca! you would not have me suppose that this man is anything to you? Surely I have not returned, after so long an absence, to hear such disastrous news; to find you less true to our early dream than I have been, or hoped that you would be? Tell me our weary time of separation has not made you so entirely forget me, or, at least, that it is not love of him or fear of his displeasure, that agitates you, in allowing me to resume my rightful place at your side?"

"No," faltered Rebecca, ashamed of the cowardly denial while she made it, yet unconscious of the further concession it implied, but desperately yielding to every unlucky impulse that prompted her on this fatal evening. She thought of Peter, of Delilah, of Sapphira, of all traitors and false witnesses in sacred history or profane, and despised herself most of all—but the word was said, there was no going back. Her companion bent nearer, his hand clasped closer, his breath came warm on her cheek; most gentle and fond was the tone in which he spoke.

"The annoyance you suffered was my fault; let it be mine to shield you from it henceforth. Will you not trust me, to whom, above all others in the world, your happiness is dear?"

His voice was sweet and thrilling; he raised her hand to his lips; she permitted the salute passively, with a strange confusion of mind, in which misery and flattered vanity strove for pre-eminence. A distant door opened, she fancied she heard footsteps, and sprang away from him.

"It is cold here," said she, shivering.

"And you are quite faint and exhausted; but the supper-room is full, we cannot get in there again for an hour to come; yet you ought to have something. Stay! I know what will do."

He led her to the other end of the long piazza, unlocked a door, and, throwing it open, invited her to enter.

"This is my den," he said; "a place my mother has given me for the storage of the curiosities I picked up abroad. I confess to having occasionally used it also to smoke in; but as it has only lately been set apart for my purposes, the atmosphere is hardly poisonous yet."

The room looked snug and comfortable, and was handsomely fitted up; a bright fire glowed on the hearth, and heavy curtains were dropped before the windows, shutting out the chill and darkness beyond. A lamp burned brilliantly on the reading-table, its glimmer was reflected

in the glass-doors of a set of carved book-cases, and by a silver tray, with its load of decanters and goblets that stood on the side-board. All the furniture was of polished wood and rich stuffs. The carpet was soft and of gay colors; the walls were hung with a fine French paper, and decorated with choice pictures. Appearances indicated that Mr. Harry Thurston had made himself as comfortable as circumstances permitted, which, with his fortune, he could well afford to do. None of these evidences of wealth and taste were lost on Rebecca—they pierced her foolish heart with a keen pain. Such luxury to her was Paradise lost; through its handsome young-owner might Paradise be regained. She felt a longing hope, almost as keen, as she turned her beautiful eyes upon him.

He smiled; his gaze had not been idle either, and in her face he had read the powerful charm these pretty vanities had for her. Nor was this all. He had noted how handsome and elegant she looked among them, how the rich setting of the room enhanced and displayed her beauty; and he determined to win her for his own, the choicest ornament there. One or two well-chosen statues towered cold and fair above a mass of vases, shells, pictures, and antiques, evidently just unpacked, which lay about their feet. Not less fair and stately stood Rebecca on his hearth, her white dress gleaming by fire and by lamplight, which shone so softly on her face in all its pride of loveliness.

The young host touched the bell. "Mrs. Jones," said he to the bewildered housekeeper, who responded to the summons, "this lady and I have been obliged to give up our place at the table, and despair of getting any supper. The room is crowded full. Can't you send us something here?"

"Certainly, sir."

A servant presently brought a tray of delicacies, which Henry Thurston pressed his guest to eat. Much of the strangeness of absence had worn away, and Rebecca felt almost as completely at home with him, as when they used to sit together under the arbor at his sister's juvenile tea-parties, or devoured lunch from the same basket at a village picnic. Her natural manner was stately and impressive, and Henry was so easy, so hospitable, so pleasant, that it was impossible to bring any embarrassment to their little *toto-a-toto* feast. She ate the viands, she drank the wine he put before her; the blood sprang back into her cheeks, the light to her eyes; she felt a restless flow of spirits taking the place of the last hour's apathetic misery, and experienced a vivid pleasure in the devoted

attentions of her companion, whose look seemed already to claim her as his own.

Sounds were at last heard of the company leaving the supper-tables, and the two deserters, winding through half a dozen rooms and passages familiar to both, succeeded in joining the returning procession, unobserved, and proceeding with it back to the flowers and lights of the great hall. Up and down its long extent they promenaded in the stream of moving couples, or whirled through the ball-room, sometimes together, oftener apart, for Rebecca had many other admirers, who, long despondent under James Arnold's superior claims, seeing her now openly free of him, dashing and sparkling alone, needed no encouragement to join the circle about her, and crown her the belle of the Misses Thurstons' ball. "It is too bad, Harry," complained one of these, seeking for consolation from her brother, "for that Miss Ware to make herself so conspicuous! I imagine she doesn't know her place."

"Do *you* know it?" asked Harry, shortly, a red flush mounting to his forehead.

"I know she is a poor girl, a mere adventuress. See her now dancing with Mr. Lenoir?"

"She won't interfere with your designs on him, my dear, for I intend to marry her myself."

"Brother!"

"I intend to make her my wife, so please govern your conduct accordingly." The young heir strode off to join his friends: Agnes followed him with her eyes in weak astonishment. "She is engaged, thank heaven!" thought she, "so there is really no danger, after all. I suppose I may as well be polite;" and as the time of departure had now come, she drew near her fair guest and former companion with many gracious speeches. Rebecca was very pale. James Arnold had silently approached and stood waiting. Young Thurston was close at hand watching her intently, and as she remembered the half pledge she had tacitly permitted the latter to seal on her hand, she felt there was reason to fear a collision between the two men. Her evening's work was near completion; what she had sowed in sinful folly must soon be reaped in pain. She had delayed, as long as possible, the dreaded moment in conversation with her last partner, who now took leave, and they were left almost alone in the rooms. She rose, trembling, and faltered forth her adieus. Old Mrs. Thurston, struck by her appearance, declared she hardly looked fit to return. They interrogated Mr. Arnold—was his carriage a close one in which she might be sheltered from the wind? His answer was short

and stern. "He had none," and then came a clamor of voices in dismay and discussion. Mr. Arnold was upbraided for thoughtlessness and want of gallantry; the carriage was offered; she was pressed to remain all night. In the midst of it, a servant came to Harry with a message,

"My light buggy has been made ready," he announced, coming forward, "and I will drive Miss Ware back to the village. For her sake Mr. Arnold will consent to waive his privilege, I am sure."

"But it is so late for you to go," objected his mother.

"And Mr. Arnold is her escort," interposed his indignant sister.

Rebecca said nothing. How beautiful she looked, standing there so still, irresolute and pale, more beautiful than any other woman he had ever known, in the flush of joy and gayety; she *must* be his! If he let her go alone with this Arnold there would be a lover's quarrel, a reconciliation, his newly-asserted claims on her would be forgotten, his evening's work in vain—she would be lost to him forever! Surely, the end justified the means! He came forward boldly swallowing a last scruple of honor.

"The young lady has given me the best right to take care of her."

James Arnold heard, and a quick change passed over his pale face. Rage, grief, contempt—what was it? Who dared look to see? Rebecca heard, but did not lift her eyes, and the rest were silent.

"Rather sudden, isn't it, my boy?" suggested the old gentleman, at last.

"Oh, no, sir!" returned Harry, confidently, "an old attachment."

And now Rebecca, compelled by James Arnold's steady gaze, must raise her own to meet it; and shrink and shudder as she might, let him read there confession or denial of the charge that had shaken his faith in her. Yet how should she endure the trial? How could she look without confessing every fond and tender impulse of her wavering heart, every true thought and generous feeling of her cowardly soul? How keep from rushing to his feet and falling there, and crying upon her knees, "Base and unworthy of so great a love, so long a kindness, spurn me, lest I die?" How see in those sad eyes, clear mirrors of the past, sweet memories, precious hopes, gentle emotions so closely linked together, that to tear them asunder was like a real and dreadful death? How bear without self-betrayal to both the old love and the new, this cruel test they offered her, standing

in simulated courtesy and proffering each a hand, which she in taking from either must forfeit honor and self-respect forevermore.

"Choose, Rebecca," said Arnold.

She knew well he meant "forever;" and his cold, clear voice, his stern manner, swept back in a moment the tide of temptation against which she had battled all the evening. Weak, vacillating, vain, her mind unstayed by principle, unprepared by trial, abandoned itself again to wild revolt in this crisis of her fate. She forgot the sweetness of the past in the bitterness of the present, long years of loving kindness for a second's stern emotion—ties that had seemed light and pleasant but so lately, tortured and harassed her now, and held her back from liberty. An instant before physical weakness alone had prevented her from making the step forward that would leave her sobbing on James Arnold's breast; now, in this sudden revulsion of her wretched weakness, his cold, harsh tone of command seemed that of a keeper whose chains she would die to break. All the wrongs, trials, humiliations of a life with him crowded before her; the poor, mean house, the sordid, daily toil, the severe, disagreeable mother-in-law, poverty, tyranny, drudgery, disgrace, a stern, unloving husband. Anger, shame, selfishness, revenge, struggled fiercely in her heart with love, and truth, and duty—struggled and conquered. Reason was quite obscured, passion reigned in its place, and weakness was stronger than either. She turned and gave her hand to Harry Thurston, and fainted at his feet.

The Misses Thurston curled scornful lips at this "romantic scene;" their mother, with something like motherly tenderness, bent over the fainting girl; the squire was divided between admiration of the "fine woman" who had accepted his son, and regret at her sudden illness; and the son himself, a flush of triumph on his cheek, the light of victory shining in his eyes, lifted his fair burden in his arms, and watched with more than common exultation his rival leave the house.

"Was ever woman in this humor wooed?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"

he muttered, as he locked himself into the little room her presence had so lately adorned, to dream away the tedious hours till daylight, over the decanter and segars, in waking visions of his future bride.

And Rebecca could not leave the shelter of the manor-house that night, though what her rest might be in the costly bed on which they laid her none could know. At her own request

she was left alone amid the luxury of the best bedroom, to which she had been taken after her recovery. If thorns pierced her pillow, if regrets tortured her heart in the silence of the state apartment, there were lace, and silk, and damask to bind the wounds, there should have been healing balm in the sight of the pomps and vanities for which she had bartered her truth away. A portrait of her accepted lover hung over the mantle. She looked long into the bright, unthinking eyes, and tried to imagine them fixed on her with the expression she had often seen in those dear ones so lately looked upon for the last time. In vain! A different fate and love must now be hers—staking her happiness with a desperate hand, she had won or lost all forever! Between a true and deep affection that years had tried and tested, and a sudden ephemeral passion that might perish as quickly as it had sprung up, she had made her choice, and must abide by it.

She came down the next morning a cold and silent woman, looking ten years older than the bright girl of the evening before: the family thought it the effect of illness and excitement: her intended husband had his own secret theory which no one shared: but the knowledge he possessed did not materially alter his plans. He drove her home to her mother's house that afternoon, under the black sky and through the tempestuous wind of a wild March day. The carriage whirled along like lightning, the fast trotter did his best over the short mile that lay between the two places; but brief as was the drive, it was sufficiently long to have the wedding-day decided. Rebecca showed no desire to postpone it—he might do as he pleased, she said—she even seemed anxious that the time should be short, which she must spend among her present surroundings, full of bitter retrospection, of rebellion how much more dreadfully useless than ever before! She thought her new lover very generous and kind because he did not seek to pry into her disturbed heart: but satisfied himself with giving her assurances of his own love, sweet flatteries that broke upon her dull reflections. These soothed her restless pain, she was glad to be dear to somebody. She felt like the lonely castaway of a wreck—self-made, but all the worse for that—and clung to the one fragment that had risen out of the deep, into which all the rest had gone down with weak, desperate hands.

"Let her only be my wife," thought the handsome Harry, as he drove back again, alone, after a brief undemonstrative parting with his beautiful betrothed, "and she will get over this

nonsense immediately and love me dearly. She always did—it is only this fellow's influence over her which makes her restless—and that we'll soon be rid of."

Arrived at home, Rebecca told her family, calmly and quietly, of the great change that had been made in her since she left it, receiving opposition, congratulation, wonder, inquiry, regret, with the same cold serenity of resolve. No one in the household had ever disputed her will—none dared gainsay it now. She received her new lover at the time and place that she had been used to receive the old. She walked and talked, she rode and drove, and danced and sang, as before. James Arnold's gifts were placidly packed up and returned; all trace and token of his presence was removed; in their stead newer tributes came—books, music, jewelry, bouquets—the usual offerings of a lover. I cannot say that these frivolities did not cheer her poor weak heart a little, as old Mrs. Arnold's fierce denunciations eased her conscience. The sparkling *solitaire* upon her hand; the new and rare perfume upon her toilet-table; the daily homage of beauty and luxury, of praise and adulation that surrounded her, served as such dazzling delusions do serve, for a little while, to deceive and comfort the soul that has abandoned for them realities far more precious. But there came a time when these poor follies could baffle pain and cheat remorseful memory no longer. Heartless people can do, and daily do,

such things with impunity; but Rebecca was not heartless. Regret and shame, and repressed love, a consciousness of her own cowardice, falsehood, and selfishness, preyed on her mind ceaselessly. While the wedding-cakes were being made, the wedding-flowers cut, she fell ill of a fever. When she recovered, her lover married her, and took her away. His ephemeral passion was gone—gone with her lovely bloom, with the light of her eyes, the glory of her abundant tresses, the statue-like grace of her figure—but he called himself a man of honor, and would not desert her who had deserted another for his sake. Instead of the bright beauty he had promised to show his friends, he brought with him to the city a pale, faded, sickly invalid, whose only merit was, that she was not peevish or repining; for Rebecca had found help and strength, and courage now, and bore her hard trial uncomplainingly, as the neglected wife of a dissipated, unloving husband. With prayer and patience she won him gently back at last, to love her with a better love, and live a better life than he had known before. They came down to the old home at Fairfield again, he a purer and graver man, she a sweet and noble woman, whose lost beauty none could mourn that felt the gracious charm which had succeeded it, and the pain and sorrow of whose early treachery had died out of the memory of James Arnold, almost an old man now, with a group of rosy children around his knees.

NAMELESS.

BY MARIA L. HOPKINS.

I KNEW it must be so—I always felt
That smiling somewhere, there were eyes to melt
The frozen fountains of my life away.
I knew, as I walked forward in the shade,
That somewhere, in the future, God had made
A life-sun of my soul—and so I stayed
In patient hope for the sure dawning ray.

I always, always knew, that I should meet
A spirit, that would make life's music sweet,
And that I only then should learn to live;
But still, a low tone ever prophesied,
That when the restless wanderer, world-wide,
Should come at last, and linger at my side,
'Twould to my life a nameless sorrow give.

So I went sunward on the solemn shore,
Hearing sweet music in Time's ocean roar,
And waiting for the slow, sure coming fate.
The silent heart-harp—silent all life long—
Thrilled 'neath the master-hand, gentle and strong;
And wildly sweet was the son's matin song,
E'er it was left unstrung, and desolate.

It thrilled forth the soul's music once and last;
And what if it was fated, and it passed
Thus utterly and evermore away?
He who called out the wild and wondrous strain,
Bears a charmed heart amid the false and vain:
Charmed against falsehood, and love's bitter pain,
'Twill echo through his soul all life's long day.

The blessed Spirit came at last to me,
As it comes once to all humanity—
A life-ennobling, rare and radiant guest.
What matter if its wings of wondrous white,
Left me bewildered by their blinding light,
And life looks darkened to my spirit's sight?
Come sorrow now, or pain, I have been blest.

And now, sometimes, a tone comes hauntingly
Back to my soul—and oh! so lovingly!—
From o'er the sea of absence, years, and pain;
For the Past's sake I bear on patiently,
The loss of the bright angel gone from me,
But list not of the tone which tenderly,
At twilight, whispers, "I will come again."

THE CLERGYMAN'S WIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

PARSONAGE, AUGUST 1ST.

It rains to-night, a sharp, sleety rain, driving against the windows with a low continual moan. It puts me in mind of the Banshee old Norry used to swear belonged to our family, and who cried to warn them of death or danger. I wish it had been a "Brownie," instead, who did all the work while the mistress slept. The Scotch are cannier about even their guardian spirits than the poor Irish. What a dull, foreboding night! I looked out of the window just now, and saw the rain drenching garden, and stable, and road, and murky clouds gathering every moment to make the night heavier. Inside, the little wood-fire burns pleasantly, though it is late, one o'clock, and baby is asleep in his cradle, where I can touch him with my foot as I sew. John has been sleeping, too, for some hours. Where I sit, I can see his face, sallow and haggard, against the pillow—different from the ruddy, cheerful face that belonged to my lover ten years ago! Years that have cut hard and sharply into it.

What a hard fight it has been for him to find bread and butter for the children and me; and how nobly he has fought it only God and I know. Day after day, month after month, in all those ten long years, the same constant strain on mind and body, and never once one selfish thought—all done for "Kitty and the boys." I sometimes think the only rest he knows is in his sermons; he seems to throw off then the hard, griping present, and feel that he is himself again—the free, bold thinker that in Boston, before we were married, stood on a platform with his own peers and was recognized by them. He gave up much to preach God's word when he abandoned the law—place, and fame, and chance of advancement. I often doubt when I look at his dull boorish hearers in this little village, and notice how the discourse (almost incomprehensible to them) invariably assumes a logical form, whether he did not also give up his true stand-point and work. But God knows. I cannot help looking back to-night. Not at our gay, careless life before we married, but since then—here. When I remember the scraping to keep body and soul together on the pittance the church gives us—

the sickness, the boarding, cent by cent, to buy even this poor furniture we have—I do not wonder that John lies there, fagged and worn out, a wreck of his former self. And I could do so little to help! Sewing and cooking for the wee ones brings in no money. I am tougher and stronger than John to-day, though I used to be a delicate girl. I remember how he used to fret at seeing my hands chapped and hard with the washing the first year we were married; (I *had* a pretty hand then) but we have had too serious troubles since to think of such trifles.

Well, about this visit to Boston. I can't help talking to my journal. John and I have somehow grown silent together. At first we kept up the habit we had in our courtship of reading together, discussing the news and current literature of the day; but, after a year or two, we could not afford to take the papers, nor buy books, and soon our usual topics became—how the flour was to be got, or the children shod for winter. I am sorry. One feels hungry for something outside of this, as Herder, when dying, asked for a great thought to refresh him. I feel sometimes as if my soul were so drenched with thoughts of dollars and cents that it was hardly worth saving for heaven. It is like opening a safety-valve to complain or talk to this journal. I write in it, therefore, a line or two at night when I have sewed until midnight. That is my stopping-place.

But, the visit. John was very much averse to it at first—is so still, indeed. But Charles Lowther is so old a friend that he dares to speak more plainly than any one else would; and this summer, when giving us his usual invitation, he wrote, "You have refused me these ten years, Curtis, but now I will take no refusal. You require rest imperatively; heart and liver and brain are overworked, and to persist in your course is simple suicide. I write as a physician, now, not merely your friend. I don't want any of the children; send them out wholesale to Deacon Simms. Let Mrs. Curtis have a breathing space—heaven knows she needs it. Next time the bairns shall come. Our place abuts directly on the sea, so you shall have all the benefit of surf-bathing without

undergoing the fashion or vulgarity of Cape May hotels as of old." It was long before John would consent. He has grown morbid, sunk down in a sort of dull apathy, from which nothing rouses him. When at last it was decided we should go, he could not bear to be separated from the children. "You and the boys have come to be my world, Kitty," he said. "What do I care for this circle of *beau-esprits* that Lowther will have gathered about him? Let us rest in our humble little nest here, and 'let the world go by.'" I was very glad that John loved his home so well; but still I thought a breath of fresh sea air would be a good thing. If the "nest" did not need carpeing and doing up so dreadfully, I would like it better.

So we are going. Tom and the twins and George are off on Saturday to Deacon Simms to romp in the hay-fields; and aunt Ann will keep Jem, who is two years old, and large enough to leave, though I call him "baby," yet. We will start on Monday. I have just finished John's three new shirts; with those and his old ones he will do very well; and he has, of course, a good suit of broadcloth—one worldly advantage in being a clergyman—at any rate. For me, I can whiten my old straw bonnet over some brimstone and trim it up, and my wedding silk has been dyed black, and really looks as good as new. It amuses me to think of the preparation I would have made for such a visit ten years ago; but since John has ceased to notice how I was dressed, or looked, I never think of it, only to be clean. Our love is founded now on something deeper than mere externals. Well, to-morrow I will be busy preparing the children's clothes, so I will go to bed.

Rock Point, August 7th.—We have been here for three days now at Mr. Lowther's country-seat. The sea air and bathing has already made a change in John's face, I fancy, given it a color. But he grows more depressed and home-sick every day. He came to our room just now, where I was writing. "Let us cut this visit short, Kitty," he said. "I am like a plant torn up by the root away from our home and the children. I suppose solitude has made me morbid and over sensitive. But I am not fit for this sort of life. I want to go back." He paced backward and forward through the room. "It galls me to the soul," he said, at last, wiping his forehead, "to contrast Lowther's way of living and ours. For myself, I don't heed it. I chose it for a pure motive. But when I think of the chances of which my boys are deprived, the culture, the refinement of taste and manners—the width of thought, it

cuts to the quick. To think my sons must grow up boors, half their days given to the scraping and saving of a dollar, while Lowther's, because of the possession of a little more lucre, start high and fair in the race." I did not answer John. I thought him unreasonable and morbid, and, also, to tell the truth, that a little intercourse with his fellow-men was just what he needed. For our boys, there is no need of their growing up boors, if they do not draw in culture with every breath, as the Lowther children. I did not tell John how heart-sick I was to be with them, especially poor baby; nor how oppressed I am by the different atmosphere here. We will stay the fixed time, I am resolved, if it will benefit John. I understand the different influences which the Lowthers' life and ours will exert on our children. It is an education simply to be in this place. Nature and art have done everything for them. The house is distant a few miles from Nahant, on the same range of sea-rocks, commanding a view of the sea and coast for many miles, the surf dashes up on the lower ground of the park; from the upper windows of the house the ocean is seen alone, unblemished by any glimpse of land, in all its eternal variety of colors and meanings; and there is no such educator as the sea; no such help to the development of a vigorous manhood. The establishment itself is no show place, but founded on a wide, solid affluence, large and generous in all its details: a thorough home, with well-wooded pleasure-grounds, stabling, dogs, stock, pets of every kind; in-doors, an atmosphere of comfort and beauty, pictures, books, music, guests coming and going, a well-trained band of noiseless servants; different from our little parlor with its faded carpet, and the children's mother, maid of all work! Yet the faded carpet was worked and saved for during a whole year, and sewed in such a happy, jolly fashion! John trying to help me by threading the needles and joking all the time. Oh, well! God knows what is best for our boys.

August 8th.—Some old friends of John's came last night whom Mr. Lowther had brought to meet him; the Quaker reformer, R—, and Dr. P—. Already John is coming back to his old self with them, forgetting his nervous wretchedness of yesterday. If this rest only does work a cure! I should not heed any discomfort if there be a chance of that. And discomfort there is none, except home-sickness; for the dear boys, and then—it is trifling to mention such a silly thing—but Mrs. Lowther, with all her cordial kindness, seems somehow to regard

me as a martyr, never forgets the girl I was before I married, and evidently looks on me as a physical and mental wreck, a sacrifice to the making of a "bad match." It is irritating to be pitied, and especially to be pitied for being "a wreck."

August 9th, Evening.—This has been one of the happiest days of my life. A royal day in itself, brimming over with clear, cool sunshine and harvest-scented airs. Then it does my very soul good to see John so looked up to, met with a certain deference as he is by these scholars and men of note. He is in his right place now. I sat this morning watching him on the piazza, the center of an animated group, his eyes kindled, and a smile on his face; the old, delicate, shrewd smile, I have not seen there since the first years of our marriage. The presence of these old friends, this attrition, even of a few hours, of his mind with kindred minds, has brought back the true tone to it. I would not have believed a few healthy hours could have worked so apparent a change. He is becoming, too, more *en rapport* with the other guests. There are many of these. The house is large, and it is the delight of the Lowthers to gather around them rare and fine minds at this season, when they can offer their friends such unusual pleasures of hospitality as the private sea-bathing and sailing.

Last night Miss C—— arrived, of whose music we have heard so much. I saw her walking with John before tea this evening, and immediately after they went into the music-room, where we all silently followed at the first touch of her fingers on the piano. She has marvelous skill, and a wonderful delicacy of expression in her music, and voice, too—for she sang one or two songs only, Schubert's ballads, and *Adelaide*. I was glad she possessed the tact to choose just those that would chord with John's mood. Music used to be a passion with him: and it is years since he has heard anything better than the church choir, with old Hummell, the tailor, as leader. He came and sat down in the window by me—the lamps were not lighted, and the others were scattered about the room in noiseless groups—and I could see the slow tears of intense feeling come into his eyes now and then.

"It was like coming to my old home again," he said to me, when we were alone. "But I forgot, Kitty, you are no musician." It hurt me that he should say that. I cannot bear that we should be separated in any thought or feeling; and, besides, though I do not understand it scientifically, I always thought I comprehended the meaning of music. However, it has

been a happy day. Now that John feels at home, and begins to enter into his life here with zest, I can be more contented; all I need is to get into a quiet corner, and watch him.

August 15th.—It is selfish in me to be discontented where John is so thoroughly happy; but my heart aches to see the children. And then, except the pleasure of seeing him enjoy himself, there is little I care for here. I do not relish reading as I did, when it was a habit with me; and I am always conscious, in making up their little parties for sailing or riding, *Mrs. Curtis* is asked only from courtesy—so I find some excuse to remain at home. I am dull; have lost the habit of expressing myself easily; and even when I am amused, show it but little. I don't blame them if they look on the silent, middle-aged, *Mrs. Curtis* as a dead-weight. A man does not grow old so fast as a woman. John is, on the other hand, of all the guests, the one most eagerly surrounded and sought for. I find Mr. Lowther has told John's story to these people, and the sacrifice he made to speak the truth—so he has become a sort of hero among them. He hardly understands it, for I never told him what I felt his life to be, how worthy reverence. I loved him, and I thought he knew. Something about him, too, seems to appeal to the better part of all these men and women, and causes them to cluster about him, to try to enter into personal relations with him—and he is ready to do that. His delicate instincts; his keen sensitiveness to pleasure and pain; his personal magnetism, make it almost impossible for any one of culture and feeling to come near him, and not feel that this man is something to him, personally, which no other man ever was. It amuses me to see how even his sickly pallor, and picturesque, fastidious face, add to his attraction in the eyes of these young girls from the city.

I set myself to write this all down as a punishment for having felt selfishly lonely last night, when the boating party stayed out late coasting about in the moonlight. There was society enough in the drawing-room and library, but I feel lost without John, always—so I crept off to my own room and cried myself to sleep, thinking of our little home and the boys.

August 18th.—I begin to count the days of our stay here. I wish we were at home. It is harder to be unselfish here than in our own old ways of jogging on. Ugly fancies and doubts creep into my mind which never were there before. I wonder, sometimes, if I was the proper wife for John; if there are not needs and tastes in his nature which I do not satisfy. And it is

such trifles that have made me feel thus, I am ashamed almost to recount them: such as the overheard question of an Irish chamber-maid—"Was yon woman in black Mr. Curtis's mother, or wife?" That was the first. I smiled when I heard her, but I could not help looking in the glass. I never before felt how broken I was. It shocked me to see the pinched, thin face, with the dark circles under the eyes, and the stooped shoulders, on which my dress hung flabby and ill-fitting. I seemed destined to overhear no good of myself without being a listener. This morning I was in one of the bathing-houses when Miss C—— and the old Quaker, R——, John's friend, passed, on their way to the beach. They stopped to look at my husband, who was seining with some fishermen. "It is a 'most delicate spirit' which dwells in that frail body," he said. "Yes," she replied, "but—pardon such a feminine question—how came he to be mated with that wife of his? She appears to be dull and cloddish, utterly incapable of comprehending him." He answered, hesitatingly, "She had great beauty, I have heard." "It is scarcely possible to credit," with a polite sneer, such as women give so easily: "if so, he bought it dearly. He seems to me to have been starving, for mental food as well as physical." It was brutal; but the woman did not know she gave the stab, of course. After I came up to the house, I sat down in my chamber, sick at heart as never before. John came in to prepare for dinner. I turned my back, looking out of the window to hide my swollen eyes. Presently I rose to pin on a clean collar—the only change of dress I had to make. John came over, and looked at me from head to foot with a critical, vexed air. "Why do you wear that eternal black gown?" he said. "It gives you the look of a mute at a funeral, Kitty. And your hair—could you not arrange it to give you a more girlish air? Mrs. F—— has the eye of an artist; her coiffure makes a picture of her face—couldn't you catch an idea from her?" Now it was weak to be hurt by these careless words, dropped as he pulled about the articles on the dressing-table, looking for his pencil. But it did hurt: and after he was gone, I looked at the sallow face in the mirror, and pulled the folds of the old dyed gown—my only one—with bitterer tears than ever I thought to shed. I *had* great beauty—if it was gone now. I thought I had earned love from him founded on something deeper. I had neglected my dress, my person; had I time to "make a picture of my face," with the dinner to cook, the ironing to finish, and five boys to sew and patch for? and that, day after day, for

mouths and years. Going down to dinner I looked at the other women at the table. I did not wonder my dress irritated and disgusted him. There were none of them who had not tact and means enough to suit their garments to their age and figure—the most simple often the most becoming. I saw my mistake; the same money would have bought me a pretty warm-colored robe as I used to dye this dingy bit of old finery. Well, John's love surely does not depend on the color of a gown. It will all be right when we go home.

August 20th.—We are not going soon. Mr. Lowther told me, to-day, my husband had consented to remain another fortnight, as the sea air and water proved beneficial. I hope it may be true, but to my eyes his face has a relaxed, haggard look I never saw there. I fear the reaction when this season of indulgence is over, and we go back to the old drudgery. For me—but I will not dwell on the morbid fancies of these last two days. John is anxious to remain, and that is enough. I never have questioned his authority, and will not now, unless I think it harmful to his soul, as well as body, to stay in this house. What have I said? No matter; let it go.

I never knew my husband so intensely alive as now: every nerve and feeling seems sentient, ready to give and receive emotion. It may be the sudden relaxing of the bow after so long and painful a strain: I don't know. He has found a quick and chording echo, too. She came day before yesterday—this Miss McDonald, of whom we had heard so much. entered the drawing-room after dinner, when the brilliant gaslight and groups, scattered all about the rooms, gave a proper *celot* to her appearance. I was sitting near John, who was playing chess with Col. Shaw, when I saw him suddenly pause, knight in hand, with a half exclamation, and a bright flush of pleasure on his face. I turned and felt the same glow, as if a beautiful picture had suddenly been placed before me. The arch opening into the library was concealed by heavy, dark velvet curtains; between these, and holding them apart with each hand, so as to form a drapery about her, stood the most curious-looking girl I ever had seen, leaning slightly forward, her eyes glancing around the room with a look of childish eagerness. The tableau was so singularly beautiful, that, for a moment, there was a sudden silence; then Mrs. Lowther hastened forward, and the others gathered around this apparently most welcome of all the guests. I have a man's love for a woman's beauty: and I confess that

from my corner, glancing over my netting-needles, I spent the evening watching this girl, whose every pose and look made a new and piquant effect. Her fragile figure gives her the appearance of extreme youth: she has the rare combination of pale golden hair, and exceedingly dark, large eyes, brows and lashes; her skin is delicately tinted as an infant's. Her manner that night was simple, genuine, brimming over with an innocent gaiety. I turned to John at last to see if he were as interested and amused as I; but, his game finished, he was watching her furtively as he talked, with his face heated, and eye kindled. I did not wonder, remembering what a thirsty, keen eye he has for beauty, and how he detects it, sleuth hound-like, hide in what corner it will. And it is so long since he has been gratified by either nature or art. He was presented to this Gertrude McDonald, and talked to her a few moments. "She has nothing in her," he said to me, after we had gone up stairs, "a mere ignorant, artless school-girl. But her power of expression, in face and form, is something marvelous." She wasted but little time before showing him his mistake in rating her. The next day he sought her out, simply, I knew, as I should have sought for a song or picture that once had given me pleasure. She came to the sofa where I was at work, and sat down with him; they talked of books, of art, of politics, religion, with the same gay, fresh *naïveté* on her part, breaking forth, now and then, into some saying, startling from its novelty and truth. I as well as John was amazed; her mind seemed capable of as many graceful and new attitudes as her body. John was delighted. "She has the brain of a poet, and the soul of a little child," he said to Lowther, enthusiastically. A scarcely perceptible shrug of the shoulder was the only reply.

August 22nd.—I think I can understand why John follows this girl so hungrily: she is *expression* in body and soul, if I may so try to make my meaning clear to myself; every least thought or feeling which rises in her own brain, or which she catches from others, she dramatizes by her look or words with an infinite tact and beauty. It is a new sensation to John, he has been so long shut in on himself, compelled to live a self-regarding life, as concerns his thought, that this free demonstrative utterance of inner life of all that women usually hold secret—an utterance, too, so exquisite that his taste is pleased and stimulated by it, is just what he craves. His curiosity will soon be satisfied, I am sure. For Miss McDonald there is such an evident zest in their intercourse for

her, that she reminds me of an actor, who, finding one high appreciative witness in the audience, "plays up" to him.

August 24th.—The movements of this girl have strange fascination for me; if for no other reason than that others, noticing the attraction she has over my husband, watch me, askance, with curious, amused eyes. Surely, it has not come to that! that I am to be degraded into the position of a neglected, jealous wife. Yet I cannot help following her every step with a quick throbbing interest, and a sickening dread of I know not what. This morning, contrary to my usual custom, I accompanied the sailing party. John looked dully surprised, but indifferent, and in a few moments forgot my presence altogether. They were fishing; had one or two fishermen on board to direct the amateurs. By these men, Miss McDonald arranged her basket, and, dressed in her dark merino wrapper, her hair snugly tucked away in a hat, gave herself up to the business of the day. She came to fish—and she fished, disregarding the rest of the party, with an earnest zeal that was, even to me, irresistibly captivating and innocent. To-night—a change in the programme. Von der Wart, the German litterateur, whom Boston has for its pet now, came out to dine, and in the evening read for us two or three scenes from Egmont, and some of Schiller's shorter poems. Afterward, Burger being alluded to, Mrs. Lowther asked Miss McDonald to recite one of his ballads. She assented good-humoredly, and chose Lenore. I noticed that there was a general stir and hush in the rooms, as though people settled themselves as to the enjoyment of a treat. She began in a low, trembling voice, which lost its embarrassment in a moment, but remained subdued, sinking to a whisper in the most effective parts. But the power of the woman! I have seen great actors in my day, but none ever startled and magnetized me as this one, for a mistress of the art she assuredly is. When she uttered the fatal words which sent the soul who spoke them to hell, my blood chilled as though she were, in truth, the lost Lenore. But, oh! the dilated horror of her eye—the anguish in her low cry,

"Oh, mütter! mütter! hin ist hin!
Verloren ist Verloren!"

I looked at John. His lips were white and compressed, his eye followed her like a man charmed. Had the cry a meaning for him then? Had he something lost out of his life forever, which might have been, and was not? He rose and left the room. I dared not follow him. "Mr. Curtis is nervous," Mr. Lowther said,

politely, when the reading was over. "I do not wonder Lenore oppressed him; Miss McDonald would have made a great actress had she gone on the stage. I prefer her rendering of several parts of *Macbeth* and *Othello* to Fanny Kemble's." My husband returned when the evening was nearly over, but sat in a retired corner and studiously avoided her. He was unusually kind in his manner to me, as though he would atone for some wrong. When we were breaking up for the night, an exquisite thrush-like voice began to warble, overhead, *Buona Notte*, with such delicate purity that one held their breath to listen. Looking up, we saw the beautiful, childish face peeping through the heavy balustrades, aglow with mirth, nodding good-night. "How delicious Gertrude is!" said Miss C—. "One would not weary through eternity with such a woman!" My husband made no answer; as he turned away, he drew a heavy breath, gnawing his lips as though to hold himself quiet.

August 30th.—I dare not write down the agony of these days. I can do nothing. I dare not speak; remonstrance would only do evil by baring his own heart to him. I can just creep to my own room, and cry to God to have mercy on us both. John suffers as much as I. He shrinks from the girl; for days absents himself from her altogether, clinging to my side, but with a dull, lost look; then, as if abandoning himself to some delirium, pursues her, haunts her every step with such an almost savage persistency, that she seems frightened at times. He is too nervous and single-minded a man to conceal anything. The workings of his mind are palpable as day; and he seems so terrified at himself that he forgets that I, too, know and suffer. To-day I asked him to go home. "Anything is better than this," I cried. He asked for no explanation, looked at me like a man dazed, and consented, muttering, "Perhaps if I could see the children, it would be different." But an hour after I saw him in the conservatory, his face radiant with excitement, an eager crowd about him, laughing at his wit; and among them Miss McDonald. When I spoke of going home, he answered quietly, "It is impossible." Mr. Lowther overheard us. He followed me out of the room. "It is impossible," he said. "Be patient; you do not know all," with an anxious look; and was thoughtful all the evening, keeping a quiet watch on John.

September 7th.—At last we have spoken. It has been my fault then! God help me! I thought I was a true and faithful wife in every thought and deed. But I alone have been to

blame. I see it now. I was sitting, alone, by the window, last night, looking out to the sea. It was late. I had put on a white wrapper, and loosened my hair, not meaning to go down again. I could hear Miss McDonald's flute-like voice singing in the library, and knew John was there. For my own soul's sake I was trying to keep out of this woman's sight. I was learning to feel for her such a fierce hatred and dread, which no thought of even my meek Master could control. She was cruel, pitiless—she, with all the world to give her homage. I, with only my husband to look to for love in life or death. She had taken him from me, and lured him only to gratify the idle whim of a moment. Now that the certainty of this had come to me, I was calm. It is my nature to show no emotion when I feel most; one reason why he has fallen from me gradually in these later years.

He came in, and pausing a moment by the door, stood looking at me as I sat in the moonlight. I knew by his colorless face and burning eyes he was in a strange state of excitement; the moment had come when all would be uttered. Coming hastily toward me, he stooped down, and, passing his hand over my head, drew out the hairs, holding them up in the moonlight. "See! they glisten like a mesh of gold!" he exclaimed. "You look as you did years ago to-night, Kate!" bending my head back, and looking in my eyes. "There is the same curve on the delicate, indignant mouth, and that sad pleading in the eyes, like a frightened child's." "Daylight will bring back the wrinkles and the offensive haggardness," I said, coldly drawing back. Since I had known him, years ago, he had never thus coolly criticised me. "You were beautiful, Kate," slowly, without seeming to have heard me. "But it is not the beauty I miss, God knows," holding his hands to his forehead. "What is it, John?" I crept up, and caught his sleeve. "Oh, my husband! my husband! I have loved you! I have tried to do what was right!" I sobbed out something of this. I dared not lean on him, scarcely could touch him, so far away from me he seemed. "I know it," more to himself than to me. "You have done what you could. We needed money, that was the truth—and you turned drudge. It's no time for surface-talk. I am going mad, and I must speak the truth. You have been a slave to me and our children, Kitty; but you have been no companion—I have had none. A man needs other food than bread and meat. I am weaker than other men, it may be, and have yielded sooner than I ought;

but there is no power of my mind that has not lacked stimulus, no taste that has not been baffled. It seems to me that I have been dying by inches." "And this woman, John, she helps you?" I faltered at last. His face turned paler. "Yes!" She sympathizes with me—as you did once, Kitty. I feel that, innocent child though she is, I have become to her what no other man ever can be; and this feeling from her is, to me, what the Prophet's hand laid on the dead bones was. My old self has awakened again." There was a long silence. Then I faced him. "Why do you come to me with this? Do you think I am iron or clay? Have you forgotten that I, too, can suffer?" He looked at me; there was a dull surprise in his face. "You have hid it well, if you suffered, Kitty. I come to you because I must speak, or go mad. It has given me no happiness to know that this girl helped me. It has been like putting my hand into hell to find the leaves of the tree of life." "Is your religion nothing? Has this been a lie you have preached?" I cried. He paced through the room with slow, even strides, turning his head, monotonously, from side to side, like a man distraught. "It is no lie. But I cannot understand why it seems only a cold form of words to me now. A man's animal and mental nature count for something." "Yes, you trampled them down in these last years, and they master you now," I said. "It may be—I am weak—I'm very weak, Kate," holding his hand to his head. I know not what power was given me to speak to him coldly and firmly—but I did. He seemed to me like a man on the verge of a precipice, needing but a cool hand to hold him back." "You are wrong, John," I said, looking him gravely in the face. "You think this girl loves you. You dare to compare her love for you with mine, your wife. I tell you that you are to her but one of an audience, to whom she plays a part—a sympathizing witness of her tricks and skill—no more than that." "You do not know Gertrude." The tone maddened me. "It may be; but I know you, my husband, and I know myself. It seems to me as if it were given me, in this hour, to see us both as we stand before God's eyes. I do not ask you to remember what I have been, nor what love I bore you. Let that go. But I forewarn you, John Curtis, that when you give your love to that woman, your better self lies dead—cheated by a sham and a lie. I tell you that in those first days of our married life, when you dug the little garden, and chopped wood, whistling, on week-days, found beauty and pleasure in the sunshine or falling leaves, and preached a

cheerful, courageous gospel on Sundays, you were living a higher, nobler life than now, with this mad outcry for lost opportunities and baffled tastes." "You are bitter," he said. "There was truth in what I said," was my answer. "What is to be the end of this?" he asked. "God knows; for our children's sake we cannot live apart." He gave a sudden, half-cry. "I cannot weigh and measure probabilities. You torture me with your coldness, Catharine. Let me go. Somewhere there must be a place for me—surely, somewhere. It's not in this world. Of all things God made, I am the most useless and helpless." He went out as he said this. I sat quiet until it grew late, and the house was silent for the night. I went out then to look for him. Mr. Lowther met me in the lower hall. "Your husband has gone with Dr. C—and the fishermen," he said. John has several times gone out with the mackerel fishers, and not returned for two or three days. I was turning to go back up the stairs, when Mr. Lowther called to me. "John is not well?" "No." He paused, as if he would have said more; and then, restraining himself, bade me good-night, and entered his own room. I shall not see him for days, it may be. If I had not been "bitter," as he said—but my brain was reeling. He "never knew I loved him!" Ten years—and all in vain!

September 8th.—Two days, and they have not yet returned. I am not uneasy; they have been gone coasting along shore as long before.

Evening.—Dr. C— has returned without John. Says that he parted from him on the beach before starting; that he seemed moody and ill; and just on the moment of embarking, withdrew his foot from the plank, and turned away down the south shore.

A Year Later.—I am calm now, and can write down the brief record of those terrible days. Whatever pain it costs me, I will write it. It may be good for me to look back to, should the sharpness of their memory ever die away. Yet it is all indistinct. I remember he was gone—the wild, frenzied search along the shore—the others following, remonstrating. It was in vain. No trace or clue to him could be found. I remember coming back; it was a day of shelving, bitter rain, and cold wind. Mr. Lowther met me. "You are imprudent," he said; then stood, with his hat off, silent a moment. "It has come as I feared," he said, taking my hand gently. "John has been ill for some time—more ailing than even you could perceive, or any one, but his physician. His nervous system was worn

out utterly. Coming here but stimulated, did not rest it, as I hoped. He was not a sane man; remember that, Mrs. Curtis, always as your comfort for aught that passion—that he was not a sane man.” “What do you mean? Was, Mr. Lowther—” He held my hand, stroking it as my father would do, and uttering some words of genuine sympathy; but they fell meaningless on my ear. He led me gently into the hall—I remember how they stood in groups watching me with pale faces and awe-struck eyes—and then into the long, bare dining-room, and there, stretched upon the table, I saw—what? God of mercy! spare me, if, in that moment, I cursed the day I was born—the life that had brought agony like this. They left me alone with my dead for long hours. At last, Mr. Lowther and his wife came for me. I noticed then that the clothes were dry. “Not drowned?” I asked. He shook his head, took up the ice-cold hand, ran his fingers along the arm, then looked at me, as if he would have spoken, in the manner he has so often used of late, but again was silent. It did not need. I knew the word he would have said—*suicide!*

They let me have him to myself that night, after many doubtful looks and whispered counsils. I went over it all then, from the beginning. There was no word or deed of his which did not surge up in my memory now. The lips and hands were mine to kiss, to hold—dead though they were. With morning they came to take me away. At the door, as they carried me out, they met her, laden with baskets of white flowers. After that, I remember no more for many days.

When I recovered—for my illness lasted long—I asked no questions. Long ere this his pure flesh had been laid in the earth to moulder—his memory was mine. They nursed me tenderly—the Lowthers; the other guests were gone. One bright day, when I could set up in an easy-chair, Mr. Lowther came in, and, after the usual routine of feeling my pulse, etc., sat down, and, looking me steadily in the face as he spoke, said, “You are strong enough to bear a shock, my dear madam?” I bowed my head, indifferently. If he had shown me my children dead before me, I do not think it would have brought a tear. A curious expression flickered about the corners of his mouth. “A pleasant surprise, remember.” “You have brought me my boys?” “Yes. But before you see them, I wished to speak to you, on a subject that has perplexed me much. Very briefly—I mean the cause of John’s death. You can bear it?” A cold shiver ran through my veins. I tried to speak, but found I could not, sat quiet, with my

hands over my eyes. “I will not pain you long,” he resumed, in a subdued voice. “It is necessary, or I would not be so apparently cruel. I know what John and you were to each other: few unions are so perfect. I know,” hesitatingly, “that at the last there was a change.” I made no reply. I sat dumb, nerveless; but every word he spoke struck home to the soul. “You were not aware, Mrs. Curtis, of the actual physical change wrought on John by his morbid, and, pardon me, stunted life. When I saw him last spring, looking at him as a physician, I perceived that the long nervous tension had produced incipient degrees of one of the most terrible of all maladies—I mean catalepsy. I have no hesitation in saying that, if his life of privation had continued, and the painful cares from which he suffered, (the greatest of which was his grief at seeing the hardship of your life,) that death or mental derangement must have been the result. You know his sensitive, nervous organization. It was in view of all this that I almost forced you here this summer, in hopes the change might come in time to be beneficial, and also to have him under my own eyes. After his arrival, however, I found that the disease was deeper-seated than I had thought. Evidences of great cerebral excitement developed themselves daily—you know in what manner.” He waited for a reply—but I made none. I saw how cruelly blind and unjust I had been. “And you know the end.” “You wish me to understand,” I forced myself to say, at last, “that John’s death was not voluntary? that it was caused by catalepsy?” “I wish you to understand,” leaning forward and speaking gently, but with a strange meaning, “that while here, this summer, he had two attacks of catalepsy. The first was concealed from you; the second occurred on the day you parted from him. The second was the cause of his apparent death.” So quietly the words were spoken, that it was some time before I observed them; then a painful, dazed doubt struck through my brain. I cried out, sharply, for I was weak, “What do you mean? What is this? For God’s sake, do not torture me thus! John is dead.” “John *was* dead.” He held my wrists tightly. After that I remember only a wild chaos, in which my brain reeled—outcries—attempts at explanation—to calm me—Mrs. Lowther sobbing beside me—and, at last, my husband—my cheeks in both his hands, and his former loving face smiling into mine, as I knew it in our first married years.

Days after we were sitting, all together, in the library, when the guests, who were gone,

were spoken of, "Miss McDonald is in New York, giving private readings of Shakspeare, for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission," said Mrs. Lowther, reading from a letter she had just opened. My husband glanced at my face, which grew red and pale, and smiled. "Poor, foolish Kitty!" he whispered. Afterward, when we were alone, he said, "I was conscious that night, when you all thought me dead, Kate. I knew my wife then, for the first time, I think, and how she loved me. I heard Miss McDonald, too, strewing me with white roses, and posing and gesticulating over me. A living man, looking forward to being buried alive in a few hours, is not apt to bear with patience sham woe over him."

"But it did not need that, Kitty," he said, taking me in his arms. "I was not sane when I left you. It did not need that she should disgust me to bring me back to you, when I was clothed, and in my right mind."

We never returned to the parsonage, however, except to remove the children and our furniture. Through Mr. Lowther's influence, John obtained a position as editor of a leading review, which gave him a free scope for his mind, a great and appreciative audience, and an income large enough to ease us both and make us feel a sure footing in the world.

John has regained strength, and color, and a certain manly self-reliance, which had nearly slipped away from him. For me, I teach the boys, preparing them for college. I do not forget (bear in mind, all wives, for whose eyes alone this story has been written) that careless dress, and disregard of appearances, on the woman's side, invariably produces disgust on the man's. I do not forget the weightier matters of the law, justice, and mercy, and truth; but I never fail to have my hair curled, and fresh lace at my throat, before John comes home to dinner at five.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY OLIVE C. FERRISS.

There's a beautiful land where we wander oft,
In the hush of some star-lit night,
When slumber's seal on the eyes is soft,
And the spirit soars on its wings aloft,
In the maze of a strange delight;
And our life's deep joy in a fullness seems,
That we only know in the Land of Dreams.

How we meet the joys that have faded been,
Since the days of the long gone yore;
Oh! the beautiful hopes we cherished then,
How we clasp them back to our hearts again,
As we held them there before.
Oh! the radiant light that ever beams,
As we wander on in the Land of Dreams.

Ah! this fleeting life, that so wears away,
With its vanished visions sweet:
Oh! the "sweet, cold hands," and each dear dead face
Of those asleep in the burial-place,
With worn and wearied feet:
How we greet them all by the crystal streams,
In that beautiful realm—the Land of Dreams.
Oh! the fair, fair lives that have faded here,
Ere the light of their Summer noon;
How we sometimes dream they gather near,
In the arms of some long vanished year,
That perished all too soon.
Ay, we've met them all, where each lost gem gleams,
In that mystical realm—the Land of Dreams!

HEAVEN NEAR TO THE HEAVENLY.

BY REV. J. H. LUTHER, A. M.

We are not far from those we love,
Death is a narrow river;
A signal from the land above—
And we are o'er forever.
And soon the living and the dead,
Across the stream shall meet;
For life goes on with hurried tread,
And time has no retreat.
We are abroad, a broken band,
And those gone on before,
Are waiting in the father land,
Till we shall leave the shore.
Then, with a steady eye, look up,
Nor from the prospect start,

Let courage, trust, and lively hope,
Live in a lowly heart.
For those across the swelling stream,
No look of sadness wear,
No cloudy day, no troubling dream,
No lonely pathway there.
Then to our dead, let smiles, not tears,
And words of faith be given;
From living souls, let doubts and fears,
And vain regrets be driven.
Thus braving well the toil and storm,
With heart and hope above,
The nearer are we Heaven and home,
The nearer those we love.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1861, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun arose and shone with silvery splendor on that awful battle-field, revealing its tall grass trodden down with blood, its dead in thousands on thousands scattered over the moor, and piled in ghastly heaps where the fight had raged fiercest—its wounded, some in the throes of death, others grinding their teeth to force back the agonized cry for water, which might be answered only by the marauder's knife—its maimed horses struggling and moaning with that horrid brute anguish, of which dumb animals seem alone capable—or careering, riderless and mad, over the field, trampling down both dead and living with hoofs crimson to the fetlocks; nostrils fiery with the hot breath that burned as it went, and manes streaming back to the wind like hoar-moss on a tossing oak bough.

Never, on this earth, did a battle-field spread such frightful contrasts under the calm arch of heaven. The hollows over which war-horses had leaped, and bombards roared, were fresh with tender April grass and azure with violets; sometimes drops, that should have been dew, trembled on them, thick and red, weighing down their blossoms as sin burdens a human soul. Still these sweet children of the soil smiled up from the bosom of nature as if war and carnage had never been.

Amid all this was a handful of tents, pitched hastily in the very heart of the terrible scene, under which the triumphant Yorkists slept soundly, almost as those who lay with stark and white faces lifted so dumbly heavenward.

From the center tent, glistening with the sheen of crimson silk and golden devices, uprose the royal banner of York, its azure field and silver sun mocking the blue heavens, and the godlike father of light that looked so grandly down on that awful work of man.

Under this, shut out from the common gaze by a few yards of silk, the young king lay, unwashed from slaughter and heavy with wine, dreaming that he held high carousal in the sanctuary of Westminster, and was quaffing choice Burgundy from the sacred vessels of its

altar. Twice the youth, whom we have seen in Edward's tent the night before, swept its draperies back, unchallenged by squire or sentinel, and looked in upon the royal sleeper. When he turned away the third time, a cold smile hung on his lip, and he muttered in a quiet undertone,

"Thus the animal ever prevails with him. Men who have crowns to guard should learn eternal vigilance. Well, let him sleep on, that which Warwick has failed to do, wine, wassal, and supine indulgence, will surely accomplish; and then—why then England shall see that one Plantagenet can keep watch and ward over a diadem which would haunt his dreams, but that the very thought of it keeps him wakeful—ever, ever wakeful!"

With these words on his lips, the youth mounted his war-horse, and rode across the field toward the towers that loomed grimly from the broken uplands that rose in a gradual ascent from the level of Gladstone Heath.

Alas! it was a desolated dwelling to which the young man rode. In its bower-chamber a young heart was almost breaking. In its chapel two stalwart forms lay—not side by side, for even in death the great king-maker held place, and was outstretched nearest the altar, and raised a step above his friend and follower. But there both lay dead—the lord of those grim towers, and the general of what had been a mighty army not twenty-four hours ago. Dim and solemn was the religious light which fell around them. Massive tapers burned before the altar: the smoke of holy censers curled in and out among the arches of the groined roof. Monks, from a neighboring monastery, knelt and prayed in whispers, the chaffing of their beads alone disturbed the profound stillness.

In the hall, a few old men crowded together, wretched and helpless. All night they had waited for some of the many followers, who had gone forth with Sir James Chichester, to return with news of the fight; but not a living soul ever came back to those towers. They had fought in the last desperate stand made by the

doomed curl; and before he fell the earth was heavy with their dead bodies, and crimson from their drained hearts. A few of the wounded were taken prisoners; but no sound man of all the Chichester troops ever came back to see how desolate those towers had become. Edward's battle-cry had been, "*Fall to and spare not*"—most ruthlessly was it obeyed.

As Maud Chichester lay prone upon her couch, smothering the cries of a wounded heart with its pillow, the door opened, and a woman entered, some few years older than herself, and, from her garb and bearing, evidently a grade or two lower in the social scale. She walked softly across the floor, and, stooping over the young girl, touched her. The motion of her hand was almost a caress, timidly given, however, as if she would gladly have kissed the white shoulders that rose and fell in convulsions of passionate grief, and was only restrained by those social restrictions that turned affection into reverence.

"Lady, my dear, dear lady, will you not look up and speak to me?"

The voice which uttered this entreaty was wonderfully rich and sweet. It penetrated that young heart with thrills of sympathy. Maud looked up. Her eyes were heavy with tears, her face flushed with constant weeping.

"Jane, Jane—oh, God be thanked!—is it you? I thought you so far away, like all the rest."

"But I am here ready to help you—ready to die for you, if it may be."

Maud put back the hair that had fallen over her face with both hands, and looked wistfully into the beautiful eyes bent so mournfully upon her.

"Jane, you know that he is dead?"

Her lips trembled with new grief as the piteous words left them; and, reaching up her arms, Maud clung to the friend who had come so timely to share her sorrow.

"Yes, youngling, I know all. My husband commands a company of the city archers, and I traveled hither with the baggage-train, glad to visit my old home once more, and hoping to be of some help here, at the towers, if Lancaster lost the day; or, perchance, claim aid, should the fortunes of war turn against the king."

"Ah, it was kindly thought of, for I am all alone," answered Maud. "Hush! What is that? The tramp of horses? Look forth, Jane, and tell me if it is friend or foe."

The woman obeyed, and, leaning out of the casement, took a survey of a group of horsemen that gathered in the court.

"It is a company of Yorkists, following some leader from the Duke of Gloucester's division. I gather from the boar's-head which crests the helmet of one who seems to be their captain."

Maud started up, and began to bind up her hair with hands that shook with new-born apprehension.

"Tell me, and be quick, what is the leader like? Is he old, young, fierce of visage, or merciful?"

"Young, dear lady, I can see that plain enough, for his visor is up, and there is scarcely the promise of a beard upon his chin."

"But is he large, or small, ill-favored, or comely?"

"Small, compared with thy father, sweet one, but still of moderate height, and with signs of strength which should make men fear his arm. As for the face, it is pale and clearly cut, like the heads wrought in cameo, which our goldsmiths travel abroad to purchase. A thoughtful, still face, which, I judge, gives not forth its secrets readily. Good faith! but it is a visage to study, yet never fathom. Why should it bring this chill to my frame, and send the breath in gasps to my lips, I know it not?"

Maud was sitting upon the couch. She had banded the rich hair around her head, and a gleam of expectation shone on her face.

"The dress, the cognizance—is there nothing in them to distinguish him from the rest?" she asked, eagerly.

"He is clad in half-mail of Milan steel, embossed with gold, and over all wears a short, red manteline. On his helmet sits the boar's-head, as I told you but now. I see nothing more, save that the destrier he bestrides is coal-black, and seems a steed of worth. Hark! his bugle sounds!"

Maud stepped hastily to the floor. Her tears were suppressed, for the moment, and the flush that had bespread her sweet countenance settled richly in her cheeks.

"Come, smooth my kirtle," she said, heeding, for the first time, the disturbed state of her attire. "Though an orphan in the first hours of bereavement, this poor household has now, alas! no other head; let us go meet this Yorkist with what poor state we may. They come, perhaps, to warn me that these walls can shelter Sir James Chichester's child no longer."

"Nay, nay, man is not so cruel! If it were so, the king is nigh at hand: to him you can appeal," answered the woman, as she smoothed with her left-hand the kirtle of blue taffety, which, in truth, needed the soft care she gave.

"What, the ruthless tyrant Edward?" cried

Maud, with a start of mingled horror and indignation. "I would perish in the solitude of yon heath first."

"Nay, I did not mean to offend," answered the woman, submissively. "King Edward may be merciless to men; but the city belies him if he is not even sweet and debonnaire to women. Did not Dame Elizabeth Gray kneel to him in her sorrowful widowhood, and is she not Queen of England?"

Maud snatched her garments impatiently from the woman's hand.

"Pence, woman! I will hear no more of this. Reach me my wimple yonder, the head of a woeful mourner may well be shrouded. Now open the door, and, if it please you, follow me, while I give meet reception to my father's enemies. My women have been frightened away, and but for thee I might, perforce, have been compelled to do the honors of this, which was my father's house, alone."

"Then, lady, I bless the hour that brought me here, though it has pleased you to chide rather than welcome my coming."

Maud's generous nature was touched, and she turned a look of mournful deprecation on the woman.

"Have I indeed been so shrewish in return for thy kind intent? But remember what bitter cause of hate these Yorkists have given me."

"Such is the curse of civil war: desolated homes and divided hearts are ever its evil outgrowth," answered the woman, hastening to open the door that Maud might pass.

Not in the hall, where ordinary guests would have awaited a welcome, did Maud Chichester find the strangers; but they had crowded with rude military haste into the little chapel, with their spurs ringing upon the granite floor, and a rattle of armor sounding out sharply through the murmur of conversation and audible prayers, now uttered, as it seemed, in loud and deep defiance by the priests. Some feeling of awe had, indeed, checked their progress when they saw those two stulwart forms, majestic even in death, lying before the altar; for Yorkists and Lancastrians vied with each other which should pay deepest homage to the religion of the times. The young man, whose manteline glowed out red and sinister in the funeral light, undid the straps of his helmet, and bared a forehead white and pure as marble to the gaze of his followers. Just as he was bending his knee before the altar, Maud came into the chapel, followed by her companion, whose rare beauty, both of form and face, seemed to light up the sombre picture with a glory not its own.

The youth saw their entrance from under his drooping eyelashes, but made no sign. Slowly sinking to his knees, he bent his head reverently, and seemed to pray. Then he stood up, to all appearance, still unmindful of a new presence, and addressed his men,

"Let it not astonish you," he said, lifting his helmet from the floor, where he had reverently laid it down, "that I bow myself here at an altar cumbered with the deadliest foes of York. A brave death has cleansed this clay of its treason; and I see in it only that which was the leal friend and strong right-arm of Duke Richard, whose soul God assail! As for this, his follower and fast friend, I only hope that it may be my good hap to find such men girding me at my death-hour. To your knees, gentlemen, first in homage to your God, and then to the greatness that Edward was compelled to slay or yield up his throne. Christ have mercy upon them! Amen!"

A fresh clangor of arms and stooping of proud heads followed this command; then, all subdued and broken-hearted by the generous eulogium given to her father, Maud stole forward, and falling by the altar, wept piteously, but with some sweet tears mingling with that passionate rain of sorrow.

"Lady, arise! or rather let me kneel by your side, and ask forgiveness for the life it was our hard fate to destroy," said the deep, clear voice of the strange youth. "Oh! if human wishes could restore human life, there should be no cause for mourning here. But woe is ever rash, and regret of no avail. Nay, sweet dame, this is no place for one so gentle and so fair. Let me lead you home."

Maud hushed her sorrow and stood up.

"First tell me why your troopers have invaded this holy place?" she said.

"They came first to pay homage, and then bear the remains of this dead earl to a place of burial."

"Where is it you purpose to convey this august shadow of a man who filled thrones and tore them down at will? If not to most honorable burial, the foot that approaches his sacred clay must trample me to the earth."

"Sweet dame, it is to most honorable burial that we would bear him. First, he will lie in state at St. Paul's, that those who loved him may look upon his face. Then it is the king's command that he be buried in the Priory of Bisham, among the great ancestors of his mother, who was descended from the Earls of Lasburg. This surely will content Edward's most bitter foe and Warwick's most exacting friend."

"And who art thou, fair sir, who promise so largely in the king's name?" questioned Maud.

Before the youth could answer, a noise of horsemen mounting the eminence at full speed, the clang of arms, and murmur of voices, broke in upon them. Directly a bugle sounded loud and clear in the court below, and, by the rattle of armor and clank of iron-heels on the pavement, Maud knew that a fresh company of armed men were coming into the tower.

"I know that bugle-note," said the youth, hastily; "tarry here, my men, while I go forth and prevent intrusion."

He went out in anxious haste, but had hardly reached the hall when it swarmed full of armed men, and, foremost, towering above them all, stood King Edward, with a furred mantle over his armor, and a light diadem of gold and precious stones circling his helmet.

"What, thou here?" he said, addressing the young man. "Ever foremost, boy, when work is to be done, or thought takes the guide of work. Well, lead the way, we, with these lords and gentlemen, would assure ourselves that the doughty earl is past all future treason."

The youth came close to Edward, who stooped down from his commanding height, and listened to a few whispered words. As those two faces approached each other, the contrast was singularly striking; yet between them appeared that impalpable resemblance which neither rests in form or feature, and is as inexplicable as the perfume of a rose—felt but never seen.

"If you would, indeed, be king of a united people, sire, deal tenderly with Warwick's memory. Having slain the man, and with him a power which overshadowed thrones, let the people have their idea. That is a thing no prince or potentate can conquer, but may use."

"But I have promised our victorious soldiers that they shall, one and all, feast their eyes on our fallen foe; and, 'fore George! it will not be wise to balk them now."

The youth drew Edward still farther aside before he answered.

"Sire, I have prepared for that. As if he were a monarch of England, let the body of Warwick lie in state at St. Paul's. Thus you keep faith with our soldiers, thrice disarm his adherents, bind them to your own royal person, and force the stout earl, dead, to save you as he once did living."

Edward gazed upon that pale young face with a sensation that almost amounted to awe.

"Boy, whence got you this subtle power of thought? It shames me thus ever to give up my will when thy council crosses it."

"Nay, sire, I but suggest."

"Suggest! ay, but it so chances that the king's will ever bows to thy soft-spoken suggestions."

"His judgment, which, with wise men, controls the will."

The king laughed.

"At thy word-splitting again; but, 'fore George! I mislike it not! Thy council might shame the gray-beards of our court."

"Thanks, sire. That it pleases you rids me of some embarrassment. These towers, as you, perchance, know, belonged to the Lancastrian, Sir James Chichester, who lies in yon chapel, stark and cold, by his lender. His daughter, an only child, orphaned since yesterday, now weeps over him. She craved at my hands honorable burial for the earl, and protection for her father's remains. Presuming on my king's gracious nature, I promised both."

"And shall keep thy promise the more readily, that it is the first time that cherry lip, or cheek of bloom, ever won favor from that cautious heart. But let us see this fair face that works such miracles. 'Fore George! I marvel not she is wondrously beautiful."

The youth snatched his breath, and turning sharply, saw the woman, whom Maud had called Jane, standing in the arch of a door that led from the hall into the chapel where great Warwick lay. Even his cold nature was startled by the exquisite beauty, framed like a picture in that stone arch. The light from a window behind illuminated the well-poised head, and kindled its waves of chestnut-brown hair into richer warmth. The velvety blue eyes seemed black under the shadow of those curling lashes, and her complexion had all the richness of a brunette, with the delicacy which Edward always admired so much in the blonde. That which his wife, the queen, was beginning to lose, this woman possessed, rich coloring, warmth, roundness, and that indescribable grace which grows out of a soft, loving nature.

The blue eyes of the king flashed admiration; a flush lighted the magnificent beauty of his face. He advanced a step, and then drew back with a light laugh.

"'Fore George!" he muttered, "it will not be generous to poach on the boy's manor, but—but——"

As the words were on his lips, and those bold, bright eyes brought blushes warm and red to the woman's face, Maud Chichester appeared in the background, coming slowly out from the chapel; and the lovely creature in the archway stepped reverently aside, that she might pass.

A half-mocking smile crept to the young man's lip.

"Yonder comes Mistress Maud Chichester, sire, the poor, friendless lady, whom last night's bloody work made an orphan."

The king glanced at the maiden, and again at the woman, who bent low as she approached.

"And the other?" asked Edward, eagerly. "Who is she?"

"The waiting-woman, doubtless," answered the youth, and his cold smile deepened.

"Thou wakest my curiosity, boy," said the king, in sudden anger.

"Sire!" interposed one of the king's followers, "she is from the city. I will be sworn, wife to a goldsmith of substance, who has more than once raised loans for the crown. I danced with her at the last mayor's feast, and a light foot she hath at the *galliard*."

The frown cleared from Edward's face.

"Ay, those city dames, sometimes, shame our court beauties; we will speak with this one anon. If her husband has provided gold for our wants, we must not prove ungrateful."

Again the smile gleamed over that young face. But Maud Chichester that instant came through the arch and knelt at the king's feet.

"In behalf of a few old men and helpless maidens, all that are left of my father's retainers, I ask forbearance and protection, sire."

Edward looked down on the young creature with an expression every way unlike that which had flushed his face a few moments before. That clear, pale face, those dark, mournful eyes, and the hair rich, abundant, and black as midnight, awoke all the gentler sentiments in that ardent bosom. To him this young maiden was not a creature to love after his light fashion, but reverence, as his heart, in its better moments, had often turned to the Madonna in some old religious picture.

"Rise, sweet dame," he said, lifting her from his feet. "The Plantagenet wars only against men. Heaven forbid that we withhold protection even from the daughters of our deadliest foe. We come not hither to sack and burn, but for a nobler purpose, and would render what homage we may to the noble lady of our deadliest foe, before we remove him for honorable burial among the ancestors who were the real friends of mine."

Maud arose and drew back, like all who approached that splendid man, half-charmed out of her prejudices by his frank manner.

"And now," said Edward, with your leave, fair dame, we will forward to the chapel?"

He had taken off his casque when Maud

appeared, and with its plume sweeping the floor like a snow-wreath, passed through the arch, followed by his escort. One bold, admiring glance he cast on the citizen's wife, as she drew back to give him passage; then his stately form was lost in the rich twilight which stole into the chapel, filtered into gorgeousness through windows of stained glass, and broken only by the tapers that burned upon the altar.

The youth who had spoken so freely to Edward remained behind. Maud stood in the recess of a window, waiting for the chapel to be cleared, that she might again seek its solitude, and, unmolested, weep her great loss. Then, with a gentle step, the young man approached her, and spoke in a voice, whose silvery sweetness made her nerves thrill with a sensation new and inexplicably sweet.

"Gentle dame, is there aught else within my humble power that might relieve the burden of your grief, or give comfort in this hour of trial? If so, speak freely and now; for at noon the army sets forth on its march for London?"

Maud started, and a quick impulse of alarm unveiled her eyes from their drooping lashes.

"So soon, alas! and the dead yet unburied? Ah, me! yesterday at this hour how hopeful we were!"

The youth leaned toward her, and spoke in a still lower voice,

"Ah! if you could but learn to look on those whom the God of battle has graced with victory as friends!"

She lifted her large eyes piteously to his, and held in thrall by what she saw there, drank in the deep, silent passion of a glance that thrilled through her like music.

"Some day, when the grass shall have started up fresh and green on yon heath, and the gorse is in flower, may I crave a welcome to these walls again?—or will the evil spirit of the times steel that fair bosom forever against one who deemed it a solemn duty to fight for his king and country?"

Regret, tenderness, and persuasion spoke in those features as they bent over the young girl. More than the words, that voice pleaded with her: and from an impulse of sweet gratitude Maud held out her hand.

The youth bent till his breath flashed over its whiteness; but she felt no touch of his lips, and he dropped it with a gentle sigh.

"Still, fair one, you have not promised me a welcome."

"Nay; is not my hand pledge enough?" she answered, and a faint smile illuminated the sadness of her face. "The blossoms that will

cover the horrors of yon battle-field shall not be more welcome to the heath than thou to these lonesome towers."

The youth smiled.

"Never, since God first carpeted the virgin earth with bloom and greenness, did a heart watch so eagerly for the golden furze to open, as mine will till it lights my path hitherward again."

Maud listened like one entranced. For the moment she forgot the dread sorrow at her heart—forgot that this man was a Yorkist, and had been her father's fierce enemy; but no words came with these new sensations. She could only stand before him with downcast eyes, and with a blush rising like flame to her white cheeks. But again armed men poured into the hall; and following after, borne by a band of chanting monks, came a bier, on which the majestic form of a warrior was gloomily defined under the folds of a velvet pall, which swept the stone floor with a noise like smothered whispers. The king followed the funeral procession till it passed the great entrance, with bare head and a grave countenance; but as the chant died away, he turned back with the look of a man who had cast off an intolerable burden, and addressing Maud, craved a cup of wine before mounting. While the servant went to answer this careless demand, Edward sauntered toward the side arch, and, leaning against it, with that superb grace that followed all his movements, addressed the goldsmith's wife, who still lingered there.

"So, fair dame, thy husband has supplied gold to the king in his need. Some day Edward will find an opportunity to render the good man due thanks. Keeps he baubles and precious stones?"

"Yes, sire," answered the woman, and her lovely face glowed into one flush of roses; "diamonds that seem dropped from rainbows, and sapphires."

"Blue as those eyes? Nay, that is impossible. Sweet one, veil them not so obstinately. It is in such jewels Edward best loves to see the light come and go."

"Then the good man has emeralds that once belonged to—to—"

"The crown, I will be sworn!" said Edward, laughing gayly. "Why, in these civil wars, the crown-jewels are oftener found in the goldsmith's strong box. So thy master has emeralds of price? Now, I bethink me, the queen lacks a necklace of those stones, and it is but meet that thy good man should profit by the want. Tell him to send his gems to the court, where

his interests are sure to thrive while Edward is king. Let the messenger he sends be thyself."

A look of affright drove away the woman's blushes.

"What, me, and to the court, not knowing the way or manners of such great people as throng there, I should be lost?"

An amused smile broke over Edward's face, and he muttered almost audibly,

"Like enough—like enough!" Then he added aloud, "The way is clear for such as thou; so come thyself, bonnibel, or thy good man will find no market for his baubles. The queen loves not dealing with men of the city, and likes a fair face in her bower-chamber. Say this to the goldsmith."

The woman shook her head.

"I fear much that he will not let me come even to pleasure the queen's grace," she said, ruefully.

"Not let thee come? Is he so strict a tyrant, then?"

"Ah! no; he is all goodness," she answered, eagerly.

"And thou lovest him?"

"I said yes to that, with all my heart, when he asked me, sire."

The king turned upon his heel and walked away, evidently annoyed.

"Humph! we shall see," was his half-muttered thought; then, turning back, he said with more gravity,

"Bring the emeralds to our palace of the tower one week from to-day. It is the command of her grace. Say this much, and no more, to the master thou lovest so well."

The last words were uttered with laughing mockery, and Edward strode down the hall with a buoyant step, as if he had utterly forgotten the funeral cortege that had impressed him with real sadness not ten minutes before.

"I must follow," said the youth, gazing after the mercurial monarch, with a curve of disdain disturbing his finely cut lip. In an hour he will be at the head of England's victorious troops, the first soldier and greatest general in the land—now that Warwick is gone—save one."

He uttered the last words slowly and in a whisper. Indeed, the whole speech was addressed to himself, and seemed rather a mental commentary than aught else. The blast of trumpets and clatter of hoofs that arose from the court aroused him from a sort of reverie, and he started to find himself standing alone in the hall with Maud Chichester at his side.

"Sweet dame, farewell!"

He took her hand, bent over it as a subject

does homage to his queen, and glided away, treading so softly that his mailed heel scarcely gave a sound from the floor.

When Maud turned to look after him, astonished by this sudden adieu, which waited for no reply, she only caught a glimpse of his red manteline as he flashed by the entrance on his war-charger. Then Maud called out to the goldsmith's wife,

"Jane, Jane, who is this man? Asked you his name?"

"Who, lady, who? Why, it is the king. He spoke to me—me, the wife of a city goldsmith, whose birth-place was in yon farm-house under the hill. Oh! I have dreamed of such things many and many a time, but never thought that they could prove real! You ask his name, lady, as if he were not the Plantagenet."

"Why, woman, art thou distraught?" said Maud, almost angrily. "I spoke not of King Edward, but the young captain who came before."

The woman aroused herself.

"The captain! ah, now I remember me! There was one come first, small and keen of face, with the boar's-head cresting his helmet; but no mark like the king."

"I trow not," answered Maud, with a proud lift of the head. "Why, one glance of that deep, dark eye— But what is he to us?" she added, after an abrupt break in her words; "and why talk we of these strange soldiers?—are they not our enemies?"

"Nay, lady; I am sure the noble Edward is the willing enemy of no man or woman alive," answered Jane, with sudden warmth.

"He and his slew my father, woman!"

"Nay, it was rather the Lancastran Earl that drew him on to ruin."

"At any rate, he lies yonder, and I am an orphan," replied the maiden, forgetting everything in the renewed grief that stole over her with the silence. "Let us go pray."

With these words, the gentle girl walked slowly through the arched entrance, and moved like a spirit amid the gloom of the chapel.

She reached the altar, before which the body of her father lay tranquil, despite the king's war-trumpets, and knelt by him, conscious-stricken that anything should, for a moment, have won her thoughts from his mournful presence. As she knelt, another form stole in through that mysterious twilight and knelt beside her. Maud started and a cold thrill crept over her.

"Ah, me! what doest thou here, Albert? Must this shock of fate reach thy gentle life? Alas! alas! I never thought to thank God for

thy dimmed reason; but now I do, I do. Blessed is the brain that cannot think, and the heart that cannot ache."

The pale, spiritual face of a boy, about her own age, was turned upon Maud wonderingly as she spoke. A light struggled in his great, dark eyes for an instant, and went out, leaving them soft and expressionless as a quenched lamp.

"Maud, good Maud! sweet, sweet Maud! wake him, for he is a-cold."

The boy shuddered from head to foot, and, drawing his slender limbs together, began to moan piteously as a favorite dog laments its master.

"Wake him, Maud. I cannot—I cannot!"

Maud looked on her idiot foster-brother through the tears that came slowly swelling to her eyes.

"Oh, poor boy! he will never, never wake again!"

"Wake him, Maud, wake him!" still pleaded the lad, weaving his slender fingers together, and plucking them desperately apart as he spoke.

"Ah, me, that I could!" sobbed the poor girl.

The lad looked at her in uneasy wonder; a gleam of rage shot athwart that delicate face; his fingers plucked at each other more and more nervously. At last he sat perfectly still, looking in Maud's face with the pleading earnestness of a dumb animal. This look so wounded her that she wrung her hands in silent anguish. Words were of no avail there. How could she make that poor lad comprehend the mysteries of death, when he had never yet known the sorrows of his own thrice innocent life?

When the idiot boy saw that she would not help him, he turned from her in silent grief, and, creeping close to the dead, began to caress the marble face with timid approaches; for though he could not understand nor even guess at the great mystery of death, the fell king smote his idiot soul with awe the more terrible, perhaps, because of its incomprehensibility. Receiving no answer to his timid caresses, and chilled to the heart's core by the icy touch that met his hands, he coiled up his limbs and lay down upon the granite floor, watching the dead with the eager vigilance of a hound. When Maud attempted to move him, he shrunk away from her in evident displeasure, and seizing the mailed hand of his benefactor, clung to it eagerly, for the iron was not half so cold as he had found the touch of that marble face.

At last the lad arose, and throwing both arms around that stalwart form, strove to lift it, but his feeble strength seemed exhausted on marble.

The head moved a little, its thick, iron-gray hair fell back in masses from the temples, and all was still again. Then the idiot boy arose to his feet, stooping in the shoulders, and trembling in all his limbs. Some idea, too mighty for his frail intellect to grasp, had seized upon him—to his imperfect reason death was icy coldness, nothing more. He ran up the steps of the altar, huddled three or four of the tapers together in his grasp, and eagerly ranged them around the dead warrior. Before Maud could check the sacrilegious act, he had torn away the rich altar cloth, with all its appendages of costly lace, dragged it down the steps, and huddled it over the warrior's form, leaving only the marble face, white and ghastly, exposed to the glow of the tapers.

Then he brought down more tapers, struggling fiercely against Maud's attempt to wrest them from him, and resisting her with low cries of grief, that seemed to fill the chapel with the moans of some spirit in torture. This sound took away the girl's strength, and she stood motionless, while the boy sat down the tapers, where they formed a light cluster of flame, and flung himself on the floor, gathering up the drapery and holding it around the dead with his arms.

Maud would have persuaded him to rise, but he resisted her efforts with an evident sense of their cruelty, and only clung the closer to his lord.

Then all was silent again. Maud knelt and prayed. The boy lifted himself, and looked eagerly into the cold face so close to his, searching for the color and warmth which would never brighten it again. Then he would sink down, with a look of mournful disappointment, and lie motionless. At last that death-chill struck him to the heart, and with it came a vague sense of desolation. Blocks and walls of ice seemed to separate him from his lord and benefactor. He looked around for other means of warmth, and saw nothing. Then Maud took him by the hand and led him unresistingly away.

In the hall stood Jane, the goldsmith's wife. The idiot boy saw her, and took shelter by her side. His eyes were full of wild light, his delicate lip trembled.

"Sister," he said, pulling at her garments, "let us go. It is cold here—so cold—so cold!"

Jane looked into his face with tender solicitude. Never in her life had she seen him exhibit such depths of feeling. She saw that he was thrilled with nervous shivers, and suffered greatly.

"By your leave, lady, I will take him home,"

said Jane, touched with compassion. "Our father will know how to soothe him. Alas! poor boy he knows just enough to be unhappy!"

"Yes, take him hence," replied Maud, who had been greatly distressed by his wild conduct. "I would not that he again enter the chapel. God help us, but it was an awful scene!"

Jane gathered the blue hood over her head, and folded her arms around the idiot boy.

"Come with me to our home, back of the orchard, brother; then wilt find many a rare blossom in the turf," she said.

"Does the sun shine there? Is it warm?"

"Yes, warm and bright. See you not the sun is almost at its sitting. Mark how the clouds are turning to gold."

"Yes, the sky is on fire; but it burns so far away," answered the boy; and the momentary gleam of consciousness that had kindled his face, sunk to despondency again.

"Nay, but thou wilt go with me," persuaded the woman, stooping her beautiful face to kiss the innocent.

A more obstinate nature than was known to that gentle boy might have yielded to a caress so loving. Like a child he slid his hand into the woman's clasp, and was led away.

Down through the broken hill-slopes the brother and sister went together toward a low stone farm-house, that stood on the verge of the heath. It was a comfortable dwelling, well sheltered with trees, and surrounded by cultivated fields. A woman, past middle-age, met them at the door, her face shone with a joyous welcome when she saw the lad, and she took him lovingly in her arms, murmuring blessings and welcomes over him.

"It is long since he has been at home," said the dame, offering an apology for this tenderness to her daughter; "and to thy father and mother, Jane, he has never ceased to be a child."

"Spends he then so much time at the towers?" asked the young woman.

"Since thy marriage, Jane, he has seldom been at home, but stays mostly with our young lady, his foster-sister. The din and bustle of these war doings have won him from us as well. But, pass in! pass in! thy good man has won his way from the battle in safety, and has been inquiring for thee. More than ever Jane's face brightened, and she entered the house. Upon its hearth-stone sat two men of totally opposite appearance. The elder was, hale, stout, and strong, with an open, frank countenance, that bespoke neither concealment nor reserve. Indeed, a finer specimen of the yeoman of that

period could not have been found within a hundred miles ride.

The other man was somewhat under thirty, handsome, certainly, if light-black hair, eyes of a deep, calm brown, and pure coloring, could give a person the right to be so considered. He was above the middle height, well proportioned, and deliberate in manner, with an air of reserve which harmonized well with his general appearance. Compared with the older man, he was singularly refined and thoughtful.

This man arose with a smile when his wife came in, blooming and fresh from her walk. She, thankful for his safety, impulsive and ardent, ran toward him with her arms outstretched, and her eyes dancing with joy. But his grave and rather shy nature shrunk from this demonstration, and he chilled all the sweet warmth of affection which had urged her on, by a glance at once gentle and reproving.

"Thou art safe, and my heart leaped toward thee in its great joy," she said, blushing crimson, and dropping her arms in great embarrassment.

The old yeoman arose and towered above them both. "Why, man, kiss thy wife. That is our good old country fashion. Never take shame for honest love—it is the poor man's blessing." Then, turning to his daughter, he added, cheerfully, "Never heed, lass, mayhap they have colder fashions in London. But still hearts are ever warmest, remember that."

But Jane stood by her husband's side, quiet, and almost sullen. She could not understand the shrinking delicacy which seemed to repulse her love, yet in that very act proved itself deeper and far more refined than the impulse which had urged on her own headlong greeting.

"Come, lass," said the old man, "tell us the news from up yonder. Some troopers that rode this way, said that the king, with a company of lords, had been at the towers, in search of the great earl."

"They found him on the altar-steps, stretched side by side with our good lord," she answered.

The old man dropped back to the settle from which he had risen, the ruddy color left his cheek, and his stalwart limbs shook visibly.

"Sir James Chichester, our kind lord, our beloved master, dead. Oh! my good lass, it is not so bad as that!" he exclaimed.

"His body was brought home last night, stark and cold." Jane did not observe that Albert had entered the house and heard the last words.

"Ay, stark and cold—so cold!" he muttered. Repeating these words, over and over again, the boy mounted to a loft in the farm-house, and

lay muttering discontentedly to himself till night came on, and every living soul in the house, except himself, was asleep. Then he crept softly down from his hiding-place, and left the house. In an out-building he found a quantity of faggots stored away for the winter. Filling his arms with these, he left the farm-house and ran eagerly toward the towers, with one idea strong in his unreasoning mind. His lord was cold, and no one cared to give him warmth.

At last, breathless and panting, he stood within the shadow of the towers. That cunning which stands to the weak of mind in place of wisdom, made him cautious. There was little need. No men of all the Chichester retainers were left to stand guard over that desolated mansion. The wretched inmates, too weak for defence, and so miserable, that they had nothing more to fear, lay exhausted with grief in the darkened chambers. With the stealthy tread of a fox, the boy moved across the court and entered the great hall. In a yawning fire-place, at one end, he saw the brands and blackened wood of what had been a fire, sending out fitful tongues of flame, and breaking up the shadows into new forms of blackness. The boy's dark eyes looked greedily on this great bed of brands and embers, and he crept toward it, breathing hard, as a miser pants with avarice at the sight of gold. But instinct gave him, for the moment, all the force of reason. When he came opposite the arched entrance to the chapel, he turned and passed through it, carrying with him the armful of faggots. The chapel had been rearranged. The altar-cloth and tapers were put back in their proper places, and over the dead a battle-flag, emblazoned with the Chichester arms, had been decorously arranged.

The idiot crept softly up to the altar and laid his hand on the flag. A marble coldness struck through him, and with a wild look of resolution the boy sprang to his work; again he denuded the altar of its tapers, its velvet, and its sumptuous lace. Then he crept, like a cat, up the groined pillars, and tore down the banners of many a victory, faded with time, and dry as tinder. These he heaped in a mass close to the altar. Then he added the armful of faggots, thrust the funeral tapers into the midst, and by the kindling light ran into the hall. Directly he came back with a massive brand from the hearth, and cast it, hot and showering, down a storm of sparks upon the combustible heap. Again and gain he went, bringing back fiery brands, till the flames rose in a bright column up from the altar, and broke in fiery clouds against the sculptured roof.

Still the lord of that doomed pile lay motionless by the altar, with the sheeted flame rising and quivering so near, that it seemed like fiery banners waving over him. Keenly, and with frantic eagerness, the boy watched that battle-flag, and the warrior form outlined so clearly beneath its gorgeous folds. Every moment he expected to see the mailed form spring up, warmed into fresh heroism by this baptism of fire. But when no movement followed, his heart fell, his lip trembled, and, falling on his knees, he cried out,

"Master, master, get up! get up! the fire burns. See what a light. It is warm—warm—warm!"

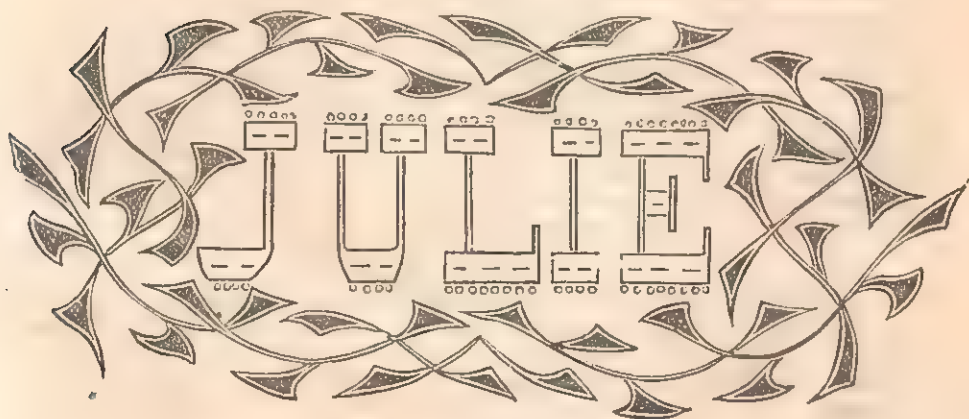
No movement, no sound followed, nothing but the hiss of flames, and the crackling of carved wood centuries old, on which the fire seized and clung to like hungry serpents, coiling, hissing, dancing, and destroying works of art that had occupied men a lifetime, while the idiot boy looked on and wondered. As he stood with great tears of disappointment rolling down his face, crying out, "Come, master, come! there is no cold now!" an arrow of fire shot out from the wood-work of the stalls close by,

blinding him with its hot brightness. With an instinct of self-preservation, such as urges dumb animals to seek safety, he sprang toward the entrance, mad with grief, and blinded with the smoke that now swelled and surged through the massive structure of the building. When he was flying, like a hunted spirit, away from the destruction he had made, the fire raged on, flames burst forth from loop-hole and casement, roared upward through dome and roof, till the red light of that majestic funeral pyre lighted up heath, mountain, and valley for miles and miles around.

For one full hour all the grim horrors of that battle-field were lighted up again with this awful illumination. In the glare of its red storm of fire, marauders and teamsters flitted to and fro like demons let loose in the track of woe. Mocking the flames, they leaped through the red light and through the shadows, giving awful gleams of life to that broad picture of universal death. On this scene the fire shone more and more dimly till the morning dawned, revealing only a heap of ruins, in which was buried the ashes of Sir James Chichester.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

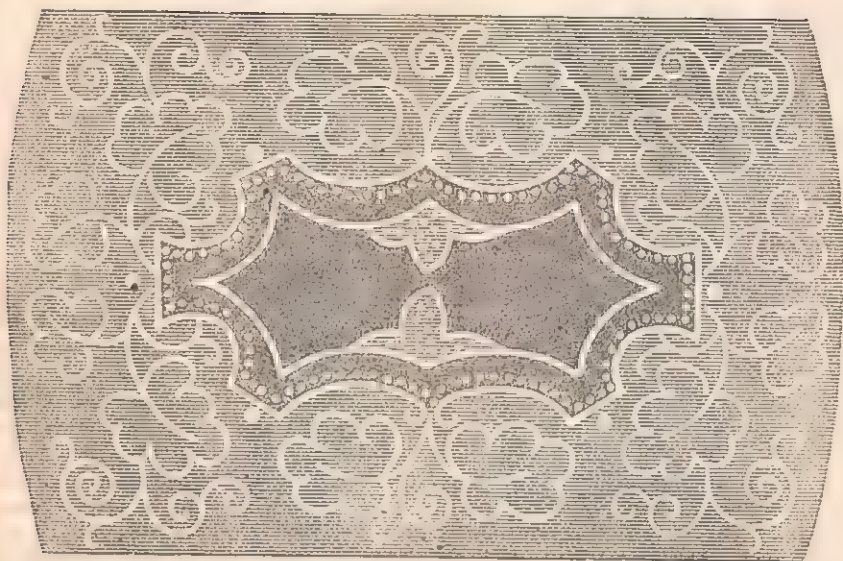
NAMES FOR MARKING.



Novel

BRAIDED SEGAR-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



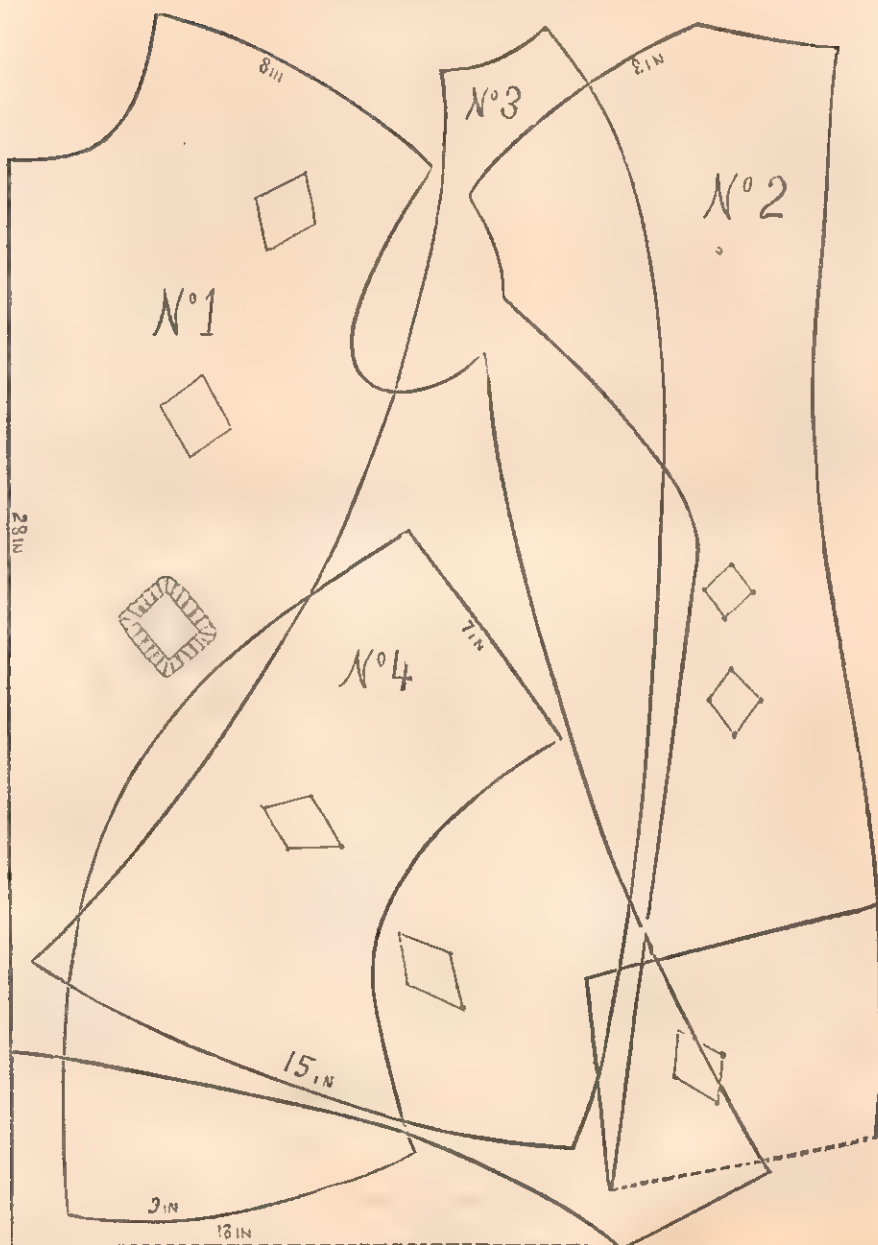
THE materials are cloth, velvet, braid, and steel beads. Take a sufficient quantity of fine cashmere, of any suitable color, and carefully sew on a piece of black or dark velvet, shaped as in the pattern. Then transfer the pattern. This may be easily done by carefully drawing it with chalk on a piece of paper, and pressing the paper evenly on the cloth and velvet, or by tracing the pattern well with cotton. Then sew on the braid in the usual manner, and attach the beads. Repeat the process for the other side of the Segar-Case, and fasten together the two sides to form the outer envelope. The inner case may be made of silk or satin, neatly stitched over card-board. Finish the edges of the outer case with cord or braid, and when the one case is placed inside the other, a very pretty and even elegant piece of work will have been produced. It is important that the inner case be made to fit accurately into the outer one. A small loop of narrow ribbon is to be attached to the upper end of the inner case. On one side of the outer case the initials or name of the recipient may be formed, with steel or gold beads, on the center-piece of velvet. This Segar-Case is very beautiful.

BRAIDING PATTERN.



DIAGRAM FOR PALETOT

BY EMILY H. MAY



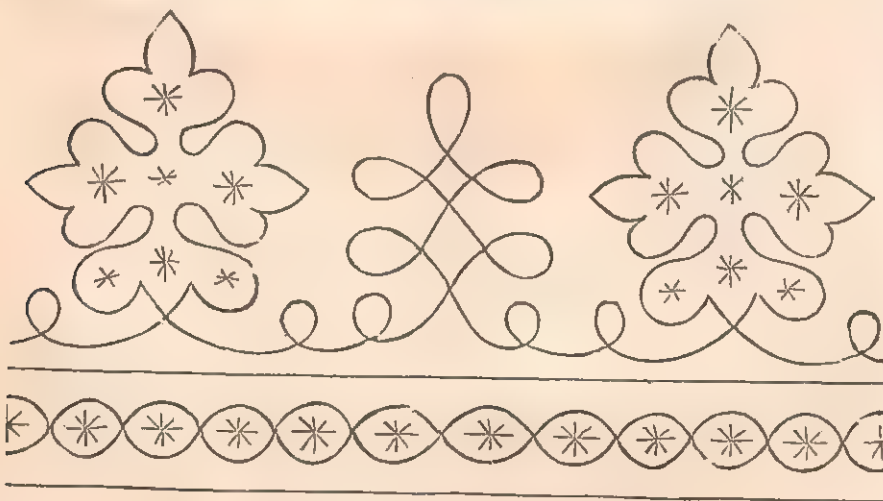
We give, here, one of the most stylish patterns for a Paletot, which the season has produced. It is ornamented, as will be seen, with diamonds about an inch square, trimmed with passementerie and guipure. One of the diamonds is represented thus trimmed: the others are merely sketched in. It is not necessary to describe the different points.

INFANT'S DRESS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We have been asked, by various subscribers, to give, occasionally, patterns, for the simpler kinds of dresses.

We now give one which every woman, at all skillful with her needle, can herself make. The first engraving represents the dress when completed, and it will be seen it is a very charming affair. The bottom of the skirt, the pockets, the sleeves, and the waist are all worked in a very beautiful pattern, which we add at the bottom of this article, full-size. This pattern may be done in either chain-stitch or braiding.



CHAIN-STITCH, OR BRAIDING FOR INFANT'S DRESS.

GENTLEMAN'S CAP IN ORIENTAL APPLIQUE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, this very beautiful affair, suitable for a gift from a lady.

MATERIALS.—For the cap a quarter of a yard of white cloth, and for the applique about the same quantity of scarlet. For the edge of the

pattern, a skein of coarse gold twist, and one of finer size; one skein of black and one of scarlet netting silk; also two yards of black silk braid, some gold-colored sewing silk. This style of work is most effective, and yet requires but little time to execute. The pattern is formed of scarlet cloth on the white ground, the edge of the design only being worked.

The cap consists of a round crown and band. To shape the latter, cut a strip of the white cloth five inches wide and twenty-five long. This will allow of the border pattern being repeated six times on it. The crown will require a circle of nine inches in diameter, the engraved pattern being for the center of it. The design should be traced on the scarlet cloth; for the bands it will take a strip of four inches wide

and twenty-five in length, repeating the pattern six times; then tack this over the white, and with the black silk chain-stitch the whole of the outline of the pattern, taking care that the stitches are through both pieces of cloth. When the chain-stitches are completed, the scarlet cloth is cut away close to the outline, so as to leave it to form the pattern inside the leaves and scrolls; then sew the gold twist on the inside of the black chain-stitches, so as to conceal the edge of the scarlet cloth. The veins of the leaves and scrolls are formed of long stitches of black twist, or else the fine gold twist; and for the oval in the center of each pattern, the straighter lines are of gold, and the crosses of black. Finish with a silk lining, and gold and scarlet tassel at the center of the crown.

SLEEPING-CUSHION FOR BACK OF A CHAIR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Yellow floss silk; red zephyr, single; dark green zephyr; light green zephyr; black zephyr; gray zephyr; netting-needle; mesh, half-inch; one two inches; and one four inches.

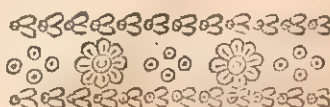
With the yellow floss, make fifty-four stitches on the half-inch mesh. Work two rows of the yellow floss, then two rows of red, two rows of yellow floss, ten rows of dark green, two rows of red, two rows of light green, two rows of yellow floss, two rows of black, two rows of red, two rows of yellow floss, ten rows of gray, two rows of yellow floss, two rows of red, two

rows of black, two rows of yellow floss, two rows of light green, two rows of red, ten rows of dark green, two rows of yellow floss, two rows of red, two rows of yellow floss; then one row of gray on the two-inch mesh, one row of gray on the four-inch mesh on each end. Now make a cushion of the shape in the design—larger in the center, narrowing at each end. Cover with black silk. Trim with a mixed cord of red and black wools, finishing at the ends with loops and tassels as may be seen. Then tie in a fringe of the mixed colors.

EMBROIDERIES.



CHEMISE YOKE.

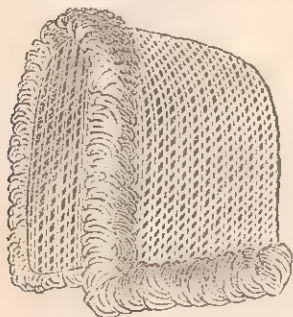


INSERTION.

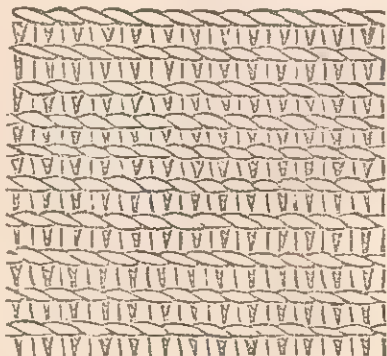
INFANT'S CAP IN PRINCESS ROYAL STITCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

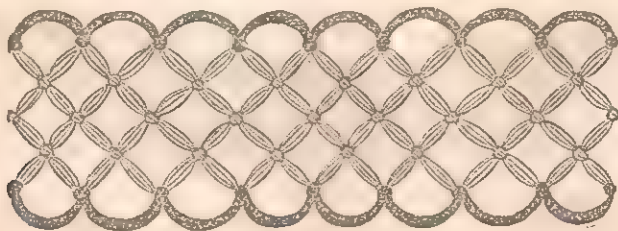
MAKE a chain long enough for the face of the cap, and work in Princess Royal Stitch, as seen in the next column, a piece wide enough for edging it with one row of color, as seen in our design at the front of this article. Work any quantity of this border, say several yards, and



the size of the infant's head. Then fold in half and work a crown-piece, horse-shoe shape; sew or crochet it into the head-piece. For the border or frill: Net four rows of white wool,



loop it in bows all round the face and back of the cap. Finish with ribbon strings.

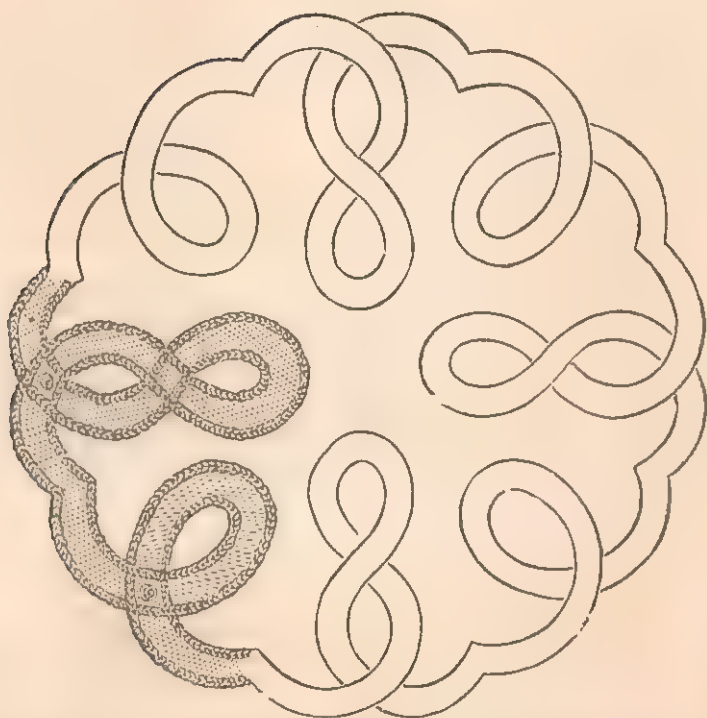


EMBROIDERY FOR FLANNEL.



BRAIDED PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This must be made in black cloth, and may be preferred: but dark colors would be best. It be braided in almost any color that may be makes a very pretty affair.

EMBROIDERED BUTTERFLY.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WINTER GARDENS.—One of the prettiest devices for growing crocus, snow-drop, and scilla groups in a conservatory, is a wire basket well filled and packed with moss, in which the bulbs are imbedded, great care being necessary to keep up an equal and continual moisture. Wire basket-shaped tables form a very graceful ornament when filled with a group of bulbs bedded in with moss; and if you have a conservatory, and can introduce a root of the trocæolum, twining the tendrils round the basket-work or pedestal of the table, nothing can possibly be more lovely. Common ferns form a pretty addition to a group of bulbs, and for this purpose we have a little fernery of the common wild sorts in our conservatory, which we find supplies us with a continual succession of lovely green fronds all the winter, coming in equally useful for dinner-table decoration or our bulbous groups; and we can assure the reader that they add very much to the beauty of the conservatory itself, although none of them cost more than a wet foot, and are, therefore, regarded with supreme contempt by our gardener, who styles them "dirty rubbish," and whom we heard describing them to a friend as "one of the mistress-fancies." More costly plants, or those requiring a larger space—either a conservatory or a garden—come next. Of these the most chaste and popular are lilies; of which there are several sorts. The Japan are very handsome and not difficult of growth, and, when treated as the hyacinth, in sand, will bloom freely. The belladonna is a lovely white lily, with a blush of a peculiar sunset purple upon its petals, and ought to be planted early in October, either in sand, moss, or water. The ananryllis has a large bell-shaped flower, somewhat like a lily, and of every color, some being striped crimson. They require a rich loam in pots, and are best when started in a cucumber-frame, where, until really growing, they require no water. By a little management they can be brought in with a succession of gay flowers all the winter; and one sort grows perfectly well in the garden, blossoming early in spring when under the shelter of a south wall. Of the ranunculus and anemone we shall say little, classing them, as we do, with our out-door spring plants. One thing, however, we think it well to mention—namely, that it is better to purchase such as you require at the same time you are selecting the bulbs for grouping in-doors; you will get them at a cheaper rate, and have them ready to plant at your convenience; and in such an uncertain climate as ours is, gardeners should always have a stock in hand some time before it is absolutely necessary to get the roots in, so that they may act up to the good old saying, and "make hay while the sun shines."

THE HUGE NECKLACES which are now worn, in Paris, even above high dresses, have all large crosses suspended from them. These crosses are in style somewhat similar to those worn formerly by the French peasants, and called a *la Jeanne*, the only difference is that they are a trifle flatter. The jet necklets have jet crosses barred vertically; with the gold necklets the crosses are made of dead gold studded with stars. Many ladies, belonging to the higher circles, are wearing large necklaces, the beads and crosses of which are made of sandal wood.

POSTAGE ONLY TWELVE CENTS.—Many complaints are made to us that postmasters charge twenty-four cents postage on "Peterson." This is wrong. If paid in advance, at the office of delivery, the postage is only twelve cents.

LARGE SKIRTS.—Paris sets the fashions for the world, and the empress sets the fashions for Paris. Eugénie still continues to wear an excessive amplitude of skirt, chiefly displayed at the lower part of the petticoat, for over the hip everything is done which can give slimness of appearance to the rich materials in use for afternoon and evening dresses. Most of these latter are made with double skirts, and even visiting dresses have these, either of the same tissue looped up, or of a thinner one dressed over the lower skirt. For the streets, one or two very stylish ladies have ventured to show themselves in dresses made so short as not to reach lower down than the usual colored petticoat, no doubt with great comfort to themselves in walking, but presenting an eccentric appearance, unused as the eye has now become to such a mode.

MARTIN'S JUVENILE BOOKS.—Messrs. S. & Alfred Martien, No. 606 Chestnut street, Philadelphia, are among the most meritorious publishers of juvenile books. Several of the volumes, belonging to their series, are peculiarly desirable. Among them are, "Joseph, the Jew, a tale founded on facts," by the author of Mary Mathieson, a handsome duodecimo; "Margaret's Secret and its Success," by Mrs. Carey Brock, another duodecimo; "How Charley Helped his Mother," by Ruth Buck; "The Poor Weaver's Family," translated from the German, by Mrs. Sarah A. Myers; "Jennie's Bible Verses," and "Two Councils," both by Catharine M. Trowbridge; and "Plain Words to Young Men," by J. B. Ripley; these last 18 mos., and all neatly bound and illustrated. S. & A. Martien also publish quite a picture gallery of Album Cards, in colors, each envelope containing a dozen.

WATERING WINDOW PLANTS.—There is one universal law as to watering plants, which a great many people entirely neglect. The neglect of this one rule causes more blight and more unhealthy plants than perhaps any single thing that can be named besides. We mean the excellent rule of watering them with warm water, always rather warmer than the soil the plants are growing in. People must surely see the check and injury it must be to plants always to get cold food. The organs of tender plants are extremely delicate; and when they are wanted to digest their food, it is a bad plan surely to paralyze them with cold. If we feed them, on the other hand, with food a little warm, they are stimulated at once to make the most of their meal. Another important branch of the watering question consists in the washing that all house plants require.

WEARING THE HAIR.—One of the greatest changes, in Paris, is in the arrangement of the hair, which has a tendency to be worn flat at the sides of the face and head, much less enlarged, and not so low down at the back, and rather pointed in front. The plait, between the front *boucles*, so becoming to the style of many faces, is again beginning to be worn, and has often a thin wire run through its topmost loop to keep it raised in the middle of the head. Heads are worn in such abundance, that they must soon fall into discredit, as threatens, happily, to be the case with the large *chignon* at the back, now displayed by every shop-girl in the streets. The empress, however, has never greatly commended these *chignons*, and generally wears a profusion of light curls at the back of her head.

NO PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS.—We do not send a Photograph Album, this year, for a premium. The only premiums we give are those advertised in our Prospectus.

How to REMIT.—In remitting for "Peterson's Magazine," write legibly, at the top of your letter, the name of your post-office, county, and state. If possible, procure a draft, deducting the exchange, or a post-office order: if these cannot be had, send gold, or greenbacks, or notes of solvent banks. Pay the postage on your letter. The U. S. postal currency, but no other, taken for fractions of a dollar.

ALWAYS SAY, in remitting for a club, *who* is the person entitled to the premium. Additions to clubs may be made at the price paid by the rest of the club.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Hymns of the Ages. Third Series. 1 vol., small 4 to. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Some years ago, two ladies of culture prepared for the press translations of the best Christian hymns, which had appeared in the various ages of the church. The volume was beautifully printed, and became, as it deserved, a great favorite. It was followed, at a short interval, by a second series, which was equally popular. We have now a third volume of the series. We commend all three volumes as "precious beyond price." The hymns are arranged under appropriate heads, some of those in the present work being "In time of War," "Affliction," "Prayer," "Old Age," "Heaven," etc. etc. In the earlier volumes, the old Latin hymns, and the writings of Withler, Crashaw, and others like them, prevailed; in this last one, we find more of the modern lyrics of the church, though there are also a few old Latin hymns.

Poems. By David Gray. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—The author of these poems was the son of a Glasgow hand-loom weaver, and born to fewer advantages of education than even Burns. He died at the early age of twenty-three. What he has written, therefore, must be regarded, not as the matured productions of his genius, but only as indications of what he might have done if he had lived. In many respects his poetry reminds us of the earlier style of Keats. Much of it is quite good. The story of his life, as told in two or three introductory articles, is a very sad one. Poor Gray seems to have been excessively sensitive, quite feminine in his character, and probably felt a victim to the struggle between his aspirations and the hard necessities of his lot. The volume is handsomely printed, as all of Roberts' books are.

Arctic Researches and Life Among the Esquimaux; being the Narrative of an Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin, in the years 1860, 1861, and 1862. By Charles Francis Hall. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Since the publication of Dr. Kane's Arctic Expedition, no work of its kind has had the interest of this. The author writes without any apparent effort, telling his story clearly and intelligently; and that story is one that is always entertaining and instructive, and often absorbing. The publishers deserve great credit for the style in which they have issued the narrative. The illustrations, which are very numerous, are in the best style of wood engraving; and the book is handsomely printed, and is bound neatly in cloth. We commend it heartily.

The Lost Love. By the author of "John Drayton." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. This is a fiction of much more than ordinary merit. It belongs to that class of novels of domestic life, which succeeded to the romantic school of Scott, and which, in turn, threatens to be superseded, to the regret of all readers of taste, by the sensation stories of Braddon, Collins, etc. The character of the narrator, for the work is autobiographical, is very graphically drawn, a thousand minute touches giving to it the truth, with more than the beauty and force, of a Raphaelite picture.

Clever Stories of Many Nations. Rendered into Rhyme by John G. Saxe. Illustrated by L. N. Champney. 1 vol., small 4 to. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—It is needless to say a word on behalf of Saxe, for everybody knows what a felicitous rhymist he is. But, in this volume, art has been brought to his aid, so as to enhance, if possible, the value of his verses; and it has been brought with great success. No book has been published, for a long time, which has been so lovingly illustrated. In this respect "Clever Stories" equals the best London books brought out at Christmas. The paper, also, on which the volume is printed, is of that creamy tint, and that vellum thickness, which so delights the eye. We regret we did not receive the book in time to notice it for the holiday season.

Queen of Song. By Ellen C. Clayton. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A series of memoirs of the most eminent female opensingers of the last two centuries. It is a chatty, sparkling compilation, by a lady apparently quite familiar with music, and whose critical opinions, therefore, are really of value. The book is full of anecdote. Numerous portraits illustrate the text. The biographies of Mrs. Billington, Catalini, Pasta, and Jonny Lind, are particularly well done.

The Autumn Holidays of a Country Parson. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This volume is printed in a style to match the former works by the same author. The titles to some of the essays are, "By the Seaside," "Benten," "Gossip," "From Saturday to Monday," and "Concerning Ugly Ducks, being some thoughts on Misplaced Men;" and they are all written in the pleasant, though, perhaps, somewhat diffuse style, which characterizes this very popular writer.

The Autobiography of a New England Farm-House. By N. H. Chamberlain. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—A quaint title-page, and an enthusiastic dedication to Longfellow, prepared us for the first attempt of a cultivated, imaginative writer. Nor were we disappointed. For pictures of New England life, felicitously delineated, we particularly commend this story.

Real and Ideal. By John W. Montclair. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: Frederick Leypoldt.—A volume of poems, partly original, partly translations. Mr. Montclair is a young writer, but he has the good fortune to be commended already by such laureled veterans as Fitz Green Hallack, John Neal, George H. Boker, etc., etc. The volume is beautifully printed.

The Life Boat: A Tale of Our Coast Heroes. By R. M. Ballantyne. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This is not an American story, as its second title would seem to imply, but a reprint of an English one. The author has written several tales already, "Guscoyne," "The Coral Island," etc., in the style of Mayne Reid; and this is not inferior to any that have preceded it.

Mother Michel and Her Cat. By Emile de la Bedollierra. Translated from the French by Fanny Fuller. 1 vol., 10 mo. Philada: Frederick Leypoldt.—This is one of the very best little stories of its kind to be found in any language. It has been admirably translated, and is beautifully printed; the illustrations, too, are numerous and excellent.

Following the Flag. By "Carleton." 1 vol., 16 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A narrative of the war, as waged by the army of the Potomac, from August, 1861, to November, 1862. The book is written in that popular style which made "My Days and Nights on the Battle-Field," by the same author, have such a run.

Frank's Campaign; or, What Boys Can Do on the Farm for the Camp. By Horatio Alger, Jr. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—The merit of this book is proved by its having reached a second edition within six months. It is a capital book for the young folk.

The Perpetual Curate. A Novel. By the author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford." 1 vol., 8vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In her novel of "Salem Chapel," Mrs. Oliphant gave us a picture of what is called dissenting life in England; in this one she has introduced us to the Established Church; and both are said, by competent London critics, to be faithful representations of what they profess to delineate. The interest of these novels is intense. Perhaps, in that respect, "Salem Chapel" is better than "The Perpetual Curate;" but neither can be called dull. We advise all who have not read this story to get it immediately.

A Tribute to Thomas Starr King. By Richard Frothingham. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—In that eloquent divine, cut off so prematurely, Thomas Starr King, the whole Christian church may be said to have suffered, irrespective of denominational differences. This little volume is a graceful tribute to his memory, and will be read, through the length and breadth of the land, by thousands who have mourned his death.

Following the Drum. By Mrs. Brigadier-General Egbert L. Viele. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—Mrs. Viele was with her husband, then a captain in the regular army, during most of the Mexican war; and this is a sparkling narrative of what she saw, told only as an accomplished woman can tell it.

Margaret Denzil's History. Annotated by her Husband. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a powerfully told story, but rather a disagreeable one. It appeared originally in the Cornhill Magazine, and is now republished in double column octavo, in paper covers.

Legends of the Monastic Orders, as represented in the Fine Arts. By Mrs. Jameson. 1 vol., 18 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This volume forms the second series of "Sacred and Legendary Art." It is a corrected and enlarged edition in "blue and gold."

Dora Darling; the Daughter of the Regiment. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—A well told story of the present war, especially adapted for the young folk. Like all of Tilton's publications, the book is handsomely printed.

Enoch Arden. By A. Tennyson. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An edition, in "blue and gold," of this exquisite poem. The volume also contains the later miscellaneous poems of the poet laureate.

Shakespeare's Sonnets. 1 vol., small 4 to. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An exquisite little edition, which, we should think, everybody of taste would desire to own. It is printed at the famous Riverside press.

Together. A Novel. By the author of "Nepenthe." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Curleton.—A great improvement over the author's earlier novel.

SKATING FOR LADIES.—NO. II.

SKATING BACKWARD.—Skating backward, which should be the next lesson, is achieved by reversing the movement described in the January number; the latter half of the skate receives the pressure; to go backward the stroke is from the toes. A few skaters learn to strike in the ordinary way in skating backward, but this is difficult and not desirable. Should you find the stroke perverse, humor it a little. Skate forward to a good speed; throw all your weight upon your toes, lean well forward and swing round. In the action of turning your skate will "bite" the ice. That is what you want. We saw some ridiculous attempts to skate backward, last winter, and gave a little advice which, strange to say, was followed. The result was that the recipients learned to skate backward, because they ceased to try to slip along, with feet separating further and further from each other at every attempt. It is, in reality,

as definite a stroke as any forward one. Made from the inside of the right foot (we will say) first, and the toes consequently pointing out, the left follows it till its turn comes, when, by a twist of the body, the toes are pointed in the contrary direction, and the left skate makes a stroke which carries you back to the original position.

These—skating forward and skating backward—are the two kinds of skating which are the ground-work to all others. The lady who learns them both will learn higher things. It is a great mistake to advise a lady to try the outside forward before she has learned these, as it is to put French books into the hands of an American child of six years old. Learn to skate backward and forward; be a perfect mistress of both, able to "turn, and turn, and turn, and still go on," for then, depend upon it, you will make a good skater.

PHYSIOLOGY, ETC., ETC.

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Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Turnip Soup.—This soup should be made the day before required. Stew a knuckle of veal with an onion, sweet herbs, and a little mace, in six quarts of water; cover down close, and stew gently five or six hours; let it be put in a cool place. Before warming, remove the fat and sediment, slice six turnips into small pieces, stew them in the gravy until tender, then add half a pint of cream, flour, and butter, and season with white pepper.

Milk Soup.—Put into a quart of milk two tablespoonfuls of moist sugar, two bay-leaves, and a little cinnamon; boil it; pour it into a dish in which you have previously laid some sippets of toasted bread; simmer over a charcoal fire when the bread is soft; mix the yolks of two eggs well beaten with a little milk; put it in the soup, mix well all together, and serve up.

MEATS AND GAME.

Partridges.—Roasting is the popular mode of dressing partridges, and for this purpose they should be allowed to hang as long as possible without becoming offensive, as no game is worth eating if it is fresh. Pick the feathers from the birds gently, draw and singe them. Remove the crop by cutting a slit in the back part of the neck, cut the claws close, and skin the legs; this operation is greatly facilitated if they are held for a minute or so in boiling water. The insides must be wiped with a cloth, and the birds must then be trussed. From five and twenty to forty minutes will be required for roasting, but the time must be regulated by the degree of cooking that is most approved of in each particular family. When placed before the fire, they should be floured and afterward plentifully basted with butter. They must be served with a good brown gravy and bread sauce, and many relish fried bread-crumbs handed with them. If partridges are plentiful in the larder, an excellent plan for making a good gravy is to stew down any

remains of cold partridge which may be at hand, in either water or unseasoned broth, flavoring it with stewed mushrooms. As some cooks fail in making eatable bread-sauce, we offer the following directions for that compound made with an onion:—Grate lightly half a pint of bread-crumbs from a stale white loaf, strip a middle-sized onion (which is not too strong,) and put it into an enameled saucepan with the bread-crumbs and a pint of new milk; boil them for an hour very gently, stirring occasionally, and then empty the contents of the saucepan into a hair-sieve and press them through it. Boil the sauce quickly for a few minutes, and add salt, and a pinch of mace and cayenne, two ounces of butter and three tablespoonfuls of cream. Let all be well amalgamated before the same is dished.

To Make an Irish Stew.—Procure two pounds of fresh meat trimmings from a butcher you can depend upon; let the same consist of beef, veal, and mutton, taking care to avoid an excess of fat in the several varieties of the meat you select for the occasion. Let the pieces be washed in a dish of water, and, when sufficiently rinsed, lay the same in a saucepan with as much water as will just cover them. Throw into the above a small quantity of salt, and place the saucepan over a gentle fire, being furnished with a skimmer, whereby to remove the scum from the meat as it rises to the surface. When the scum has expended itself, cover the saucepan, let the meat continue to seethe over the fire for one half-hour. Then take four large onions peeled and cut into four quarters each, and a carrot scraped and similarly treated, together with the rind of half a fresh lemon. Put these ingredients into your saucepan, covering them with a plate. Have two pounds of moderate-sized potatoes ready peeled, dispose of these carefully on the plate, placing over the whole the "saucepan lid," and let it stand over the fire for another half-hour. When the potatoes are done, let them be taken up in the plate; throw in a gill of sweet ketchup into the stew, and stir it round, arranging the potatoes round the same, entire, when it is served up in a deep dish.

BREAKFAST AND SUPPER DISHES.

Oyster Omelets.—Allow, for every six large oysters or twelve small ones, one egg. Remove the hard part, and mince the remainder of the oyster very fine; take the yolks of eight and the white of four eggs, beat them until very light, then mix in the oysters, with a little pepper, and beat all up thoroughly; put in the frying-pan a gill of butter, and move it about until it melts; when the butter boils in the pan, skim it and turn in the omelet, stir it until it begins to stiffen, fry it a light brown, lift the edge carefully and slip a round-pointed knife under; do not let it be overdone, but as soon as the under-side is a light brown, turn it on to a very hot plate; never fold this omelet over, it will make it heavy. If you want to brown it highly you can hold a red-hot shovel over it.

Egg Toast.—For a small family use half a dozen eggs, which must be beaten very light. Put as much butter as would half fill a tencup in the pan, and let it become very hot. Then dip some slices of bread (cut as you would for the table,) into the egg, and after the pan is sufficiently filled, pour the remainder of the egg over the slices of bread. When slightly brown on one side, turn and brown on the other.

CAKES AND BISCUITS.

Muffins and Crumpets.—To bake these properly the fire should be underneath them, which renders it a difficult matter to make them in a satisfactory way at home, as side ovens must generally be used. The mixture for muffins is as follows:—A quarter of a pint of thick small-beer yeast, strained into a pan with a pint of warm milk; to this a sufficient quantity of flour must be added to make it into a batter; then having covered it over, let it stand in a

warm place to rise. When this is accomplished, add a quarter of a pint of warm milk, with one ounce of butter, rubbed in some flour until quite fine. Having mixed all these well together, add enough flour to make the mixture into dough, cover it over, and let it stand half an hour, after which work it up once more, and, breaking it into small pieces, roll them into a round form, and again covering them, let them remain a quarter of an hour. Lay them on the iron for baking, and, having placed them in the oven, be very careful that they do not get overbaked, or discolored, and turn them as soon as one side changes color. Do not let the iron get too hot. For crumpets, some tin rings, like cake-rings, must be provided. The mixture is made with one pound and a half of flour, three pints of milk, two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of yeast. The milk must be lukewarm when added. Beat all up into a batter, and allow it to stand until it rises in blisters on the top. Then bake the crumpets in the tin rings on a polished iron plate.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. 1.—HOUSE DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED SILK, trimmed with embroidered bands and rosettes of the same.

FIG. 11.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GREEN FRENCH POPLIN, trimmed with folds of green velvet.

FIG. 111.—DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED POPLIN, trimmed with black gimp. A wide belt passes under the side-bodices, and is fastened with jet buckles, both back and front.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS OF DARK GRAY POPLIN.—Black velvet basque, and black velvet hat, trimmed with large jet beads.

FIG. V.—PEARL-COLORED HOUSE DRESS, made without a seam at the waist, cut square in the neck, and trimmed with jet hanging buttons. White plaited chemisette.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FIGURED SILK, with light-gray cut-away coat of heavy cloth.

FIG. VII.—WHITE SATIN BONNET, PUFFED IN FRONT, with a white tulle scarf. The blonde crown has long green leaves hanging over it. A beautiful bonnet for a bride.

FIG. VIII.—BLUE SATIN BONNET, PUFFED LENGTHWISE, trimmed with a large blue rose and black lace, with the puffs fastened with black beads.

FIG. IX.—BLACK VELVET BONNET, with a large double bow of pink ribbon, and long loops of velvet ribbon at the back. Pink strings, and short black plume.

FIG. X.—JACKET OF WHITE MERINO, trimmed with bands of crimson velvet.

FIG. XI.—COLLAR AND SLEEVE OF WHITE LINEN, trimmed with jet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Black dresses of satin, silk, poplin, and alpaca, are very much worn, and a good deal ornamented. The richer materials are trimmed with lace, gimp studded with jet and bugles, or velvet ornamented with pearl beads. The plainer materials are simply trimmed with braid, put on in various designs. Silver and gilt buttons, round and large, are also used for black dresses. The gilt buttons look like Etruscan gold.

THE SKIRTS, which open both back and in front, are increasing in popularity.

SHORT WAISTS, plain bodices, wide waistbands, and narrow sleeves, are universal in an ordinary toilet. The short waists, however, do not preclude the long coat-tails. The present style of dress is not becoming. It has lost all the flow and grace which it had a few years ago. Skirts gored to be tight around the hips and bodies, cut in half by wide waistbands, are now the ugly fashion. The coat-tails are longer than before, and are now either in one or two, not three pieces.

TRIMMINGS.—In London, we hear black and white stamped silk braid is much used for trimming gray, or black, and white dresses; the cashmere braid, too, is fashionable for all

neutral-tinted materials. Bands and cravats of the same are now made. As a general rule, a small quantity of some bright color is introduced in a toilet of sober shades. Deep blue and purple are also very favorite colors, and a trimming of pearl buttons looks extremely well with dresses of these colors. The buttons are arranged in patterns round the bottom of the skirt and on the sleeves, the body being plain, with one row of buttons.

CRINOLINES will be worn during the winter, but so small near the waist that they almost fit the figure tightly. The new shape, as we have already hinted, is quite pyramidal, as scant as possible at the top, and wide at the base; it is longer, too, at the back, to follow the outline of the skirts; but as dresses are worn shorter for walking, it becomes necessary to have two sorts of crinolines in one's wardrobe, one moderately short, and one forming a train behind. Under-petticoats are gored and fashioned so as to have the same shape as the crinoline. For the evening, starched muslin petticoats, with a number of flounces, are worn over the crinoline. This is quite necessary to bring out properly the fullness of a wide train-shaped skirt. In the streets less fullness is required, and the skirts are looped up either permanently or by means of a *porte-jupon*, so as to show the under-skirt, and also the pretty kid boots, with high heels and silk tassels, now generally adopted by all ladies of fashion.

THE NECKLACES known as "dog-collars" are very popular. They are composed of bands of narrow velvet of any color preferred, (but usually black) and have pearl beads sewn on them. These bands are tied close around the throat, and have long ends floating behind. They are very becoming. Some sew tiny rose-buds in place of the beads. Gold beads are also arranged in this way.

EMERALD NECKLACES are handsome, but expensive. The earrings (which are worn very long) should match. Steel ornaments are very effective and brilliant at candlelight, and at the present moment are much worn by young girls. A very youthful style of head-dress is composed with three rows of steel beads cut with facets, which are placed at equal distances round the top of the head, and are fast to slight amid the cluster of hair at the back; this mass appears to be held together with small steel chains, on which steel balls are suspended; the hair is then lightly powdered over with silver dust.

In spite of the tendencies of fashion toward the Empire style, the hair is now slightly powdered when an evening toilet is worn—a light cloud of powder is dusted over the head, which imparts an ashy hue to light hair. French women are guided by their complexions and physiognomies, whether they use gold, silver, or rice powder, or a certain red powder, which gives to the hair a carotyl hue. Red hair is now highly estimated and considered a great point of beauty in France. The hair was not worn nearly so low at the back as last season, and much closer to the temples, which announces that the Empire style of head-dress will again come into vogue. Many small curls are to be seen both in the front and at the back of the head; the parting is even hidden with three or four tiny ringlets. The combs are enriched with precious stones, not an inch of the tortoise-shell is in any case visible. Some combs are surmounted with balls of rock crystal; others with coral beads; others with enamel studded with pearls; others with diamonds representing the design of a *fleur de lys*, etc., etc.

CAPS are also made in the form of a half-handkerchief; they have a bow with long ends at the back of the head, and lappets are looped up so as partially to cover the hair at the back. The net-caps, formed with either velvet or narrow ribbon, edged with narrow white blonde, crossing so as to form lozenges, still remain the most youthful head-dress bearing the name of cap.

HEAD-DRESSES OF FLOWERS, which are in detached bunches, are looped together by strings of pearl beads.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF SIX OR SEVEN.—Black felt hat with a blue grosgrain ribbon. Louis XIII. jacket and breeches, of Havana cloth, trimmed with black velvet and velvet bows. Black cloth gaiters.

FIG. II.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE BOY TWO YEARS OLD.—Blue velvet hat, with a large white feather. Velvet pailotot and skirt, trimmed with swan's-down. Velvet gaiters.

FIG. III.—COSTUME FOR A GIRL OF NINE.—White cloth pailotot, half-tight at the waist. At the bottom of the fronts, for a height of eight inches, are two broad bands of velvet having between them a lattice-work of velvet ribbon. The facings of the lapels, the collar and cuffs, are all velvet. At the end of the collar, on each side, are chenille balls. All these velvet ornaments may, if desired, be replaced by silk, or even by cashmere. Round cap, of velvet, the same color as the ornaments of the cloak.

FIG. IV.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF TEN OR TWELVE.—Felt cap with an aigrette. Jacket and frock of black velvet, trimmed with silk gimp and bands of sable fur.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A BOY OF SIX OR SEVEN.—Velvet cap, with red feathers. Costume of gray cloth, trimmed with black worsted binding. Linen boots.

FIG. VI.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS OF AGE.—The skirt is of a pink plaid poplin, trimmed with silk ruches. Black velvet basque; sleeves embroidered in silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Children's clothes appear to be more simple in make than formerly. The most popular materials for little girls are poplin, (both silk and woolen,) cashmere, and velvet, and for little boys, light cloth and velvet. For babies, there is little that is novel; always the long robes, trimmed *en tablier*, the long cashmere pelisses, either lined and bordered with taffetas, or braided in *soutache*, with a fringe to the second cape, and a small hood for the head. It is in this small hood that the taste of the mother is generally displayed. Sometimes it is made of white cashmere, braided with white silk *soutache*, with white fringe at the edge of the curtain, sometimes in taffetas, with a double ruche round the face and curtain, sometimes in quilted satin, with a curtain fringed with white chenille. Of whatever material it is made, the hood has always the same form; the crown is soft, so that the infant may sleep without fear of crushing it; and added to this soft crown, there is a long curtain falling on the shoulders like a pelerine. For little boys, the Henry IV. cap is the most fashionable; it is made of white felt, and is turned up at one side with a white satin ornament.

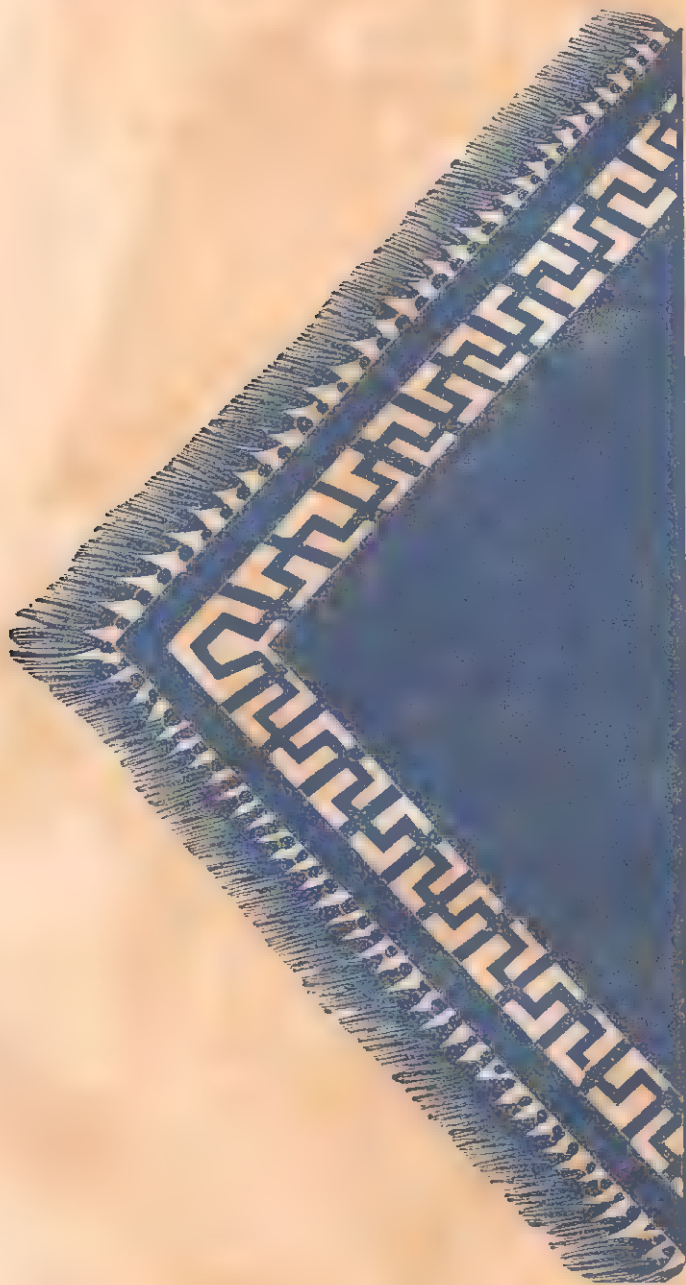
LITTLE GIRLS now wear either a pailotot or half-fitting basquine, or else a circular of the same material as the dress. A hood is invariably added to the circular. For *neglige*, little girls wear, like their mammas, a marine jacket made of soft flannel, either white or red, according to taste. The poppy red is, just at this moment, the most fashionable color for children; dresses, *senorita*-jackets, and out-door coverings of every form, are all made in this bright shade. The hats are also trimmed with scarlet feathers.

THE SAILOR'S DRESS is now coming into vogue for little boys. It consists of full trousers gathered in at the knee, in the Knickerbocker style, a short, wide jacket, cut straight both back and front, and not descending lower than the waist, but opening with two large lapels on the chest. The sleeves of the jacket is very short, but white linen under-sleeves, which cover the wrist, are worn underneath. This costume is very elegant when made in black velvet; it is trimmed with jet, and sometimes with a border of Astracan fur.

COLORS SOCKINGS are extremely fashionable for children; red, both in spun silk and wool, being the favorite color. Boots, with tassels at the top, are considered in the best taste. Gaiters of the same color as the dress are occasionally worn; but children, from two to four years of age, wear white knitted gaiters with clocks.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, MARCH, 1865.



ZEPHYR SHAWL, IN CROCHET.



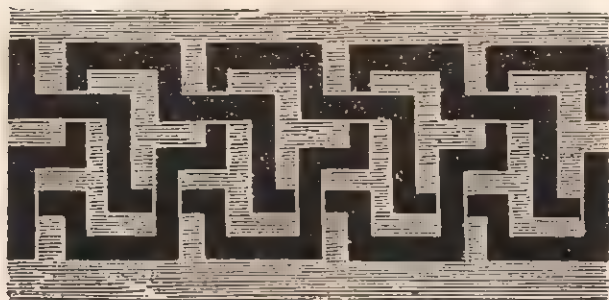
HOW PATTY WENT SKATING.



EMBROIDERY.



WALKING DRESSES FOR LADY AND YOUNG MISS.



BRAIDING PATTERN.



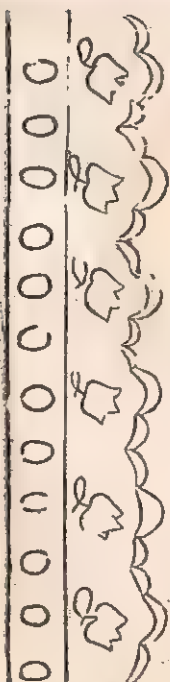
HOUSE DRESS.



EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



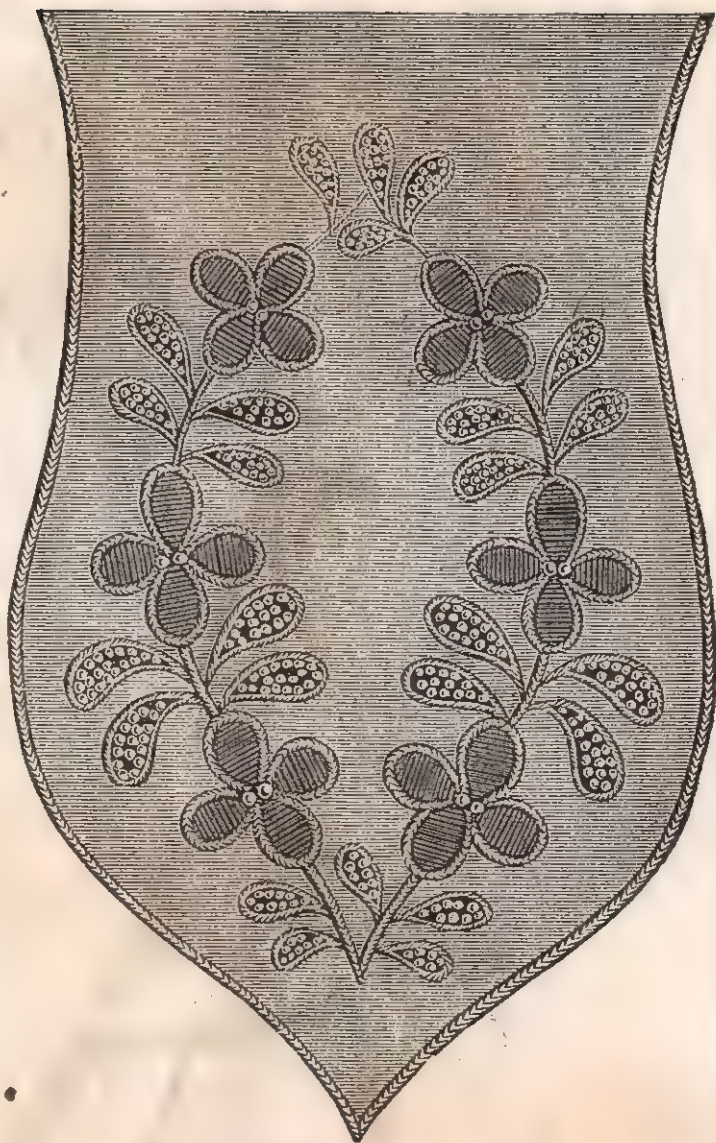
BOURNOUSE.



INSERTION.



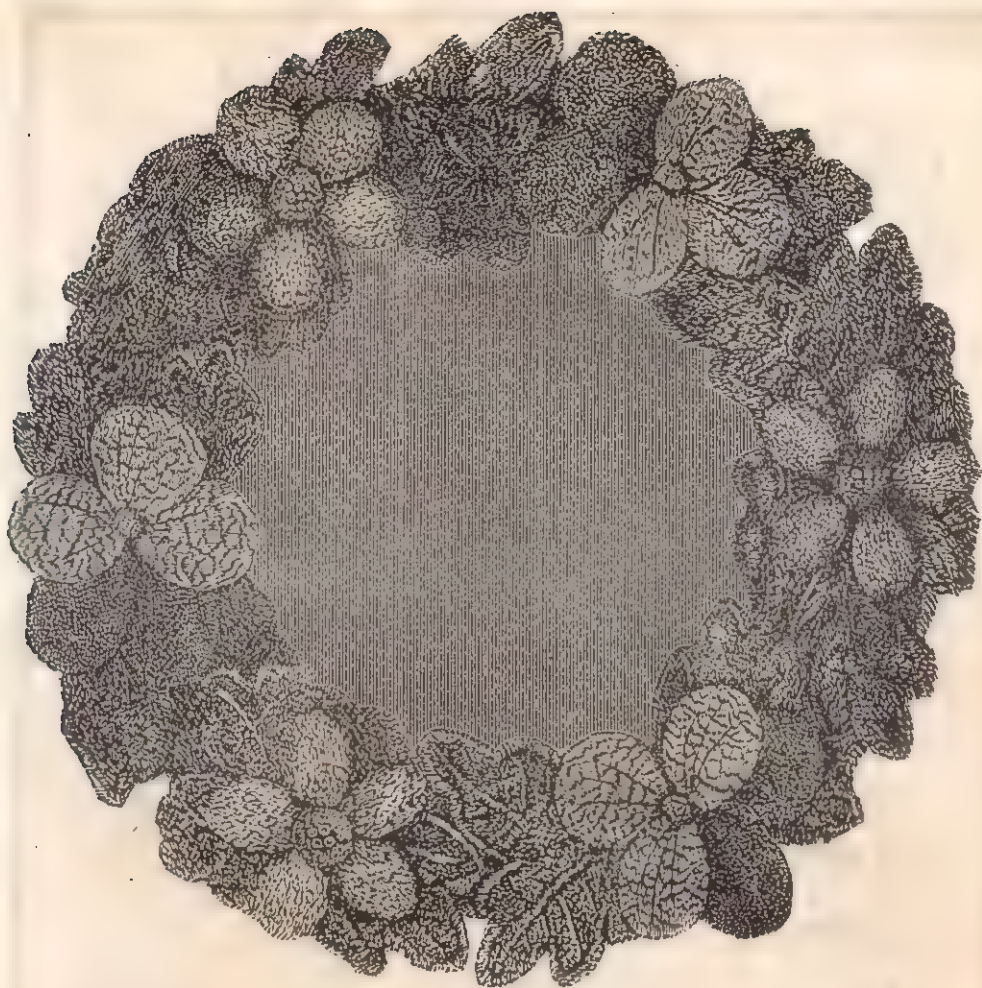
HANDKERCHIEF BORDER.



SECTION OF TOBACCO-BAG.



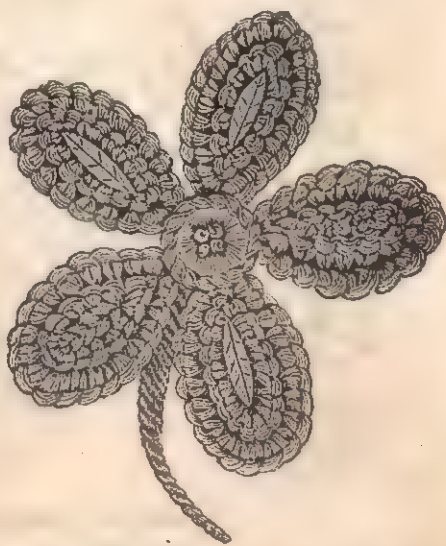
NAME FOIL MARKING.



PANSY AND NARCISSUS LAMP-MAT.



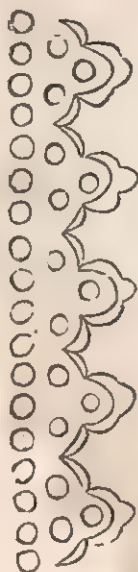
PANSY FOR THE LAMP-MAT.



NARCISSUS FOR THE LAMP-MAT.

Amélie

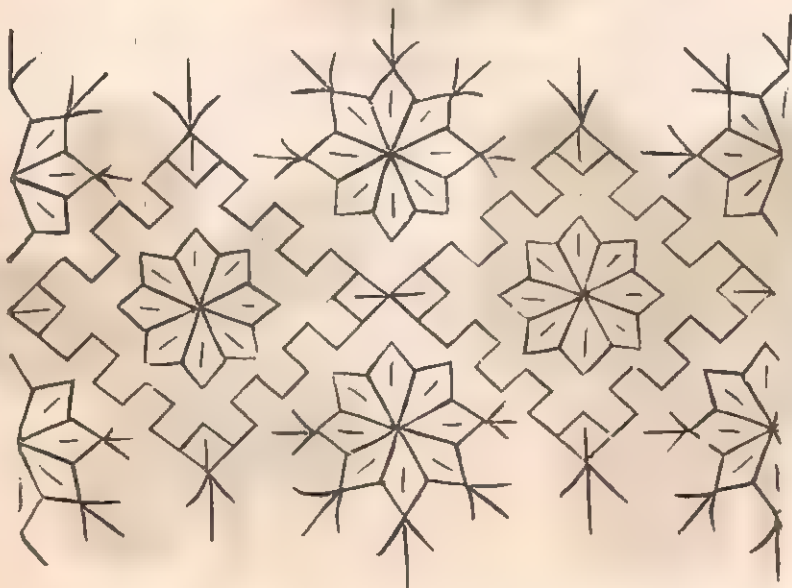
NAME FOR MARKING.



EDGING.



LOUIS XV. PALETOT.



CHAIN-STITCH OR BRAIDING FOR LOUIS XV. PALETOT.



EMBROIDERY IN BUTTON-HOLE STITCH.



EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



EMBROIDERY.

HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



SCOTTISH MARCH

ARRANGED BY

SEP. WINNER.

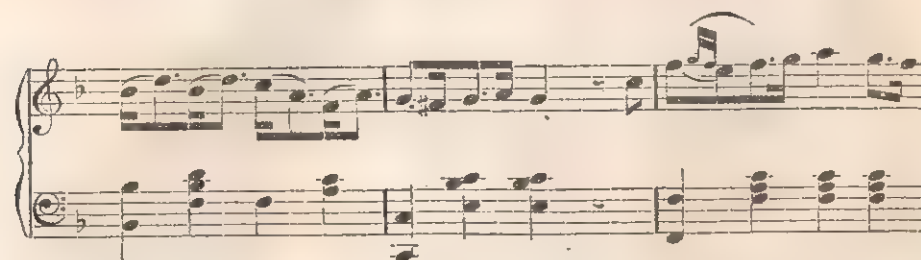
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Marzale.

PIANO

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of two staves each. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C). The first system is labeled 'Marzale.' and 'PIANO'. The melody in the right hand is composed of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together. The left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The score concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

SCOTTISH MARCH.





EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MARCH, 1865.

No. 3.

TEN YEARS MARRIED.

BY MARY H. SEYMOUR.

"ARE you going to the lecture, Henry?" I said, as I saw my husband, one evening, putting on his overcoat, after tea.

"Yes," was the reply.

"I wish you would take me," I answered.

"Really, Mary, I think home is the proper place for a mother."

"But one of my sisters would look after the children. I do so want to hear this great lecturer."

"To tell the truth, I have but one ticket," was the reply, as he went out of the door, "and I don't think I can afford to buy another."

My husband and I had been married for several years. Before the marriage he had been unusually attentive, even for a lover; and if another gentleman spoke to me, he was jealous. When there was a lecture or concert anywhere, he always took me. If I was invited to a party, he was only too glad to attend me. But now "Parties are a bore," he says, "he can't think why women wish to go to them." Then, he was all affection. Now, he acts as if it would lower his dignity to show his love to me or my children; and if I offer him a kiss, or a caress, he is almost certain to refuse me. I cannot complain that he neglects his more obvious duties. He gives me plenty of money for dress, lives well, and is even talking of buying a new house. But he seems to think that a wife has no business with anything but housekeeping, and never needs change of scene, or other recreation. "What's the use of a woman," he says, "going about? Home is the place for her."

It may be so, but after a hard day's work, I often feel as if a walk in the fresh air, or a visit to a neighbor's, would be a real blessing. I said to him, the other evening, when he was going out again,

"Won't you stay at home, Harry, to oblige me? Just this once. I am so lonely."

"Lonely!" was his answer. "How can you be lonely with the children?"

"But they are abed. And, recollect, I see nobody, day in and day out. Can't you do it—to please me—for this once?" I could hardly speak; it was as much as I could do to keep the tears from coming; his conduct seemed so cruel.

"The fact is," he replied, "I'm dead beat with working all day, and must go out to get brightened up a little. You women never make allowances for a man." And he went out quite crossly.

Never make allowances! If the husband is worried with business, and I do not doubt it, is not a wife worried with housekeeping? Are servants, and children, and sickness, no trouble? And is a woman differently constituted from a man, so that the recreation, which one considers indispensable for himself, is of no service to the other?

"How your complexion has gone," said my husband to me, the other day. "It seems to me, that, in this climate, a woman is old at thirty."

Again the tears came into my eyes. Harry did not mean to be unkind; he was only thoughtless; but why had I lost my complexion? Can a woman live forever, in rooms heated by hot air, never going out except on some errand, and then hurrying home as soon as the errand is done, without losing her complexion? Is it the climate, or her mode of life, that makes her old before her time? It was on my tongue to say these things; but I refrained: I have learned that "silence is golden."

"How I wish I had something to read," I said, yesterday. "I think, if I had a new book now and then, the evenings, when you are out, Harry, would not be so long."

"Books cost too much money, in times like these," answered my husband. "I should think

your sewing would amuse you enough. To get bread for his family, and lay by a little for a rainy day, is as much as a prudent man can do, now-a-days." And, as he spoke, he lit his segar, and went out.

Will men ever understand women? Will they ever see their own selfishness in its true light? These thoughts rose to my mind, as I reflected, with a sigh, that a tithe of the money, which Harry spent on segars, would buy me all the new books I wished.

Yet Harry does not mean to be unkind. He saw his mother treated as he treats me, and he

thinks I have no right to complain. Perhaps I have not. But, oh! how much happier I would be if things were different.

Are women only machines to sew, darn, sweep, dust, bake bread, take care of children, and keep house? Have they no need of recreation? No higher nature that is starved by a life like mine?

There is no contention between Harry and me. But his love now is, or seems, a very different thing from what it seemed before marriage. Is my fate the fate of all? Is every wife like me when TEN YEARS MARRIED?

ONLY FOUR.

BY MRS. CLARA D. HEATH.

THERE were but four when the day was done,
And the light had softly died away,
When golden clouds had turned to gray,
And the lamps were lighted one by one;
Only four in the twilight met,
Only four by the firelight sat,
I can recall our places yet—
We were but four.

Deep in their graves, this many a day,
Two have been lying cold and still,
In the brown cottage, there by the mill.
(Perhaps you have lately passed that way—
I think the roses must be in bloom,
Strangers wander from room to room,
Or sit in the twilight's dusky gloom
At eventide.

Father and mother! sister and I!
Only four, but my world was there;
Little I knew of pain or care,
As little thought of the change so nigh.

Dreaming ever of books, or play—
Can it be years? It seems a day,
Hardly more, since we left for ay,
The dear old home.

Four of us then; but when months had fled,
And the Winter sky was dark with snow,
One of our band was lying low—
Softly we spoke of the cherished dead.
And one had flown from the parent nest,
Hardly more than a child at best,
Another's home by her was blest—
We were but two!

Two of us then, and a shadow crept
Over my mother's patient face,
Only seeming an added grace,
Which time in his eager haste had left;
Perhaps her idols had turned to clay;
But years went by, and there came a day
When she, too, left me and went away—
stood alone.

THE WIND.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

The wind is a merry fellow—
A right merry "bit of a loon;"
I never tire of hearing him
Sing his jolly old tune.
He varies the march to a rondo,
The rondo unto a waltz;
He plays a lively cotillion,
And sings in falsetto voice.

Sometimes he changes the true theme
To an aria on the black keys,
When black clouds cover the occident,
And hang on the tops of the trees;
A duet he has with the brook voice,
A song with the coquettish birds;
He sings a glee, *ad libitum*,
Improvising the air and words.

A quickstep's his greatest passion,
Oh! how he roars on the hills!
Or, pours out a low voluntary—
Sly love-making unto the rills;
A mazourka he plays for the tulips
To dance with the gay asphodels,
And a beautiful, graceful redowa
He drums in the lily's ear-cells.

Well, prosper, thou jolly old Wind-god!
I'll greet thee on land and on sea;
Wherever I meet thee, thou knowest
There's love in my bosom for thee!
In the Northland, they call thee a savage;
In the South, a skin-burning blast;
But here, in the mid zone, we greet thee,
A breath of delight going past.

HOW PATTY WENT SKATING.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

"THE last leaf had fallen from the trees—a performance which no one ever witnesses—it was a brown, shriveled chestnut, for the gorgeous hues of autumn had long since faded out, and nature was thoroughly swept and garnished for the advent of winter. The ponds and brooks had opened the season with a respectable freeze; and December, which had not yet come in, would find all things in readiness for a thorough campaign.

Solitary travelers, with blue cheeks and red noses, who passed up the side road, cast lingering glances into the windows of a handsome gray-stone house that stood on a rising lawn, the still rich hue of which contrasted beautifully with the sombre tint of the building. The ruddy blaze of firelight was seen through plate-glass; and there was a delightful look about the place of plenty of means to keep up the establishment. The view was lovely; and just back of the house, a piece of woodland, rich in chestnuts, hickory-nuts, and acorns, was a never-failing source of delight to childish ramblers.

As is often the case, however, the owners of this charming home had very little appreciation of its beauty. Mr. Casselton spent most of his time there in eating and sleeping—the remainder being divided between his counting-house and the two hours' journey in the cars. Mrs. Casselton rarely stepped off the long piazza except to enter her carriage; and the Misses Casselton mournfully assured their city friends that they were buried alive.

Mrs. Casselton nobly declared that people *must* economize in these dreadful times—every one was called upon to make sacrifices; and by dint of much imposing speech, often reiterated, she quite persuaded herself that she was living upon a crust, and dressing in gray serge. Mr. Casselton had grumbled so at the bills, and hinted in such a mysterious way at dreadful things that might happen—he always spoke in metaphors, and was a sort of Veiled Prophet to his puzzled family—that, after much reflection and many sighs, it was resolved, in solemn conclave, to spend the winter in the country.

These martyrs, to a sense of duty, magnanimously remained in a luxurious home that contained almost every city comfort; but whose windows, instead of reflecting a brown-stone

row, and a hint of blue sky, looked forth upon trees, and shrubs, and lawn, and let in the untainted breath of heaven, fresh and pure as in Eden days.

The only person in the household who appreciated all this was one who was not herself appreciated. Mrs. Casselton, from the height of her grandeur, usually denominated her "the young person," which was, to say the least, indefinite. The young person, whose mission was to instruct the children, a girl and boy of eleven and twelve, was seated, on a dull November afternoon, in the wide bay-window that looked out upon the road, surrounded, literally, by her charges—for they had a faculty of making about half a dozen of themselves, and hovering about Miss Dalesford—attacking her from behind and before, toying with her hair, and inquiring into the history of her brooch and rings—a species of persecution that would only be inflicted upon a very amiable and attractive young teacher.

The children in question were rather left to their own devices; their grown-up sisters usually banished them from their sight, Mrs. Casselton made over all interest in them to their governess, and Mr. Casselton looked upon them very much in the light of expensive superfluities. They were quite loveable children, on the whole, although not the easiest in the world to manage.

Master Rodney's great source of rejoicing consisted in the fact that he had been born a boy; and he was not at all backward in assuring his teacher that she was "nothing but a girl." He was very chivalrous, though, in her behalf, and ready to fight for or *with* her. Clare, the younger, a pretty little brunette, had earned for herself the *soubriquet* of "little Dame Spunk;" and with such elements to manage, the school-room life was, on the whole, lively.

It was different, though, from what Patty Dalesford had pictured to herself, when from the shelter of St. M——'s Hall—where she had been for the last year half-scholar and half-teacher—she answered Mrs. Casselton's advertisement, which stipulated that "only a communicant of the Episcopal church, and one capable of appreciating a refined home need answer." What visions danced before her eyes

of love and sympathy, and conscientious Christian training!—which last resolved itself into a Sunday evening recitation of the catechism, made so totally dull and uninteresting by Mrs. Casselton, that Rodney informed his teacher in confidence that he hated it; and Clare, who had not “a master-mind,” made very sad work of it.

Patty Dalesford was a very pretty young girl, with all the wants and inclinations that young girls usually have; she was the daughter of a clergyman, who had been carried off by consumption in her infancy; and her only relative was a brother, “out West,” who had educated her, but whose funds were somewhat in the condition of Mr. Micawber’s. Little Patty had none of the die-away in her composition, although very susceptible to the attractions of all pretty and pleasant things; she resolved, therefore, to be a burden on no one, and entered upon her first campaign at Mrs. Casselton’s with but little idea of the hardness of the road before her.

When the Misses Casselton almost ignored her existence, and their mother talked placidly before her as she would have done had she been a child or an idiot—little Miss Dalesford felt something rising within her that impelled her to open a broadside of indignation upon these exasperating females, and leave the house with flying colors. Being, however, a young person of considerable good sense, she wisely reflected that she had no place in particular to fly to, and that a change was not always an improvement.

There were some things that she liked very much in her present quarters. She enjoyed the comfortable home, with its blazing fires and bright lights, and beautiful view of wood and dale, and the pretty things that were scattered about so lavishly within; and the bay-window, which belonged to a parlor, or sitting-room, almost exclusively devoted to her use and the children’s, was her favorite place of refuge from all annoyances. Here she sat and watched the sunset, or read, when allowed to do so by her youthful admirers.

On this November afternoon, however, she sat there in much perturbation of spirit, for the flesh had been considerably tried. A gay party of young people were staying in the house, and their inexhaustible flow of spirits and mirth, in which she had no share, grated on Patty’s ear. She sat at the same table with them, but beyond that their paths diverged; and an occasional stare, or question, from one of the gentlemen, was the extent of notice that she received.

Brilliant accounts had been brought in by some adventurous spirit of the splendid condition of a pond two or three miles distant; and a merry party packed themselves into the carriage for an afternoon’s skating. They defiled into the parlor on some pretext or other; and Patty noted, with something like envy, the pretty skating-costumes of the young ladies—the trim jackets and jaunty hats, which set the wearers off to the very best advantage; and the young teacher felt that she was defrauded of her woman’s birthright of looking as pretty as possible.

One young lady, with sleepy gray eyes, a comfortable fullness of figure, and superb indifference of manner, was especially trying. She looked so very lovely in her skating-cap, and glanced toward the bay-window with a half-scornful smile, as though pitying the solitary occupant who was debarred from the natural pleasures of her age.

“I saw Louis Southerly,” said somebody, “and he promised to join us. He is staying at Berkford’s.”

Every one looked at Eleanor Nelston, the young lady with the sleepy eyes; and a conscious blush rose to her face.

“Louis is a splendid fellow,” observed one of the gentlemen.

“And a splendid match,” added somebody else.

The gentlemen, generally, threatened to remain at home, unless the ladies promised not to bestow all their smiles upon Mr. Southerly; and, with many laughing protestations, the party finally took themselves off.

Patty found herself pondering over this Louis Southerly, and wondering what he was like; but she soon concluded that he was, probably, a *fac-simile* of the insipid gentlemen who danced attendance upon the Misses Casselton. At any rate, what was he to *her*? She could not control her thoughts, however, and they went with the skaters. She pictured them skimming gracefully over the ice; and a strong desire to change her in-door quiet for this exhilarating sport took possession of her.

“Look here,” said Master Rodney, balancing himself in a highly scientific and difficult manner on the back of Miss Dalesford’s chair, “I call it a mean shame that they didn’t invite you to go with them.”

“I think they might have taken *me*,” said Clare, with a pout, and strong symptoms of an approaching deluge.

“*You!*” exclaimed her brother, contemptuously, “you are nothing but a baby; but Miss

Dalesford is a young lady, and prettier than all the rest of them put together!"

A bright color tinged Patty's cheek at this boyish compliment; and this, and her dark, wavy hair, impressed Master Rodney's susceptible heart to such a degree that he wished he had been half a dozen years older, or his teacher half a dozen years younger.

"I'll tell you what!" exclaimed the young gentleman, suddenly. "I know a splendid little pond down here, Miss Dalesford, where we can go and skate all by ourselves, if you'll only say so."

"I haven't any skates," replied Patty, not so much relishing the "all by ourselves" as Master Rodney seemed to expect.

"I have!" said the boy, eagerly; and when Patty pleaded her entire ignorance of skating manoeuvres, he exclaimed, "But I'll teach you, Miss Dalesford—you're so little and light, that you'll learn in a jiffy."

The young teacher expressed a proper horror at the obnoxious word "jiffy"—for "manners and morals" were down in the bond—and then the trio wended their way to the pond.

Now Miss Patty Dalesford had very little idea of the art of skating, or, rather, she had no idea that it was an art at all; a vague vision of herself floating gracefully about, with her hands in her muff, as she had seen damsels in pictures, was presented to her mind, and she accepted it with undoubting confidence.

The pond was not formidable in appearance, and had a little, broken-down fence at one side. The ice was splendid; and with spirits that quite rose above the petty trials of the hour before, the young teacher essayed her first trial of the slippery element. She looked very pretty with her dark merino skirt looped up above the ankle—showing the diminutive feet, which Master Rodney's skates fitted to perfection—while the cold air brought a flush to her cheek, and a sparkle to her eye, that made her perfectly bewitching.

Alas! though, for the visions of graceful ease that she had pictured! Instead of skating smoothly along, with hands in her muff, she found herself ignominiously clinging to the shaky fence; and bursts of merriment from the children greeted her attempts to maintain an upright position. Rodney proposed that a long skate should be fitted to her back, as she could then proceed without effort.

Patty laughed and enjoyed it, as much of a child as the two others; but she was very much surprised that anything that seemed so easy should be so difficult. She had tumbles innumerable, and dragged Rodney with her in several of her falls; and it was very doubtful if the party at the larger pond had half so good a time. Patty felt decidedly mortified, however, that she could not accomplish a successful glide on the ice; and being a young lady who seldom admitted herself conquered, she made an extraordinary attempt, which elicited from Master Rodney an appreciative: "Bully for you, Miss Dalesford!" and found herself suddenly landed in a reclining position.

The concussion was rather violent, and she felt half-stunned; when a strong pair of arms lifted her to her feet—and while still protectingly encircled, she heard a strange voice, but one that was very deep and musical, say,

"What are you children doing here by yourselves? You should have some one to take care of you. I am afraid this little girl is hurt."

"Why, Mr. Southerly!" exclaimed Clare, with an amused giggle, "that is Miss Dalesford—a great, big young lady!"

"Not very enormous, I think," replied Mr. Southerly, as he released Patty, with a kind glance at her blushing face; "but I hope that Miss Dalesford will pardon my freedom, which arose from a very natural mistake. You are staying at Mr. Casselton's, I suppose?"

"Not as a visitor," was the frank reply. "I am there to teach the children."

Patty took a sort of pride in saying this, although she rather trembled for the result, for on former occasions it had ended some promising conversations; but this man seemed so different from the others she had encountered, that she hoped he would show himself superior in this instance.

There was no change except an added look of interest, for he mentally said, "Poor child! what a hard life for one so young and pretty!" And then he talked to all three so kindly and pleasantly, that Patty was perfectly charmed with him.

The children explained to him, with noisy eagerness, why they were there, and how Miss Dalesford had done nothing but tumble down since she got on the ice, and how Rodney despaired of ever teaching her; and as there was only one pair of skates among the three, it was rather dull work for the skateless ones.

"I think," said Mr. Southerly, very kindly, "that I can teach Miss Dalesford to skate, with very little difficulty, if she will accept of my instruction; you are not quite tall enough, Master Rodney, to guide a young lady on the ice."

Patty looked up inquiringly into the stranger's

face, and saw that, although not a strictly handsome one, it was very pleasant to look upon. He was about thirty, and this seemed rather venerable to the girl scarcely out of her teens. He was evidently a friend of the family, and, on the whole, she concluded to accept the kind offer without hesitation.

"If you do not mind teaching a very awkward pupil," she replied, gratefully, "I shall be glad to learn."

"Awkward you certainly are not," said Mr. Southerly, "only timid; but you must endeavor to overcome your fear, or you will never learn to skate. A light figure like yours should skim over the ice like a bird."

He could not divest himself of the idea that she was a child; and took her hand and guided her steps, if steps they could be called, with such careful tenderness, that Patty began to feel about five years old. Master Rodney and Miss Clare soon grew tired of looking on, and concluded to walk in the direction of the other pleasure-seekers; upon which little expedition they set forth without troubling Miss Dalesford for her consent.

But Patty was too agreeably occupied to miss them. With such strong hands to keep her on her feet, she soon succeeded in making her way on the ice, and became so fascinated with the exercise, that the time passed unheeded. Mr. Southerly was quite touched by the innocent beauty of the face lifted confidently to his, as he put his arm around her to steady her uncertain steps; but the feeling was merely that excited by a pretty and interesting child.

"I thought you were going with the others?" said Patty, suddenly. "I believe they expected you."

"Did they?" he replied, with a smile. "I do not think they needed me, though—I could not be so useful as I am here."

"I am afraid it would be pleasanter," observed Patty, naively.

The gentleman smiled. He could not utter a commonplace compliment to the frank little girl beside him, and he replied quite gravely, "I do not think it would be 'pleasanter,' even in a selfish point of view, because I have had so much of that same sort of thing, and I think I am rather fond of teaching. But, Miss Dalesford," he continued, "do you think that people should only do what is most pleasant for themselves? I do not believe that is *your* creed."

"I am not quite so sure," said Patty, with a comical little shake of her head, "I have so little chance to try; but I think I should really like to know how it would seem to do pleasant

things. I don't teach the children because I like it, but because I have to—and were it not for that, I would leave Mrs. Casselton's to-morrow."

"What would you *like* to do?" inquired Mr. Southerly, with amused interest.

"Just now," replied Patty, archly, "I would like to wear a pretty skating-cap and dress, like Miss Nelston's, and be able to go on the ice without being held up like a child just learning to walk."

Mr. Southerly quite congratulated himself on having encountered so very fresh and original a little personage; and the two had become tolerably well acquainted, when the rumbling of carriage-wheels was heard—and the gay party, increased by the addition of the two children, whom they had picked up on the road, drove in sight.

Patty became unpleasantly confused, and busied herself in getting off her skates; while the young ladies surrounded Mr. Southerly, and overwhelmed him with questions and reproaches. The young teacher quietly made her escape with her two charges, and returned to the house, little suspecting what was in store for her.

Patty could not exactly define the feeling, but there was something in the atmosphere of the house that led her to expect an unusual occurrence; and the next morning, Miss Dalesford received a summons to the library.

She did not like these summons to the library. The first time she received the formal message, Mrs. Casselton had confronted her, all drawn up in battle-array, and informed her solemnly that Master Rodney and Miss Clare were not receiving that careful attention she had expected when she engaged a young person to take charge of them; and she would be obliged to Miss Dalesford to bestow less of her time upon reading, and more upon her pupils. On the second occasion, Master Rodney had been guilty of the impropriety of informing his mother that she was "a gay old girl;" and Miss Dalesford was taken to task for not paying more attention to the language and manners of her charges.

This time, Patty wondered what it could be. Perhaps it was allowing them to go upon the ice; but she was not long left in doubt.

Mrs. Casselton was very terrible, that morning, in a dress of black *moire* that stood alone, like its mistress, and black lace lappets that waved an accompaniment to her pompous sentences.

"Miss Dalesford," began the lady, coolly

possessing herself of a feather screen to shield her face from the blaze of the soft coal-fire, "I scarcely know whether you have a proper sense of your delinquencies—and, therefore, you may or may not be surprised when I inform you that, after your conduct of yesterday, I can no longer retain you as an inmate of my establishment."

Patty's countenance expressed both surprise and indignation; and Mrs. Casselton proceeded: "In addition to your total neglect of the children, your very free and easy conduct toward a gentleman who was a perfect stranger to you, convinces me that you are not fitted for the responsible charge you have undertaken—you will, therefore, consider yourself dismissed from my employment."

Patty's lip quivered, and her voice shook, for all this came upon her like a thunderbolt; but she bravely undertook a defence of her conduct, to which Mrs. Casselton listened without moving a muscle of her face.

When she had finished, the seemingly immovable figure arose, and, laying a bill on the table, said mechanically, "You will find the carriage at your service whenever you desire to drive to the depot," and rustled out of the room, leaving Patty Dalesford most unexpectedly thrown upon her own resources.

It was a cold, moonlight night at the Central Park, and the skating was pronounced by enthusiastic performers to be "glorious." The panorama of moving figures, with their bright costumes and graceful motions, was very pretty; and the spectators on the bank derived as much pleasure from looking on as the others did from skating. An occasional downfall would rouse a burst of uproarious merriment, for no one ever seemed to be hurt; and the victim was on his feet again, and off in the distance, before the mishap could be fairly fastened on him.

The ladies were too well cared for to meet with accidents; but one independent damsel, whose skating was the very poetry of motion, seemed to scorn all assistance, and excited the admiration of every looker-on. Her little skating-cap of black velvet, trimmed with Chinilla fur that also bordered the black cloth jacket—the full, balmoral skirt, and perfectly-fitting skate of diminutive proportions—set off a face and figure of youthful grace and beauty, upon which rested many admiring eyes. But the pretty skater eluded all attempts at close investigation by skimming, like a bird, from the slightest approach, until a broad sheet of ice lay between her and her pursuers.

Her sudden turns were inimitable; and just

as some inquiring mind thought he had accomplished his object, she would glide backward or sideways, and fly suddenly off to another part of the pond. She was evidently under the charge of a substantial-looking gentleman, but troubled him very little for attentions or assistance.

A pair of eyes had followed her movements with deep interest; and the owner of the eyes, who was Mr. Louis Southerly, found himself completely fascinated by the graceful movements of this unknown girl. He could not distinguish her features, and resolving to gain a nearer view, or perish in the attempt, he skated bravely toward her, undeterred by the ill-success of former aspirants.

She was considerably in advance, with her face turned from him, but he gained upon her rapidly, and was close upon her footsteps, when a sudden turn, to escape the importunity of some other admirer, threw the damsel against Mr. Southerly with such force that he fell heavily on the ice, and the fair skater fell on him.

An alarmed crowd gathered immediately; and the gentleman who had charge of the young lady came hurriedly forward, as he exclaimed, "Patty! my darling! are you hurt?"

"No," she replied, standing as firmly on her feet as ever, "not a bit—but I am afraid this gentleman is. Do help him, Edmund—he is Mr. Southerly, and was very kind to me a year ago."

Mr. Southerly had been quite stunned, and his arm was broken; but he was soon able to be assisted to a carriage, and recognized his little acquaintance of skating memory, who introduced him to her brother, Mr. Dalesford. Many apologies were tendered for the assault and battery perpetrated by Miss Patty, who hung her head in remorseful confusion—and nearly cried her eyes out, that night, to think what she had done.

Mr. Southerly was not at all disposed to bear malice; but he demurred at accepting Mr. Dalesford's hospitable proposal to exchange his hotel for the comforts of a private house, until the sister added a pleading entreaty that he had not the strength to refuse.

A year had brought great changes to Patty Dalesford. After her summary dismissal by Mrs. Casselton, she returned to the Hall where she had been educated, that being her only place of refuge; but down in the depths of her foolish little heart, she cherished an enthusiastic admiration for the gentleman who had been the cause of her misfortunes.

Most unexpectedly, her brother returned from the West with a fortune which he had gained in some successful speculation; and buying a handsome house in the city, he immediately placed his young sister at the head of it. She found herself able now to do "pleasant things" continually; and somewhat to her brother's surprise, she entered at once upon a course of skating-lessons with a zest, that she displayed in no other occupation.

Skating was inseparably associated in her mind with Mr. Southerly, and she felt almost certain of meeting him, at some future day, upon the ice. Perhaps he had forgotten her—he saw so many people—or, worse than all, perhaps he was married! Patty did not stop to analyze her feelings, but lived on in a sort of bright hope that was now most unexpectedly realized.

Mr. Southerly found himself an inmate of a very comfortable establishment, and every care and attention was lavished upon the invalid—for an invalid he continued for several weeks. It was very pleasant to be waited on and entertained by a charming young girl, who was in a continual state of confusion at her own awk-

wardness; and Mr. Southerly often found himself wondering that he had not noticed her exceeding beauty on the afternoon that he gave her her first lesson in skating. He was certainly making up for it now, if constant staring could be considered any evidence; and Patty became more confused than ever—and did not get over her confusion.

When they became better acquainted, Mr. Southerly learned, by degrees, the cause of Patty's abrupt disappearance from the Casselton mansion, which had puzzled him not a little. His indignation at Mrs. Casselton was accompanied by a feeling of pity, that was very much akin to something else, for the young girl who had suffered so undeservedly. It was flattering, too, that he should have been, after all, at the bottom of it; and perhaps it was a noble desire of reparation that induced Mr. Southerly to suggest to Patty that she should skate through life with him.

Patty laughingly declared that he would never have made the proposal if she had not shown herself such an adept in the art; but, with a happy heart, she admitted to herself that she had skated to some purpose.

JENNY MUSING.

BY LETTA C. LORD.

Zephyrus softly played around her,
Kissed her lips, and brow so fair:
Sunbeams bright came slowly creeping
O'er her braids of nut-brown hair.

On a mossy seat sitting,
Dainty fingers slowly knitting
On a soldier's sock of blue,
Stitch by stitch the needle through.

By her side a purling streamlet
Murmured softly to the flowers;
And she loved to sit beside it
In the bright, sunny hours.
On the mossy knoll sitting,
Sat the maiden slowly knitting—
Knitting on the sock of blue,
Stitch by stitch the needle through.

Birds around her sang their carols,
But she heeded not their lay;
Heeded not their notes of music,
For her thoughts were far away.
Back and forth her needles flitting,
Slowly knitting, slowly knitting—
Knitting on the sock of blue,
Stitch by stitch the needle through.

What were thrilling notes of music?
What the rays of golden sun?
Could they call her wanderer to her?
Could they bring the absent one?

So the maid was sadly sitting
On the mossy knoll, knitting—
Knitting on the sock of blue,
Stitch by stitch the needle through.

But sweet Hope was hovering near her,
And she saw her tear-dimmed eye,
So she softly whispered to her,
"You will meet him by-and-by."
So she hopefully was sitting
On the mossy knoll, knitting—
Knitting on the sock of blue,
Stitch by stitch the needle through.

Weaving fancies bright as sunbeams
Of the absent far away,
Sat the maid amid the flowerets,
Looking beautiful as they.
Back and forth the needles flitting,
Thoughtfully the maid was sitting,
Knitting on the sock of blue,
Stitch by stitch the needle through.

Thinking of a little cottage,
Nestling by the bonnie burn,
Dreaming of a happy future
When her soldier will return.
Thoughtfully the maid was sitting,
Slowly knitting, slowly knitting
On the soldier's sock of blue,
Stitch by stitch the needle through.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER," "JUNO CLIFFORD,"
"MY THIRD BOOK," ETC., ETC.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118.

VII.—"I LOVE YOU."

AFTER that evening, Mr. Huger's attentions became constant and decided. Wherever Miss Tremaine went, he was sure to be found. Was it possible that at last her heart was touched?—that she had given up her purpose of winning Gerard, and was going to settle down into innocent love—happy matrimony? It certainly looked like it. Hitherto she had treated all her admirers with a cool carelessness that gave them no possible foothold for hope. Her manner toward Mr. Huger was surely very different. She seemed to welcome his presence. She wore his flowers, sang the songs he asked for, talked to him, read to him.

It was singular, but Gerard was not so delighted with the course of events as he should have been, considering how much such a marriage would be for his cousin's interest. Veronica's happiness piqued him a little. It would not have been so but for that song, and the look which followed it—the suspicion which then stole into his mind that she had loved him once. It is a fact in human nature, whether mental philosophers have set it down or no, that we are never willing to give up what we have once held. Let a woman reject a man ever so scornfully, and she does not like to hear of his marriage with another. The feeling may be only wounded pride, perhaps—pique that one's place can be filled so easily—the fetters one forged so quickly broken. Whatever the cause, the vexation is real. I think men are no more superior to it than women. That, after losing him, some one else could console his cousin was an unpalatable potion to Gerard's pride, and stimulated him into watching her with an interest somewhat deeper than curiosity. Alice looked on well pleased. She *had* wondered that, having seen Veronica, Gerard should have chosen her; but the idea that Veronica had ever loved him had never at that time crossed her mind. She was glad, with a purely unselfish pleasure, that fortune seemed smiling on one she loved—that Miss Tremaine promised to be as happy as herself.

So the days went on, and Veronica was gayer,

more brilliant, more fascinating than ever. Did she suspect the pique with which Gerard was watching her movements? If so, she gave no sign of it, unless it were that knowledge which called so triumphant a glitter to her eye, and curved her lips with such brilliant smiles. Robert Huger had seen many women—known the world, one would have thought, too thoroughly to be quite at any woman's mercy; but he was fast forgetting all the lessons of life, except those he learned from Miss Tremaine's eyes. He fancied that he understood, as no one else did, her best self. There had been times when, in the midst of her gayest moods, a sad, weary look would steal into the matchless, dark eyes as they met his, and the voice would be low and tremulous which had been so merry just before. He thought these the tokens of a sympathy with him in which those around had no share—believed that he held the key to her deepest feelings—and so went on loving her.

Went on until one day, toward spring, he found an opportunity to tell her his story. It was in the Tremaine's private parlor. Gerard was out, and Alice had considerably left them. I do not think he meant to speak then. He had some theories of his own about the length of time people ought to know each other before it would be prudent to talk of love. But something sad and appealing in those dark eyes made him throw prudence to the winds, and, sitting close to her, he said,

"I love you, Veronica!"

Might there not have been some hope for him if he had chosen any other form of words than those she had heard once from lips so much dearer? It is certain that they steeled her heart against every gentle thought. She remembered who had said them before, in an idle moment, and—saying them so idly and vainly—had wrecked her life. She had been a gay, glad girl, when she heard them first, with no darker purpose to conceal than the honorable winning of a free heart—since then what evil growth of hopes and plans had sprung up in her soul! After those words she was incapable even of pity for Robert Huger. But she listened to

him patiently enough, with downcast eyes, and a soft flush on her cheeks. I think she enjoyed his vain pleading—the foretaste of his humiliation, for she made no attempt to stop him. He told her of his life, with all its temptations, its perils, its successes—a life that never love of woman had swayed, for one moment, until he met her. He told her what she was to him in the present—what she could be in the future—and then he waited for her answer. Coldly, incisively, her words cut the air, falling like the stroke of a sharp sword,

“I do not love you, Mr. Huger.”

He looked at her in blank amazement. It seemed to him that he must have misunderstood her; or, could he have read wrongly all the language of sad, appealing eyes, cheeks which flushed at his coming? His great love made him humble. He asked again,

“But could I not teach you to love me, Veronica?”

“I think not, since you have failed already. I would have learned the lesson if I could.”

There was a weary sound in her words, as if she longed to have him cease trying to persuade her. Looking into her face, he knew that his suit was utterly hopeless. He was too noble to reproach her with having lured him on—to ask her why she had not been generous enough not to encourage his attentions. He looked at her a moment with a sad tenderness. Then he said,

“Miss Tremaine, a man of my kind, who loves at my age for the first time, does not love lightly, or forget soon. I shall not cease, because you cannot return my love, to be interested in your welfare. If ever you need a friend, send for me, and you shall never send in vain. Till then I will not intrude upon you.”

Before she could answer him he was gone. He had given her his love—the best offering of a noble life; and she had thrown it away. Would she ever repent? She leaned back in her chair, and watched the sunlight of the March afternoon stealing in at the western windows. She looked at the pictures on the walls—at the ornaments on the *etagere*—at the flowers on a bouquet-stand close by. She tried to think of everything but what she had done. But finally consciousness clutched her, and held her fast—forced her to see how noble Robert Huger had been, and what wrong she had done him. She was a woman—not stone, not ice—and she shivered a little as she thought what she had lost, and what her future might be. I tell you, if the old legends are true, in which souls sell themselves to Satan, they do not come at once to the dreadful bargain. There are

slow stages of half repentance, of faint struggles—remonstrances of the guardian-angel standing by with sad eyes. As Veronica Tremaine stood in that hour, face to face with her soul, some tears plashed through her fingers—tears not wholly selfish—and she murmured in a tone of pitiful self-justification,

“I *would* have been kinder; I would have treated him more gently if he had not begun with those words. How could I bear them from any lips but those which spoke them first?”

Of course, the abrupt and entire cessation of Mr. Huger's attentions, told its own story to Mr. and Mrs. Tremaine. Gerard imagined himself sorry and disappointed; nevertheless, his feelings toward Huger were a great deal more friendly than they had been while he thought that Veronica was likely to be his wife. His amiability, however, did not extend to the members of his domestic circle. To them he developed a new phase of character. He grew petulant and moody. He did not know himself what he wanted, or with what he was dissatisfied. He resolutely avoided looking into his own heart. It might have been better if he had asked himself an honest question or two, and known where he stood; but he preferred to remain in the mists of uncertainty. He was not sulky, of course. I have said before, that he was a gallant, gracious gentleman. He did not snub his meek, little wife, nor swear at his servants; but his secret discontent with himself made him a less comfortable companion than of old. His gay, sunshiny temper seemed changed; little things annoyed him more. He smoked like a Turk, and took to solitary walks.

Alice was honestly sorry at the turn affairs had taken. She had liked Robert Huger, and sincerely wished him well. Moreover, it was contrary to her simple, womanly creed to encourage a man whom one did not intend to marry. She was not willing to blame Veronica, but she was puzzled by her. One day she summoned courage, and asked her cousin what it all meant. She was not prepared for the hopeless sorrow in the great, dark eyes, or the passionate reply,

“Better not ask me, child! Don't try to understand me. Hate me, and drive me out of your presence. It is the best thing you can do.”

Then, when Alice would have soothed and caressed her, she shook off the light touch, and rushed to her own room. Alice was troubled. She had tried to steer her little skiff into waters too deep for her, and the rough waves had tossed her back again. Be contented, little boat, to stay in the safe harbor. You were not made for

strong skies and deep waters. Better stay at home when the harbor-bar is *mean*ing.

They were not a comfortable household just then. Alice, poor child, found everything changed. Veronica had repulsed her—Gerard was unsocial. I think she would have grown very melancholy, but for a promise, which she kept to herself as yet, of a new joy to dawn when the swallows should "come over the sea in the front of the summer." Even connected with this hope was a great fear which now and then shook her, helpless as a reed in its grasp. But she tried to shut her eyes on this phantom of fear, and to see only the possible brightness; to think only what joy it would be to hold on her bosom a little face, with eyes like Gerard's—a little, helpless darling, her very own. She took these days, when Veronica secluded herself, and Gerard was in no mood to be amused, for some shopping excursions, which she was best pleased to make alone—in which she bought soft flannels, delicate embroideries, dainty cambric, enough to clothe a whole generation of new-comers.

VIII.—THE SILVER CORD IS LOOSED.

It was just in these days—the last blustering days of March—that Gerard received a sudden summons to Boston—to the sick bed of his father.

"Shall I go, too?" Veronica asked, when he communicated the tidings. He negatived the proposal at once.

"No! it is best you should stay with Alice. If he should want you—if there should be any need—I will send. But I think you had better remain here."

Ralph Tremaine was dying, at fifty-one, solely of grief and shame. He was not a strong man—strong neither in good nor evil. He had loved money, luxury, the fair favor of his fellow-men. In prosperity he might have lived out his century, perhaps. But he had no shield against the blows of adversity. Its first rude buffet struck him dumb and helpless. He had been willful always, with the peculiar petulant willfulness of a weak nature. This weakness hardened, after his reverses, into obstinacy. The same spirit which had made him refuse to return home until after Veronica had left, had also actuated him toward his son. He had obstinately refused to see Gerard, or be helped by him. They had not met from the day when Ralph Tremaine had assisted, smiling and paternal, at his son's wedding, until now, when he had sent for that son to see him die. Death, nigh at hand, had conquered lesser terrors; and

the poor, stricken man, old before his time, cried out helplessly for some one to go down with him into the dark.

Gerard found him at a respectable, and not uncomfortable, boarding-house on Pine street. The simply-furnished room was, indeed, a contrast to the elegance and luxury of the splendid home in which he had lived so many years. Still his wants were well enough attended to, and his landlady was, to the extent of her small means, kind and thoughtful. The change in himself was the most striking. It seemed impossible that eight months should have wrought it. He was wasted to attenuation. His face wore a hopeless, subdued look; and there was in the eyes an expression of terror, of shrinking from some one, or some thing, which it was pitiful to see. When Gerard came to his bedside, his glance kindled for a moment with the memory of his old love and pride for his boy. He put out his wasted hand.

"You were good to come," he said. "You were a good son always—your mother was good. I did not deserve anything of you. I threw away what should have been your inheritance. You and Veronica, beyond all the rest of the world, have a right to hate me."

"But we both love you, father. She wanted to come with me. Was I wrong not to let her?"

The pitiful terror crept again into Ralph Tremaine's eyes, and whitened his poor, dying face. His lips quivered so, in his eager denial, that Gerard could hardly hear his husky words.

"No, no! Keep her away. I don't want to see her great eyes. She was an orphan, and I did her so much wrong. Will her father, will my brother, pursue me, do you think, in the world where I am going? Do they let people who have wrongs to avenge torment wicked souls there?"

There was something awful in the eagerness of his hoarse whisper. He reached out his long, thin hands, and clutched Gerard's wrist with a hold that chilled him.

"No, father," he said, soothingly. "There is no revenge there. Your brother has not ceased to love you because you have been unfortunate. You never meant to wrong his child; and even if you had meant it ever so much, still there is forgiveness in heaven for *all* sin, as there is forgetfulness for all sorrow."

The poor, gray head shook slowly to and fro, in dreary uncertainty.

"I don't know. We haven't seen heaven. No one has come back."

Gerard was, of himself, helpless. He took a Bible, and read the story of our Saviour's death

—of the mighty love which, even in that awful agony could say to the penitent thief, "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." As he read, heaven seemed to bend nearer. Into the troubled, terror-stricken eyes, came a strange peace; but the lips were growing gray with the shadow of coming doom. The firm hold on Gerard's arm never relaxed. The eyes never ceased to watch him. At last the soul, so nearly let loose from its prison-house, made one mighty, one final effort. It looked forth from the eyes, in a wonderful triumph over the poor humanity with which it had been linked for fifty-one years—a triumph of belief—it spoke through the cold lips in a thrilling cry,

"Lord, I trust! Thou shalt save me!"

The clasp on Gerard's wrist relaxed; the strange light faded from the eyes, but, bending low, the watcher heard the words,

"Good-by! Your mother loved me. I shall see her there!"

Then the silver cord was loosed—Ralph Tremaine was dead.

Gerard did not move. He sat there as if a spell was on him, watching the dead face until, in place of pain and terror, a smile grew around the mouth—a smile such as it might have worn in its youth, before the evil days came—and all the features settled into the still nobility of death.

It was not an overwhelming sorrow which had fallen on the son thus bereaved. He had loved his father, indeed; but not with such a love as some sons feel—not such a love, perhaps, as he would have felt for a nobler man. But there was, nevertheless, a strong natural affection; and he wept fond, pitying tears over the dead, of which his manhood has no need to be ashamed. The last year of that just finished life had been so hard. Until he looked over his father's papers, after his death, he never knew how he had contrived to live. He only knew that his own proffers of assistance had been obstinately rejected, and that his father had kept silent through all. Now he discovered that all had been given up to the creditors, except the household furniture, which Mr. Tremaine had been allowed to retain. On the proceeds of its sale at auction, he had not only lived, but had made attempts to get on his feet again. There was, among his papers, an unfinished letter to Veronica, in which he described these attempts, and told how, one after another, they had failed. Doubtless, these disappointments had helped to wear out his life. He saw no hope—and when hope is utterly gone, it is so much easier to die than to live.

It was a sad funeral, with only one solitary mourner; but, perhaps, the dead would sleep as tranquilly as if the tears of ever so passionate a sorrow had fallen upon his still face. Gerard thought as he left him there, under the fitful sky of the just begun April, to go back after his week's absence, that the dead man had not lost much in laying down life. It was strange, but not even the thought of Alice brought him solace. He knew not why his spirits were so depressed. It was not altogether his bereavement—for how could he mourn that his father had gone home, where the weary can rest from their burdens. Life for Ralph Tremaine would have henceforth been so sad a thing, that it was hardly matter of regret that a sorrowful and solitary old age had been spared him. Besides, Gerard had been sad before. Something like a consciousness of wrong haunted him—an accusation to which he refused to listen. He loved his wife—Veronica was also dear to him—if only he had never seen them both!

They, meantime, had drawn nearer together, at least outwardly, in his absence. Alice had revealed the secret of her coming joy—and had whispered, also, in the confidence of that twilight confession, the fear that came hand-in-hand with her hope.

"My mother died when I was born," she said, sadly; and Veronica could feel how feverishly her pulses throbbed, as they sat close together in the gathering darkness. "It is not uncommon to die so in our family; and sometimes I think that I shall never live to look in my baby's eyes."

Veronica strove to cheer her—uttered words of soothing, lip-deep, with, God forgive her, a thrill of secret, guilty joy at her heart. Up to that moment her thoughts had never gone so far as Alice's death. She had meant to win Gerard back, and had shut her eyes on all consequences. As Alice spoke, some mocking spirit of evil at her elbow seemed to whisper,

"You may be his wife yet. Wait and be patient."

She did not resist the thought—and it took possession of her like a fate. It became a hope—an expectation. Her cheeks flamed in the dusk with fierce color; her heart throbbed so she could hear it—but she had self-control enough to keep her secret, and press some traitor kisses on Alice's lips, while she soothed her with pictures of a happy future.

Rosette, helping that night to undress her, did not fail to notice the suppressed eagerness of her manner, the color in her cheeks, the spark of flame in her eyes. She made no comments.

She had long since given up striving for Miss Tremaine's confidence, and contented herself with watching the drama. In her way she was fond of her mistress, and would have been faithful to what she considered her interest through tortures. She understood now, as well as Veronica herself, why Robert Huger's suit had failed, and what was the purpose of her life; and she wished her success with all her heart. Alice, gentle and indulgent as she was, did not suit her; and she would have been troubled by no compunctious visitings of compassion, if she had seen her dying at Miss Tremaine's feet of grief for her husband's loss.

Sleep did not soon come to Veronica. Her new thought was a companion as fruitful of suggestions as a familiar spirit. Was there really danger, she questioned, or was it only Alice's nervousness? If the wife knew—if she could be made to believe—that her husband would be glad to have her out of the way, would she not die of very hopelessness? Could life go on when all the springs of life had suffered paralysis? A purpose was growing in her heart, at which evil spirits smiled, and for which her guardian-angel veiled his face in such sorrow as the immortals know—sorrow for a soul that suffers loss.

IX.—HOME AGAIN.

THE next day after Alice's disclosure to Veronica, her husband came back. The loss of his father accounted sufficiently for the sadness and abstraction of his manner. Of course, they must retire from society, and there was nothing to keep them in New York. Naturally the thoughts of the whole party turned to "All-Come-Home." Alice longed to go back to its quiet, with her hopes and fears. Gerard felt an impatient yearning for its freedom, and thought that peace would come again to his heart, in that great hospitable house where he and Alice had been so happy in their honeymoon. Even Veronica welcomed its promise of release from outside influences, and opportunity to work out her plans. Their arrangements for a return were made at once, and the second week in April found them established on Long Island.

At this time, certainly, Gerard Tremaine did not love his cousin. Alice held his heart, as she had held it always. If there had been a question of parting with one of them, he would have understood himself at once—known whose loss would darken all the sunshine of his life. Yet, ever since that night when Veronica had sung for him at Mrs. Lauderdale's, he had been

falling into temptation. He had seen just enough then to make him suspect, almost believe, that she had loved him, and that she was rejecting all other love for his sake, without being entirely certain of it. There was just doubt and mystery enough to occupy his thoughts—to keep him brooding over it, and conjecturing about it.

Now that they were at home again, she seemed to avoid him, and that piqued him into yet stronger interest. Her presence began to have a dangerous fascination for him. He watched her as she moved around, brightening the great house with her beauty, looking more magnificent than ever, in the mourning garments she wore for his father, and which suited so well the proud repose of her presence.

One day—it was May then—she had been reading in the afternoon to Alice; and in the evening, when they were all together in the drawing-room, Alice begged her to read again. She hesitated a little, then complied, and read the story of Sir Tristram and fair Heult, as Matthew Arnold tells it—how, gentle and loving as was Tristram's wife, he could never forget his queen of beauty, with her "dark, bright eyes, and her passionate, quick replies"—then a ballad or two of Motherwell's, and at last Alice asked for "Some Day."

A current of fire sped along Gerard's veins—memory took possession of him—he was sitting again by Veronica's side, before he had ever seen Alice. She read, and he listened, as of old, calmly enough until the last verse—then her voice began to quiver.

"And while your tears are falling hot
Upon my lips, which answer not,
You'll take from these one treasured tress,
And leave the rest to silence;
Remembering that I used to say,
You'll think of this again, some day—
Some day!"

With those last words her voice broke into sobs—they sounded like the utterance of an unfathomable woe. She rose, dropping her book, and hurried from the room.

Alice stole after her, with gentle, timid footsteps, and followed her as she went into her own chamber.

"Darling," she said, tenderly, "what is it? Do not grieve alone. Let me comfort you."

For an instant Veronica looked at her, with eyes which blazed through her tears a passionate defiance. Then, trying to control herself, she said,

"You cannot help me, except by forgetting that I have made a fool of myself. I am not in the habit of such exhibitions—only something in these words stung me cruelly. Who would

weep over me, if I were dead?—and yet once I thought I was beloved—I had my day. Go, child! it is not you who can comfort me.”

Alice turned away reluctantly, and went to her own room. She was puzzled. She seemed to herself to be walking in a dense mist. When would it roll away, and on what desolate shore would she find herself stranded?

Half an hour afterward, Veronica went back to the drawing-room. Had she any presentiment that she should find Gerard there still? She started with a surprise—which, if it was not real, was certainly well affected—when she saw him motionless where she had left him.

“I came for my book,” she said, by way of explanation, and having picked it up, was turning to go from the room, when Gerard sprang to her side.

“Veronica,” he cried, almost fiercely, “in heaven’s name why did you read those verses?”

“You heard Alice ask for them. How could I tell that the self-control which never failed me before would break down at last?”

Then again she would have gone, but Gerard held her back. Looking straight in her eyes, he asked her,

“Did you love me, Veronica?”

How those eyes shone on him through the mist of reproachful tears. What accusation, what pain, what pleading, thrilled, syren-sweet, in her voice.

“Gerard, Gerard, how can you humiliate me so cruelly? No matter—know all, if you will. I *did* love you—better than life—better than my own soul. Love you! merciful heaven, *how* I loved you! and I thought you loved me.”

Pity him—he was not St. Anthony! How beautiful she was, with her long, dark hair falling now in disordered masses about her shoulders, her glorious eyes pleading with him, her mutinous, rash lips uttering these words. Is it strange that something he thought was love shook him from head to heel—that he almost, never quite, forget he was Alice’s hus-

band? He crushed the small hand he held between his fingers, then threw it from him as if he feared himself. He cried in desperation,

“Oh, God! if I had but known! Veronica, if I had but known!”

She was too wise to stay longer. With one long look, in which was compassed reproach, pleading, tenderest love, she glided from the room, and left him standing there alone.

Was it love which he felt for her? I think not, though, perhaps, he believed it was at that moment. Into the secret temple of his heart, where he had shrined Alice—where his soul had done homage to her vestal purity, and thanked heaven, morning and night, for her love—Veronica could never come; and yet he believed that, if he had understood her a year before, they could have made each other happy. For one thing, his heart was full of an overwhelming pity for her. Her knew her capacity for emotion—he saw how she loved him, realized what she had given up for his sake. Is it strange that he yearned over her with a fond, regretful tenderness? That he felt half angry at the placid smile he found on Alice’s sleeping face; and doubted in his vexation whether, compared to Veronica, she was capable of love?

Veronica had won all she dared to win for the present. Her pulses thrilled with an ecstatic delirium of hope. She did not think Alice would live. She felt a sort of prophetic certainty of success. She was sure now that if Gerard were free he would love her. Well, he must *be* free. In a little while, she thought, her hour of triumph would come. She should reign in the only heart she had ever coveted, sole monarch. She felt in that hour no regret for the young life that stood between her and her fruition. Neither gratitude nor pity swayed her, for one moment, from her joy of anticipation. She slept calmly, and woke the next morning in full beauty, ready to maintain against all challengers the empire she had begun to win.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

PARTED.

BY WILLIE WARE.

I look abroad on Nature’s face,
On hills and plains in beauty spread;
On Autumn’s foliage full of grace—
Of brilliant hues, green, brown, and red;
I watch the night come slowly down,
The silver moon come up the sky;
I listen to the sad-voiced wind
As it sweeps gently, softly by—
Listen with tears, and sigh.

Tears that I shed for the long ago,
For the gone forever, happy past,
When life was like the sunset’s glow.
And pleasure’s beams were on me cast:
When love and hope threw blossoms bright
Along the path my feet must tread;
But now, alas! those flowers are
All withered, ere, and dead,
With agony my heart was bled.

FROM APRIL TO OCTOBER.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

I.

A LITTLE opening upon a wooded hillside, a wretched cabin squatting forlornly in the cleared space, looking like an intruder as it was, and the constant drip of falling rain. The wooded hillside was in the Shenandoah Valley, and the cabin, if it could have forgotten its own miserable condition, might have looked down upon one of the loveliest landscapes in the world.

Upon a blue winding river, upon broad reaches of emerald meadows, upon vast fields of tasseled corn climbing the long slopes, upon masses of green woodlands, dim and dark, and upon a phalanx of kingly hills smiling in verdurous splendor, retiring one above another, shining from afar through purple mists, till the serene heaven folded its beautiful mystery about them.

But the cabin was too abjectly wretched to look down upon anything, or yet upward, even into the pitying sky; and so it sat there in doleful plight; the early autumn rain came plashing upon the ragged roof, and the howling wind shook the unsteady timbers, besieged the rickety door, and pulled at the tattered wads of old clothes that were thrust into the crevices in the walls. It had rained for a week as Virginia skies do rain, spilling avalanches of water, at intervals clearing up in a slipshod, inefficient way, and as soon as ever it was clear setting to and raining again.

The wind never goes into the west in the straightforward manner of New England winds—sweeping the sky so clear of vapor that its blue dome shines like a solid turquoise wall—but it veers around in a shiftless, fickle fashion, and finally slips into the fair quarter, as if by accident.

As night drew on, the friendly darkness shut around the cabin and kindly hid its squalor. If, in the blackness of that stormy night, the poor dwelling could have been thrust out of existence, it would have been missed only as a blot upon the landscape and a detested nuisance; for the family that had squatted here, a year since, were known all over the neighborhood, and contemptuously sneered at by everybody as poor white trash. Yet there were two women there to do a work of mercy—one came for Christ's sake, the other to gratify a weak curiosity—women from the farm-houses, farther up

the valley, of bony features, and sallow complexions, and rude manners. But they walked about softly, and hushed their rough speech in the presence of the solemn, tender mystery there wrought out in the waning hours of the night.

Just as the red dawn cleft the cloudy east, a low, wailing, uncertain cry crept out into the room.

The pale creature on the bed opened her eyes, something of wistful pleasure came into them, the holy mother-love in the poor heart looked out with longing; and then in a moment the light went out forever from the wistful eyes, and the weary, sorrow-worn life was over. "She's gone, poor thing! and will never know her own baby," said Esther Flint, her grim face softening at the pitiful thought.

"Taint no matter, thut aint," said Mrs. Bristow, harshly. "This sort o' trash don't set much by their young uns, and 'taint no wonder, either, sech heaps on 'em as they has—hev enough to do to git along theirselves 'thout feedin' a parcel o' young uns."

Esther made no reply, but moved quietly around the bed, pressing down the transparent lids over eyes once beautiful and full of smiles, smoothing back the soft, thin hair from the dead face that had once been praised for its loveliness, and folding the helpless hands—so thankful to be at rest at last.

"She aint always been used such to a life," said Esther. "Her hands are little, and her talk was different from that of most of these poor folks. Perhaps she was well brought up, and never expected to come down like this."

"Like enough," assented the other, carelessly. "Gels out o' good fem'lies, sometimes, take up with mis'able scamps. Come from Car'ling, I've heerd. Heaps on 'em come from thar. Wish Car'ling was furdur off."

Esther Flint still pretended to employ herself about the bed, stooping over it and seeking to hide her face. There was a humidity in her eyes suggestive of tears.

The scene had carried Esther's thoughts back a long way over the desert places in her life to its spring days—to the little hillock in the graveyard of the old New England town, in whose long grass the forget-me-nots glistened, and

which the crimson blackberry vines trailed in October—to the face of the fair girl who was laid there so long ago.

Conscience was at work—The speechless lips before her besought her with a pathos that in life she never would have appreciated. Living, she would have hardened her heart against the appeal—her conflict with life had taught her how to be hard—but now it was irresistible.

Her companion broke in upon her thoughts abruptly. "Wal—what's ter be done now?"

"I'll see that she is decently buried," said Esther. "I had a sister once who died just so," choking a little.

Mrs. Bristow thought to herself what connection can there be between the owner of a farm and a dozen negroes, and this poor white trash; but she only said, with a short, silly laugh, "It's easy enough gittin' shet o' dead folks; but what's to be done with the young un? Nobody wants it, as I knows of."

As if suddenly aware of this painful fact, the puny baby set up a weak cry and wrinkled its small face most dismally.

"I never did like children," said Esther. "But somebody's got to take care of it, and I don't know but the cross is laid upon me. At any rate, I'll see to it a spell," and with characteristic directness, she rose up and began to wrap the child in the coarse, but warm shawl she had herself worn thither.

It is a sorrowful thing to die, but often a more sorrowful one to be born. If, instead of slipping quietly and happily into your niche, you come into the world unwelcome, no tenderness, no caresses awaiting you, no mother's lullabies crooning for you then—Gold help you!

The child so sadly stranded on these shores cried and wailed incessantly, sobbed while Esther held it in her strong arms, and sank away into sleep still sobbing. Esther grew nervous, and in sheer despair handed it over to black Dinah.

"It won't live, will it?" she asked, two days afterward, as she stood looking at the wee red face lying in the cradle, in close proximity to a sturdy ebony one.

"Laws, Missis, dat child'll live, sartin. Dat aint de sort dat dies. Dem ones dat folks set by am de ones de Lord takes—makes de bressed angels out ob 'em. He don't want dese yer ones."

"But it cries so all the time."

"Cryin' don't hurt it none, Missis. Dat's a good sign—Ise heard my ole Missis say so heaps o' times. Don't you worry—fore you knows it'll be growed up."

"Grown up! And what then?"

Esther had called her manifest duty "a cross." And having once accepted it thus, she got into the habit of magnifying and making a merit of her trials among her neighbors.

She did not yearn toward the child—none had ever lain in her bosom, clasped soft arms around her neck, thrilled her with dewy kisses. She liked it somewhat less as it grew older, and was still puny and pale. If it had been a handsome, lusty boy, her heart would have gone out to it far more readily; with this girl of the sharp, pinched face and eager eyes, nothing in her strong, healthy nature had any sympathy. "One would have thought there were girls enough in the world without this one," she said, grimly.

Esther Flint's home had been in New England, in a cozy sea-side city. To this day she yearned for the pavements, for the narrow, crooked streets, the gay shops, the life and movement of the town. In her dreams, the sea tossed its waves before her, and sang its slow song in her longing ear. If her pillow was wet with tears in the morning, no one knew it. No one knew why she had left her home and friends, and after wandering over half the country, had drifted into the valley and established herself upon a farm of her own—and no one ever dared ask. But here she had grown old—grown hard, also, which was worse than growing old. A rigid religionist, an exacting, rigorous, undemonstrative woman, ruling her negroes with a strong hand, managing her estate with a man's ability and shrewdness, not cruel or intentionally unkind.

Proud of her crops, complacently contrasting her own deaf ways with the shiftlessness of her neighbors; congratulating herself that she did her duty by her dependants; trying to infuse her own vigor into her servants, and partly succeeding in doing so; going to church on Sunday, although it rained; and entertaining her neighbors with better fare than they ever tasted elsewhere—this was the whole of Esther Flint's outward life.

Along a thread of commonplace events our years slip, one by one, as we tell the beads upon a rosary, counted off by the Hand that shapes all lives, and the events are nothing, the life is everything.

And so Nannie—the name was marked on a gold ring taken from her mother's hand, and they had given it to her—got over her childhood, forgot to cry and complain, and became a brave, reticent little body. So much Esther taught her. Not much else except the catechism and primer.

Did any one ask in all these slow years, that

seemed an eternity to the child, whether she had a soul that craved sustenance; a heart that hungered for love; lips that longed for kisses; eyes that wept in secret, though steadfast and clear enough before the world? Certainly not Esther. And so, of course, no one. Such a shy, pale creature she was at twenty; no color in cheek, nor lip, as there had been none in her life; wistful, brown eyes, too large for the small, thin face; sunburnt hands that could never be still; a slight figure dressed in homespun gray; winsome withal, only there was nobody to notice it, nor care for it. I do not think she realized the blankness of her childhood, having never known anything different; only sometimes the young heart was weighed down by a sense of isolation, beset by a hungry longing for something new and better, subdued as all her sensations were and hid from sight.

Esther's homestead sat in a pleasant field which swept upward from the valley; a log house with a verandah in front, and a lean-to in the rear. Grouped around it were the negro cabins and the outhouses.

The river wound through the valley, and the country road followed its sinuous course. Losing itself in dark, wooded hollows, and climbing again into the sunlight, strolling along over long reaches of green meadow land, the road ran right merrily, while the singing river kept it company; but by-and-by they parted.

The river plunged into a rocky gorge and hid itself among the hills, and the road went straight forward, sobered and saddened, its fringe of leafy shrubbery and embroidery of flowers fallen away—a very common road, no longer a path for poets to loiter along, or lovers to saunter upon in dreamy delirium of bliss, but a highway leading out to the busy places of the world, where crazy teams creaked, and wagon-loads of corn plodded stupidly to market. And still it rose and rose, the brown track glowing against the morning sky, and melting at last into the vague, mysterious distance.

Over this road the girl's wistful eyes traveled day after day; the common brown path grew golden with promise, and opened up into imagined worlds of beauty and love. Then the little restless fingers would stop moving, and the work would fall and lie, unheeded, till Esther's sharp question cut her vision in twain.

"What are you thinking about, child?"

"I was thinking about the world yonder—I should like to see it. It must be different from this."

"It's a wicked world," quoth Esther, sharply.

"You're best off away from it."

This dreamy habit was very trying to Esther, very ungrateful, too, as she often told Nannie. Esther had not learned the new philosophy which teaches that work is prayer, but she devoutly believed that idleness is sin. One other reprehensible habit had Nannie; she knew all the secret haunts of the wild-flowers, the damp, mossy glades where the delicate ferns unrolled their feathery spray, what time the spring winds unsealed the lips of anemone and violet. And still worse, she was forever bringing home her coarse pinafore full of the sweet, useless things, "trash," as Esther declared, and straight threw them away. By this simple process the child's heart was broken over and over. But one day a bright thought came.

She began to teach herself to draw—such absurd straggling lines at first, but soon amending. She manufactured crude colors from forest berries and made rough copies of her darlings, becoming very proud and pleased in her success. She was not a genius; there was no striking freedom in her drawing, no intimation of future greatness; but she had a good eye, and her patient fidelity to nature, and natural fine taste did the rest.

Esther tolerated it with a certain grim contempt. Thus her May-time went.

II.

ONE autumn afternoon there was company at the house, neighbors to take tea and gossip. Nannie baked the sweet potatoes, fricasseed the chickens, and poured out the souchong, and then went to the verandah just within call. She hated to hear their rude talk. Nevertheless, fragments of it reached her.

"Miss Flint, your Nannie's growing up a likely gal. You'll git her merried off easy," said Mrs. Bristow, with a sly leer at her awkward son Sam, and a dig at his foot under the table. Sam tittered foolishly, and reddened up to the roots of his tow-colored hair.

Esther saw the pantomime, and her face grew dark. "I don't want to get her married off," she said, curtly. "She earns her living, and if any low fellow comes around after her, he'll get sent about his business, I reckon."

"Law, now, Miss Flint! you needn't be so set up, nor she, neither. I reckon I ain't forgot that mis'able hut where her folks lived. She ain't no better nor any the rest o' the poor white trash, if you hev tuk her in and brung her up."

Nannie's face was flaming hot in an instant, there was a ponderous throbbing in her temples, a spasm of pain in her throat. It was the impulse of the moment to spring from her seat

and run down into the peach-orchard, where she flung herself upon the grass, and shook with short, quick, strong sobs, that almost choked her. But they were soon controlled, and died away into chilly shiverings. She sat there half an hour, still and pale, a sense of dull, hopeless misery crushing her to the earth. Presently she was startled by a step cracking the dry grass near her. She started up and faced Sam Bristow.

"Oh, you *are* har'!" he exclaimed, bluntly. "I thought 'twas like enough you'd be down har. What do ye run away so for? Aint our folks good enough for yer?"

"What do you want with me?" asked the girl, proudly.

Sam quailed a little. The quiet, grave girl put him at fault. Her manner and *pose* were more than a match for him. He was a great, loose-jointed fellow, but he stood before Nannie with a hang-dog air, that contrasted ridiculously with his burly *physique*. Presently the absurd self-conceit, characteristic of his class, reassured him. He burst into a coarse laugh.

"I reckon you heerd mother talkin' about yer gittin' merried, and cut, didn't yer? Yer aint afraid o' bein' merried, be yer? Gells aint, mosely. I say, Nan," and the fellow came a step nearer, "I reckon I can't do better'n to lek yer. I don't mind yer folks 's long 's they're dead, an' I've got a smart farm and sixteen likely niggers, yer know. Wal—now?"

Struck with indescribable surprise, as his meaning slowly dawned upon her, Nannie withdrew a little and looked at him. The look must have revealed the disgust and loathing she felt, for an expression of brutal anger came into Sam's face.

"What yer lookin' so for?" he demanded. "'Taint every man would hev yer; but I aint portiecklor 's 'long 's yer smart."

Before this sentence was ended, Nannie turned and fled swiftly to the house, stopping on the threshold to catch her breath, and then seeking refuge in the uncongenial company, anywhere to avoid Sam.

Mrs. Bristow was talking as she entered, and the others were listening with curious interest.

"I seed him myself," she said, relighting her pipe, and looking around with importance, that received a new accession from the interest with which her auditors regarded her. "He comed along o' a gang o' men totin' some quar-lookin' truck, and stopped right afore my house. an' begun ter set up suthin' that looked loike a big gun, an' pinted stret ter the house. I went out, an' says I, 'Stranger, doan't yer go ter firin' off

guns roun' har, cause I doan't loike the smell o' powder; an' thar's a skittish two-year-old in that ar lot what aint used ter sech noises.' He shown his teeth, an' says he, 'Madam, this aint a gun—this is a theodolite, and won't hurt nobody, nor make no noise.' 'What's a theodolite,' says I; 'an' who be yer?' 'I'm a civil engineer,' says he, 'an' I'm a goin' to destruct a railroad through this valley.' Then I up and said, 'Durned civil yer be ter come onter other folks' land an' set yer durned theodolites. We don't want no railroad har, an' we won't hev one, nuther.' Reckon I was mad cause he bragged so. But he laffed agin, an' says he, 'Madam, you kin send yer produce to market a great deal easier by the railroad.' Says I, 'I kin send my niggers to market with ther truck. Thur time aint o' no account—might as well be totin' corn as hanging roun' half ther time doin' nothin'—lazy crecturs!' And then Sam, he comed along, and the stranger told us that he'd got permission from the gov'ner, an' he was ordered to destruct the railroad, an' he hoped we'd no objection; but, anyhow, he couldn't help it, an' ther state would pay us the damage," and Mrs. Bristow closed her recital with an air of triumph.

"What's his name, enyhow?" asked one of the listeners, presently.

"Guy Hurl-burt," pronounced the old woman, with distinctness. "I axed him twice over to mak sure."

Esther Flint rose suddenly, and went to a set of shelves in the corner of the room. She stood there absently handling the things so long that Nannie went to her, saying, "Can I help you?"

Esther started, muttered a short, "No, child," and went back to the party. "You are sure it was Guy Hurlburt?" she said, speaking slowly, and in a tone of singular eagerness, strongly repressed.

"Yes!"

"An odd name!" remarked Esther, quietly. "Will you try some of this tobacco, Mrs. Bristow?"

"What ails you, child?" demanded Esther, suddenly, the next morning. There was a red spot on each of Nannie's thin cheeks, and a diamond glitter in her eyes.

"I didn't sleep very well."

"Why didn't you sleep? Are you sick?"

"No, ma'am."

Esther looked at her sharply. It might be that an illness was coming on—it was the season for intermittent—but it was more likely some freak—nobody ever knew what to think of girls. Yet, to be upon the safe side and avoid the

possible fever, which would be very inconvenient at this busy time, she sent Nannie to her room, with orders to go to bed.

The girl ran up into the tidy little chamber. It was a tiny place, scantily furnished—a bare, white, wooden floor, low windows, unplastered walls. A pitcher full of flaming honeysuckle flashed a color all through it—otherwise it was gray and sombre enough.

Nannie dropped wearily upon the floor by the window. The wistful eyes roved about carelessly, lighting up soon as they fell on the brown line of road that wound its long way into the bosom of the purple hills.

She thought over her life, step by step, perhaps the first time she had done so since she was a child. It was so bare, and bleak, and devoid of all frightness, or the hope of any. But its aspect did not brighten her—she was so used to it. She felt it most as a shadow over-casting her future—the future that came so fast. Would the next year be like the last, and the next, and the next? The great, busy world—the marvelous world! A multitude of men and women lived out their lives there, and found joy in them. Perhaps there was something for her, too. Who could tell? The child remembered the great love wherewith He loved us. The slow tears fell—and soon faster and faster; and, after awhile, Nannie dropped her head upon the window-sill and fell asleep. She was so young yet.

A knock upon the door just below awakened her. Nannie peeped out, and saw a person standing in the verandah. Nobody answered the knock. The servants were in the kitchen, and Esther, perhaps, making one of her tours of inspection around the farm; so Nannie tidied her hair and went down. A pair of grave, blue eyes, that looked no small astonishment at sight of her: a white forehead above sunburnt cheeks—this was all Nannie noticed.

"Is the mistress of the house at home—Miss Flint, I was told?" he asked, adding quickly, "I am the engineer employed about the railway. I missed my way some hours ago, and so," smiling, "missed my dinner. I find I can't reach my camp till evening, and I called to ask if I could be accommodated with a meal."

Nannie said she would go and find Miss Flint. He came in and sat down on the wooden settee, looking after the quaint figure as it left the room.

"An odd, sweet-faced little body," was his thought; and then he glanced out of the window and measured the miles that separated him from his camp, where his men were wondering at his detention.

Nannie found Esther in the cow-barn and told her errand. Esther's face grew strong.

"No. I won't see him!" she muttered.

Nannie turned back strangely disappointed. "Then I shall tell him he can't have any dinner."

She was recalled almost fiercely. "Nan! who told you to refuse that man a meal of victuals? Tell Dinah to cook him some dinner; wait upon him yourself, and, mind you, don't take any pay."

Esther turned again to the corn-bin, and Nannie went in. She sat the table and made coffee. She would have liked to bring out the pretty pink and white china cups and saucers, but Esther had not ordered that; she could only see that the table-cloth was snowy, and the clumsy knives and forks polished to resplendency. At last she stood still to take a look at the table array, wavered a moment, a doubtful half-smile playing over her face, and then ran up stairs, and came down with her precious flowers.

So Guy found himself confronted by their dazzling sheen. It quite surprised and touched him. It was the only bit of brightness in the room. There were the brown timbers of the house, the dun furniture, and this little, pale-faced girl, with the faded, gold hair, flushing faintly at his praise of her flowers. He talked to her during the meal, finding a pleasure in her quaint, simple speech, and with some interest, as having found an unlooked-for character. When he rose to go, he took out his wallet—hesitated—he hardly could tell why.

"Miss Flint said she would take no pay, sir," said Nannie.

He dropped the shining gold back into its receptacle, slowly, wondering whether it would do to offer a gratuity to this girl with the coarse dress and lady-like air, whose position he did not understand. He looked up as he held the last piece poised in his fingers. Perhaps that decided him.

He put up his wallet with emphasis, thanked her, touched her hand with a quick clasp at parting—thinking what a dainty, brown thing it was—and rode away. Nannie watched him as he cantered straightly up the hill, admiring the erect figure and easy movements, involuntarily contrasting him with the slouching, ill-mannered men whom she knew. Altogether, this stranger was a new revelation to Nannie.

Esther came in, slamming the door after her. Nannie started, smiled a little at her thoughts, and went in. Esther glanced at the table rather frowningly.

"Well—he's gone?"

"Yes, ma'am!" Nannie began to gather up the dishes.

"Nannie, if he comes here again—it's likely he may—give him what he wants, and let me alone about it."

Nannie puzzled over Esther's enigmatical conduct, but in vain.

III.

THE months went on, and, by-and-by, the trees were only skeleton-shapes outlined against a steely sky; the river shone blue and cold, and the winter wind swept down occasional gusts of snow from the mountains. But there still came at intervals soft, warm days, when the flying summer looked over her shoulder, and smiled all adown the valley.

Nannie was sitting on the door-step. The sunshine lay around her warm and still, almost tangible.

The valley and the mountains were drowned in purple haze. Esther was gone away on a business visit to the "store." Out in the kitchen old Dinah was singing one of the quaint negro hymns—absurd in meaning, but rich in melody. It was very quiet and pleasant; and, without knowing why, Nannie felt that her short life had never known any day so happy. She was sure to see Guy Hurlburt before nightfall. How well she knew him now—so well, that the time when she had not known him seemed very far away, and unreal. It is so natural to be happy! Presently she heard his step, saw him coming up the pathway, and rose up, her blood leaping quicker, and her cheeks kindled.

"Little Nannie!" he says, his swart face flushing.

The world old wonder! The commonplaces that become immeasurably sweet to hear and to utter; the trivial nothings transmuted to greatness by the subtle alchemy of love; the silence that is dearer than any speech!

But suddenly a dark shadow fell across their sunshine. Both looked up, and Nannie was stricken with astonishment at seeing Esther standing by, white and rigid, looking at them with strange eyes, from which the life had all gone out.

Nannie cried out with alarm, "Are you ill? Oh, come in and let me send for the doctor!"

Very stiffly Esther walked past Guy, not noticing his offered services, went into the family-room, and sat down.

Nannie began to remove her wrappings, but Esther pushed her away. "Let me be! Send Dinah to me, and go for the doctor, if you will!"

Nannie flew to do her bidding.

"Is she often ill?" asked Guy, as they walked swiftly away.

"Never!"

"She looked strangely—like a stone. I had no idea she was so grim a personage."

"She has been very good to me," faltered Nannie.

"Not loved you much, I should guess."

"No; but perhaps she could not help that."

Guy looked down at the small figure fleeing forward at his side. "Poor child!" he said, presently. "It has been a hard life for you, little one; but there are brighter days coming."

Nannie suppressed a quick sob—the fingers closely held in Guy's hand trembled; she was not used to tenderness, you know. Guy was thinking what a glad future opened up before him. His past was not much to remember—not very much more than Nannie's. But that was over. With his clear brain and brave heart he would win his way. And, oh! he was so thankful that he had found this shy, little girl! If he had only known all those past years that somebody was waiting for him—waiting to fill his heart with her presence, and crown his life with love. But he did not know it; and now he remembered his want of trust with self-reproach. As always, when a sudden illumination from heaven floods the gray waste of our lives, we cry in contrition.

"If I had only known this happiness was in store for me, I could have been patient." So God punishes us with blessing.

They went on quickly to the doctor's house, left an order for him, and turned back. When they reached the by-path leading out to Guy's camp among the hills, Nannie stopped, saying, "You will not return with me, Guy?" Guy was going to Richmond for a week, upon business connected with the railway, meaning also to look after his private affairs. If they had prospered, he need not leave Nannie alone much longer.

And so they talked a moment about some pretty plan of housekeeping, and the dear home that was to be. Guy was not a man to marry upon uncertainties. *Chateaux en Espagne* were all very well, but not exactly eligible as permanent residences. However he might like to wander upon imaginary heights, his feet must be planted upon the solid earth. He must see his way to comfort and competence before he thought of marrying.

But all at once a strong yearning beset him. He drew Nannie to his arms, looking down at her with wistful eyes.

"I wish to heaven I was not going to leave you," he cried. "If anything should come between us, it would make the world very dark for both of us, would it not, little one? I wonder, Nannie, if anything could tempt you to give me up?"

"Not unless it were right."

"Right? How could it be right! God made us for each other. I would do desperate battle against a fate that would take you from me."

"I don't know," said Nannie. "There might be something better than happiness for us, and we might be the nearer for being separated."

Guy laughed. "A woman's paradox! But, henceforth, dear, you are not going philosophical or dreamy. This real, every-day world, is to be infinitely precious to you. Your life shall blossom all over in color and fragrance."

"I hope it will," said Nannie, the quick tears starting.

"It will. Why did I talk of separation? I am coming back to you in seven days; and then, please God, we shall never be parted again."

And so Nannie went away, his kisses warm on her lips, his love thrilling her heart. She ran home swiftly, not knowing that Guy followed and saw her safe out of the gathering darkness. Home! What new meanings were in the word? She did not think of it now, but went to Esther's room.

She was better. Dinah had plied her with herb tea and stimulants; and when the doctor came, presently, it was to find his prescriptions anticipated. Yet, not to seem wholly superfluous, he left there powders and voluminous directions.

When he was gone, Esther refused to take the one, and disregarded the other. There was no need of any one sitting up with her, she insisted. It made her nervous to have people about in the night. If she was worse, she could easily speak to some one. And so Nannie was ordered to bed.

"Guy must already have started upon his journey," was Nannie's first thought when she awoke. She looked out at the winding road, along which she had seen him pass so often, upon the company of bare, brown hills that hid his camp. How different the scene seemed, now that he was gone.

But Nannie did not linger. She ran down stairs to Esther, who was looking very haggard and old this morning, and did not attempt to leave her rocking-chair.

In the middle of the forenoon some men came who seemed to have an appointment with Esther. They were with her alone for a time, and then

went out into the grounds, sauntering about the farm, and making themselves very much at home, to the great indignation of the negroes.

While Dinah was setting the tea-table, she astonished Nannie with this portentous question,

"Is Missis goin' for to sell out?"

"Sell out! Not that I know of. Why do you ask such a question?" said Nannie, in astonishment.

The black face was dejected and anxious. "De people is drefl seart, Miss. Dey tink dem men warn't here for no good. Missis am sharp spoken, but der might be a wuess Missis dan she be;" and Dinah pattered off into the kitchen, quite in a tremble of emotion.

Poor things! thought Nannie. But it was a wild notion, and Nannie soon dismissed it. After tea she went to Esther's room. The invalid was sitting up in bed, looking very miserable, her eyes deep-set in purple hollows, and a look about the lips that told of suffering.

"Can't I do something for you?" asked Nannie, touched with pity.

"Yes. I want you to sit down there, and listen to what I've got to tell you."

Nannie obeyed. Esther looked straight before her for some seconds.

"I am going away from here!" There was the hard fact, uttered without explanation or qualification. There was a heavy silence. At last Nannie echoed her words,

"Going away from here!"

"Yes. I've let my place to some good people, and I am going away."

There was another pause, while Nannie was turning this strange, new fact over in her mind.

"How long shall you stay away?" she asked, presently.

"I didn't say I was ever coming back, did I?" returned Esther, making a gesture of impatience. "I don't know anything about it—only I'm going to start the day after to-morrow."

Nannie sat dumbly.

"You understand me, I suppose?" questioned Esther.

"Yes, ma'am. You are going—'away,'" replied Nannie, still not comprehending how it was to affect her.

"Very well. I want you to decide whether you'll go with me. If you go, I'll do well by you; if you don't, I go alone."

Nannie clasped her hands in sudden terror, but said not a word.

"Well, what do you think about it?" persisted Esther, after a moment's silence.

"I—I don't know. It is so sudden," stammered poor Nannie.

"If it is, I suppose you can make up your mind in an hour as well as in a week," said Esther, angrily. But, looking at Nannie, she seemed to soften a little, and presently continued speaking very fast. "Nannie, I've given you a home ever since you were a little mite of a weak, crying baby. I took you from your mother's bosom when she died, and I had her laid in a decent grave. You were a feeble thing. I didn't think you would live, and I used to think it wasn't much matter if you didn't, for you hadn't any friend except me. But you did live, and I've no fault to find with you now. I haven't been the same as a mother, I know; but I've meant to do my duty by you. God knows what would have become of you if it hadn't been for me. I've nobody else now but you, and it isn't long that I shall need you—there's a deadly disease upon me, and the end cannot be far off. If you desert me, I shall die alone." Esther's voice choked a little, and there were tears in it. She stopped a moment, and then added, "I know what you are looking for; but if you marry that man, you can never be anything more to me. Choose between us. I want you to act of your own free will."

There was a dread silence in the room. "Oh, Guy!" Nannie's soul uttered that one, quick cry. The blankness of death had come over her face.

"Well, Nannie!" Esther was watching her anxiously.

Nannie drew her hand across her face, looked around like one bewildered.

"You will let me have time to think of it?" she faltered, piteously.

Esther gave a quick sigh of relief. "Oh, yes! To-morrow will do. You can go to bed now, if you want to. I shan't need anything more to-night."

Esther looked after her with some pity in her hard face. "She takes it hard now," she murmured, "but 'twill be better in the end. There's no truth in the Hurlburt blood—no truth in it. And if there were—doesn't she belong to me?"

IV.

NANNIE crept up to her little room under the eaves.

What agony those mute walls witnessed none but God knows. I can but dimly hint it to you. She never sought her bed, but sat all night, gazing with stony eyes into the darkness. Some power outside of herself seemed to strive with her. "My one treasure," her heart cried. "It

is all I have. My life has been so blank and lonely till he came."

"But think what it would have been but for her," said the occult voice. "Think how she stood by your dying mother. Do you not see that her life will be short at best? Do you grudge the little you can do to make it peaceful? See how she must have suffered. Will you break her heart anew?"

"But, dear Guy," pleaded poor Nannie.

"The world is full of women—better than you—lovelier than you," urged the voice.

"He is all I ever had in the world," sobbed Nannie.

"For Christ's sake—for Christ's sake!" it whispered.

"Oh, Guy, Guy!"

The dark hours went on. The stars died in the lucid east. A long line of red light cleft the cloudy horizon, heralding a new day—God's gift to the world, forever renewed. Then the voice sang sweet and clear out of the blackness of sorrow: "He that saveth his life shall lose it; but he that loseth his life for my sake shall keep it unto life eternal." With a great cry, Nannie caught at the little Testament on the table before her—clung to it as one drowning, and prayed for help. "He that loseth his life for my sake," she kept repeating between her prayers and sobs.

Esther was sitting at the window, looking out upon the familiar scene, so soon to pass away from her sight forever, when a hand lightly touched her shoulder. She started at the white face beside her. "I have decided to go."

Esther's eyes filled with sudden tears. "God bless you, child! You shall never repent it."

And that was Nannie's decision. She may have been wrong. I don't know. But people have been canonized for smaller things.

It wanted an hour to sunrise when Nannie arose the next morning. She went quietly about the few preparations she had yet to make before leaving. There was the note she had written for Guy. She kissed it, cried over it, and, by-and-by, went down stairs and put it into Dinah's faithful hands. The breakfast was ready, but Esther was not yet come out. Nannie went into the verandah. There was the wagon, which was to take them to the stage station, already at the door. It was a gloomy sunrise—no sunrise, nor hope of any for that day. Gray, ragged clouds drifted over a pallid sky, driven by a sharp wind, that howled dismally as it tore through the skeleton trees. As the sun rose higher, a murky red shone out between the clouds; but no brightness anywhere.

"Nannie!" She went in at once, and found Esther seated at the table in a decent traveling-dress. "Eat your breakfast. We must be off soon, or 'twill rain before we get to the station." It was a dreary meal, half the viands untasted, and poor old Dinah sobbing in the background. Then there was a hurried leave-taking, and climbing to their places in the wagon. Nannie's pet lamb trotted down to the road-side and greeted them with a plaintive bleat. Neighbors came out to ask questions, and say good-by. And so on over desolate roads that last summer smiled in beauty; past the smoke of Guy's camp-fires; past the spot where they had parted; by the excavations and grades that he had planned; and farther on to places Nannie had never seen before, the weather constantly growing bleaker, and the country more forlorn, till they reached the station. Then the scene changed constantly. They were whirled through the country, day and night, tortured by incessant noise, tossed upon stormy seas, till at last, one snowy December morning, they were set upon the wharf at New York, very wretched, but too tired and benumbed in spirit and body to think about it.

The lamps flared uncertainly through the snowy air; disconsolate hackmen, with small icicles pendant from cap and beard, cursed the weather and the boat which would arrive at such unseasonable hours. They were driven through interminable streets, past rows of ghastly-looking houses to another wharf, and another weary journey was before them. It was a relief when, at last, they reached the hospitable sea-side city which they sought. But it was days before Nannie could think or feel clearly. She was stupefied by the loss that had fallen upon her, and now quite exhausted by the fatigue she had undergone.

The next week was like a rest after delirium. It was a gathering of forces for the new life that awaited her—so new and strange that it was almost as if they had been transplanted to another planet. They lived in lodgings henceforth; there were no household cares, none of the multitudinous interests that absorb country people. There were no flowers to train, no animals to pet, no servants to care for; only the little daily routine to be gone through; the three neat rooms to be swept and dusted; the three meals to be eaten; the long, monotonous evenings spent in sewing.

It was strange how quietly Esther fell into the new way. There were no pinings after the old activities; it was as if the Virginian life had been unnatural and assumed, and was thank-

fully shaken off. It was very strange to Nannie, but it grew pleasanter as the hardness melted away from Esther's manner, and the face, that had always been so stern, took on a softer, kinder expression. But she was sometimes singularly restless. Then there was aimless flitting from town to town, and from town to the quiet country, but always drifting back at last to the sea-side city.

As the slow years went on, Esther visibly failed; not suddenly nor swiftly, but by slow gradations, only to be realized by remembering how much stronger she was last year than now. It was plain that the stalwart constitution was breaking up—certain that a few more years would exhaust it.

And seeing this, Nannie was very thankful she had followed her, though at times her whole nature rebelled against the hard exaction. She had put her hand to the plow, she would not let go; but she looked back often with unutterable longing. At first she half-expected some sign from Guy, yet knowing it to be most improbable that any would be given. After the first year she knew that he must have left the valley. She could not tell where he might be henceforth, but she always clung to the hope of some time seeing him. A hundred times she trembled at the sight of a chance figure in the street that resembled his; there never came a ring at the door, but it set her blood to a quicker motion; even when years had intervened, and she believed she had persuaded herself that Guy had forgotten her, as she bitterly admitted he had a right to do, she clung to this hope seemingly so vain.

Yet not so much now in the streets, or in the broad glare of day, did she look for him; but in twilight, when the bell-wire quivered under the footman's impatient hand, or in some stormy evening, when the door opened upon a belated comer, it was piteous to see the color come and go in her thin cheek, and the eager expectancy in the large, soft eyes die away into patient sorrow.

But as she grew older, and so wiser in knowledge of the world, she understood how unlikely it was that they should ever meet as lovers. He must have been angry with her. He could not appreciate the debt of gratitude she owed. He would not tolerate any claim except his own. Did she not belong to him? Had not God meant them for each other?

Ah! if she could only be sure that she had done right! It is easy for conscience to compel the making of a great sacrifice; it is not easy for reason to justify it after it is made. For

the essential idea of self-sacrifice implies something which cool common sense is apt to stigmatize as absurd and Quixotic.

Nannie could never settle the question satisfactorily. She gave up the attempt at last. If she had made a mistake, God would help her to bear its consequences. He would help Guy, too. She tried to pray sincerely that He would, but she knew that only a new love could quite compensate him for the loss of the old. It was very bitter to think of her own image slipping away, by slow degrees, from the only heart that had ever cherished her.

It was so hard not to grow rebellious. What had she done that she should be thrown upon the world at her birth, left desolate when other children were playing around their mother's knees, and at last be compelled to choose between the duty she owed, and the love that was her life?

It is such a relief to quarrel with the ordering of our lives, to arraign fate, or destiny, or whatever we may profanely substitute for Providence. After resistance becomes vain, it is so natural to be cynical and envious, so infinitely hard to be mild and patient, to rejoice at the joy of our neighbor when our own hearts are left unto us desolate.

It is common to represent persons as lifted, by a lofty purpose, above all sorrow and pain, transferred to an upper world of heavenly peace. But I know such heights are not won except by painful struggle, through tears and strivings, that waste the body and wear out the innocent, natural joy of the heart. And often the longings, the fond recollections, the pale spectre of the might-have-been, do cling to us when we are far on our way toward heaven, and draw us heavily back to the valley of vain regret and useless weeping.

There was one thought that helped Nannie. Quite unintentionally it became the controlling motive. "What would Guy like her to do?" If she could only be what Guy in his great love had imagined her, and yet make progress. So she studied and read, because Guy would have liked her to be accomplished. She cultivated her little talent for painting, because Guy had prized her gift. As the years wore away, she was allowed to be more her own mistress. Habitués of libraries and picture-galleries were familiar with the quiet figure that glided in and out of great halls, or paused before some beautiful master-piece.

The stirring life of the city was good for Nannie. It stimulated her, gave her a thousand interesting things to think about, and kept her

from too much dreaming. Thus the years slipped away, and Nannie was living her life—making the best of it. I think the time seemed long to her. It always does when one is waiting; and Nannie still hoped and waited for some sign from Guy.

V.

It is spring again. All winter Esther has been somewhat weaker, and a few days since she had a singular attack that frightened Nannie, and made the doctor look grave. She, herself, knows that it was a premonition of death; it may not be for some years, or it may be in an hour—but it will be sudden.

Last night there was a little quick, sharp spasm, a labored breathing, a standing still of all the vital forces, and then, after a little, it passed away, and she was better. But some day it will not pass away, and she will not be better. Then it will be too late for any explanation, for any atonement; too late to do anything she might wish she had done.

She sits a long time thinking of these things. It is very hard for that stern, proud temper to give way. It makes a stubborn resistance, but it yields at last. "Nannie!" Nannie looked up from her painting. "I want to go to walk."

"To walk! I am afraid you are not able."

"I think I am. At any rate, I must go now, if ever I do."

There was a pleading look in Esther's thin, worn face, a tremulous eagerness in her manner that Nannie could not resist. She got her wraps, and they started.

Spring does not come to the city as to the country, whispering through pine woods, and kissing sunny hillsides into blossom, laughing adown unfettered brooks, and breaking into music with the coming back of truant birds; but it is very lovely, nevertheless. The sunshine lies warm and golden on the pavement; the shop windows are a gay *parterre*; through openings in brick walls you catch glimpses of little parks, green as Eden; barefooted girls and boys offer you handfuls of violets and arbutus flowers, redolent of an innocence and purity that their childhood can scarcely have known. You think how the sunshine finds its way into dark alleys and miserable homes, that all winter have been bleak, and cold, and dismal, and you feel that spring has hope and pleasantness, even for the city poor.

Esther and Nannie went slowly through the city streets, till they came to a massive, quaint old stone church, set in a green, shady enclosure—an old grave-yard now almost disused, a sweet, peaceful place, right in the heart of the

city's din and turmoil; there the dead have slept soundly for a hundred years, nor ever known the thunder of tramping feet and rolling wheels, that all day long, year in and year out, shakes the turf that covers them. Birds built and sung around the church tower; flowers blossomed among the graves, and leaves grew crimson and gold in their season.

Esther paused before the iron gate.

"I am going in here," she said. She dropped Nannie's arm as they entered, and went about by herself. Nannie followed, silently. After a little while she knew that Esther had found what she came to seek. In a secluded corner she had dropped upon her knees by one of the old slanting stones, grasping the stone, and sobbing violently. Nannie sat down a little way off, not daring to go to her. At last the emotion was spent, and then Nannie drew nearer. Esther looked up.

"Nannie!" There was something so strange in her voice that Nannie started. "Nannie, I came all the way from Virginia to see this grave. I have lived here seven years, but I have never had courage to come to it till now."

She took her hand away from the headstone, and Nannie, stooping down, read the inscription.

"SACRED
to the memory of
JOHN HURLBURT,
who died August 4th, 1826.
aged thirty-two."

Nannie stood up, looking very pale.

"What does it mean?" she whispered.

Esther pointed to the nearest stone. "Read that!"

Nannie did so. It bore the name of Alice, wife of John Hurlburt, who died in her nineteenth year.

"Well?"

Esther got up and drew her shawl around her.

"She was my sister. He was *her* husband—he should have been mine," she said, drearily. "Come! I will tell you about it when we get home. Come!"

She was impatient to be gone. Nannie could hardly walk fast enough to please her. But home was not far to seek, and the fictitious strength lasted till they reached it. Then she sank wearily into a chair.

"Now take away my things, and then I'll tell you."

"You are so tired now, auntie"—Nannie had called her so for a year or two—"hadn't you better wait a little while?"

"No; I have waited long enough."

She rested her head upon her hand. There was a tender color in the faded cheek, a soft light in her eyes; and Nannie was startled into thinking how beautiful she must once have been.

"It seems so strange," said Esther, thoughtfully; "so strange that he has been at rest there all these years, in the midst of the tumult of the streets, and I have been shut up away from the world in that lonesome valley, striving after peace, and never finding it. There is no rest anywhere except in the grave."

"The peace of God, that passeth understanding," said Nannie, softly.

"I know—yet I missed that somehow. But it's no matter now. I shall find it soon, pray God."

She leaned back in her chair wearily.

Nannie went to her, stroked her forehead caressingly. "Don't talk any more now—you are so tired."

"Yes, I am tired, Nannie. I've been tired a good many years—but I shall have rest enough soon. Now I want to talk. I want to tell you that story. Sit down there where I can see your face, and don't interrupt me."

Nannie obeyed, taking some light work in her hands.

"I don't suppose what I am going to tell you will make you hate me. You would have done that before now if it had been in your nature. I hope it will help you to forgive me. At least you will pity me—I suffered so much."

She was silent a moment. Nannie sat quietly, but the needle went very unsteadily along the muslin hem.

"I told you," continued Esther, "that that man should have been my husband. Perhaps you guessed that he was Guy Hurlburt's father, and that my sister—the girl who died when her boy was a baby—was his mother. You are pale, you tremble, Nannie. You are wondering why I would never see him, why I shut up my heart to my own nephew. Well, you shall hear."

"I was an orphan at eighteen—left without any near relatives except my pet sister. She was all I cared for in the world. We had some property—the house we lived in was our own. It was torn down long ago, I dare say; but we passed the place where it used to stand to-day. That was only a home, however; so I did embroidery, quite privately—for we were proud in our poverty, and eked out our narrow income. I tried to make it easy for Alice. I never meant she should see any trouble."

"It will sound strange to you to hear an old woman like me speak of her lovers. But I wasn't always what you have known me. I

might have married many times, but I loved nobody till John Hurlburt came.

"I need not tell you how he looked. Guy was his image.

"I don't know as I need tell you much about his character. I did, as other girls do—I worshiped the ideal of my imagination. One man in a hundred, perhaps, realizes such an ideal. John Hurlburt was one of the ninety-nine who fail to do it. I did not find out that it was so for a long time. John was poor, and we could not marry at first. We waited a good many years, and he came to see me only at long intervals. All the time I went on loving him more and more, till at last, I think, he stood between me and heaven. God forgive me! He was all I had, except Alice. At last he came to this city, and began business. Then I saw him every day. It made me so happy—I could have lived so through my whole life.

"In the meantime Alice had grown up. She was very pretty—pink, peachy cheeks, blue eyes and yellow hair, that was wonderful for its beauty. She was my darling. I did not know that I had spoiled her—that I had helped to make her weak and selfish. Perhaps, if I had taught her differently—but that is of no use now. I don't know. If I was in fault, I suffered for it.

"I was blind in those days—my great happiness made me so; and then I trusted them so fully. I did not see that Alice was winning John away from me.

"I had grown pale and faded, sitting at my embroidery so long, and bearing the burden of our straitened means alone; and when my beauty died, John's love died too.

"I found out, at last, that I was in their way. They had loved each other a whole year, and I had not known it. That was where it hurt me—the duplicity of it.

"It was not John's fault that he did not love me. But I had thought him so true—I, who hated falsehood.

"I went away at once, and secretly. I had a few hundreds in the bank, that I had kept against our marriage; and that I took with me. All the rest I left for John and Alice. I went first to New York, but I was restless there. I could not sit at my embroidery now; and I thought of teaching—teachers were in demand at the South. I went to Virginia, but no place offered to suit me; and I happened to see the farm in the valley. It was away from all the world. Nobody would ever hear of me again. My being alive would never trouble them.

"When I had been there six months, I read the marriage of John and Alice in a newspaper. It was not more than a year before I saw Alice's death in the same paper. I knew then I should never see John again. I had been in the valley ten years when you, Nannie, were born, in the little cabin on the edge of my pine woods. I had grown hard, I suppose. I know people thought me so. I didn't know how to help it. I tried to be a Christian. I thought I was; but my heart was like a stone all the time. I think you were a blessing to me, Nannie, though at first you were a trial, with your feebleness and incessant crying. But you were a gentle, patient child. I was sometimes harsh to you when I meant to be kind. I did not know how to let you see that I loved you. Something kept me back. Besides, what had come of my petting Alice?

"It was like a blow to me when Guy Hurlburt came. I was sure he must be John's son. Guy was his father's name. I could not bear to see him. One day Mrs. Bristow came in. She told me that Guy's father had died before he could remember him. They had been in their graves all those years, while I had been keeping my anger against them.

"I determined then to go away from the valley. I had lost my interest in my farm. All my occupations had become distasteful.

"You remember the afternoon I went to the village; it was to see about leasing the place. When I returned home, and came so suddenly upon Guy sitting there beside you, it was to me as if John had come back from the grave. Then it flashed across my mind that you loved him. I had never thought of it before—you were so little; you still seemed like a child to me. I had taken little account of the passage of time.

"You know the rest, Nannie. I would not let you marry him. He would have been false to you, as his father was to me. There's no truth in them. You won't forgive me, Nannie; but I meant it for your good."

Nannie had risen and stood with her hands clasped, and a rain of tears falling over her face.

"Don't look at me so, child," cried Esther, like one smitten with sharp pain. "I tell you I meant it for your good. I never thought to break your heart. How could I know you cared for him so—it wasn't growing years and years, as my love was. I tell you, Nannie, he would have deceived you!"

"Oh! was that why you separated us?" sobbed Nannie. "You were most unjust to him. Guy was true. He would not have changed."

"So I thought of John Hurlburt," said Esther, bitterly.

"But you don't know Guy."

Esther sat up straight and looked at her.

"He has never found you out all this time."

"How could he?" cried Nannie. "No one knows where we are."

"He did, to be sure, write one letter to my agent; but, Nannie, would *you* have rested there?" Nannie was silent.

"And why should I give you up to him?" cried Esther, vehemently. "John robbed me of my sister. His son would have stolen away my child."

Nannie was close by her now. She dropped upon her knees, holding Esther's hand, and wetting it with her tears. "Oh! it need not have been so, auntie!" she cried. "Guy wasn't to blame. Guy would have loved you."

"I didn't want his love. His father darkened all my life, and drove me an outcast into the world," said Esther, gloomily.

"He was your sister's son!"

Esther turned restlessly in her chair. "I can't help it—I can't help it. If it was wrong, I can't help it. It's too late. There's no use talking about it now."

"No. It's no use talking now," said Nannie, with quivering lips.

"You know now, child, how I came to be what I am," Esther went on. "But my life is almost over. Its sins and sufferings are almost past. Don't be hard upon me, Nannie. I wasn't like you. It wasn't so easy for me to be good. But God, who made, will pity me." She kissed Nannie's hand over and over. "When I am gone, Nannie, you will have all my property. I always intended you should. And, perhaps, you will find Guy some time. You'll forgive me then, child."

"I forgive you now," said Nannie, very softly. "I must tell you this, auntie. If parting from Guy was a great sorrow, it has been the way to a great joy. I don't mean that the love of God has atoned for Guy's loss. I tried to make it. Oh! so long—but I couldn't—yet if it had not been for my sorrow, I might never have found the way to Him."

Esther listened intently. "She has found what I missed," she murmured, as if to herself.

"And then, sometimes," continued Nannie, still in that sweet, low tone, "he does not seem far away. I have him here safe in my heart—nothing can ever despoil me of Guy as I knew him. He may have grown world-hardened—it is so hard to make one's way—but nothing can ever change him to me."

It had grown dark in the room. The stars came out, and looked in upon them as they sat there in each other's arms. Once Esther whispered, "It is so good to rest at last!" and Nannie bent her head and kissed her. After this they drew nearer each other. But it was not for long.

The nights grew warm. It was midsummer. Esther was restless and nervous. Nannie was accustomed to get up at midnight and read to her till she fell asleep.

One night she had done so as usual, and before she went to her own nest, lingered to look at the sleeping face.

It was greatly changed. All hardness and signs of pain had passed away. It was innocent and beautiful, with the innocence and beauty of her far-off childhood.

The babe, that is but a day old, wears that strange look of wise old age upon its tiny features; so the faces of those who are close by death, are often glorified by a light shining from heaven, and touched by an immortal youth.

Three or four hours after, a little bird singing by the window awoke Nannie. Daylight flickered through the half-parted curtains. Nannie drew them back farther and turned to the bed. The sleeper did not awake. She would never wake any more. She had died there in the night—died all alone—though the heart that had been so true to her was beating close by.

VI.

"WHEN Nannie came to examine her affairs, she found them far from satisfactory. It was the summer of 1861, and her agent wrote her that the deed of a farm in the Shenandoah Valley would not be worth, at the North, the paper it was written upon. Nannie had cast in her lot with the North, her heart was in the cause, and she could do nothing to reclaim her property. Her purse ran low. She turned now to her beautiful art. Her pictures sold at remunerative prices. She was busy and content.

There were no remittances from the farm that fall. I think Nannie was glad. She liked better to live upon her own labor than upon the unpaid labor of others. She hoped Dinah, and Tom, and Harry, and the whole corps were at work on their own account.

But as cold weather came on the times grew stringent. People had not so much money to spare for elegancies. Nannie was not in connection with the best agents for the sale of her paintings. She was living in expensive rooms. It would never do. She determined to give them up, and called the landlady.

Mrs. Seymour considered a moment. "Suppose, Miss Nannie, you should rent the furniture along with the rooms. The allowance I can make you will go toward your own expenses, and when your circumstances improve, you can take the apartments again. For the present, I have a small room above, if you don't mind going into the next story."

Nannie was delighted. "You are such a nice manager, Mrs. Seymour! Then I shall not have to part with my dear round-table, and the pretty book-case I took so much pains to ornament."

"You can remove what you need to your own room, you see," said Mrs. Seymour.

"Thank you. But we must have a good tenant, Mrs. Seymour—some nice, careful body, who won't break the nose of my Clytie, nor ruin my beautiful bronzes."

"Certainly, my dear. We won't admit any rude Goth among your treasures."

So Nannie removed to the attic—small and hard of access, but not without its compensations. By so much nearer the blue sky, as it was further from the earth, the city roofs lying below it, and the roar of its streets softened to a pleasant murmur. Troops of white doves swooped around the window, or sat upon the eaves just above, and cooed in sweet content.

Nannie set up her easel blithely. "We can be very happy here, pretty birds—you and I, and the blue sky. Never mind if the carpet is shabby, and the curtain doesn't quite cover the window. Nobody can look in upon us except the stars and the sun, and they are grand company. We'll make believe everything is just as we like it. That was Guy's way—dear Guy!"

An advertisement was sent to a newspaper, and Nannie sat down to finish an order which she had promised for New-Year's. She worked very steadily for many days. If the little fingers got cold—for she must economize her fire—she only put down the brush for a moment to rub them briskly, and then went on with her work, singing softly to herself, sometimes feeling very sad, and at such times singing a little lower.

The fire burned redly, and the crimson roses in the window, all in blossom, seemed to suffuse the room with color. Outside, it was clear and cold—Christmas weather. Nannie, glancing out from time to time, saw the people passing along the streets, swinging their arms and blowing frosty fingers. Such a hurry as everybody was in—all but one gentleman, who came out of the house opposite every morning, and walked slowly down the street—a tall man in undress uniform, muffled to the eyes, and carrying his

right arm in a sling. Some wounded soldier, Nannie guessed, undergoing his slow recovery. He did not look as if New-Year's were anything to him—he did not walk back home as if anybody were expecting him. The lone body in the attic pitied him.

By-and-by Nannie was going to take her pictures down to the shop. There was plenty of time yet. No need for her to hurry. Nowhere in the wide world was anybody waiting for her. If she never went down from her sky chamber again, nobody would miss her. So she worked patiently, putting numberless delicate touches upon the wild flowers under her hand.

There was no need to look at the copy. They had grown in the dear old valley. Their colors were fixed in her memory, unalterably vivid. Seen through the mist of years those early days were glorified; all the desolation which pressed so heavily upon her young life; all the places where her feet had faltered; all the thorns that had lacerated her were forgotten. The heart clings with such touching loyalty to its treasures, though they are few and meagre.

At last she rose very pale and grave, but not sorrowful. One must not be sad on New-Year's Eve. Nannie took her portfolio and went down to the shop. The face of the proprietor lighted up with a connoisseur's pleasure as he looked over the paintings.

"These colors are perfect, and there is meaning in the very droop of that flower-stalk. They are finer than anything you have done." Why not? She had put her life into them.

But Nannie only said, "Thank you," as he put the price into her hand and turned away, too busy to care further for the quiet, shy-looking artist. Had he not praised her, and paid her? The pictures were laid upon the counter, and the people gathered around to admire them as Nannie passed out, unnoticed.

The sun was still shining, but was hidden by the tall buildings, and there was that sombre, pallid atmosphere, which showed that the winter afternoon was closing in.

But in the street the throng had increased. There were bright, smiling gentlemen, with happy-faced women beside them; solitary men and women with furtive, half-smiles in their eyes, looking out some beautiful surprise for one at home; proud mothers leading little children; boys and girls, wild with excitement, some in gay attire, and others making the most of their plainness for the holidays; but everybody happy and charitable, and full of goodwill to all men—for was not Christmas the other day, and is not to-morrow New-Year's?

But nobody minded the little, lone figure that threaded the busy crowd, and looked dreamily in at the shop windows, and wistfully at the kind, pleasant faces that passed her every moment, and never minded her.

She went into a side street, and here were ruddy lights streaming from stately houses, and Christmas wreaths were in the windows, and children were laughing and shouting, and there were warmth, and delight, and love—but not for Nannie. And a little farther on, a carriage drew up at a door, and faces that had been watching at the window disappeared, and the door was flung open, and some stepped from the carriage and were welcomed with kisses; and then the door was shut upon the lonely creature who had watched them with hungry eyes, wondering that there were no welcomes, no kisses for her—for her alone of all the world.

Out in a balcony a little child was playing, flourishing a tiny trumpet. Nannie lingered and smiled up at him, and the little fellow stopped in his play, and cried out, "I wis uo a happy New-Ear."

Nannie had some bon-bons in her pocket. If she could manage to give them to him—it would be so pleasant to make somebody happy; but a haughty lady swept out and drew the child away, throwing a scornful glance at the plain figure on the sidewalk, who might, perhaps, be a beggar.

The sun was down now, and great bars of steel-blue clouds walled the west. Suddenly the chimes rang out from the tower of the old stone church, a jubilant Christmas hymn. The church was open. Nannie went in as others were doing, and stood at the entrance of the great aisle. A wilderness of green, a world of sweet, resinous odors—green arch beyond green arch, leading the eye adown a long vista to the great cross that overhung the altar.

Nannie sat down just beneath it. There was a soft gloom all around her. Sweet ripples of melody, flowing out from the organ hid in twilight darkness at the far end of the church, wavered along the air. Presently some one came behind her, a vivid light flashed out, and the altar and the cross were luminous.

Then the organ thundered a jubilate, and while Nannie sat hiding her face from the flood of white light that poured around her, the organ tones died away into liquid threads of sound, and a voice stole out of the gloom, sweet, clear, and steady. It was one of these grand old German hymns, written a thousand years ago by some sturdy monk, half-saint, half-warrior; but it bore along its music the sorrows, the de-

spairs, the faith, the hopes of to-day, and laid them all at His feet with a child's innocent trust. That was it. It was all clear now. She was one of Christ's little ones. And if alone and friendless, why—God knew. And surely there was a place waiting for her among the shining ones.

People were going out now—talking about effect, saying how fine it was—going out in twos and threes, and chatting sociably as they went—all but Nannie. She followed alone, out from the shadow of the cross, and the company of Christ into the world again—not quite out of His presence, trying to hold fast to His love, and not forget that she was one of His little ones, and saying that He knew.

It was growing dark now, and, as she passed quickly along, something touched her dress—something in woman's shape, dressed in fluttering rags, innocence long gone from the shameless eyes, blowsy, loathsome, wicked. A red, gaunt hand was held out before her.

"For Christ's sake!" muttered the creature.

Nannie put some money into that unsightly hand. Had it ever been fair and soft, full of loving suggestions, swift in good works, used to caresses?

"He pities us both!" said Nannie, and went her way.

Only the other day they celebrated His birth in all the churches, yet only this wretched out-cast had named His name to her.

Arrived at home, Mrs. Seymour met her in the hall. "The rooms are taken, Miss Nannie, by a gentleman who has been lodging opposite."

"Are they?" Nannie went up stairs wearily. The fire was low. Her room looked dull after the brightness out-of-doors. She took off her wraps, and began slowly and absently to dress for dinner. She stood at last before the mirror.

Such a wan, pale face looked out at her—whiter for contrast with the lustreless, black silk that swept around the small figure; a fold of delicate lace around the slender throat; no gleam of jewels or flash of gold, save in the threads of silky hair that crinkled and curled around the temples. The wistful, brown eyes were soft and patient—God's peace shining out of them. The face was childish and innocent still.

Once Guy had praised its beauty, "But that was long ago," Nannie said to herself—"eight years almost." It was faded now, and would soon be old and plain. The spring of life was long overpast, summer almost spent, and autumn would soon be nigh. Perhaps there were happier times coming—a late Indian summer

brightness, that might atone for all. "But it did not matter. God knew best."

She lingered over the roses. Was it worth while to gather some for her hair and bosom? There was nobody to mind them. There was nobody to whom it would be a pleasure to see her look pretty. But Guy had loved their warm, rich crimson. Well, for his sake, she twined a flower in her curls—half-smiling at her folly.

The dinner-bell rang. Nannie went down, passing the door of her old room. She knew the lodger had not come yet. She looked in. She was tempted to take away the Clytie, after all; the stranger might not care for it, and it were a shame that its beauty should be wasted. The room was very pleasant and cozy. The lights burned dimly; a soft, red glow from the open grate shone over the walls and pictures. It was so home-like, and the place up stairs was bare and lonesome. Nannie went in. The pictures wooed her to stay; the great arm-chair beckoned her; she lingered—dropped on the carpet by the fire, and gazed at the rosy flame. It was very still; only the low ticking of the clock on the mantle to break in upon her thoughts.

"He knows best," she whispered; "but, oh! I wish I could see Guy once more!" The clock ticked on. The wind blew hard against the windows. Nannie did not hear Mrs. Seymour's voice in the entry until she threw open the door, and ushered in the new lodger.

"They are very quiet apartments, sir; an invalid can convalesce here very pleasantly. There is a lady in the room above, but she is a still person, who won't disturb you in the least." Nannie started to her feet. Her neighbor over the way. She knew him by the helpless arm. Mrs. Seymour turned on the gas, not noticing her. The white light flooded the room—shone full on the face, turned in no small surprise toward the little figure by the fire.

"Why, Miss Nannie——"

But, with a great cry, Nannie sprang forward. It was Guy!

I do not know if sudden joy be not a sharper strain upon the soul than even grief. When one is far down in the valley, a quick outpouring of light from the celestial heights must needs blind the eyes it blesses.

Nannie knew whose arms clasped her, whose tears fell upon her face, whose voice besought her; but all speech was impossible. She heard his tender words in a delirious trance of joy, so sweet, she feared to wake.

"My treasure-trove! How did you elude me so long? Are you really Nannie? Are you the

little shy-faced girl that I knew in the Shenandoah—the little girl that loved me?"

"Yes!" said Nannie, with infinite difficulty.

The hands that held her trembled. Nannie slipped away from him, and stood looking at him with swimming eyes—her handsome, stalwart Guy.

"Will you go away from me again, Nannie?"

"That is as you say," said Nannie, with a touch of her old girlish piquancy. Guy laughed.

"It is time I had my way. What was I all these past years. Nannie, your jailer knew how to keep her secret. I have sought for you everywhere."

"Don't think hardly of her, dear. I knew all the time, Guy, that you would come. But to think of your passing before me every day all this last, lonely week, and I not knowing you."

It was a glorious New-Year's—crystalline and cold. Nannie's heart sang a *Te Deum*. Was it for her that the sunrise chimes rang out their joyful psalm upon the white, still, frosty air?"

Never were merrier wedding-bells.

"We must be married this morning, Nannie.

Why should we wait," said Guy.

They went to the old stone church, and, standing before the altar, in the sweet dusk of cool, embowering evergreens and waving, pendant wreaths of odorous pines, a ray of sunshine stealing in at a little round window far up in the massive wall of the old church, glinted across the flower-wreathed altar, swept the cross with a stream of golden light, and rested upon Nannie's head like a blessing. A joyful omen, after the cross of sorrow, the aureole of happiness.

And so they went out over the same ways where Nannie's lonely feet had trod only twelve hours ago. Never alone any more, never hungry for love's sweet life.

When Nannie asked about the disabled arm, Guy told her quietly that he had been in the army—passed through a thousand dangers unscathed—"Because God was keeping me for you, darling." He had been up the Shenandoah Valley—seen the farm-house, made by turns hospital, and barracks, and fortification. The climbing-rose by the verandah had been ruthlessly uprooted; the peach orchard felled to construct an abattis; everywhere the marks of war's rude effacing finger.

But the green, sunny slopes remain; the smiling valley, the winding river, and the purple, withdrawing hills—and they talk of a home to be made there, when one day Peace shall wave her olive branch over the land.

UNDER JUGGERNAUT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE children had promised to be very good that morning, in order not to disturb sister Mary, and they really intended to keep their pledge; but, as so often happens, both with small and large people, in the struggle between the flesh and the spirit, the flesh and the devil got decidedly the upper hand.

They had been released from study. As it was so rainy, they could not go out, and the noisy plays, in which they usually sought distraction in such cases, were rejected as unbecoming the high state of perfection in which they meant to hold themselves that day, they had each selected such books as they deemed most amusing, and were stowed away in their separate corners.

Maggie had built for herself a wonderful play-house by means of gay shawls draped over the backs of chairs, lined it with cushions, established her dolls there, with strict injunctions to be exceedingly quiet, and then betaken herself to her book; while the dolls, obeying her commands, stood upright in their best attire, and stared at her with their glassy eyes, apparently not at all knowing what to make of this new jib of application.

Phil had dragged up a buffalo-robe from the lower regions, and made a wigwam as a rival to his sister's elegant habitation, and under its shadow he sat with a knit jacket on by way of a hunting-shirt, the chopping-knife doing duty in his girdle as a tomahawk, and a long reed in his mouth to represent the pipe of peace.

He had pounced upon an old volume describing the habits and manners of the Aborigines of our soil, plentifully illustrated with marvelous cuts, whose sanguinary character did not promise to aid Phil much in his desire to keep his mind in a tranquil and peace-loving state.

Mary waited until all the noise which was requisite to carry out their intentions of being quiet was concluded, then she left them in all the glory and elation of spirits consequent upon the success of their plans, and the comfortable consciousness of being a good deal better than ever children were before.

Then Mary went away to finish her letter—the letter which had been partially written during the silence of the past night, not with tears or sobs, though her eyes burned and her heart

ached sadly enough, heaven knows, but a firm resolution and a strong power of self-martyrdom had supported her.

Mary was determined to be a heroine, but she did not know it. In her own mind, if she had not been too miserable to think about it, she was undertaking a part which might have befitted any one of those famous Roman women who fed their father's on blood from their filial veins, or accomplished any other of those remarkable feats which are very grand to read about, but must have been exceedingly uncomfortable in the performance.

As usual, I have rushed into the middle of my story at once—but stories, look you, must and will be commenced just as they please; so now I must go back and get at a beginning which shall render all this intelligible, leaving Phil and Maggie to the representation of the two extremes of human existence, and Mary to sit gazing at her letter with a countenance whose firmness would have done honor to the mother of Coriolanus herself, though with a pang at her heart which her antique model would undoubtedly have expelled and crushed with a vast deal of martial scorn.

These three—Mary, Maggie, and Phil Crossland—were orphans, and from the dignity of her age, Mary looked down upon the childish pair as committed to her charge, to be reared as children are in a score of wonderful books, at the expense of any such trifle as enjoyment or happiness to herself.

The father had died two years before. In a twelvemonth the ailing mother had followed; and, at the age of twenty, Mary found herself with this responsibility upon her life.

She had expected it—she had desired it—her existence was to be a model one, and the children worthy of a part in it.

Mary had been her father's constant companion and fellow student. He was very fond of her talents and precocity, and had forced her faculties like plants in a hot-bed. At sixteen, she had read Latin and Greek enough to have held an argument with any college professor of them all: she had numberless ologies at her fingers' ends: and even in mathematics—the Lord forgive her—she understood those infernal algebraic signs as if they had been familiars,

and could draw you any sort of geometrical thingammy that you wanted, provided you were insane enough to want anything of the sort; for my part, I should as soon think of wanting my skin tattooed, or my soul scalped, or any other preposterous thing done!

But in order that I may not hate her for being able to do those things, let me hasten to add that mathematics were neither her strong point or her favorite study; she only persisted in them to please her father, and from a determined obstinacy to conquer her own inclinations, she was going to have no weeds of perversity in her mind.

So she studied with her parent, carried the children through their initiation into the mystery of letter and spelling learning, (poor little wretches, they forgave her for it—more than I have done by those who taught me,) and from sixteen to nineteen all was quiet enough; then her father died, and the mother followed.

The orphans were to live in the dear old home. Aunt Dolly, the sweetest old maid who ever made herself a slave to a sister's children, was to live with them, and was nominally their guardian; but by this policy Mr. Cosland knew he was putting all the power in Mary's hands, for Dolly would as soon have thought of contradicting the ghost of one of the seven wise men of Greece as her learned niece.

There you have them; but I am sure you have gained an idea so erroneous of my heroine, that I must renew my explanations without delay.

You are fancying her an ugly, puggish, conceited creature, with frowzled hair and ink-fingers, who shied sesquipedalian words at the heads of the unwary, and was pale and solemn from digging among the corpses of 'buried languages—this is what she was.

A very pretty, quiet, intellectual-looking girl, with a heart bigger even than her brains, and a great capacity for humor and enjoyment, if it had only been cultivated.

She had become learned because it was her father's desire, and she was ambitious. She had smothered her girlishness, and tried to build herself on a Roman model, because she thought it was her duty. There was her great bugbear—duty! The trouble was, instead of making duty a tolerably amiable counselor, she let her become a spiritual Juggernaut, who crushed her youth, and rolled her pleasures flat without the slightest mercy.

Mary, since her father's death, had been bringing the children on as much as possible, as she had been driven; but they were different, not over fond of books, beset by legions of imps,

though good-tempered, and perfectly idolizing their sister.

But Mary had been forced to give way to one weakness—I am so glad of it. In my laziness, my habit of swaying to every wind of impulse that chances to blow, I have a malicious pleasure in seeing model people trip and fall on their noses occasionally!

Even before her father's death, Mary had known that Mark Fanning was not the same to her as other men—comprehended perfectly that her father had no objection to this. So, when in the midst of her grief, Mark came to her with those tender promises which make life so sweet. Mary had yielded for once, and been so human that ever since she had regarded her weakness as inexcusable.

Mark Fanning was just a splendid man, near thirty, rich, and a rising lawyer. Dearly he loved the girl, though he saw her great mistakes plainly enough, and he tried, in his own way, to set her right. It was impossible, and that had made trouble. Things had gone from bad to worse. Mary would hear of no marriage for years yet; Mark had grown vexed trying to combat her ideas. She would not be persuaded that she could do her duty in any milder manner—she must make a slave of herself, and she would.

So the year had gone by, and now Mary was writing a letter, putting an end to her engagement and her happiness.

The week before, Mark had come up from town for one of those autumn visits, which had once been so pleasant during the bright golden days. But the cloud which had long been gathering was very dark now.

Thoroughly Mark disapproved of the life which Mary was so rigidly following out for herself and the children. Her own youth was like a flower, exposed to frosty weather, and the children were pushed and driven in a way which threatened either to disgust them with books forever, or transform them into impossible prigs, if they did not die under the forcing process.

The question of marriage came up again, and at last led to as hearty a quarrel as if they had been ordinary mortals, instead of a brilliant lawyer, and a woman who was bent on becoming a second Hypatia.

"It is useless to go on like this, Mary," Fanning said, at length, trying to gain his composure, after more bitter things than was wise had passed between them. "It is, in fact, a separation which your plans involve."

Mary answered, coldly,

"Perhaps that would be better."

More hard words; and in the end the rupture was so near complete, that she said,

"I shall take a week to decide; you will have my answer then."

So Mark returned to town in a frenzy; but when he could think coolly, he saw it was not his Mary, but her demon of duty and ambition which had spoken; and he wrote her a letter, trying to prove to her that in becoming his wife, she did not break her promise where the children were concerned; that she would be much happier in the midst of love and society than alone on her pedestal.

But the epistle in answer to it was written—cold enough it sounded—though the girl suffered more than enough in the writing.

The worst of it was, she thoroughly believed that she was doing right.

She told him that she had discovered her mistake, happily, before it was too late. She could never be his wife; her own principles, the vow she had made her dead father, stood between.

It was right for him to have worldly aims, to indulge in worldly pleasures; but their opinions were so diametrically opposed, that they could find no happiness; the very training of those children, to whom she must consecrate her existence, would be a source of strife.

Aunt Dolly stole into the room, and looked at her with her old eyes full of tears.

"Is it done?" she asked, in a mournful sort of whisper, as though the letter had been a corpse, not to be desecrated even by loud words.

"It is done," Mary answered, quietly.

Aunt Dolly just laid her two hands together and sobbed like a great baby, or rather like an old maid who had put her own happiness in that of two beloved beings, and saw it trampled under foot.

"I didn't think you could," she moaned. "I didn't think you could!" Her agitation helped to keep up Mary's hardness—she turned on her with cold irritation,

"Your tears can't wash the right away!"

"Right!" sobbed aunt Dolly; "I'm sick of that word! I've tried to be a good woman. I hope I'm a Christian; but my right isn't yours, thank the Lord!"

"It's over, now, aunt," said Mary; "I never wish this subject mentioned again.

"I shan't talk about it—there's no danger. But, Mary, I will say you are wrong, and you'll live to know it. Your father was wrong in the way he brought you up. You are doing the same by those children. You'll kill Maggie, and you'll drive Phil desperate—that'll be the end, mark my words."

"Aunt Dolly!" exclaimed Mary.

"I've done; I haven't a word more to say."

"I am glad you have done," cried Mary. "I never thought to hear my father spoken of in such words, and by——"

"Don't, Mary! I loved your father, I love you and the children. I'm an old fool, I dare say—let me alone."

At that moment direful sounds of distress smote the air, mingled with yells and war-whoops, as if a tribe of Camanches had suddenly intruded into the dwelling.

"The children! the children!" shrieked aunt Dolly, nearly fainting with fear, and tottering as well as she could after Mary's rapid flight toward the chamber from whence the tumult proceeded.

I left Phil and Maggie with the first flush of their good resolutions upon them. I am quite shocked, I am sure, to have Mary's conference with her aunt interrupted by such sounds of passion and dismay; but the truth must be told.

Peace and quiet reigned some time in the chamber; then Maggie, inadvertently, began whispering aloud to her doll, and repeating a verse of one of her poems to enliven dolly in her silence, whereto Phil responded by a strange war-whoop.

Maggie thrust her head out of her palace, gave a glance of contempt at the wigwam, and the feather-decorated front of the young Camanche, who was glancing her way, and exclaimed in a low tone, expressive of the most crushing contempt,

"He is lost in the depths of simmering darkness!"

She meant cimmerian—a big word, which Mary had explained to her a few days previous; but though she missed the pronunciation somewhat, the scorn in her voice pointed the sentence, and made Phil respond instantly, which, of course, he had no right to do, as she addressed her words to the air in general.

"I'll make you sinner!" cried Phil. "Anyhow, I ain't as dark as you are!"

This was a cruel blow at Mag's brunette skin! She only thrust her royal head—she was the Princess Merrychild that day—farther out of her royal habitation, and addressed her doll in a very audible whisper,

"Dolly, I beg you'll pay no attention to what any dirty Camanches may say, for they cannot even talk respectable English."

Dolly looked as amiable and as much dazed as ever; but the Indian blood in the wigwam began to boil. Phil's eyes fell upon a picture of a savage scalping a helpless woman and baby,

The example was very tempting; his fingers clutched the chopping-knife, which believed itself a tomahawk—but he vented his wrath in another smothered war-cry, and remained immovable.

"Dolly," pursued the princess, unconscious of the danger which menaced at least the personage she addressed, "I shall be obliged to call upon my fairy godmother to protect us if these savages create any more annoyance."

Instantly there was a rush and stir in the Camanche camp—warriors were summoned, weapons rattled.

"Dolly," said the princess, "let him go—he won't get a bit of jelly-cake when aunt comes."

Be it known, that while Mary appealed to their wisdom, old aunt had held out the promise of unlimited jelly-cake if the children were good.

There was a temporary lull, for the mention of the sweets had brought both the savage and the princess down to the actual once more.

For awhile they resumed their quiet plays; but soon the wonderful pictures transformed Phil into a Camanche chief once more, and he could not resist uttering a war-whoop. Out of the palace again popped Mag's head—she was every inch a princess now—and she fired a line from Shakespeare at Miss Dolly's head, which stung the Indian from its mingled mystery and scorn.

With a shout and a clatter that would have startled a party of hunters on the plains, the Camanche force bounded out of the wigwam, bore down upon the palace, upset the royal habitation, dragged the princess out of her retreat, half dead with anger, and a blow on her shoulder from one of the chairs; and before she could recover herself enough to resist, one skillful sweep of the tomahawk had decapitated the luckless doll before her very eyes.

The Indian was holding up the head by the long flaxen curls, the eyes still open and more expressive of mild surprise than ever, while close to the princess lay the mutilated body, with a stream of saw-dust slowly issuing from the wound.

Frenzied shrieks from the princess; yells and a war-dance on the part of the chief; and in the midst of the confusion in rushed Mary and aunt, expecting nothing less than to find the house in flames, and the children gasping forth their last breath from their charred bosoms.

"Bohoo!" shouted Phil, still an Indian. "The Camanches are loose—e-r-r—bohoo!"

"Oh!—oh!—yah!" shrieked Maggie, only an angry, distressed child once more. "He's cut

my doll's head off—oh!—oh! Beat him, Mary! Kill him, aunt! Oh, my doll!—my doll!"

It was a very humiliating spectacle to poor Mary. Here were two children only nine and ten years old, already deep in the mysteries of the Latin Grammar, able to conjugate French verbs like a pair of small parrots, learned in rudiments of astronomy—a ceaseless wonder to all visitors, from their ability to talk so prettily about geology, knowing Pope's Essay on Man, and Gray's Elegy, by heart, as easy in mental arithmetic as if it were their natural mode of thought; in fact, the most wonderful specimens of the forcing system ever seen—squabbling, screaming, absolutely fighting, (for Mag had begun to kick and Phil to push,) like two ordinary children, who did not know an algebraic sign from a semicolon, or could not have told the difference between a Greek root and a weed in the garden.

While Mary stood overpowered with horror—aunt Dolly, taking a more commonplace view of the matter, had picked Mag up, discovered nothing worse than a fit of passion ailed her, and was overwhelming both offenders with mingled reproaches and caresses.

Finally, Mary came out of her stupefaction, mounted her stilts, and delivered a lecture. Phil was condemned to solitude, and directed to learn two pages of Watts on the Mind, provided at the end of the first page he had mind enough left to acquire what followed; and Maggie, as having been already sufficiently punished by the accident to her doll, was left to pick up the mangled corpse, and weep over its internal arrangements, which were strewn so copiously upon the floor.

Phil wore out his hours of penitence as best he might, and Maggie, roused herself sufficiently from her stupor of grief to recollect that a funeral was now the only excitement left her in life. It would be the next thing to a marriage, which had taken place the previous day between two of her dolls—and where is the feminine mind, great or small, that is too apathetic, or too much sunk in grief to become excited over either a wedding or a funeral.

So the mournful preparations were commenced, and by the time the deceased doll was properly shrouded, and laid in a velvet coffin, which had been accustomed to doing duty as a work-box, she had been elevated to the dignity of representing poor decapitated Mary of Scots; and Mag had grown so cheerful and forgiving, that she actually summoned Phil to assist at the obsequies which were to take place in the garden.

The children got on very comfortably together for several hours, and Mag, after the turf was heaped over her heart's idol, announced that she should assume the part of an early Christian martyr for the rest of the day; whereat Phil snorted, but finally entered into the spirit of the thing, made her take refuge in the grotto for a catacomb, and became Nero immediately, out on a personal fox-hunt after the secreted martyr.

It was a pity that raspberry-tarts should have made a gulf between them at the tea which Mag treated him to—but they did; for Phil took possession of the largest tart which Mag, as hostess, would gladly have offered him, but which, as guest, it was not a civil thing for him to snatch; and, with her head still full of Shakespeare, she drew a withering comparison between him and the lean apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, which caused Phil at once to uncork the phial of his wrath. But he bided his time. Bed hour came, and he said to Mag, in a tone of hypocritical mildness,

"Now you've promised, Mag?"

"Yes! yes! I won't break my word. Like George Washington, I can cut a cherry tree," cried Mag, getting the comparison wrong end up in her haste. "What is it, Phil?"

"Don't say your prayers to-night—now you've promised! Ah, ha, Missy! you're in a fix, now! If you don't say your prayers, you'll be wicked; and if you do say 'em, you'll tell a lie!"

He gave a crow of fiendish glee, and Mag, who was a conscientious little thing, and would no more have missed her prayers, or told a lie, than Ursa, or any other poetical innocent, set up a howl of agony which was fearful to hear.

So, between the children's troubles and the ache at her heart, Mary's first day of heroism and self-renunciation was hard enough; and when the time came that she was alone in her chamber, she sat down and had a hearty cry.

But the letter was gone; the matter had been placed beyond her control; and the next morning Mary rose with all her determination come back in added sternness, and resolved to allow no such weaknesses as an aching heart and broken hopes to trouble the intellectual serenity, in whose elevated regions must henceforth be the entire sphere of her existence.

Mark Fanning received her stern, cold letter, and bitter enough was the storm it raised in his mind at first. After a few days, he wrote a brief note in response, acquiescing in her decision, without urging a single plea in behalf of himself or her own heart, which he well knew was still one of his most potent allies.

You, dear young lady of seventeen, will think he was not in love because he did this; but you must permit me, with due deference to the knowledge you have gained from boarding-school friends, numberless flirtations, and liberal doses of French novels, to contradict your theory; the solution of the mystery is, that he was thirty instead of twenty, and knew that, at this time, complaints or reproaches would only harden her determination, and make her more pitiless to both.

In spite of love and disappointment, he could not avoid exercising his judgment somewhat—very inexcusable, I know—and before consigning himself to utter despair, he decided to wait patiently for a time and see what the changing seasons should produce.

In the pleasant homestead, matters went on quietly enough to all outward seeming. Maggie was hard at her studies, growing somewhat pale and hollow-eyed under the new energy of her teacher. Phil had gone for a fortnight's visit to some distant relatives, from whose unruly boys Mary would have preferred to keep him aloof, but there was no avoiding it; and aunt Dolly was going about, good-natured and pleasant as ever, keeping her thoughts to herself, only petting Mag more than ever in every little way possible, and doing her poor possible to help Mary.

But Mary desired no sympathy. She would have been indignant if dear old Dolly had uttered a word; but the spinster showed her tenderness in extra care for her darling, and the preparation of all sorts of delicacies which might tempt her appetite; though so rigid was Mary, that I think, if she had known she was swallowing aunty's sympathy in every muffin she tasted, or every wonderful pudding she praised, she would have reduced herself to Spartan diet at once.

Mary rose early. She had no pity on Mag, and pushed her under the shower-bath without the slightest mercy. Then there was a walk before breakfast—then lessons—then Mag's bitter season of recreation, during which Mary was rushing about among the sick and needy, doing Florence Nightingale in a small way, regardless of muddy roads or dragged petticoats.

Such a course of study as she dashed into! The biggest Greek books did not terrify her; mathematics were dry enough to be safe; novels were thrown aside; music, except German incomprehensibilities, completely silenced—and on went Mary, stripping her life as fast as possible of every green thing that had kept a gleam of summer in its chilliness.

Mary gave herself no time for thought. She worked—worked; and when night came, and the ache at her heart would no longer be smothered, she only overwhelmed it with cold reason, or prayers that had no more warmth in them than fried oysters left after supper.

Phil returned from his visit to find the *ancien regime* heightened into new rigidity; Mag rapidly becoming an automaton, with wonderful power in acquiring all sorts of wonderful things; and, fresh from the delights of liberty, and the example of unruly boys, full of health and the tricks played at school, he kicked under the yoke like a half-broken colt who has gone back to his native wildness after a day's freedom in the pasture.

In the very outset, Mary was horrified to see how his aspirations had taken new shapes; no more dreams of following in the footsteps of Howard, or becoming a great statesman. His sympathies were divided between a circus and the life of a sailor; and he perfectly horrified Mag by the use of sea phrases, which he had caught from Marryatt's novels during his absence; not that she, in the least, understood their meaning, but that made her all the more certain they must be abominably wicked.

I am not going to weary you with a detailed account of the days and weeks, and all Mary's anxieties and sufferings. Sometimes she got Phil into the traces, but by the time he was comfortably harnessed, he would upset the whole establishment, and go either into a fit of rage, or be devoured by the demons of frolic and mischief; and in either case was equally uninfluenced by persuasion or command.

Maggie did double duty. In her desire to gratify Mary, she studied herself almost to death, and in her self-engrossment and ambition for the child, Mary never perceived that this was the case.

Besides that, the creature's mind became so inflamed by all the books she read, books which had no business in her hands, that when her hours for play arrived, instead of indulging in childish romps, she was talking with all the fanciful beings who peopled the ideal world she had created.

She conversed with Joan of Arc; Ferdinand and Miranda were every day companions to her; and the wildest exploits of romantic history became food for her ordinary thoughts.

Poor aunt Doll perceived a portion of the mischief; but what could she do? She was more awed by Mary every day. Then, too, her old heart was proud of the little girl's achievements, so between her pride and her fears she had a

bad winter. I believe she prayed over the matter a good deal; but in her discouragement heaven seemed very far off, and sometimes she doubted if her meek petitions were of much account.

And Mary was growing paler and sterner every day; looking more and more like some beautiful nun aspiring to saintship by means of martyrdom and fleshly mortification; hiding her growing weakness and doubts with added rigor, and flattening herself, and all under her care, more and more, each day, beneath the wheels of her Juggernaut.

It was almost spring. Let us see the end.

One morning, Phil and Mag were left together in the school-room over their books. A fierce tempest on Phil's part had been quelled, a treaty entered into, and he had taken up his studies again.

Maggie had been drooping rapidly for a week past, but she would not complain. Mary had promised a prize to the one who passed the best examination in Roman history at the end of the week; and with her mind and every nerve excited as it was, Mag felt that she could die, but she could not give up.

"My head aches so," she said, suddenly, as Phil dropped his book with a crash, which startled her as if it had been an earthquake; "let's be very still, Peepy."

"Oh, Mary'll kill us!" returned he, recklessly, "and I shall just be glad of it—I'm sick of living."

"Don't be a bad boy," pleaded Mag.

"Yes," said Phil, complacently, "I expect I am bad; but they all tell me I'm going to fizzle, anyhow, so I don't care."

Mag was horror-stricken, and, being at a loss for words, went back to her books; but her head ached so badly that her memory was no better than a sponge, and before long her thoughts wandered—she was a Vestal in the temple at Rome.

Just as she was performing some impossible feat, Phil roused her. He had picked up a volume about the Spartans, and was mightily taken with some performances therein set down.

"I say, Mag!"

"Yes," returned she, dreamily. Joan of Arc, regardless of dates, had just entered the temple and was praising Mag's fortitude; so it was with an effort she came back to the real.

"You wouldn't let a fox tear your vitals out like that boy did?" said Phil.

"I would, sooner than break my word," cried Mag, indignantly.

"I mean to try with the cat," said Phil; but

kitty refused to be caught, and was quite too good-natured to use her claws against her play-mate.

The children went on with the anecdotes, and finally reached that pitch of enthusiasm where nothing short of actual trial of similar experiments could satisfy their poor minds, kept on the strain and rack till they were thoroughly diseased, and required a course of wholesome treatment to prevent them from being wholly upset.

Phil believed in his own powers of heroism, but he had no faith in those of Mag. It was finally decided that he should drop hot sealing-wax on her wrist, by way of proving if she could emulate the Spartan Miss who held a live coal in her hand.

Mag's head was dizzy with pain—she was white as a small ghost, but she never flinched. She wasn't thinking of the present, nor of Phil. She was away in the past—a Greek maiden going to suffer tortures to prove her innocence, and he was her judge.

Phil lighted a candle, and got a large stick of sealing-wax, fully entering into Mag's ideas, and not remembering in the least what he was really at.

"Do you still deny?" cried he, in the character of judge.

"I deny," answered Mag, looking very pale and very Grecian.

"Then Vesta aid you," said Phil, drawing on Roman mythology from sudden forgetfulness of what a Greek ought to say.

Into the flame went the wax; Mag held out her arm. Drip, drip, ran the burning stream—a shriek from the tortured girl—an insane spring; the candle was knocked over—the flames caught her dress and long hair.

The confusion is indescribable—the shrieks of the burning child brought up the whole household. Fortunately, Mary had presence of mind enough to throw her sister on the floor and smother the flames in the hearth-rug.

Mag was not dangerously burned; but the fright had brought on the fever which had been lingering about her for weeks, and waiting for an opportunity to show itself.

In their insanity, the little explanation Phil could give only made matters worse. So overcome and beside herself was aunt Dolly that, for the first time in her life, she gave the boy a sounding slap on each ear, and locked him in his room before he could recover himself sufficiently to resist.

Little Mag was raving in delirium; servants rushing for the doctor. One girl, under the im-

pression that the house was on fire, tore up to her room, wrapped her best frock in a sheet and flung it out of the window, where it landed comfortably in a tub of water; threw a china pitcher after it, and flew down again, carrying a bolster carefully in her hands, quite satisfied that she was saving something very valuable.

Waiting for the doctor, and listening to her sister's shrieks and disconnected babblings, which revealed the morbid state her mind had been in for weeks, sat Mary, blind and confused, but with one horrible reproach beginning to rise in her mind. She had deceived herself—she had given up to her idol, till at last this precious little life had been crushed out under her Juggernaut.

By-and-by came the doctor. His verdict only increased the general distress; the child was very ill—for days yet no mortal could decide what the end would be.

Before many hours Dolly remembered Phil, and went to the room in which she had confined him. He was gone! The window was open—the vines torn and broken on one of the pillars of the verandah below, showing the means by which he had made his escape.

There was no keeping it from Mary—something must be done at once. The two women gave way completely under this new calamity. Mary had no more strength than her aunt, and they just had comfortable hysterics together.

They knew he had killed himself. The impetuous boy killed, and Maggie dying. There was not the least hope—not a gleam of light—it was not in feminine nature to see it.

Then Doll had an inspiration! Without a word to Mary, she trotted down to the village, scribbled a message, which was speedily on its way to New York by favor of lightning.

The rest of the day the men servants were hunting for Phil where Phil was not; and Mary and aunt Dolly sat in silent despair over the bed of their darling.

Phil had gone mad with remorse and rage—he had killed his sister; the whole world was against him. What could such a young Cain do under the circumstances? Run away to sea, of course. There was nothing else for a juvenile human so accursed, particularly when his mind was full of Midshipman Easy, and other tales.

Phil had in his drawer a pair of twin gold pieces. He took them out, put them in his pocket, made a package of wearing apparel, and took his exit through the window.

He had been to town times enough to start properly on his journey. He walked to the

station, (not the one at the village, for fear of recognition,) and very soon he was on his way toward his new existence—divided between horror at the mischief he had done, and the idea of seeing a whale on his first voyage.

The train was at the up-town station. Phil was out of the cars and in the street, rushing blindly along, with only a vague idea of getting down to the Battery and the wharves, when he ran full against a gentleman hurrying to the depot.

"Phil Crosland!"

"Mr. Fanning!" shrieked Phil, and tried to run away, but a strong hand held him fast. A few words explained matters, and before Phil could realize anything, he was in the cars again, and on his way up the river, so worn-out now by excitement, that he was sobbing himself to sleep on his protector's shoulder.

Twilight had set in—back came the servants with tidings that Phil could not be found.

Down on her knees, by her sister's bed, sank poor Mary, trying to weep and pray, and feeling her senses slowly drifting from her in the night of her despair.

Dolly had stolen away at a sound of wheels

which had not reached Mary's ears; and she was alone with the unconscious child and her remorseful misery.

There was a sound—the door opened; as in a dream, Mary saw Mark Fanning before her, with Phil by his side, and aunt Dolly weeping joyfully in the hall.

She did not shriek—she tried to rise, but every sense forsook her then, and only dumb unconsciousness followed.

When she came to herself she was in another room. Mark was holding her hands fast, and Phil was calling her name with wild promises of amendment.

Just then Mary could only realize that she had escaped with life from under the wheels of her Juggernaut. But months after, when Mag was a healthy, mirthful creature, Phil happy as a king, after the moderate work of a sensible school, and she Mark Fanning's wife, she had learned to understand that half the worshipers of duty are bowing before an "unknown god," and to be content with life as it is, without trying to bring about perfections impossible to souls held in bondage by these troublesome shackles of mortality.

"GONE."

BY MARIAN WINSLOW.

LAST eve we wandered in the quiet wood,
Watching the sunset fading into night;
Now, mournfully I linger where you stood,
While round me quivers the same fitful light.

We watched the pallid light of one lone star,
Its dancing reflex in the wave below;
While sweet the pine-wood music from afar,
Floated, like angel harp-chorus, sad and low.

'Twas strange, that in that stillness, sadder far
Than the quick, sobbing sigh, or half-hushed tone,
I felt that the next light of that pale star
Would shine on you afar, and me alone—alone!

'Tis very, very hard for me to think
That our past love is but an idle dream;
That memory, now, is the one only link,
Binding my future to that which hath been.

I cannot see through this dark sorrow cloud,
Wreathing in its black folds the coming years;
Sadly I weave for my dead hopes a shroud—
"Niobe" finding bitter joy in tears.

Well, earth hath deeper sorrow yet to learn:
Death comes not at the crushed heart's first wild call;
Better a few dark leaves of life to turn,
Than never feel thy deep, rich love at all.

OH! ASK ME NOT TO SING!

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

Oh! ask me not to sing, dear one,
For hope's refulgent light
Is shrouded now in clouds of grief,
And greets no more my sight.
Misfortune's tempest rages wild,
I hear its moaning sound;
The blossoms of my hopes are strown,
All faded, on the ground.

You would not have a mother's lip
Chant forth a joyous lay,
When all she loved upon the earth,
Were absent far away.
The friends whom I most cherished here,
Were transient as the Spring:
I'm now communing with the past,
And cannot—cannot sing.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER III.

MAUD CHICHESTER fled from her burning house, with the few old servants that the war had left, and took shelter in the farm-house. War had devastated the country all around, and, for the time, she had no other home. William Shore, whose thrifty business had made him well to do in the world, offered her a home in the city; with such cordial hospitality pressed upon her with all the earnestness of a man so good and gentle in his nature, was sure to soften a kindness. His wife, the beautiful, blithesome Jane, seconded this invitation with all her affectionate eloquence and winning blandishments.

"Do not fear," she said, "that we shall take advantage of the honor the master's child may do us in choosing our humble roof for her shelter. It shall be with us as of old, mistress and maid, or lady and humble friend—exactly as you may choose. Only give us the happiness of protecting you in this stormy time of war."

Maud shook her head. Her heart went too warmly with the Red Rose for any thought of sheltering her distress under the protection of its enemies. William Shore understood this dissent, for, though a quiet and reserved man, he was keenly alive to all those finer feelings which common people overlook.

"Lady," he said, in the low, persuasive voice that was natural to him, "if there is something in the questions so bloodily mooted in these unhappy times, which forbids you to leave our home, I can point out another safe shelter, where you will find no lack of sympathy, nor cold welcome. Think back, and you will remember that Sir James had a half-brother."

"Alas! yes," said Maud, interrupting her kind friend, "I remember him well. He was the son of my grandmother, whose first husband died early. So far he was of my father's blood, though not of his name. He joined her majesty, Queen Margaret, abroad, and died there without having visited his own country more than once or twice in his life."

"Nay, lady, John Halstead is still living, and in London."

"What, my uncle?" cried Maud, in astonishment.

"Even so, lady. If I prove to possess a deeper knowledge of those who follow this Lancasterian queen than befits a true subject and loyal soldier of King Edward, it is because they have faith in my discretion, and do not fear betrayal at my hands. For a time, lady, I, myself, followed the cruel Red Rose, which that ruthless queen has bathed so deeply in innocent blood."

"Nay, my friend, we will not attempt to determine here which of the contending monarchs have proved most unmerciful. You were about to tell me of my poor uncle."

"Even so. He was, and is, a brave, wise man, not the head of a noble line like your father, for his sire had scarcely won his spurs when he died; but his quick wit and indomitable will offered greater advantages to Margaret than high birth or stately name. She wanted an emissary in London, one who could gather and convey information; give harbor to her friends, when they visited the city, and act in concert with her adherents at home and abroad. Your uncle was but little known; for, as you remember, he had been educated in France, and spent his youth there. This circumstance, with so many other necessary endowments, pointed him out to Margaret as a man eminently fit for the dangerous and delicate service she required. She sent for him, and explained her need of a faithful friend in the heart of London. He undertook the mission, and probably staked all that he had, both in property and life, in the service; gave up every wish of his heart; every thought of his brain to the accomplishment of her desires. Margaret, with all her cruel ambition and masculine will, knows how to lure men to her will quite as well as her weaker sisters. From the hour that John Halstead sat one hour in her presence, he became Margaret's partisan for life. No doubt he would have liked it better had she given him a command in the field—but strong arms were more plentiful in her cause than cool tempers and wise action. The post she offered him was one of imminent

danger. The trust she gave vital for good or evil. He saw this, and smothering all the military aspirations which, up to that time, had been the breath of his life, prepared for a duty which had no honor in the doing, and but scant promise of future reward. The patrimony that had fallen to him from his father, he privately sold, turning the proceeds into such goods as a London merchant requires for his trade. After this, it was given out that he had been killed in battle, that all traces to his identity might be cut off."

"Yes, I remember well. It was a matter of surprise to me that my father took the news of his brother's death with such indifference," said Maud.

"He was in the secret, and knew that his half-brother was driving a prosperous trade, close to King Edward's court, under an assumed name."

"That accounts for what appeared to me a strange want of feeling," said Maud.

"Margaret was fortunate in her choice," continued Shore. "In a little time, Halstead had gained for himself a foothold in Edward's court; the king, you know, is himself a trader, and, in more than one instance, Halstead has acted as his agent in buying and shipping goods. The door of his warehouse is surmounted by a crown of triple gilt, which proclaims him the king's mercer. More than once he has found a thrifty market for my jewels with the queen; for so completely did he enter into this city life, that he wedded in our ranks. Do not frown, lady, when I tell you that his wife is my own sister."

Maud looked up suddenly, the patrician blood rose to her cheek, red and warm.

"Do not think that I claim ought of equality from this," said Shore, with a quiet smile. "I only tell it that you may see how and why they have trusted me so thoroughly."

"I should not fear to trust you," answered Maud, paying involuntary homage to the truthfulness in the fine face bent upon her. But this is a perilous secret—does your wife know it?"

"Nay, it is not mine to give; besides, Jane is so blithesome and careless, every thought leaps to her tongue like rain from the sky. It would be both unsafe and cruel to burden her cheerful life with perilous secrets. Therefore, do not mention this most important one in her presence."

"Indeed, I will not," said Maud, earnestly.

"I do not charge you to secrecy—for on that your uncle's life depends."

"It is needless," answered Maud. "I cannot

all at once comprehend the patriotism which sinks to trade and craft without a struggle; but my uncle was ever an honorable and self-sacrificing man—God keep him in safety."

"Have no fear, courage and cool prudence has so far protected him; and I can but hope that the fall of Warwick will put an end to this fratricidal war."

Maud shook her head, "Never, so long as the good King Henry is a prisoner in the Tower, and Margaret can command a score of men, will strife cease in England."

"Let us hope better things," answered Shore. "Meantime, lady, will you go with us up to London, and there harbor in my poor house, or with the man we must not openly call your uncle? I greatly fear that this will be no safe neighborhood for a young and beautiful woman."

"Yet will I remain till the gorse is in blossom," answered Maud, with a vivid blush.

Shore turned away, disappointed, but compassionate.

"Poor child! she loves the very ashes of her father's tomb, and will not be torn from their sight," he muttered. "God grant that no evil chance befalls her, for she will find but scant protection from this handful of old men."

As he was speaking, Albert, the idiot boy, stole up to him with wild eagerness in his eyes.

"Have they found him? Did the fire make him warm?" he questioned. "It was a grand blaze, and put out the stars. Did he know about it? What have they done with him?"

"Poor witting! the fire has frightened him sorely. He looks well nigh distraught."

Albert pulled at his tunic.

"Is he coming? Will he ride up from yonder, with his troop of horse, and take us away to battle? Marry, but I long to be a soldier, and carry a torch to keep me warm, if I should stumble and fall. What makes the soldiers down yonder so cold? and wherefore do they sleep with their eyes wide open? Tell me that, good brother-in-law, for I would fain know?"

"Nay, Albert, thou couldst not understand, if I told thee."

"But I can. It is because the camp-fires have gone out. I have been tossing the ashes to the wind—that was rare sport, but the soldiers would not laugh. See what I found under a thorn-tree."

Shore took the trinket which Albert held up.

"Why, lad, it is King Edward's signet ring."

"It is bright, and shines. It is mine—so give it back to me. Nay, but I will have it."

"Poh, child! this is nothing. In its stead, I will give thee a handful of money."

"That I can play chuck farthing with?"

"Yes, or buy lalipop."

"Give me the farthings in my gipsire. Hark! how they jingle."

The lad ran off laughing, and rattling the money in his gipsire with great glee. In the farm-house kitchen, he saw Maud sitting by the window, and his sister Jane standing by her in eager conversation.

"Nay, go with us, I could ask it on my knees," pleaded the beautiful woman, with a degree of earnestness quite unusual to her. "This place is dull as a tomb, and will be worse after we are gone."

"Not yet, not yet," resisted Maud, with unreasonable obstinacy. "The year is far too young for me to abandon the old place yet. Mourners have but little need of company—let me rest within sight of the old home a little longer."

"But who will take care of you?"

"Great possessions demand care," was the sad answer. "I have nothing, and cannot be despoiled."

"But you are young, comely, and, therefore, in danger from the marauders, who ever linger last around a battle-field."

"But I will keep close to this house, and run no risk, be sure of that, Jane."

The woman shook her head. She could not understand this fixed desire for solitude.

"But you will come either to us or your uncle?" she said, at last, giving up the useless contest.

"Yes, I will seek shelter with you; but not yet."

"But when?" inquired Jane, eagerly, glad even of this promise. "When may we look for you?"

"After the gorse is in bloom."

With this answer, which seemed to have no bearing on the question, Maud Chichester silenced both her friends.

The next morning, after his conversation with Maud, William Shore went back to London, taking his wife with him. Jane would gladly have remained with her lady, but this Maud would not consent to; and with great reluctance these faithful friends left her with no better companions than the old couple of the farm-house, and the willing Albert.

Perhaps Maud deceived her own heart when she thought that it was a longing desire to mourn her father's loss in solitude, which kept her so near the ruined walls in which he lay buried, in his own ancestral home, like the warriors of old; but underneath this deep and

natural grief, lay a thought not yet breathed even to her own intelligence—a thought that, when the gorse burst into bloom, another presence would surely be found near the battle-field of Bosnet. So, clad in deep mourning, and given up to vague thoughts, which were not all gloomy, the young girl remained quietly at the farm-house.

CHAPTER IV.

ONCE more King Edward entered London in a jubilee of rejoicing. People who had wished God speed to the great Warwick, when he rode forth to put down the Plantagenets, now shouted loud and lustily for the head of that princely house, who came back victorious, with the great king maker and his brother sleeping side-by-side on one bier.

Under the great dome of St. Paul's Church these two august heroes were laid, not that funeral honors might commemorate their bravery, but that the rabble of London, and a few unbelieving friends, might be convinced that they were, indeed, dead. No catafalco or canopy of state was raised over them; no banners of descent waved in the dusky naives where they reposed in dumb companionship.

But two plain coffins, supported by wooden trestles, stood alone and unhonored on the stone floor. In them, bare-headed, and with their broad chests uncovered to the waist, lay those stalwart warriors, sleeping solemnly together. For three days the people of London swarmed in and out of the church, which resounded to the rude tramp of feet every moment, and was unguarded as the worst stable in the city. No mass was said over the august pair; no sacred smoke purified the atmosphere, rendered stifling by the hot breath of an ever-changing multitude. No tapers burned on the high altar to relieve the gorgeous gloom filtered through the stained-glass windows. For three days St. Paul's was given up to the rabble; after that a slender funeral cortege moved through those stone portals, and wound its way into Berkshire, where the last of the great English barons was laid down to his final rest in the Priory of Bisham, with scarcely half a dozen friends standing by to witness the burial.

While these funeral rites were almost stealthily performed in the country, Edward had conveyed his queen from her sanctuary in Westminster back to his palace of the Tower, and all the superb grandeur of his court blazed out again more brilliantly than ever. For the first time in his life Edward found himself an

untrammelled king. His last great victory had trampled down that haughty baronial power which even royalty might not defy; and with his foot upon the heart of the nation, the haughty monarch planted his dynasty into power again. Unlike other brave men, Edward was luxurious and supine in peace as he was fierce in war. If he fought bravely, it was that he might enjoy greedily. Scarcely had he reached the Tower, and cast off his armor, when all the splendid riot of his life recommenced with redoubled zest. His banquets became more luxurious than ever. He squandered gold on his followers with reckless prodigality. The confiscations growing out of his victory, were lavishly given to enrich those adherents who had proved faithful to his cause. Prodigal in his own expenditures, he was equally munificent with his friends. It had been Edward's policy, or caprice, to cultivate popular favor in the city. He had always loved to mingle with the merchants in their amusements, and gave his royal countenance to many a civic fete, thus creating to himself a power which no other monarch had ventured to encourage. This may have arisen from the keen foresight of statesmanship, or, what is more likely, the satiated young monarch found piquancy and change in the new opening of human life, which led him into it merely in search of novelty.

For a time business became brisk among the tradespeople. Silk mercers, jewelers, and upholsterers, found ample patronage at the court. Thus King Henry was once more forgotten in his prison, and the Plantagenets reigned supreme.

Some ten days after the king's return to the town, a young man, dressed in the fashion of the times, followed by two servitors on horseback, rode briskly through the city, and drove up in front of the dwelling occupied by William Shore, the goldsmith. The youth himself was evidently a member of some great nobleman's household, or it might be even that he came from the royal palace, for his habiliments were of the richest, and his fashion of wearing them that of a coxcomb of the first water.

"Knock on the door, knave, with thy whip-handle, and to some purpose," he said, addressing one of his servants, who had dismounted, and stood back from the door-step, examining a sign emblazoned in golden letters over the heavy frame-work of the entrance: "think ye I relish sitting here for the pastime of all the apprentices that may chance to gape at me. John, note how the pestilent city dust is settling on my shoon, and make haste." Here the young man stooped down from his peaked saddle, and

daintily filiped the dust from his long-pointed shoes with his riding-whip.

The youngster might well be careful of such garments as decked his dainty person, for they were of a pattern that had just come into vogue among the nobility; and the apprentice boys of the neighborhood did, indeed, huddle together in groups and gaze, open-mouthed, at a vision seldom vouchsafed to that humble neighborhood.

"Look!" said a sharp lad, settling the flat cap on his own handsome head with a certain air of elegance, "look how his velvet cap rolls up at the sides and stoops in a point over his forehead—that is the last court fashion. Mark how the seed pearls on his buff corset tremble and glow like drops of milk ready to fall. Is not that a super-tunic fit for the king himself—blue as the sky, slashed with crimson-pounced, and fringed with silver? By my joy! if your master, Henry Sewrat, could but turn out a garment like that, his fortune were made; for it is said the king—God bless his majesty!—has given orders that much of his tailor work shall henceforth be done in the city, in recompense of the gold sent him in the war."

While the lad was thus expressing his admiration, the servant had made himself heard, and his young master was preparing to dismount.

"Look! look at the hosen of white cloth—I wonder if he grew into them? There! there, lads! ye can catch a glimpse of the heavy gold chain that swings his dagger, and his gipsire of crimson velvet, checked with braided gold. There now, he is off the horse, and shakes himself like a golden pheasant in the sunshine. Marry, but he trips it lightly up to the door. I wonder if I could get the fashion of that step?"

With a trip of the foot and a slight leap, the lad made a not ungraceful effort to imitate the court exquisite, at which his companions laughed—and the court page turned on them with an air which he intended should crush their audacity at once.

"Pass on! pass on!" he lisped, waving his hand: "or, if you must admire me, keep well to the other side of the street. Poh! there is a strong smell of toasted cheese somewhere! Here, Anthony, fling them some money, or they will stifle me. Do these creatures always carry the scent of their breakfasts about with them?"

The youngster put one hand indolently into his gipsire as he spoke, and gave some silver to his servant, too inert for the effort of flinging it out himself.

The servant cast the silver in a light shower across the street. Instantly the group of boys were joined by a dozen others, who came pouring

out from booth and alley to join in a scramble for the money, in which all participated, save the boy with the flat cap, who looked on, laughing gleefully, while his companions tumbled over each other, struggled, and even fought for the scornfully given alms.

The page, who, with all his airs, was full of boyish fun, looked on this scramble, and seemed half tempted to fling out a second handful of silver, for a naturally joyous spirit swept away his assumed languor the moment he saw genuine sport; but he contented himself with a burst of boyish delight, and laughed till his blue eyes filled with tears.

At last his attention was turned upon the handsome apprentice, who, like himself, enjoyed the rough scene without joining in it.

"Gramercy! why does he stand there, proud as an earl's son, without touching the coin; mayhap he expects gold. Bring him hither, Anthony; the lad has an eye to a well-fashioned supercoat, and I do not cavil if he sees mine closer."

Anthony motioned the boy to cross the street.

"Well, sirrah! why did you leave the silver I bestowed to those ragamuffins? It was of some worth."

"They wanted it more than I did," answered the lad, frankly; "and could stomach the fashion of giving it."

"Why, sirrah, was the manner so displeasing that it lost value to the money?"

"As I want no money that I do not earn, the fashion in which you cast it about, fair sir, is nothing to me."

"Nay, what if I give thee a half angel of gold with my own hands?" said the page.

"I would toss it over yonder, for the lads to scramble for, and laugh my fill at the sport," was the answer.

"Nay, it is well, then, that the gold is safe in my gipsire. But why is it that this brave speech belies thy garb—art thou not an apprentice like the rest?"

"Yes, I am an apprentice, and no better than my fellows."

"What trade dost thou follow?"

"Marry, fair sir, mine is a gentle craft; if hard work and study will make me so, I shall be a goldsmith in time, and, perchance, set jewels for her majesty, the queen."

"This is fortunate," said the page; "an thou art a goldsmith, mayhap thou canst tell me if my knave, here, is knocking at the right house? I am in search of one William Shore, a craftsman of some note in the city."

"Certes, gentle sir, your servant has made no

mistake. William Shore lives here, and I marvel that he is not in his shop. It is a rare case of neglect. But I will run round the back way and tell him that a customer is waiting."

The boy darted down a narrow alleyway that led along one end of the house, and disappeared, leaving the page under the shelter of the second story, which, like most houses of the time, shot some feet over the entrance, thus forming a sort of irregular colonnade along the street. Directly a leaf of the oaken-door was flung open, and the apprentice bade them enter the booth, or wareroom, where Shore transacted his business. This room occupied nearly the entire ground floor, for behind it was a work-shop, in which many of the articles exposed for sale were wrought.

"Walk in! walk in!" cried the lad. "The master was at his noonday meal with Mistress Shore, and all the doors being shut, heard not even the lusty blows of your servant. But he will be here anon."

"And the dame—I trust she will not withhold a glance at her face, for I am told she is parlous lovely."

The young popinjay moved uneasily on his feet as he uttered this bit of foppery, and smoothed the golden lace which edged the neck of his lawn shirt with a dainty hand.

"It is quite the fashion with our court gallants to rave over the beauty of your city dames, now that the king has taken them into favor," he added.

"Here comes the master," answered the apprentice, reddening with anger.

"But the dame—she comes not with him," muttered the page, discontentedly.

"Marry come up: did you think she would?" rejoined the apprentice. "Honest men are not so fond of exposing their wives with their merchandize; but here is the master to speak for himself."

Here the page put on all his airs and graces, which had been naturally laid aside, while he conversed with that frank-hearted boy, and, walking forward on the points of his toes, he advanced to meet William Shore.

"Master Shore, I bring you the great honor of an order from his majesty, the king."

Here the page made a full stop, and waited for the burst of grateful astonishment which this announcement was, in his estimation, sure to produce. But William Shore evinced no remarkable excitement. He scanned the gorgeous creature before him with his calm, deep eyes, and smiled faintly, as if the scrutiny had kindled a gleam of ridicule in his mind.

"What among my poor possessions has been fortunate enough to fix his majesty's fancy?" he questioned, in his low, even voice.

"Marry, it has reached the king's ears that your wareroom boasts a coronet of emeralds, with diamond pendants, that once belonged to the crown. This coronet is all that is wanting to complete a full set of those lustrous stones, which her majesty prizes above all her jewels. If the price be not ruinous, your jewels will find a thriving market at the court. This much I was told to say."

Shore's face brightened, for the sale of these jewels was of great moment to him.

"The emeralds are not mine," he said, "or, at least, not wholly so; but were, in part, sent to me from France on commission; for, in truth, the gems are far too costly for any but a crowned head. I will take them to the palace at once."

"Not so fast—not so fast, my good friend," cried the page. "Her majesty, the queen, has a horror of strange men in her cabinet; thou wouldst not be admitted, though a mountain of jewels bore thee company. Nay, nay; if thou hast any womankind about thy booth, send her, for the queen will see no other, I promise, on the word of a gentleman of his majesty's chamber."

"But I have no one to send," answered Shore.

"No one? Oh, fie, fie! may I never dance a galliard with fair lady again, if I did not see a woman's garments flutter by yon door."

"But it was my wife, young sir."

"Ay, truly. Who so fit to bear the jewels to the queen? It was the special command of her grace that some trustworthy person of her own sex should alone undertake this commission."

"But my young dame is a stranger to the court."

"So much the more reason that her ignorance should be enlightened."

"She would not know how to approach the queen."

"Indeed, indeed, but I would, though!" exclaimed a sweet voice from the work-shop. "Many and many a time have I practiced the step with which I would approach her grace. Ah, William, let me go!"

"Foolish child! so thou hast been listening," said Shore, smiling softly upon the beautiful woman, who stole toward him with a look so imploring that he had no heart to resist her.

"Nay, I could not choose but hear. Say now, shall I go forthwith to the Tower? No one of all your people shall make so close a bargain as I will."

"Be it so then; as her grace will have no other but a woman to wait on her, I know of none more fit—so don thy hood and wimple, while I summon two of the men to walk behind and be thy escort. If thou visit the court, Jane, it must be with fitting ceremony."

"Marry come up," whispered the page to himself, "I begin to see why his majesty was so positive regarding his messenger. Never, in court or castle, has these eyes dwelt on a face like that."

"Shall I don the dress of blue taffety, with the jennet fur?" inquired Jane, of her husband, blushing scarlet at the grandeur of her suggestion.

"Even as ye will, dame; only keep thy hood down close while crossing the palace gardens," was the cautious answer.

"Indeed, I will. No one shall have it to say that the goldsmith's wife is over bold, though she is invited to court."

Away went the delighted woman all in a glow of pleasure—the dream of her life was near its accomplishment. She would see the court—perhaps speak with the king again. What if he should look down upon her with those blue eyes, sparkling with smiles, and say once more how beautiful she was? What would her husband think if he knew of that? Had she been foolish enough to tell him, that glorious visit to royalty would never have been permitted to her. So, panting with delight, and blushing like a damask rose, as she caught a shy glance of her own loveliness in the glass, the happy young creature arrayed herself for ruin.

When satisfied that his royal master's orders would be obeyed, the page went forth to mount his horse, and after him followed the apprentice, half in boyish ridicule, half in admiration.

"Hold my stirrup, boy," commanded the exquisite, as the broad, silver stirrup swayed away from the pointed shoe languidly lifted toward it. "See you not my two servitors are already mounted?"

"Nay, if ye wish, I will place thee on the saddle with a toss of my hand," replied the lad, scornfully.

"Will ye, sirrah?" cried the page, stung into manliness by the taunt; and with a leap he sprang to the saddle, wheeled his horse suddenly round, and struck the apprentice a light blow across the face with his riding-whip.

The lad clenched his hand fiercely, and dashed toward the horse with his face in a blaze.

The page burst into a laugh at this exhibition of futile rage, and dashed away, casting glances of mocking defiance over his shoulder.

"We shall meet again," muttered the lad, fiercely, as the exquisite disappeared down the street. "When the king wants men for his train-bands, he does not send such popinjays as that. But the time is coming when a man will be a man, though his jerkin be of fustian. Would that I could meet you, jashawk, in the open field, I would soon repay this tingle of his whip with a broken head."

"So the gallant gave thee blows, and us silver groats—which, think ye, had the best of the bargain?" cried one of the apprentices, who had witnessed the scene, while the rest looked on and laughed.

"I, surely, for ye can never repay the money; but I, having a quick wit and a strong arm, will yet give him blow for blow, and taunt for taunt."

The lad was interrupted by William Shore, who beckoned him into the wareroom.

"Thou art sharp of wit and hast courage," said the goldsmith, anxiously; "but hast thou ever been at the Tower when the court filled it?"

"Ay, marry have I, as you may well remember. When my Lord of Hastings sent his signet ring to be reset, was it not I who took it to him?"

"Then thou knowest the way?"

"Trust Philip Gage for knowing all the ins and outs of a place that he has once seen," answered the lad, confidently.

"That is well. I want a trusty person to go with my wife to the palace; two stalwart men from my workshop will guard her well on the way; but it must be thy business to guide her through the Tower, and bring her safely back to the boat in which she will go down the Thames. Wilt thou undertake the trust, boy?"

"Indeed, will I. It is but asking if a holiday would be a pleasant thing. Trust me, Mistress Shore shall find her way through all the windings of the court, as if she were treading a flower-garden; just now the fat caps of the city have some favor at the Tower."

"That is well. Now hie thee in and don thy best holiday suit."

"That will I, with the new cloth cap, which might be curved up a little at the sides with advantage."

"As thou wilt—as thou wilt; but be in haste."

"No lapwing ever went swifter!" exclaimed the lad; and away he flew, forgetful of the blow which had stung his pride, and everything else in the thought of the pleasure before him.

A little while after this, Jane Shore went forth from her home, clad in the blue silk, with

a wimple of the same color drawn demurely over her head; but the rose-tinted silk which lined its hood gave a richer bloom to her cheeks; and her eyes shone and danced with happiness as periwinkles brighten under the morning dew.

The happy dame talked cordially with Philip Gage, who kept close to her side, with a new cloth cap balanced jauntily on his head, and his cloth doublet doing honor to as fine a figure as could be found in court or city.

"This way, Mistress Shore—this way. We will take the river stairs and have a look at the boats before making choice. What say you to three pair of oars? It would be doing honor to the city, and have an imposing effect."

"Yes, yes," said Jane, as she tripped pleasantly along, lifting her dress from the street just far enough to reveal a trim ankle, and the clocks on her white hose embroidered with gold thread. "Let us have at least three pair of oars and crimson cushions. What if they should mistake me for a court lady, Philip, and you for my page? Marry, boy, but thy hair curls right daintily; methinks thou might pass without question. It were only to put on a bold front—"

"Oh, I can do that!" exclaimed the lad.

"And call me madam?"

"That, too, were easy; and, by my joy! seems but natural."

"And walk a pace or two behind me," continued Jane, blushing a little at the suggestion.

"Nay, that last needs consideration," responded Philip, taken somewhat aback. "It might be considered a slight to the city, and as if— But we can think of it on the way; the city dames have a dignity of their own, and so have the crafts by which men earn their bread. We must not be ashamed of seeming what we are, remember. Still I promise to consider of it."

By this time the city dame had reached the river stairs, and stood side-by-side with Philip, examining the boats that were clamorously offered for her use. She saw none furnished with crimson cushions, and, somewhat disappointed in her ideas of state, was obliged to content herself with torn seats and six sturdy oarsmen, who promised to send her down the river at the speed of a bird's flight.

Many a time had Jane Shore been pleasuring to Greenwich, and other places on the river; but never in her life had she stepped into a boat with a step so light, or a heart that swelled so proudly. It was a lovely day; the sunshine fell warm and sparkling on the waters; the trees and shrubbery on the river's brink were just bursting into full leaf, and the bland, sweet air,

was like that of a southern clime, when orange-trees are in blossom. A rich sense of happiness swelled that young bosom as the woman gazed around her, with a sense that everything her eye dwelt upon was lovely—but that she was most beautiful of all. Had not the king himself told her so, whispering the sweet truth so close to her ear that she could almost feel his breath on her cheek then. Philip Gage sat by her side a little crest-fallen and moody. He was not well pleased at the idea of acting the part of a menial to Mistress Shore, comely as she was—so he looked discontentedly from the bright waves that rippled around him, to the rich leafiness of the shore, revolving this question in his mind with some better feeling. At last Jane spoke to him, out of the fullness of her thoughts,

"Hast thou ever seen the king, Philip."

"Ay, marry have I, more than once. He and Warwick rode through the city when the stout earl went to France about wedding the king's sister to some Frenchman—and I had a good look at them both. Gramercy, but Warwick—God assoil him!—was a wonderful man, and seemed far meetier for king than Edward of York."

"Nay, boy, that were impossible," cried Jane, kindling up almost angrily; "there is not on the broad earth a kinglier presence, or a face like his."

"To my seeming, he doth not compare with the great earl who is slain," persisted Philip.

"Nay, thou art willfully perverse," answered Jane; and, with a child-like pout of her red lips, she turned away from him.

At last they came within sight of the Tower; and at the first sight of the royal residence, with the broad banner of England streaming over it, both Jane and her companion forgot all subjects of dispute. It was, indeed, a noble sight—that palace and prison, linked together by battlements and towers of solid stone. The glorious sunshine, which fell upon it, seemed to scatter richer light on the palace, and leave the prison in more profound gloom. A fleet of boats lay moored near the Tower-stairs, with pennants flowing to the wind, and canopies drinking up the sunshine like blossoming flower-beds. On the battlements lords and ladies were walking to and fro, lured into the open air by the sunshine, which gleamed on the velvet and cloth of gold in which they were arrayed, like absolute flame. Up and down these ramparts sentries marched with slow monotonous vigilance, while companies of archers and arquebusiers were seen defiling in the open grounds, and yeomen of the guards, menhemen, and servitors, moved

to and fro in the outer woods, giving an air of active life to the grim walls, which partook both of war and revelry.

When the boat which had conveyed her reached the gate of St. Thomas, Jane Shore was so overcome with the power and grandeur of that stately mass of buildings, that all her animation fled, and, with child-like dependence, she besought Philip to keep close to her side, thus relieving the boy of the unpleasant decision he had resolved to proclaim.

They found no obstruction either at the gate or in the ward; still Jane was struck with new terrors at every step. She passed groups of richly arrayed ladies and court gallants, whose laughter in that place filled her with dismay. She felt like a beggar among them. The dress which had appeared so far above her deserts that morning, seemed poverty-stricken when contrasted with the cloth of gold, pearl-sprinkled damask, and glowing velvet, which was the ordinary garb of that place.

But the lad, Philip, adapted himself well to the occasion, and walked the greensward of the royal garden with the easy assurance of a deer-stalker in his native forest. After delivering the pass of entrance forwarded by the page, he made his way toward the royal apartments with only a chance inquiry, now and then, which occasioned little comment, especially as Jane kept her promise, and drew the wimple so closely over the loveliness of her face, that it was scarcely remarked.

At last the dame and her sharp-witted guide reached an ante-room, which led to the queen's private apartments; and Jane stood there trembling and sadly afraid, while a page in waiting went in to learn the royal pleasure regarding her.

"Would," she whispered to Philip, "that I had never thought of undertaking this errand. Who would have believed that the Tower spread over so much ground, or held so many people. I thought the king——"

She broke off with a quick breath—for the page came into the ante-room again, and was looking for her.

"Her grace will see you, dame," he said, with some show of consideration. "She is alone with the young princess."

Jane stepped forward, her face turning white as snow; but, under the rose-tinted lining, beaming out all the more lovely for that. Philip followed her without invitation, but also without hindrance; and directly those two city-bred people stood in the presence of Elizabeth Woodville. The queen, then in the wane of her sin-

gular beauty, was kneeling by a hassock of purple silk, decorated with flowers of gold, on which a pretty infant, but a few months, old was lying, with its hands and feet in the air, crowing sweetly under its mother's caresses.

The queen wore a lofty head-dress, which had been surrounded by a light diadem of jewels; but the mischievous hands of the child had torn it from her brow, and attempted to thrust it into his mouth; but finding the jewels cold, let it fall to the floor, where it lay by the hassock, breaking up a gleam of sunshine that shone across it into a thousand tiny rainbows. With her soft, yellow hair loosened and falling like a veil over the stripes of her tunic, the blue and gold of which harmonized with the delicacy of her complexion.

There was a great deal of womanliness, but little of royal dignity in Elizabeth when she stood up to receive the two persons who stood gazing upon her with breathless wonder; for, in all their imaginings, they had never pictured the Queen of England as the leading feature of a domestic scene like this.

She had lifted the child from his hassock and held him to her bosom, holding fast the tiny hands, that, not yet tired of play, had fastened themselves in the shining waves of her hair.

"So ye have brought the emeralds his majesty fancied so much," said Elizabeth, surrendering her bright tresses to the child, with a smile that flitted over her face without disturbing the Grecian regularity of its features. "Let me look at them."

Jane took a casket of tinted leather from her gipshire, and, opening it, revealed the chain of great lustrous emeralds coiled up on its cushion of scarlet silk.

"Certes, his highness has not overpraised them," cried Elizabeth, surrendering the child to an attendant, and giving herself up to intense admiration of the jewels. "Green as the leaves of summer, and bright as stars. Ah! my pretty youngster, but for thee his highness might never have thought of so brave a gift—it is a beautiful atonement by thy humble birth in sanctuary."

As she spoke, the royal lady unwound the coronet from its cushion, and shook the gems up and down before the babe, tantalizing his eager hands and restless blue eyes. Then she spoke to the city dame, who, for the moment, had been forgotten.

"They please me even better than I expected—leave them."

Jane turned to go away without having said a word about the price of her emeralds. Indeed, she had forgotten that part of her mission entirely—Philip gave a jerk at her robe.

"But the gold—the order for payment on the royal treasury!" he whispered.

Jane turned suddenly, her whimple fell back, and she stood blushing with embarrassment near the queen.

Elizabeth spoke, recognizing Jane's presence, but without looking directly at her, for she was still too pleasantly occupied with the jewels.

"With regard to the price," she said, "his highness wished to settle that himself. He is now in his cabinet—my page shall take you there!"

"What, to the king?" exclaimed Jane, in a tone that arrested the queen's attention at once, and she looked, for the first time, directly in the woman's face. For some seconds she gazed steadily into those lovely features. Then her scrutiny subsided into a faint, unpleasant smile, and a sidelong glance, half sinister, half scornful.

"Thy business here is ended," she said, with the smile still on her lip. "What follows is for his highness, the king!"

The queen touched a bell that stood on the table near by, and gave some orders in a low voice to the page who obeyed the summons.

Jane and Philip obeyed a signal given by the page, and followed him into the ante-room.

"Rest thou here!" said the youth, addressing Philip; "the dame will follow me."

Before Philip could answer, Jane Shore disappeared down a neighboring corridor, following the page.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE PAST.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

"The Past is past!" the hopes, the joys, the sorrows,
Are lost to us by "Time's all-severing wave."
The doubts, the fears, the dreams of bright to-morrows,
Are scattered wide in one far-reaching grave.

"The Past is past!" 'tis gone from us forever!
Regrets and tears we find alike are vain.
What Fate decrees, no mortal power can sever;
The treasure lost can ne'er be ours again.

A WOMAN'S FAME.

BY EMILIE LESTER LEIGH.

"PLEASE, mamma, set supper, now," pleaded little Winnie Vaughn, standing at her mother's knees, in their one poor little room.

Clare Vaughn—private Vaughn's wife, and he was killed in the glorious old Sixth—held her pen still for a moment over the written sheet, and with her left hand smoothed her little girl's tumbled hair. "Wait a moment, pet, until Johnny comes," she said, encouragingly.

"Yes, mamma, I'll wait," was the brave reply; and the lip, put up grievingly, smiled back into the mother's face, and then Winnie went to the window, and tried to make her fingers keep pace with the rain-drops running down the pane.

Clare Vaughn wrote on rapidly, with a nervous haste and energy. She was only copying manuscript, and need not think at all. It was this mechanical part of her business that wearied her. She had time to remember then that winter was coming, and the children would need so many things—so many more than she would have money to buy! It was an ever recurring problem—this struggle for bread.

Swimming for life—working for bread! Love, joy, peace, all that makes life for the happy—what is it to us, who are grappling for bread? We are weary—rest means hunger and cold! We are faint—food for us means famine for the little mouths we covered in kisses in the purity of babyhood. It would be so easy to die! Only it would be terrible to leave them alone in the battle.

Other people—gay, happy people, warmed, and fed, and clothed—pass us in the street; but there is a wide gulf fixed between us. They know nothing, they care nothing for our brave battling with its bitter waters. It is as if the rising wave, the terrible wave of gold, that is carrying us to death, lifted them into the blessed light and air it is shutting out from us.

At last Clare's work was finished. With a long sigh of intense relief, she shut the old book that served the purpose of a portfolio, and lifted a leaf of the table that was her only writing-desk. Little Winnie's face was pressed close against the window-pane, for the twilight of the rainy day deepened fast into gloom.

"See, mamma!" she cried, at last, with childish triumph, "Johnny is coming under an

umbrella—somebody lets him—now he is opening the gate. Oh! I love somebody—the kind gentleman with the umbrella!"

Johnny Vaughn did not come up the stairs like other boys. He had learned to walk quietly, as people walk who are in earnest, and have no time to waste. He opened the door softly, not to disturb "mother." Children learn such things when toil is the teacher.

"I'm so glad mother finished early. Aren't you, Winnie?" he said, standing by the fire, with his arm over Winnie's shoulders, "the evenings seem so long when she keeps on writing and writing!"

"It was so long—you don't know how long, Johnny! And it's long every day; and so still! Only mother's pen, in the whole room, to make a noise. But it's supper-time now," and Winnie's sigh was as full of relief as her mother's had been.

It was such a simple supper; only baked apples and some slices of bread. No king's supper was eaten with such relish. After the three plates were washed, and put away in the closet over the mantle, the mending basket found a place on the table. Winnie's little garments were carefully looked over, and made whole by the tired, patient fingers. It would be a rest, indeed, to fold her hands for one evening. But little Winnie, the pet and pride of the household, must not be clothed in rags.

The children had so many little things to say to each other; Winnie had seen a span of such nice, black horses go by that day; and one of the scholars gave Johnny half a peach—half of a whole peach! And then that wonderful walk under the umbrella. It was a pleasant time, that, after-supper hour. Then Winnie's golden lashes drooped heavily, and the children said, "Our Father," at their mother's knees, and nestled down to sleep on the same pillow. After that, Johnny's jacket must be carefully seamed; her boy must go among the other children at school neatly clad. It was growing near midnight when Clare's aching eyes closed in sleep.

In the morning, when the sunshine waked the children, breakfast was ready. It was only to replace the fragments of supper on the table,

and Clare was sitting there writing already. Daylight was cheaper than candle-light—God's daylight!—and no moment of it was wasted in the pale widow's room. It was October now; the apples could not hold out much longer; then there would be need of more bread. The warm noons would be over soon, and there must be a fire kept through the day. It was cold now, in the mornings, for Johnny's bare, brown feet.

It was a desperate struggle. If their need had been less, Clare's energy would have flagged, perhaps. Swimmers for life do not slacken their efforts, even after they feel that they are vain. Thus Clare's thoughts, under the whip and spur of necessity, grew into bright, pleasant pages, such as her life-history might have been under happier circumstances.

People read them everywhere; people who wore soft, warm garments, and slept until sunrise; and her strong, earnest words went into humble homes, where other women and men earned their daily bread, and inspired them with something of Clare's courage and patience. Little of this Clare knew; or cared to know, so long as her writing made their bread sure.

Every day there was the long walk to the post-office—rents were lower out of the village—and Clare would not send her boy out into the temptations laid in the streets. People at the windows saw her pass, and wondered, at first, how she could find time to walk every day. But after a while it became something, of course, and nobody wondered. That walk was worth everything to Clare Vaughn. It kept her from growing white and worn. The fresh air and sunlight is free to all God's children alike, and they have a wonderful influence in keeping us young and vigorous. Shut in from the out-door loveliness, and the blessed ministry of light and air, she might have been misanthropic and gloomy; but now her written thoughts were full of buoyancy and faith in the All-Father's love.

Clare Vaughn grew famous without knowing it. She had not even wished for fame. After awhile, she became something more than famous; she was almost rich. Her long toil had brought its reward at last—fame and wealth. To another woman it might have been a triumph. To her it was bread enough for her two children, warm garments, and a winter's fire. It was everything to be rich; it was nothing to be famous.

Sometimes, in the twilight, she sits dreaming of a nameless grave in Virginia. What is fame to a woman who remembers a far-away grave that has widowed her life? What is it worth to her that her name is a household word over the land, when the lips that ever breathed it, tenderly and reverently, are covered with grave-mould?

A woman's fame! Poor Clare! If she had been happier, she would never have been famous. Other women, happy women, who have dear homes guarded from care and sorrow, never have time to think out thoughts that appeal to human hearts, and give them form in brave, cheerful words. Their lives are too full of sunshine; too full of little daily joys to learn that true sympathy with human life which gives power to words to thrill and move human souls.

Poor Clare! She will not forget that there are other toilers, patient earners of bread, whose reward will come only in that other life, where "God shall wipe all tears from their eyes." She will not forget. The heart that is taught of suffering is well taught; from bruised hearts ever flow a tide of warm sympathy into all other lives. There is a blessedness beyond all other bliss; a place that passeth understanding, and it cometh to us when our high-built hopes have fallen so low that we can see clearly the Hand that blasts our Eden only to lead us upward, where we shall find our beloved by the river of life, crowned with immortal bloom.

And when we awake, we shall be satisfied!

"OVER THE RIVER."

BY LIZZIE PUTNAM.

I caught a radiant glimpse, last night,
Of the golden city out of sight,
Throned on the purple hills of light—
Over the river.

I saw the young-eyed cherubim;
I saw the smiling seraphim;
And I heard them chant their vesper hymn—
Over the river.

And there saw I that martyr-band,
Who, in all ages, great and grand,

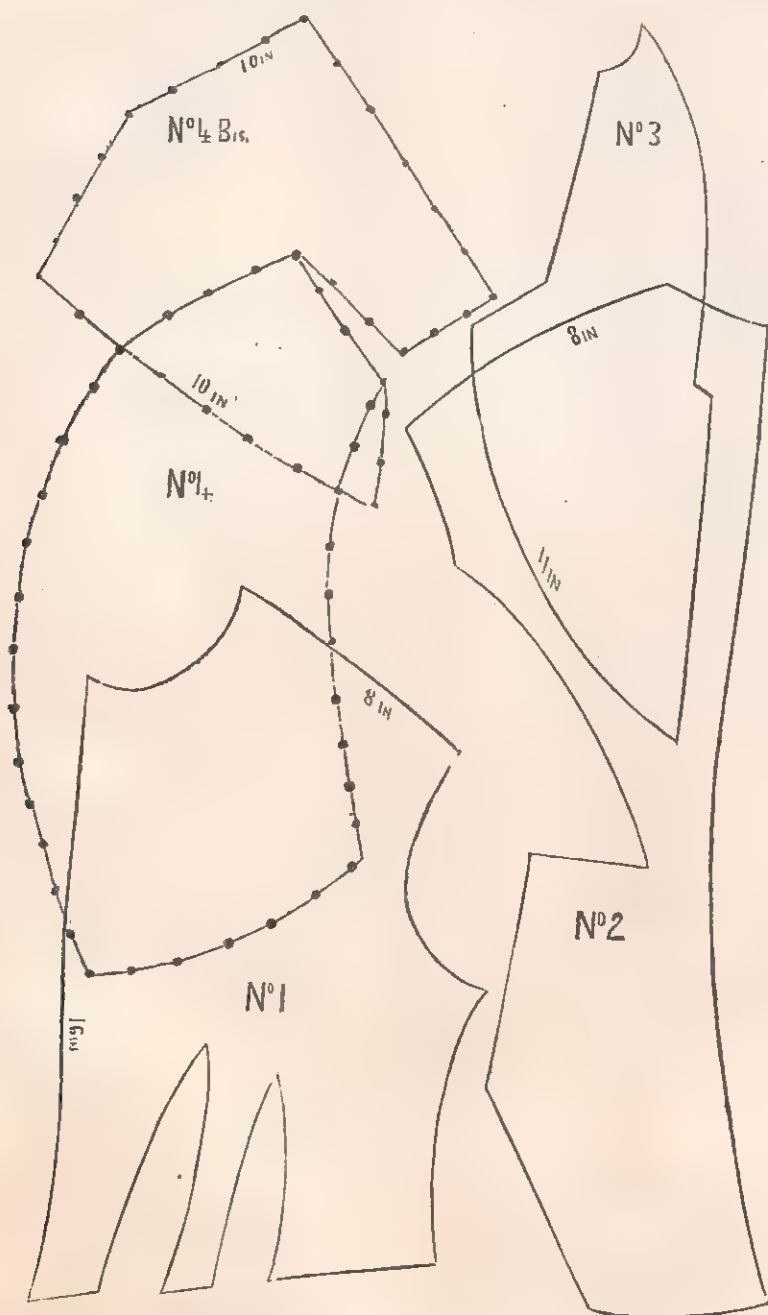
Have perished for their native land—
Over the river.

There, phalanx'd 'mid the sons of light,
In snowy uniform of white,
They stood in armor dazzling bright—
Over the river.

There lotus groves give weary rest;
There isles of balm soothe the distress;
There groves of spice breathe o'er the blest—
Over the river.

DIAGRAM OF WHITE SILK COAT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



In the steel fashion-plate, this month, is a { affair, and particularly appropriate for this pattern of a White Silk Coat, a very beautiful { season of the year. On this account, we give

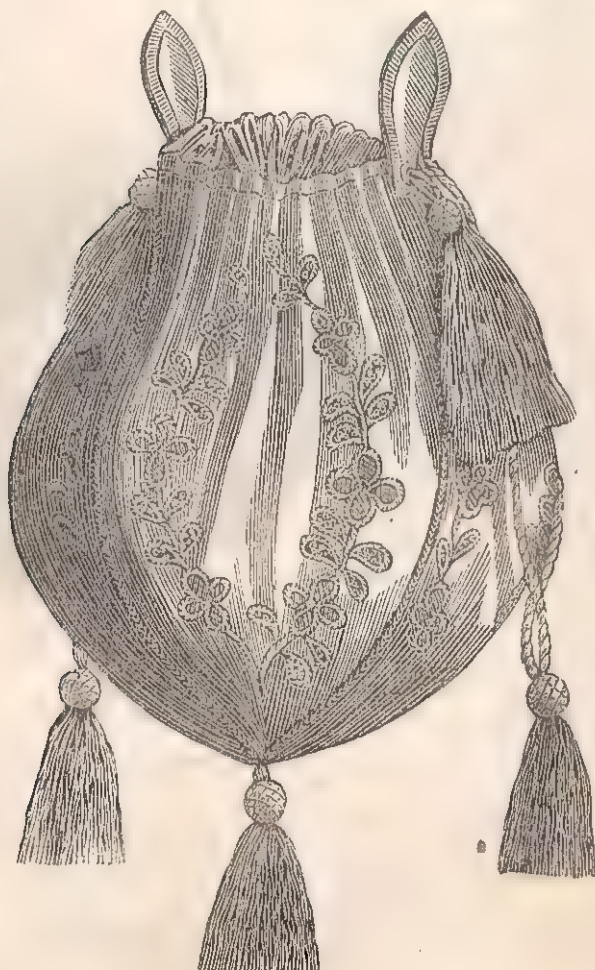
here diagrams, by which it may be cut out without the aid of a mantua-maker.

The Coat, it will be seen, has colored silk bias-pieces covered by black guipure, is plain and high, and has buttons straight down the fronts. The two long tails are separated behind; they form part of the body as in a man's coat. A silk bias-piece, from an inch to an inch and a half wide, begins from the front

forming a small lappet, and borders two pointed lappets, which begin at the side-piece and fall by the side of the long tails. The sleeve is half-fitting. On the top, over the sleeve-hole, there is a long detached jockey, which forms a point before and behind. A bias-piece goes round the bottom and runs up underneath. The skirt is of silk, bordered by a colored bias-piece covered with black guipure laid on even.

TOBACCO-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This bag may be made of velvet, silk, cloth, or cashmere. The section is one-fourth of the bag in its full size. The flowers and leaves are in application edged with braid, and the leaves are dotted with beads. Braid may be put on to cover each seam of

the sections; one of which (full-size) is given in the front of the number.

The bag is usually lined with wash-leather or kid, and rings are sewn inside to pass the cord through. Small silk cord and tassels are used,

or gold, if preferred. A very pretty bag may be made with a scarlet cloth, black velvet application, gold beads, braid, cord, and tassels. This is a very suitable birthday gift to a gentleman.

ROUND PURSE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS little purse, though exceedingly pretty, is very simple in construction. In Paris, it has been frequently made for a wedding present, in white crochet silk, with silver beads and clasp.

It is begun in the middle with three chain stitches fastened together. Three rounds are worked without beads. The center should form a star of eleven branches. The sixteenth and last round of the star should have fifty-six stitches. Then the little metal rings, which are used for slides of bags, etc., cover by crocheting over, without breaking the silk, between the rings. Sew the rings on the wrong side to the star. Commence on the outside, and work three stitches with a bead on each into the rings, and six chain between each will be found sufficient, if the rings are the same size as in the pattern. Work a round with a bead on each stitch. For the edge, 1 treble, 4 chain, miss 2, 1 treble, 1 chain, miss 1, 1 treble, repeat. Second round: 7 treble in each opening of the 4 chains, and 1 double between opening of the 4 chains, 1 double in the opening of the 1 chain. Last round: single into every stitch, with a bead on each stitch. The purse may be lined or not, with taffetas.



PANSY AND NARCISSUS LAMP-MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give the three engravings necessary to understand this pretty bit of work. The mat may be made of whatever size required, as an additional number of leaves and flowers are easily added for the border. A round of pasteboard must be cut and covered with either velvet, cashmere, Berlin work, or crochet, according to the taste of the maker.

A fringe of shaded wool is put around the

edges to fill in the interstices of flowers and leaves. The narcissus is made in white wool with a yellow center, and the four little dots in red. The upper petals of the pansy or heart's-ease are of violet, and the three lower ones of orange. The stripes and center are violet. The petals are begun in the middle. For the two large violet petals, commence with a chain of ten stitches; work round this chain with double, except at the top of the second row of double,

which must be worked with three treble. The second double row is worked over fine wire. The narcissus also has wire at the edge.

The separate engravings of the flowers show so plainly to persons who understand crochet, how they should be worked, that no further directions are necessary. The stalks should have green wool twisted on neatly over the wire. The leaves are formed by twisting wire into the shape and size desired. The mat will look richer if the leaves are made in chenille. Work chenille loosely over the wire, thread a wool needle with it, and work alternately from

side to side of the leaf, or substitute wool, and work in the same way.

A more simple way still of forming the edge is, instead of leaves, to get some green wool. Knit it rather tightly on coarse steel pins. Choose an ingrain color. Remove the pins, damp the knitting a little, and dry it slowly; but be sure it is perfectly dry. Then pull out the knitting, and a pretty moss-like trimming will remain, which sew round your mat, and arrange the flowers at intervals, sewing them firmly down by the stalks; the flowers should be the exact size shown in the engraving.

HEART PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



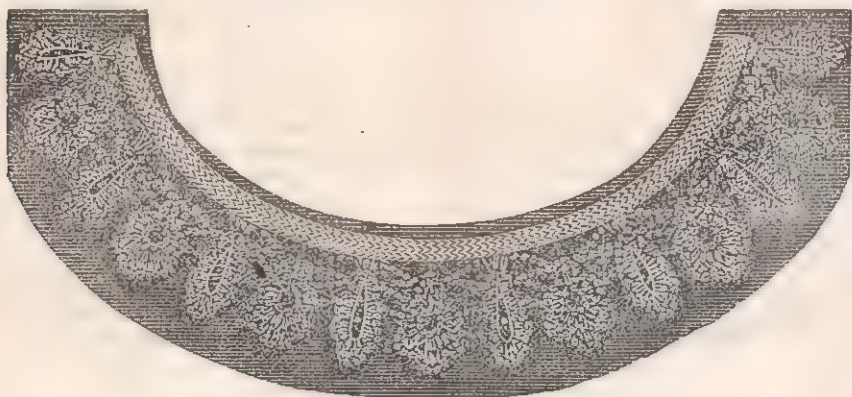
THIS charming little affair is made of black, white glass and chalk beads. The star, in the or colored velvet, and is embroidered with center, can be worked from the design.

CROCHET COLLAR.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—Boar's-head cotton, No. 50, and all along the chain, turn, work single stitches Penelope hook, No. 4. three times along the dc and commence.

Make a chain of 130 stitches; double crochet FOR LEAF.—15 ch, turn, 1 dc into 4th ch, 3



ch, and 1 dc into next 4 ch, 3 ch, and 1 dc into next 4 ch, 3 ch, and 1 dc into the next 4 ch, 1 sc on last of ch, 5 dc into each of the 3 ch, and 1 sc on each of the dc of last row. Repeat all round, work 6 sc on the foundation.

FOR FLOWER.—16 ch, join into the 6th, and for calyx 6 dc and 1 sc, 1 ch to cross, repeat, 1 sc and 6 dc on the other side, 2 sc and 5 ch and 2 sc, 5 times in the round loop, turn, work 5 dc

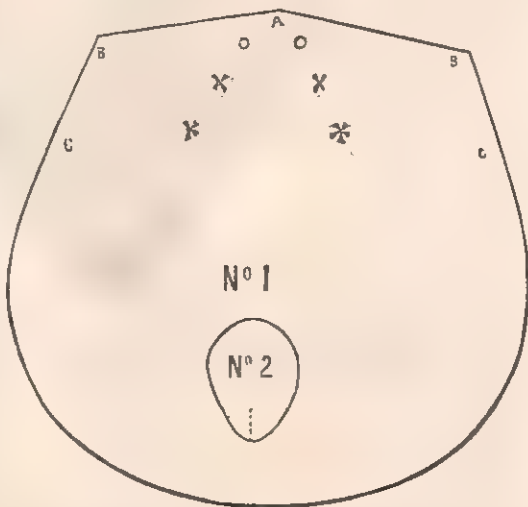
into the 5 ch, 1 sc into the 2 single stitches; repeat the 5 dc and 1 sc all round, work single stitches down one side, 5 ch, and join to one scallop of leaf, 5 ch, join to top of calyx of flower 5 ch, join to second scallop of leaf; fasten off, and commence again at bottom for the 2nd leaf.

Repeat leaf and flower till the collar is large enough.

MOUSE PEN-WIPER

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THIS funny little affair may be made thus: Take a piece of gray cloth, the wrong side of which will represent the mouse's skin. Cut a piece to the shape of diagram No. 1, and two pieces size and shape of No. 2. The latter will be for the ears, and should be cut without allowing for seams. In piece No. 1 a seam should be allowed for, on the side marked *a*. Fold the piece allowed for the seam, put the points *b* and *b* together, sew from *a* round to *c*. Then sew it together all round, making a small plait at every half-inch; leave a small space to fill it up with wadding, and shape the body like a mouse. Make the underpart a little flat, so as to be able to fasten the mouse to the Pen-Wiper.



The ears should be folded a little, as dotted line in No. 2, fasten them at the places marked by a star in diagram No. 1, and by drawing the thread through the head from * to *, the hollow of the head is formed. For the eyes, two black beads are to be put on the places marked with

a cross. Pass some stiff thread through the tail. Fasten the mouse on the Pen-Wiper, which snout for whisker, and crochet a cord for the } may be made of black and scarlet cloth.



ZEPHYR SHAWL IN CROCHET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a pattern, particularly suitable for this season of the year. printed in colors, of a Zephyr Shawl in crochet. Any further description is unnecessary. The design is chaste and classic, and the shawl

NAMES FOR MARKING.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE DRESSES OF QUEENS?—When Queen Elizabeth died, she left, it is said, a thousand and more dresses. Modern queens are more practical, for they dispose of their dresses in their lifetime. Eugenie, who sets the fashions for the civilized world, has a sale of her cast-off-dresses every year; and as she rarely wears a dress twice, the number sold is always very great. A Paris letter writer gives a graphic account of the sale just terminated. He says that "the custom was established by the royal ladies of the Tuileries long before the great Revolution, acceded to by the Empress Josephine, continued under the Restoration, maintained by the princesses of the House of Orleans, and kept up with great spirit under the present reign. A long gallery which runs along the basement story of the palace, looking into the garden just opposite the Prince Imperial's winter walk, is fitted up from one end to the other with oak wardrobes. This is called the *de froque* of the palace. It is here that the refuse dresses and the cast-off apparel of the royal and imperial ladies, who have succeeded each other for the last hundred years in their occupation of the Tuileries, are invariably borne when rejected from the floor above. These wardrobe cupboards, numerous and extensive as they are, get generally well filled during the year, and when the four seasons are considered thoroughly over, a sale is made of the whole, where every article is priced beforehand, and visitors are admitted to view and purchase, without the observance of further ceremony than the presentation of an invitation card from one of her majesty's attendants, to whom the privilege of granting them belongs. The sale is called in the present day the 'Retour de Compiègne,' but has been known under other appellations during former reigns—'Sacrifice de Fontainebleau,' 'Caprices de St. Cloud,' 'Joues de la Malmaison'—according to the place whence the court returned to spend the winter in Paris, and which has varied with every sovereign. The sale of the regal wardrobe of the Tuileries is conducted on the strictest principle of equity. The shutters of the long gallery are closed, and it is lighted up from one end to the other by lamps and candelabra, so that the light is stronger than it would be were daylight admitted, as the ceiling is low and the windows sunk deep into the wall. Every article is ticketed, and, of course, no deviation from the original decision can possibly be allowed. A long line of stretchers are placed all down the middle of the gallery, the doors of the wardrobes on either side are flung open, and the visitor, walking slowly down on one side and returning by the other, makes choice of what may suit her taste, and inscribing the number it bears upon a card, hands the latter to the attendant in waiting at the door and departs. The stretchers are occupied by the shawls and mantles, the wardrobes by the dresses, the shelves by the under linen, while a sort of counter at the further end of the gallery is filled with the *chumpignons*, on which are exhibited the bonnets and head-dresses. The white satin dress, most splendidly embroidered in silver, with the tunic of *bouillon* gauze and the silver *mouches*, confined by bands of ponceau velvet, in which her majesty went to the opera with the King Consort of Spain, was not quoted higher than the nankeen-colored dress and jacket, braided in green, which was recognized as the uniform invented by the Empress for the drives at Fontainebleau. To be sure, the buttons were of malachite, and set in gold, but the material of the dress could scarcely be considered as bearing any value whatever. The shawls were principally of French manu-

facture, and mostly for summer wear; the cloaks and mantles, deprived of their lace or fur, unattractive. The utmost exaggeration seems to exist in the prices put upon the bonnets. In the first place, the article itself is out of fashion almost as soon as seen; in the next, it possesses no resource whatever; and, above all, it is liable to far greater deterioration than the dress. The habit of leaning back in the carriage, which has become so general, destroys the bonnet immediately, and renders it shabby in form, even while still bright and fresh in color. The proceeds of the sale are given ostensibly to the poor; but the things are generally bought up by the valets and women of the wardrobe, who dispose of what remains unsold to the great dealers in Paris, who again sell them to their customers at immense prices."

We think this custom might be imitated to advantage in our own fashionable world. We have heard, that, after the season at Newport and Saratoga is over, certain olive-complexioned, hook-nosed women may be seen coming out of brown-stone houses on the Fifth Avenue, or Walnut street, loaded down with second-hand dresses, and that, very soon after, the fair owners of these mansions are observed entering their carriages and driving to Stewart's, or Hatfield's, Dedam's, or Russell's, bearing "shekels of silver," with which to replenish the finery they have sold. Would it not be better, since the thing is to be done, to do it in the frank and dashing way of the Empress? Only, instead of one lady doing it, two or three dozen ought to join, in order to give more *clat* to the affair; and the articles ought to be sold at public outcry, or auction, or, as they say in some country places, at *vandevs*. How charming it would be, instead of the artists' sales of pictures, now so fashionable, to have a succession of Flora M'Flimsey auctions, where the idle dears might dawdle away their mornings. "Here goes the last ball-dress of Miss Shoddy," would cry the auctioneer, "which she wore at the Bachelor's Ball at Newport—who bids?" "Or how much for this lovely breakfast-dress which Mrs. Coal-Oil had at Saratoga?" Let us have the *vandevs* by all means.

RAIN-DROPS are the latest novelties in Paris for the ornamentation of ball and other evening dresses. These artificial rain-drops have this advantage over other trimmings: they are exceedingly light. They consist of small balls of glass, each of which is attached to a miniature gilt link; by this means they are sewn to the dress. Sometimes the berthe is edged round with rain-drops, at other times rain-drops are used for separating the puffings, which cover a tulle skirt. On evening head-dresses they are found extremely useful, and we hear many spring bonnets are to be decorated with them.

FORMERLY, black or dark-colored silk was considered quite suitable for a small evening party, so that it was made with a low body. This is no longer the case; black or dark-colored silks are now looked upon as suitable for morning wear only, and light-colors are indispensable for an evening dress. The new silks are extremely pretty; many have fine-colored stripes over a white ground; sea-green, Mexican blue, mauve, or rose-color over white looks exceedingly well.

BLACK VELVET DOTTED with steel is the most effective and brilliant at candle-light. Bands of velvet, sparkling with steel, are arranged upon the front breadth of the skirt *en tablier*; likewise several bands are so placed as to simulate a succession of skirts, one at the top of the other. This style is repeated in jet for mourning.

HAIR-DRESSING is becoming a wonderful art. A Paris letter says:—"There is great variety in the style of dressing the hair this winter. The last guests at Compiègne, and the leaders of fashion who have appeared at the opera since the return of the court to Compiègne, wear the hair parted at the side and rolled straight back from the forehead: a rose, a small bouquet, or a tiny bow of ribbon, is fastened at the point where the parting commences, and where the rolls divide. Marie Antoinette is the name given to this arrangement. There is a mass of small curls at the summit of the head, and these fall over the back hair. A ladder of curls falls at the side; the first is short, the second longer, and the third falls on the shoulder. Plaits appear to be taking the place of the large cushions, which have been worn at the back of the head during the two last seasons, and the hair is worn altogether higher. Birds are quite as popular in Paris for head-dresses as flowers; sometimes it is a humming-bird with outstretched wings, sometimes with a long tail of the most brilliantly metallic feathers; but the greatest novelty in head-dresses is the very small humming-bird, round which the false curls, which we have before mentioned, are entwined, and these are fastened among the natural plaits and bandeaux. The curls form nests for their brilliant occupants."

YOUNG UNMARRIED LADIES now wear, for evening dresses, fancy-colored silks with small patterns; they are made simply, with nothing but a thick pinked-out ruche round the bottom, or a cable silk cord, which should be of two or more colors to match with the dress; the body is made low, with short sleeves composed of one small puffing; over this bodice a tulle cape or fichu is worn, and tulle sleeves to match are added under the short sleeves of the dress. The shapes and patterns of these fichus are far more numerous than we can describe; some cross over the chest and fall into long lappets at the back; some are rounded off in front like a Zouave jacket, and some are cut square, and form only a small cape. The latter is generally preferred this season, as also the pretty cape, cut square and rather low round the throat, and round at the bottom, these smaller patterns being more suitable for wearing at the same time with a wash.

KNITTING IN IMITATION OF MOSS.—A pretty way to do this is with shaded green Berlin wool, sold for the purpose in half-ounce skeins. The pins used should be about No. 16, and when the knitting is pulled out it should be taken up in a loose lump and lightly dipped into very weak gum-water, removing it quickly so that it should not get too wet. After this, it must be put into a slow oven to dry, when, owing to the small quantity of gum which will still be retained in it, it will keep its twisted, mossy appearance. Some persons hold it over steam, instead of using the gum-water, before putting it into the oven. The mat should be covered with green cloth or macrino, and the moss attached to it by being slightly tacked down every here and there.

STIRRUP EAR-RINGS.—Long gold ear-rings, recalling those of the countrywomen of Normandy and Bretagne, are the great fashion in Paris; and of these, some bearing the form of stirrups, are the newest invention. Gentlemen's pins, and even ladies' brooches, are made to represent the stirrup, the spur, the hunting-horn, and every attribute of the chase, which is just now the passion of the day. Even ladies' gloves have sometimes, stamped at the back of the wrist, a horn, or a favorite racer! This last innovation, however, was only seen fitted to the hand of a most determined amazon and huntress, of eccentric notoriety, and will, in all probability, not spread further.

FOREST LEAVES.—We think this one of the most beautiful steel engravings we have ever published. We have others to come, however, even finer.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

John Godfrey's *Fortunes*. By Bayard Taylor. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Hurd & Houghton.—In a different way, this novel is as good as "Hannah Thurston;" and higher praise it would be impossible to bestow. As a mere story, the book is hardly first-class; it has nothing of the absorbing interest of "Ivanhoe;" but then some of the greatest novelists, Thackeray, for example, had little faculty for weaving together plots. The main incident is commonplace, and not very skillfully handled at that. But the work has been honestly done out of the writer's own personal experience; it is, therefore, original in the best sense of the word; and it is full of local color. To the fidelity of the descriptions, in the earlier chapters of the work, we can testify, for we have long been familiar with those parts of Pennsylvania; while others can bear witness to the raciness and truth with which life in New York city has been delineated. Mr. Taylor has a real enjoyment of humor, and succeeds best, we think, in those scenes in which he can give it play. We hope he will continue to write novels. What we want is fiction drawn from real life, of which kind of fiction, in this country, we have so little, and not fiction drawn from books, or written by one-sided theorists, of which two kinds we have a surfeit.

Shakespeare: Adapted for Reading Classes, and for the Family Circle. By Thomas Bulfinch and Rev. S. C. Bulfinch. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This volume is very beautifully printed. It contains "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "The First Part of King Henry IV.," "Hamlet," "King Lear," "Macbeth," and "The Tempest," with "such scenes and passages" (we quote from the Introduction) "omitted, as were objectionable on the score of morals or taste." Such persons as share in Mr. Bulfinch's notion, that there is, in the writings of Shakespeare, "a degree of coarseness consistent with the manners of his age, but disapproved by the higher refinement of the present day," will be glad to avail themselves of this edition. The corrections, when once their necessity is admitted, appear to have been made judiciously. Among schools and in private families, the book, probably, will have a large sale.

House and Home Papers. By Christopher Crowfield. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Why Mrs. Stowe, with her established reputation, should have assumed the pen of a man in writing these pages, we cannot understand. Nearly everything she says could have been said even better in her own character as a woman. What she does say is generally excellent. She criticises freely the social follies of our people, gives many excellent hints to young housekeepers, and holds up continually the great truth, that culture, not vulgar display, is what the wealthy should seek.

Family Secrets. A Companion to "Family Pride," and "Pique". 1 vol., 12 mo. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—A good old-fashioned love story, which ends happily, as most love stories should. Surely, there is enough woo in daily life, without constantly seeking it in fiction. Only the very highest masters, as Scott, in the "Bride of Lammermoor," or George Eliot, in "Adam Bede," or "The Mill on the Floss," ought to, or can, deal in the tragic.

The Boy Slave. By Capt. Mayne Reid. 1 vol., 12 mo. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Full of stirring incident, that often takes the breath away, "The Boy Slave" is just the book that will delight and master lads of ten or twelve. The scene is laid in the great African desert. An American gentleman, the author says, has assisted him in the work.

Moods. By Louisa M. Alcott. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—With many persons this novel will be quite popular. It is one of those stories that affect to have a philosophy. For ourselves, we would rather take our philosophy in one dose, and our romance in another.

The Morrisons. A Story of Domestic Life. By Mrs. Margaret Hosmer. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: John Bradburn.—The exquisite taste with which this book is bound, led us to expect something superior in the book itself. But we find it to be a commonplace story, told in quite a commonplace style. We think we have read much better tales from the same pen.

Mattie. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A story of the middle and lower classes in English life. It is well told, and will be popular. The character of Mattie, especially, is discriminated with rare skill. The aim of the book, too, is high and elevated. We cordially recommend it.

Quite Alone. By George Augustus Sala. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Like all of this author's stories, "Quite Alone" is too diffuse. The most natural characters are the Bonnycastles.

Studies for Stories. By Jean Ingelow. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts & Brothers.—Excellent stories for school-girls. The best is "The Lost Treasure." The volume is printed in very good taste.

TRIMMING UNDER-CLOTHES.

In regard to Ruffling, which is so extensively used, and has always been in fashion for trimming under-clothes, we would say, that the usual objections made against machine made ruffles can be obviated by buying the genuine Magic Ruffle. This has been tried for four years, and, though bringing a little higher price, is well worth the difference in cost. The Magic Ruffle Company are the owners of various patents that cover these goods; they import their own Jaconet, and take great care in the manufacture. Below is their trade mark, which is found on each piece and



box of the genuine ruffles. Office of the Company No. 95 Chamber street, New York.

SKATING FOR LADIES.—NO. III.

OUTSIDE FORWARD.—Having progressed thus far, try the outside forward. Start upon the left foot, leaning considerably to that side. Look over your left shoulder, make a little stroke on the outside edge of your skate, the other foot being raised so as to be free of the ice. At first you will necessarily feel unsteady; in such case bring the right foot forward, and place it in front of the left one. Only let the two be upon the ice in this position long enough for you to have regained your balance. You will all the time have been making segments of circles. As soon as you have recovered, bring the left foot forward, strike off on the outside edge again, lift the right foot from the ground, and have it ready to promptly perform the kindly office it did before. Continue this upon the left foot for an hour, and then, for a like period, reversing the action on the right. It will soon teach you how to balance yourself on the delicate outside edge; and all outside skating—skating ought to be all outside—depends upon balance and the pose of the body rather than the stroke. From an almost imperceptible movement a full circle may be described. It will, perhaps, be found an aid if some article is laid in the center of the

circle round which you practice by crossing the feet as I have directed above, and you fix your eyes upon this. Later, when you have learned to make half a circle on each foot, you will find it a great help to hold up your hand (each one according to the angle of your figure, and being the left-hand with the left-foot,) extend the forefinger, and look at it. This will draw out your semicircle into a three-quarter one. Before the stroke is quite spent, bring forward the other foot; change the hand as you make the new stroke.

So much depends, especially in the case of ladies who reside in country districts, upon their having good advice while learning, that we have been very particular in these directions. It is as easy to learn to skate with ease, grace, and skill, as to learn to do it otherwise, always provided the difference is pointed out, and the method of achieving the former shown. It is the desire to do this that prompts us to urge ladies not to begin to learn figures before they can skate with ease backward and forward; and after they can do this, not to continue to do them because they are easiest, but to aim a little higher, with the certainty of being well rewarded for their trouble.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

To Fry Veal Collaps.—Take one pound and a half of fresh killed veal off a prime fillet, and cut it into collaps of a moderate size. Have ready at hand the yolks of two new-laid eggs beaten up. Take a bunch of green parsley chopped very fine, a small sprinkling of sweet marjoram, half a sound nutmeg well pounded, with a slight modicum of Cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Be provided, at the same time, with the crumbs of a stale roll, thoroughly grated, as also a small proportion of the rind of a green lemon, chopped exceedingly fine. Mix the whole of the ingredients, with the exception of the eggs, well together. Dip your collaps into the batter, and roll them over the bread-crumbs until they are encased with the ingredients prepared as above. Then fry the same in a pan containing half a pound of the best fresh butter, taking care to keep them turned until they are thoroughly browned on both sides. When done, remove them into a covered dish, keeping them hot in a side oven, and introduce an admixture of flour and water into the pan with the remainder of the fried butter. Stir them well round with a spoon, and when fully incorporated, take out the dish and pour the gravy over the collaps.

To Make "Dubble and Squeak."—Take from a round of beef, which has been well boiled and cold, two or three slices, amounting to about one pound to one and a half pounds in weight, two carrots which have been boiled with the joint, in a cold state, as also the hearts of two boiled greens that are cold. Cut the meat into small dice-formed pieces, and chop up the vegetables together; pepper and salt the latter, and fry them with the meat in a pan with a quarter of a pound of sweet butter; when fully done, add to the pan in which the ingredients are fried, half a gill of fresh ketchup, and serve your dish up to the dinner-table with mashed potatoes. The above is an economical and favorite nursery dinner.

Veal Minced.—Mince the veal as finely as possible, separating the skin, gristle, and bones, with which a gravy should be made. Put a small quantity of the gravy into a stewpan, with a little lemon-peel grated, and a spoonful of milk or cream; thicken it with a little butter and flour, mixed gradually with the gravy; season it with salt and a little lemon-juice, and Cayenne pepper. Put in the minced veal, and let it simmer a few minutes. Serve it up with sippets of bread, and garnish with sliced lemon.

To Prepare a Curry.—The meat should be fresh, and free from bone. Cut it into pieces which can be easily served. To each pound of meat add a tablespoonful of curry-powder and about half the quantity of flour, and a little salt; mix these together, and rub a portion of it upon the meat before it is fried, the remainder afterward. Fry the meat in a little butter. Fry onions a light brown, with a clove of garlic, if approved; drain the fat from both meat and onions; put then into a stewpan, and cover with boiling water; stew for twenty minutes, then rub the remainder of the powder smooth with a little cold water, add it, and let it stew for an hour, or according to the time necessary for the meat to be well done. If no other acid is used, stir in a little lemon-juice just before serving; place it in the centre of the dish, and put a small border of carefully boiled rice round it; sending up a separate dish of rice.

VEGETABLES.

Westphalian Potato Pancakes.—Skin and scrape large, raw, mealy potatoes; mix them with some salt, and put to each plateful one egg; beat well, and, if necessary, add a little milk. Put two tablespoonfuls of this into a pan, and fry them in butter or lard over a brisk fire, browning them on both sides. They should be crisp, and served very hot. Chopped onion with the scraped potatoes much improves the taste.

Potatoes Fried Whole.—When nearly boiled enough, put small potatoes into a stewpan with butter, or beef dripping; shake them about to prevent burning, till they are brown and crisp; drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement if they are floured and dipped in the yolk of an egg, and then rolled in finely sifted bread-crumbs. This is the ordinary French method.

To Clear Vegetables of Insects.—Make a strong brine of one pound and a half of salt to one gallon of water; into this place the vegetables (with the stalk ends uppermost) for two or three hours; this will destroy all the insects which cluster in the leaves, and they will fall out and sink to the bottom of the water.

Potatoe Snow.—Pick out the whites, potatoes; put them in cold water; when they begin to crack, strain, and put them in a clean stewpan before the fire till they are quite dry and fall to pieces; rub them through a wire sieve and serve hot.

Potatoe Scones.—Mash boiled potatoes till they are quite smooth, adding a little salt; then knead out with flour, to the thickness required; toast, pricking them with a fork to prevent them blistering. When eaten with fresh or salt butter, they are equal to crumpets, and very nutritious.

DESSERTS.

To Make an Oatmeal Custard.—Take two tablespoonfuls of the finest Scotch oatmeal; beat it up into a sufficiency of cold water in a basin to allow it to run freely. Add to it the yolk of a fresh egg, well worked up; have a pint of scalding new milk on the fire, and pour the oatmeal mixture into it, stirring it round with a spoon, so as to incorporate the whole. Add sugar to your taste, and throw in a glass of sherry to the mixture, with a little grated nutmeg. Pour it into a basin, and take it warm in bed. It will be found very grateful and soothing in cases of cold or chills. Some persons scald a little cinnamon in the milk they use for the occasion.

Stone Cream.—Grate the peel, and squeeze the juice of a lemon into a glass dish, intended to be brought to table. Cover the bottom of the dish with a very rich sweetmeat—apricot jam or orange marmalade cut small. Dissolve one ounce of isinglass in a teacupful of milk, strain it through muslin, and add to it one pint of cream and one pint of new milk, with one ounce of bitter almonds, blanched and pounded; add a little loaf-sugar, let it simmer once, then pour it into a basin. When nearly cold, pour it into the glass dish. Next day serve it up.

To Make Yeast Dumplings.—Take from two to three pounds of dough prepared from the best flour. Add as much yeast to it as when worked in with the hand will give it a good light sponge. Let it stand before a gentle fire until it is sufficiently risen. Then subdivide the mass into as many dumplings as may be required; turn them round in your hand extremely lightly, and carefully drop them into a saucepan or copper of scalding water; let them boil for twenty minutes, when they will be done. When brought to table, let them be served up with a sauce composed of butter melted in milk, with jam or jelly introduced into it. The above constitutes a very wholesome and agreeable nursery diet for children.

Souffle Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of sifted loaf-sugar, half-pound of flour, half-pound of fresh butter, the yolks of six eggs, and one tablespoonful of orange-juice. Beat up all these ingredients well together until they are very smooth; then beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and add them to the rest. Pour all into a dish, but take care not to fill it, and bake in a moderate oven.

Apple Charlotte.—This is a seasonable dish. Take two pounds of apples, pare and core them, slice them into a pan, and add one pound of loaf-sugar, the juice of three lemons, and the grated rind of one. Let these boil until they become a thick mass, which will take about two hours. Turn it into a mould, and serve it cold with either thick custard or cream.

Nursery Pudding.—The following receipt is excellent for children:—Stew four pounds of rhubarb with one pound of brown sugar, moisten quarter of a pound of arrow-root with cold water, then stir it into the boiling rhubarb. It is best eaten cold, with milk or cream.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Candle Ornaments.—A pretty candle ornament can be made by getting one dozen common brass rings, about the circumference of a quarter of a dollar, and two larger ones, of the size of the candle used. Crochet them round with shaded wool (bright scarlet looks well). If you do not crochet, work them round in button-hole stitch. Join the six small rings round the large one, and, where the wool unites them, put on a small pearl or clear glass bead. Then make some handsome tassels of bright glass and pearl beads, and fasten one to each ring, putting a festoon of beads between each. Before sewing the small rings to each other, make a cross with beads in the center of each, putting a larger bead in the center. The pattern is a German one, and not at all common.

To Pickle Oysters.—Wash four dozen of the largest oysters you can get in their own liquor; wipe them dry; strain the liquor off, adding to it a dessertspoonful of pepper, two blades of mace, a tablespoonful of salt, three of white wine, and four of vinegar. Simmer the oysters a few minutes in the liquor, then put them into small unglazed stone jars, or green glass jars; boil the pickle up; skim it, and, when cold, pour it over the oysters; tie them down with a bladder over them. For lunch or supper, with a small American cracker biscuit, they are excellent.

To Purify Water.—A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hoghead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A painful, containing four gallons, may be thoroughly purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

Cement for Glass.—An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire (taking especial care that it does not boil over,) one ounce of isinglass in two wineglasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

Potato Flour.—Grate into a large vessel full of cold water, six pounds of sound, mealy potatoes, and stir them well together. In six hours pour off the water and add fresh, stirring the mixture well; repeat this process every three or four hours during the day, change the water at night, and the next morning pour it off; put two or three quarts more to the potatoes, and, turning them directly into a hair-sieve, set over a pan to receive the flour, which may then be washed through the sieve, by pouring water to it. Let it settle in the pan, drain off the water, spread the potato-sediment on dishes, dry it in a slow oven, sift it, and put it into bottles or jars, and cork or cover them closely. The flour thus made will be beautifully white, and perfectly tasteless. It will remain good for years.

Syrup D'Orgeat (Paris receipt).—This elegant syrup is prepared as follows:—Take twenty ounces of sweet, and eight ounces of bitter almonds; nine pounds of white sugar; and four pints of water. Blanch the almonds, dry them well, and beat them with a portion of the sugar, and gradually add two-thirds of the water; strain through linen, wash the almonds on the strainer with the rest of the water, and dissolve the sugar in the strained liquor by a gentle heat. Pour the syrup into an earthen vessel, remove the scum, and when nearly cold, add two ounces of orange-flower water.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF VIOLET-COLORED SILK.—The body is cut square in the neck, and is trimmed with a black gimp trimming. It is finished with tassels on the shoulders. Violet-colored bonnet, trimmed with white lace and pink roses.

FIG. II.—HOUSE DRESS.—The skirt is of black silk, with a narrow ruche of crimson silk at the bottom, covered with black guipure lace. The coat-body is of white, with the same trimming as that on the skirt. Crimson ribbon and black lace in the hair.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF CINNAMON-COLORED POPLIN, trimmed with black velvet. The paletot is of the same material, trimmed like the skirt.

FIG. IV.—OPERA DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED SILK.—The underskirt is trimmed with a fluted ruffle, and two rows of black velvet. The upper-skirt is bound and looped up with black velvet. The opera cloak is of the same material, trimmed in the same way, and has a hood to be thrown over the head.

FIG. V.—HOUSE DRESS OF RICH PURPLE SILK, FIGURED WITH BLACK.—Black velvet loose jacket, trimmed with guipure lace. Bows of purple ribbon on the shoulders.

FIG. VI.—DRESS OF FRENCH BLUE SILK, with small black and white figures. The skirt is open on the left side, over a white silk under-skirt, trimmed with two ruffles edged with black velvet. The upper-skirt has a Greek border in black velvet; at the opening on each side the body has a coat basque lined with white silk. For the carriage, a small blue bonnet is added to this very stylish costume.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is less than usual to be said of the fashions for March. At the time we go to press, the storekeepers have received but few new goods, and the dress-makers are in a state of bewilderment as to the next cut of a body or sleeve.

The variety in the style and make of dresses is now so great, that it seems well nigh impossible to say what really is the fashion, and what is not. But of one fact our readers may feel assured, which is, that morning dresses made open in front, and showing a colored petticoat underneath, are decidedly taken into favor. These petticoats should always be of silk, however; though when a cashmere upper dress is worn, the under-skirt may be of the same material. Many persons insert a breadth of silk instead of wearing

the whole petticoat. The trimming on the upper-skirt must be of the same color as the petticoat.

There is another style of dress called the *Mandarin*, which is most economical, as two old dresses can be made into one new one. Make an under-skirt of an old dress, say of blue and black striped silk. Then take a blue skirt, cut it in scallops around the edge, and bind it with black velvet, and in every hollow formed by the scallop put a black velvet bow, and let the ends fall on the striped under-skirt. This latter need not be a whole skirt—it can be attached to the upper-skirt instead. The body should be made with a waistcoat of blue and blue striped silk, and a coat of blue silk.

MORNING AND AFTERNOON DRESSES, ornamented down the entire length of the back, are no uncommon sight. Some have buttons and button-holes only, others are elaborately embroidered or braided. When they are worn in the street, the paletots are of the same material as the dress, and also trimmed up the back.

SKIRTS ARE STILL INVARIABLY GORED, whether cut in the same piece as the body, or separate.

A short time ago it was the fashion to wear black belts and sashes with every dress; but now both band and sash are selected to match the dress. Many Parisians, who have an objection to wear what everybody else does, directly they saw the deep waistband adopted, appeared in belts not more than two inches wide—made of either moire or velvet, and fastened with small oxidized silver buckles. But the deep band and Empire buckle, the latter made of either dead gold, or gold and black enamel, are, up to the present date, in the majority. The newest belts are made entirely of gimp and jet; the buckle is likewise of gimp, mounted on a frame-work of jet. These bands and buckles can be worn with any toilet which is not *neglige*.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A LITTLE GIRL'S PALETOT, OF FAWN-COLORED CLOTH, with black velvet collar, cuffs, and pocket. Fawn-colored felt hat, trimmed with black velvet and cock's plume.

CHILDREN'S DRESSES have not undergone any very sensible alteration. Little boys, as soon as they leave off short frocks and petticoats, are clothed in jackets and knickerbockers, and the plainest style is the best—that is, some pretty gray or drab cloth, trimmed with braid and buttons of exactly the same shade.

LITTLE GIRLS' DRESSES give more scope to taste and fancy. We saw two the other day which were simple, but extremely elegant. One was a white fancy poplin, striped with blue; the skirt was plain, but the round waist was ornamented with a very large rosette, formed of a strip of the same material, bound with blue velvet, and edged with a narrow black Maltese lace. The body was low, and had a small cape or bertha all round, trimmed in the same way, with smaller rosettes on the shoulders; the sleeves were composed of one full puffing, fastened with straps of blue velvet. A white pleated muslin chemise and sleeves were worn with this tasteful little frock.

The second was of blue cashmere; the skirt was trimmed above the hem with two cross strips of blue silk, worked with a slight pattern in black silk braid. Low body and short sleeves.

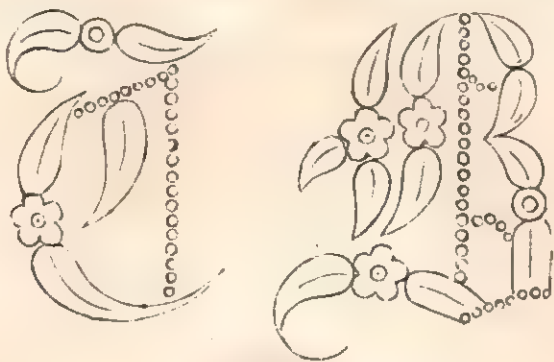
Bodices, something like a *corset*, are made for children in black or colored silk, and may be worn with any dress. Round the top they are cut straight, (not peaked) and on a level with the under portions of the sleeve. The waist terminates in a basque like that added to the old-fashioned jacket, namely, a basque extending all round the skirt. French merino and cashmere frocks are, as usual, much worn for little children in the morning, and are braided round the bottom of the skirts.



CORAL SLIPPER PATTERN.



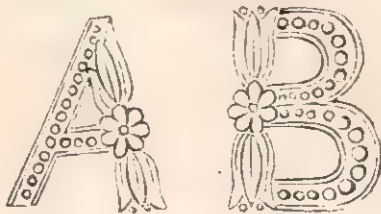
THE HAUNTED MANOR-HOUSE.



INITIALS



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL



INITIALS.



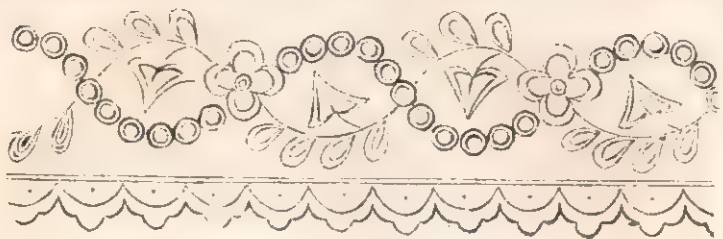
MORNING DRESS.



EDGING.



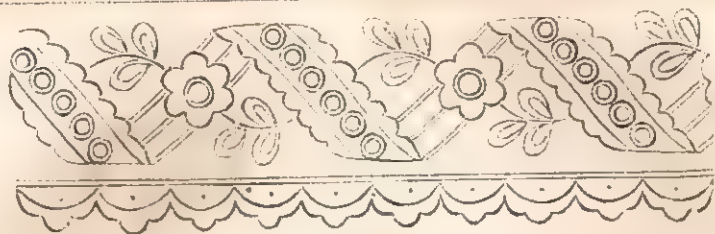
WALKING DRESS.



EDGING.



WALKING DRESS.



EDGING.



HOUSE DRESS.



SPRING BONNETS: NEW STYLES FOR DRESSING THE HAIR.



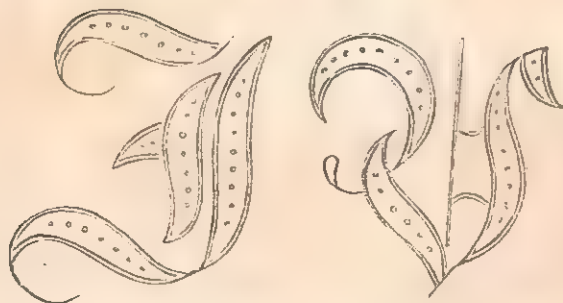
BLACK VELVET HOOD.



HEAD-DRESS.



LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS



INITIALS FOR MARKING.

Marrie Schaffisch.

COMPOSED BY A. H. ROSWIG.

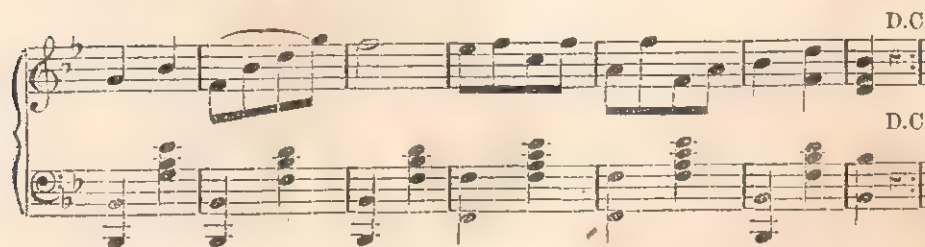
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Moderato.

PIANO.

Musical score for 'Marrie Schaffisch' by A. H. Roswig, composed for piano. The score is in 2/4 time and consists of four systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the dynamics are 'PIANO.' The music features a melody in the right hand and a harmonic accompaniment in the left hand. The first system includes a trill (tr) and a triplet (3). The second system includes a trill (tr). The third system includes a trill (tr) and a triplet (3). The fourth system includes a trill (tr) and a triplet (3). The score ends with a double bar line.

MORRIE SCHOTTISCH.

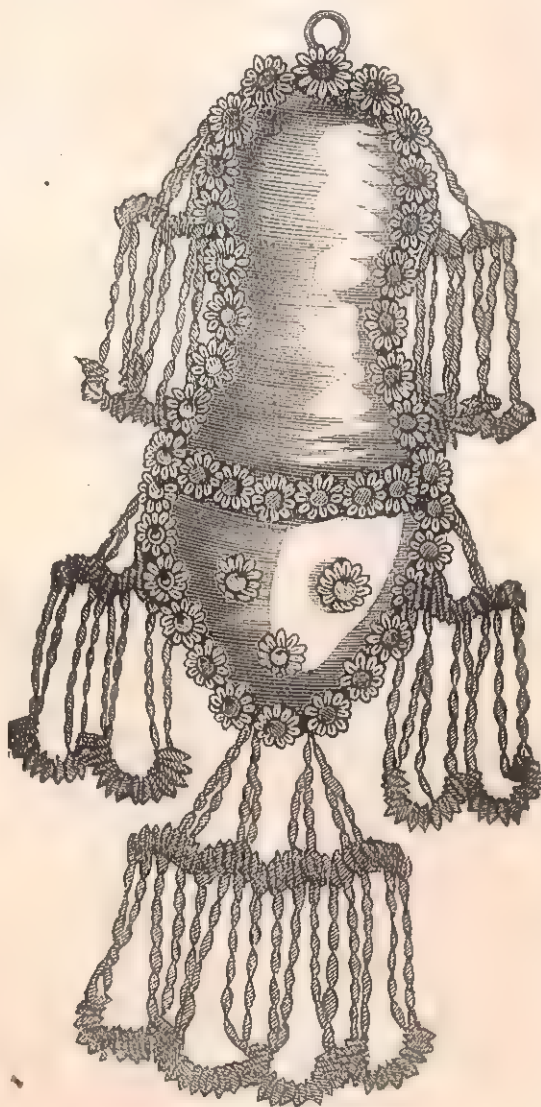




INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



INSERTION.



WATCH-POCKET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1865.

No. 4

ALICE'S ROSE-TREE.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE genial sunshine of a sweet May afternoon fell in flickering waves of gold over the mossy roof and ivy-hung chimneys of an old farm-house, standing in a green hollow, in the midst of the pleasant hill-country which stretches southward from the red battle-ground of Manassas. In the neighboring wood, the turtle cooed her plaintive love-lay, the partridge whistled, and the robin twittered to her young; and from the surrounding meadows came the dreamy gurgle of the brook, and the musical tinkle of bells from the cattle cropping the early clover, that sprang up, green and tender, in the warm shadow of the hills.

The orchard, round about the old house, was one mass of fragrant, milky bloom; and the lilac bushes tossed their purple plumes through the low windows, the soft winds scattering the leaves over the sanded floor, until the great, hospitable room, with its ever open doors, and yawning fire-place, gave forth odors sweeter than ever filled the vales of "Araby the Blest."

On the low window-sill, overlooking the garden, a young girl sat, on this same May afternoon, her little slippered feet hanging almost low enough to touch the star-like dandelions on the grass-plot beneath; her pretty, golden hair thrown back in wavy disorder, her cheeks flushed, and her tender, blue eyes brimful of tears, as they looked, with a serious, questioning gaze, toward the evening sun, just slipping out of sight behind the swaying summit of the distant pine-grove.

"Why, Alice," cried a manly voice, "how's this? Come, come, I thought you meant to be so brave?"

"So I did," her voice faltering painfully; "but it is so hard—so hard, Archer, to—to—" And she dropped her pretty head on his arm, and gave way to a good cry.

He stroked back the soft mass of gleaming hair tenderly, and said,

"I know it is hard, Alice—harder for me than you, child—though you mayn't think so—but it can't be helped; I must go. And the sooner the better. To-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes—to-night. You don't blame me for what I'm doing?"

"Blame you, Archer? Oh, you know better!" And a kindling flash lit the tearful blue eyes.

"Yes, yes, I do know better," he said. "But I wouldn't mind, if it wasn't for you and mother. It almost seems wrong to leave you exposed to these Southern troops, with no one to protect you. But what can I do? I cannot fight against my country. Old Jacob Bradford would rise up from his grave, if his son was to turn traitor; and my grandfather, who fought at Trenton, would come back and curse me. And yet, if I stay here a day longer, I'll be conscripted for Lee's army."

There were no tears in the blue eyes now; they gleamed like an unsheathed sabre.

"You must go, Archer," she said, her lip, that had quivered a moment before, curving proudly; "God will take care of your mother and me."

"I have something for you, Alice," he said, after a pause. "See here," and he drew from his pocket a tender, little rose-tree, with the roots carefully wrapt in paper. "I got it up at Mr. Ashton's to-day; they say it is of a rare species, and blooms every month. Come, we'll plant it, and it shall be my parting gift."

He caught up the little garden hoe that lay near by, and went round to the old sitting-room window. Alice followed him in silence.

"Right here," he said, digging up the soft, black soil, "where you can see it, whenever you look out at the window; and mind—it shall be a token between us. Alice—as long as it thrives and blooms, you may be sure I'm alive and prosperous; but if it wilts and dies——"

"Don't, Archer, don't," she cried, her face growing white in the deepening twilight. "don't say that; it may die, and——"

"It will live, Alice; and I shall live, and come back to you again—God has told me so."

She looked up, with something like awe in her face, as she heard his confident words. He smiled, and, leveling the soil about the roots of the little tree, repeated half to her, and half to himself, "It will live; and I shall live— and our country will live, too."

Then he kissed her softly, and she tripped away to the kitchen, leaving him standing there alone. The May moon was coming up over the top of the old oak tree that stood off to the eastward, flooding the surrounding hills, and all the green hollows with a subdued lustre, lovelier, if not brighter, than the full radiance of day. A whippowil began its melancholy song from its perch on the old grind-stone, and the frogs set up their plaintive cry from the pond in the meadow. Sights and sounds familiar as his own being, they brought the tears to Archer Bradford's eyes, and made the broad chest beneath his folded arms swell convulsively. His heart was tender and domestic; all his affections were centred in this old Virginian home; all his deep love lavished upon his doting old mother and little, blue-eyed Alice—not his sister, but something, as we have seen, nearer and dearer.

By ten o'clock every arrangement was completed, and Archer's satchel, packed with clothing on one side, and eatables on the other, stood, locked and strapped, on the kitchen door-sill. He picked it up, and swung it on his shoulder.

"Well, mother," he said, putting his arm round her and kissing her tenderly, "I must be off, or I shan't get across the river by day. Take care of yourself, and may God bless you."

"And you, too, my boy."

He turned away, pained by the sight of her tears, and strode out toward the old, red gate. Alice followed him.

He kissed her through the bars, on cheeks, brow, and eyes, and then, without another word, walked rapidly away. She watched him until a sudden turn in the road took him from her sight; so did the poor mother, sitting on the door-sill, thinking, both of them, no doubt, of the weary days of woe and war that would intervene before they looked upon his face again.

The spring wore away; summer came, and the thunders of battle rocked the old farm-house to its very center; but the rose-tree did not wilt. Though the air was hot and sulphurous, it shot up young tendrils, and burst into

fragrant bloom; and Alice said to herself continually, "He will live—he will come back to us."

A cold and cruel winter—another spring—the harvests trampled down before they ripened; the beautiful hill-country made desolate by the ravages of war; still the rose-tree bloomed and grew, and Alice's heart was full of hope. But when the summer passed, and the fall came, and the scanty harvests were gathered in; and one by one the fathers and husbands, left at home, were conscripted into the Southern army, leaving weeping children and wives in comfortless homes, a change seemed to fall upon the land; the sun wore a murky glow; the sky seemed brass, and God too far-off to hear.

But in those days of desolation, the rose-tree drooped and wilted, and as the winter came on, all life seemed to go out from branch and root; and Alice's hope failed. No letters reached them from Archer; and they heard rumors of terrible disasters daily befalling the Union forces.

"He is gone, Alice—we shall never see him again," said the poor mother; and Alice found no words to disprove what she said.

The winter was dreadful. Scanty of food and fuel, the two mourners sat by their lonely hearth, with an unspoken sorrow in their white faces that awed even the fierce guerrillas, that prowled about the old farm-house, into something like pity and respect. But there is nothing in this world of ours that does not, sooner or later, come to an end. The wheels of time may seem slow, but they are sure. The lonely winter dragged itself away, and spring came—"a snow-drop in her hand, a solitary lark above her head." The blue sky smiled down, and the sweet sunlight fell in genial beams, and the gentle rains descended on fields blackened and blasted by the ravages of war, bringing up the tender grass, and meek-eyed violets over the nameless graves of the fallen brave. In the garden, at the old farm-house, the pinks came up and opened their odorous petals, and the hollyhock buds swelled almost to bursting; the old-fashioned roses budded, and the lilacs tossed their purple plumes through the low windows, as in days gone by.

Alice felt a strange balm dropping into her sore heart, and day by day she watched the little wilted rose-tree, as one might watch a dear face on the verge of eternity. And at last—at last her hopeful faith was rewarded, for on the topmost branch a tiny green shoot appeared.

"Oh, mother, mother!" she cried, running in, "he isn't dead; he'll come back to us again—the rose-tree is alive."

But the poor mother turned despairingly from the happy face and shook her head. Age is less hopeful than youth. "No, no, he'll never come back again," she said.

But the spring advanced, and the little shoot grew, and one after another new shoots came out, and by full summer-tide the rose-tree was in blossom, weighed down with fragrant, crimson flowers. Still no tidings came from Archer; but Alice hoped and waited. In the meantime, Lee's forces retreated before Grant, and the old flag waved again over that portion of poor, desolate, mistaken Virginia.

An evening came, in the cloudless glory of regal June. Mrs. Bradford sat upon the door-sill, swaying back and forth, and murmuring to herself in a dazed, melancholy way; Alice sat on the soft grass close by the blooming rose-tree. The same whippowil piped on the old grind-stone; the same stars glittered overhead—but where was he? Heaped up amid the nameless dead on some distant battle-ground—languishing in some far-off hospital—yearning for home and friends. Her blue eyes grew dim with a mist of tears, and her brave heart sick with deferred hope. But a gentle wind stirred the branches of the rose-tree, surrounding her with a cloud of delicious perfume; and at the same instant the old, red gate swung sharply on its hinges. Some one was coming down the little foot-path; a soldier, with a blue, armless sleeve dangling at his right side. Such visitors, finding their way back to Washington; and so home, after the terrible battle in the Wilderness, often dropt in at the old farm-house now. Alice rose up, and placed a chair beneath the little woodbine arbor.

"Won't you sit down and have a drink, sir?" she said, sweetly, as he came up.

He sat down, while Alice darted off to the kitchen, to get the drink.

"Bring some cider, Alice," called the old woman, wiping her eyes. "I like to give 'em the best; my own poor boy was a soldier."

Alice brought the cider, clear and racy, a lump of ice tinkling in the bottom of the goblet. The soldier took it, raised it to his lips—heard the ice tinkling with a cool, refreshing sound, as he had heard it hundreds of times in his boyhood. His hand trembled—gave way—it fell, and he sprang to his feet with a passionate cry,

"Mother, Alice—don't you know me?"

Did they know him? Let their happy tears, their tender embraces answer. Clapsed in their arms, he, the strong man, the soldier, bronzed by the smoke of half a score of battles, sobbed like a little child. But after awhile they grew quiet, and Archer sat down beside his mother on the door-sill, with a fresh goblet of cider in his hand; while Alice, with a shine in her blue eyes, beside which the June stars looked dim, went back to her seat on the grass.

"I knew you'd come," she said, softly, her sweet face dimpling with happy smiles; "and I told mother so, because your rose-tree came to life."

Archer looked over at the great, crimson blossoms, and said almost solemnly,

"Yes, Alice, I live—and the rose-tree lives; and, better still, our country lives also."

"And the night was filled with gladness,
And the cares that infested the day,
Folded up their tents, like the Arabs,
And as silently stole away."

THE VOICES OF THE RAIN

BY CLARENCE FREDERICK BUHLER.

Lips like music's own have chanted
Of the weird, but pleasant strain,
Played on airy harps at midnight,
By the fingers of the rain:
And the farmer to that clutter,
Like the tramp of elfin hoofs,
Listens till he hears, in fancy,
Harvests rustling on the roofs.

But of all the mournful music
Ever played, or ever sung,
None to me so melancholy,
From the soul of sadness wrung,
For my heart gives up its buried,
Like a City of the Dead,
And, with noiseless steps, the silent
Seem to gather round my bed.

Then the lidless eyes of fancy,
In her gay kaleidoscope,
Views the beauteous forms that sported
Over childhood's sunny slope;
From the fount of youth eternal,
In the soul those visions rise,
Till its waters, overflowing,
Find an outlet at my eyes.

Well may ye whose lives glide onward,
Like some tune subdued and sweet,
Hear no dismal echoes wakened
By the night-rain's pattering feet;
But once eat your bread in sorrow,
And ye'll know no sadder strain
Than is played, at lonely midnight,
By the fingers of the rain.

THE HAUNTED MANOR-HOUSE.

"BY THE AUTHOR OF MARGRET HOWTH."

"Not at home," said the servant.

I glanced down the gray, frozen street, over which a cheerless winter afternoon was gathering lonesomely, caught a fresh gulph of the biting wind, and shivered.

"Not at home?" I repeated after him. "Let me look at the fire, then."

He made way with a half-military salute, and presently shut the library-door upon me. I looked at the fire, which winked fiercely at me, and began at once to crack my frosted skin, swelling and glowing with delight, in its red depths of comfort, at having at last found an actual bit of cold to go to work at, in this cozy, heartsome room.

I crept into the recesses of a big, sleepy chair, to look at it better. I took a cowardly, quick glance at the flat sky, sodden with cold without, and the chilly drifts of smoke driven homeless to the dark horizon, in order that I might do it the more justice as I looked. The while it smouldered for a moment in heavy lapses of meditation, and then, having made up its mind, leaped up in its caging bars of steel, threw out busy, hundred little beams that flickered and danced, kissed my forehead, neck, hands; patted, and hopped, and crept under, above, around, for a long half hour, and then, every obstinate little atom of cold being quite melted away, and done with, took me into the great, quiet warmth in which the room lay, and dozed off, with many little wakeful starts, and openings of its eyes, into a heavy slumber of content.

I did not doze with it—I am quite sure of that; on the contrary, I remember noticing how very much asleep the room was; in fact, it had been asleep all the time, leaving the fire to keep watch and guard. The curtains hung heavy and torpid; the ranges of books, in their walnut frames, glimmered drowsily; the very dog, woven in the hearth-rug, crossed his paws lazily; the forms on the antique vases were legends of cities which had slept under ground through slow centuries; even the fair, young face, looking from the wall through the dusky, warm shadows, wore a smile, born some morning in years gone by, of some pleasant thought long since forgotten, which looked down into the present life of its owner like a dream within a dream.

But the sleep, and quiet, and soothing warmth

of the room grew intenser, found its center and its cause in one spot; seemed to take from that a different meaning to grow out from it, an enchanted calm, rather than the mere slumberous comfort of a warm cozery on a winter's day. It was a picture which thus became the sleeping soul of the room; which glowed out slowly from the closing shadow about it, and in its absolute stillness absorbed the whole atmosphere of the place. The picture of a many-gabled old English mansion, seen in the farewell glow of a late fall afternoon. A nightmare silence breathed from it—the silence of a life paralytic and dead now, which had once been generous and genial; for houses have their lives, and know their lives as well as men.

Haunted! they called this house, I remembered; yet so absolutely solitary and quiet did it stand there, that not even ghosts of the dead moved through its silent chambers. Without, God's nature breathed and grew rank and luxuriant; sunshine, dampened and smouldering through some high-up fog, touched its peaked walls and the knotted boles of the foremost elms with red; in the moat, lush ferns, burrs, and burdocks, webbed and matted over the black mould; old, meditative oaks curved their branches down, and gruffly barred out the light and rain from the crisp young grass beneath; mosses, red and dank, dead-alive lichens crept and crawled, and covered the bridge, and the decaying house-walls, sucking life and blood in as they went; in the fretted eaves, cheery little martins laid their eggs and brooded in busy, happy homes; life, energy, zest, throbbed through all, from the wet, warm air to the brown ants hurrying home to their snug quarters under ground; only the stone gateway stood barred and unopened, and the house, significant of utter vacancy and loss, was dumb—its very history forgotten.

Yet I fancied that, though even the spirits which, perhaps, had haunted it, had died into thin air, and long ago vanished, there might yet linger in its bared chambers a something more impalpable and sadder than any of the dead returned. I fancied that to the gray old manor-house, standing deserted and silent in the lingering sunshine, there might come a vague remembrance of a time when it was filled with a life

more warm and earnest than the summer day; and that it might be, that even now, old and forgotten, with the chill of its gray lichen upon it, it yet dreamed of what, were men more just, it might have been, that standing there with the enchanted stillness about it, it asked dumbly, through the long years, whether its chance had, indeed, gone forever—if it were at last too late?

Now it came to pass, as our friend Bunyan hath it, that having fallen into this by-way of thought, and being possessed, as it were, by a zeal and curiosity to know more of this old and quaint manor-house, it ceased to be a picture to me, and became real, the which I do not attempt to explain; for my object is, not to set forth unreal and lie-like theories, but to state certain facts.

The house, as I said, became real to me, only I viewed it from a greater distance, being then on the *outside* of the porter's lodge, which is not set down in the picture. I perceived, too, that the painter had omitted certain wide and roomy out-buildings, which give to the grounds a more home-like air, and in nowise injured their picturesque effect, being shaded by gnarled trees of a most ancient growth. Indeed, I found that the fresh, modern tints of the artist had, in a measure, detracted from the age of the building, and removed it from that hoar and settled point of antiquity in which it actually stands.

It was at a different time of the year, also, when I saw the house, being at the close of a dull, spring day, after a long dreary walk through clay roads which had wearied my heart, and brought dull aches into every bone. The sickly sunlight had struggled through the fog in the morning, and then had gone out in despair, leaving the world to dullness and storm. The scenery which lay around this old dwelling, consisted of sweeps of sullen moorland, infrequent in English landscapes, depressing and moody in their effect. And, at this time, the spring grass not yet having tinged them with its pale green, they rolled away from the lonely highway, stretches of muddy stubble, through which the melting March snows made yellow runlets of icy-water, that dripped, dripped, dully, all day down into the heavy road. The clay, wet and soggy, clung to my feet, weighed me down; the air was clammy and dark; the wind crushed into torpor by the slow falling fog; the very sky bending with its weight of dank, foul vapor; and, through all, as night approached, drove the slow, icy rain, shutting out all but the red circle of light which my lantern made about me.

Something came between me and the sleety

shower. "My shoulders are a trifle the broadest," rung out a hearty voice in the darkness. After that, nothing more for a few steps, in which, by the shifting rays of the lantern, I made out my companion to be a middle-aged man of broad build, and caught a pair of keen blue eyes studying my face. His gait was feeble, however—that of a man weakened by disease or dissipation. I had to slacken my pace to keep step with him. His shoulders stooped; once or twice he shuddered under the soaking rain, and coughed—a hard, racking cough, holding his bony hand before his mouth, and muttering an impatient oath; yet his voice, when he spoke to me, was low, quiet, and courteous. "We must find shelter," he said at last, stopping and abruptly buttoning his shabby overcoat closer. "A night in the miasma rising from these moor-ponds means death—and death is coming fast enough. There's a house I know of where we can have a roof over us, if no more. It is a half hour's walk, though."

We quickened our pace, he beginning to talk as we went (with the courteous desire of entertaining a stranger) of the country about us, politics, the news of the day, in a keen, shrewd fashion, showing, unconsciously, glimpses of an acute observation, and, deeper than that, a hot, ungoverned, sensitive nature. The low heavily-knobbed forehead; the sweet, womanish smile; a certain weak giving way of the chin and jaws when he talked, confirmed me in this. The poor, broken-down gentleman had, too, an uncertain, impetuous way of striding rapidly forward, as if he thought to overtake, in a lucky moment, the good fortune which never had come to him, and then wearily flagging behind. He watchfully interposed his body between me and the driving sleet, growing red with an impatient "Pish!" when I remonstrated with him. We came at last to the porter's lodge of this house, standing between bare pines; a crumbling building of two or three rooms, pieced out with wood where it had fallen into decay. The rain fell in a sheet from its shelving roof, dashing into our faces, as we knocked at the door. It was opened by an old man in a green flannel short coat, shading the flaring candle which he carried with one hand. His snuffy face brightened at the hopes, may be, of a bit of gossip—a chance which fell to him but seldom on the lonely moors.

"Sleep?—at the great house, Mr. Robert Jefferies?" while he stirred his fire into a blaze. "Yes, if you take all risks on yourselves. You know the story. There's not many would like to make the venture. But it's a black night. Come, ben! come, ben!"

My companion laughed as he held up his steaming shoes to the fire. "Will you risk it, sir? You saw the house—that dark pile to the left as we entered? It has a goblin, uncanny look, I confess. Haunted, as our friend Jerry here is hinting to you, and in a curious manner. The story goes, that the owners, unable to bear the rasping of their consciences by its ghost, deserted it to the care of keepers, of whom Jerry is the last. An idle tale, sir; the house has thick walls, and a roof that does not leak; and, for my part, I mean to take my chance of finding the midnight visitors—better company than the rain and mud."

I assented, but asked him presently, having a vague remembrance of the story, how the house was haunted. He raised his head—a flush of impatience on his face.

"An idle tale; country gossip, sir—country gossip."

But I noticed that he sat chafing his unshaven jaws moodily, as if the question troubled him. He looked up after awhile. "Pardon me; but the story so surpasses in folly all superstitious vagaries of the common people, that it angers me to repeat it. The fancy is, I believe, that at some unknown day and hour of the year, any one sleeping in this old house is subjected to certain influences which show to him *Himself*, not as he is, but as he might have been." He paused for a moment. "The possibility of his nature, I suppose they mean."

Having thus satisfied my curiosity, his head dropped into his hands, his wistful, peaked face turned to the fire, his mouth sternly shut, red veins coming out in the knotted forehead.

"Ye'll not believe it, then, Mr. Robert?" said Jerry, with bated voice. "Sellers, who kept the house before my day, told me of the rector of Crinshight—Vance was his name—a godly old man, who, sleeping here, saw himself with a mark on his forehead blacker than Cain's, and being led to a death it's not good to name. And the said Vance did come to no good end, in spite of all his godliness."

"As if," said Jefferies, rising to his full height, and pushing back the iron-gray hair from his forehead with both hands, his eye fiercely questioning mine, "as if a human being could be other than his blood and circumstances made him? As if God, or any spirit under Him, would be malign enough to show to a man, ruined in body and soul, what he might have been!" The weak jaws worked nervously. He turned sharply to Jerry with an assumption of reckless vulgarity, "Hey, Jerry, my boy! have you nothing in your cupboard to warm a man's

blood? Pure mountain dew, eh? Well, we'll not be choice," draining the glass. But as he took it from his lips, there was a flash of expression on his face that lasted but an instant; yet it told me the whole story of a rare nature shattered, and cast out under foot of men. "I'll take my friend with me to keep me company," hugging the bottle under his arm. "Eh, Jerry?"

"I'll not begrudge you, Mr. Robert," pursing his mouth dryly. "I've known the day when you'd other friends—but—No matter. Ye'er welcome to my flask."

The man made a motion to replace the bottle, but the white liquid sparkled, and his eye grew imbecile. "Well, well! Call me betimes in the morning, Jerry. Good-night, sir. No dreams!" stopping to draw an old coat, hanging on the wall between me and a draught of air, nodding good-night with a pleasant smile, and pulling his red comforter tighter about his spare chest as he went out into the rain again.

"He's going down hill fast, he is, poor old fellow!" said Jerry, in a whisper, sitting down contemplatively, his hands on his lean knees, and looking down between them at his shoes.

"God help us all!"

"Who is it?"

"Son of Squire Jefferies, down at the Hall, in —shire. When I was a young man, he was a wee chap, with his marbles, and pony, and the like. I've knowed him so long. He'd no mother to speak of, she dying when he was but a boy. I've often said that was the root of all the evil." Eyeing me sharply to see if I listened, the old man hurried on, glad of the chance to loosen his tongue. "For you see, Mr. Robert's, a man that needed a woman—he'd be led, but not driven. And old Squire Jefferies drove—son and servants, both—and with a hard bit, too. He's just—the squire is; he'll pay his debts to the last farden, and have his own, too, if he went to hell to collect them. Eh! that's him! And Mr. Robert was like the Lairds—his mother was a Laird—free and careless, and open-handed, they were; I knowed 'em well. So when the boy came to be a man, and took to drinking and dicing, there was nothing but black looks, and blacker threats, when a kind word would have brought him down. But the worst was when he married little Mary Chess, down in the village. The old man knew nothing of it for years, and that was more than he could bear. I mind that day when it all came out. I was gardener at the Hall then—kitchen gardener, I mean. So the squire sent for Mary. He was a just man, as I said; and she, being an innocent young thing, he promised to

portion her and her children, if Mr. Robert would begone, and show his face no more. Mayhap that face did the harm, now, for the squire hated the Lairds—father and son—and Mr. Robert was the picture of his mother's brother. Drinking had begun to tell on Mr. Robert; then, so astead of keeping to his wife, and working for her, she taking part and lot with him, he gives her up, her and the boy, for their sakes, and goes—God knows where, to the Indies or America—somewhere where He watched him belike, and brought him back. For he's here these two days past. But he's seen neither his father nor wife, and only knows they're not dead. Nobody 'ud be so cruel as to tell him—"

"What?" for I had grown interested in the story insensibly.

"That the old squire slackened off in his kindness to Mary, saying the contract was broken, because the oldest boy vowed to find his father, living or dead. They well nigh starved last winter; and the woman would have none of his money, sin' it came with such bitter words. She's a high spirit, and a true heart, Mary Jefferies."

The old man bustled about, delaying me in my preparations to go over to the great house. It was rare for him to find a listener, and he muttered, in order to provoke my curiosity, something about strange chances and odd meetings coming to pass, until he could restrain himself no longer; but, coming closer, whispered that Squire Jefferies and his son were under the one roof to-night.

"It's the first time, five years come Michaelmas, that any one has come to crave leave to sleep in the great house, and here be the three of you to-night, (squire the first) all storm-stayed. Say that there's nought but chance in that? But they'll not meet. I've put the length of the house atween them; and for you, I'll give you the middle hall where we can cobble up a bed in no time."

The sight of a piece of gold brightened the old man's energies. He lit the candle in an old tin lantern, and, preceding me through the rain across the avenue of stately limes and oaks leading to the house, pushed open a side-door, and presently led me into a wide apartment, half study, half breakfast-room: the carpet on the floor was covered with dust; the saffron silk curtains dingy, and fallen from their hooks; the books, with which a few cases were partially filled, were yellow with mildew. But the air of the room was dry and warm, and a cheerful wood-fire on the hearth threw its light high

up into the groined ceiling, and met us with broad flashes and crackles of welcome. The figure of the poor gentleman was crouched over it; he started up, blushing, and drawing on his old overcoat again to conceal the torn and shabby shirt which he wore, said, "I came to this room, Jerry. It seemed less lonely than the gloomy chambers. If our friend will not object, I'll sleep on this settee," drawing the rough cot, which he had made, humbly out of my way.

Long ago the world had taught Robert Jefferies sharply that he cumbered the ground. He bore the lesson about with him, it checked the laugh on his lips, and the tears in his eyes: he dared not walked nor talk like other men. To-night he seemed to surmise that I had heard his story from Jerry; his yellow, lean face was a trifle colder, sadder, humbler than before.

Jerry betook himself to his own den, finally fastening the doors behind him as he went. I stirred the fire to a ruddier glow, and, drawing off my boots, pulled up the arm-chair in which I meant to sleep. My companion stood, for a moment, looking out into the murky night, and watching the rain beat fiercely against the windows; surveyed the wide, melancholy, dismantled room, made a few half-jesting remarks, and then, wrapping his coat about him for the night, hesitated, and stood, for a moment, with his head bent, and his unsteady hand over his eyes, praying. He glanced at me with a furtive look of half-shame. "It's an old habit of mine—an old habit," hurriedly; "the only thing which I remember of all my mother taught me. I keep it up more to think that there was one foolish woman cared for my soul, than for any good it will do to me." The liquor was beginning to tell, I saw. He muffled up his head in his red comforter, and, stretching himself his full length, was soon asleep.

An hour passed. The thick darkness of the night crept into the great hall, barring the warm firelight with murky shadows. Huddled down into the recesses of the deep chair, I peeped out, now and then, to watch them come and go, flashing and darkening over the still figure of the sleeper opposite, until, in my drowsy watch, the room grew indistinct, and mingled with the dim, outer corridors, the far-off chambers of this picturesque, mysterious old house, with its carved balustrades and fretted ceilings. It did not even break the dreamy quiet when the door opened; a sharp, downright step struck across the floor, and a tall, thin man planted a straight-backed chair in front of the fire and sat down therein.

An old man, out of whom years had sucked

every vestige of the sap and juicy freshness of life, leaving but a dry, mechanic frame-work; there was not an unnecessary morsel of flesh on his spare body; nay, so absolute was the economy of his nature, that the very lashes that should have veiled his hard, blue eye, were thin and white; his snuff-colored clothes fitted without a wrinkle; the lean jaws, you would have sworn, never wasted motion on anything so useless as a smile; and as for the moisture of tears in those eyes—pah! it was the sheerest extravagance to think of it! His thin nostrils dilated as if he had smelled the fire far-off, and he settled back his head and folded his hands to sleep, bestowing merely a cursory glance upon me and my companion. Yet I fancied, drowsily, noting the depressed corners of his mouth, the stern sadness of the hard wrinkles, that the departed kindliness or tenderness of his nature had left a vague sorrow for itself in his vacant heart, that there were times when, at least, he remembered some old self, dead long years ago.

The night grew into deeper darkness; heavier shadows went and came; the uncertain firelight became steady and red.

Again the door opened; but this time it was a woman who came in, hesitated, and then, with a sudden smile, advanced to the sleeping old man, and laid her hand on his. Old, perhaps, you would call her, of homely features. I don't know. But the quiet dress hung in clinging folds about her; the brown hair, streaked with gray, was parted from a face, whose clear eyes and patient smile were genial and comforting, and tender; the very hands moved slow and gently, as if used to touching little children, or soothing aching foreheads.

She took his fingers in hers, and held them timidly. "Husband!" she cried, softly. His eyes opened.

"Pet! Pet Laird!" he said, calling her by the long-ago silly name of her girlhood. Her withered cheek blushed at that, her eyes filled with quick tears.

"I did not think you would remember," she said.

He looked at her in a dull stupor of terror and doubt, and some other struggling feeling which he had not known for years, but which racked his heart at this sight of her.

"You have not forgotten, then, in all these years, William?" laying her trembling hand on his face. "I have been gone so long! So long——" her eyes vaguely wandering.

Still frozen into silence, he watched her; and so motionless and breathless grew the room, that, as the slow moments crept by, I doubted if

the figures before me were not shadows, or parts of a dream.

Her voice itself, when she spoke, came far-off and dimly. "It is the anniversary of our wedding-day, my husband," she said. "I came to know if it meant to you all that it did in those first years? You promised to keep it when I left you; you said, I remember, that the love which was so real to us on that day—earthly love and Christ's love—would keep out of your heart whatever was growing there cold or hard. It has done so, William?"

He cowered beneath the loving, confident smile, and answered nothing.

"In the country from which I came," she said, still stroking his hand with a hurried touch, as if the time was short, and must be crowded with tokens and signs of the infinite love which she bore him. "In that country, He who holds us so tenderly, forbids us to know the temptations or guilt of those we loved on earth; as they might be, were they true to Him, as they shall be one day, when He has purified them, they stand in our memories always. Yet I came to you to-night——"

Still he spoke no word to her; asked no question.

She had laid her hand over her withered breast, as if some pain lay hid there, and after a wistful pause, went on, "It is Rob, my husband. Even yonder, the weight of the baby I had held on my breast so long, rested on it still. I came to look at my boy. It was a foolish fancy," the dim smile and blush flitting again over her face, "but I could not rest until I knew if I were quite forgotten; or if, in your happy home, you and my boy kept a place for mother yet."

He thrust her back with one hand, with the other covered his eyes, as if the sight of her burned into his brain.

"Rob!" he cried, fiercely, "Rob!" With a sharp remembrance cleaving his soul of "Pet," his soft cheeked child—wife then, huddling her baby to her breast with a hundred cooing little laughs of delight; of himself thrusting his rough, stubby finger through the heap of flannel, to touch the fat little foot or hand, almost as proud as she; of times when he had knelt with her on the floor, to teach the wonderful baby to totter from one to the other; of how, when she was gone, the sturdy little ruffian crept into his bed, clung to his finger as he went about his daily walks, would climb on his knee, as he sat at his lonely table, and eat from no hand but his. Should he tell this dead, loving mother that her son was an outcast, a drunken vaga-

bond, driven into the world with his curse upon him? "Rob!" he muttered, shrilly, holding his hands over his eyes, barring out the thought of child, or wife, or God.

"I came to know," said the same clear, tender voice, "how, in your happy home, my boy and you kept the eve of my day!"

Then, slowly, as she spoke, the clammy shadows cleared away; into the glowing fire-light came strange voices and forms; the old man bared his eyes; the miserable traveler, at the other side of the fire, rose and gazed, with awed and sad face, at that which filled the silence.

In the olden time, men learned eternal truths through dreams, and parables from the lips of Him who thought no ill too mean for Him to cure; and it may not have been all in vain that this man, and the dead mother and her son, with his broken, wasted life, looked on the eve of her day, not as it was, but as it might have been.

The shadow crowded into dull corners; the light broadened; the dingy hall opened into a cheery, arched dinner-room—his own haunt at the Hall. The squire remembered that he had left it this morning, dull, cold, comfortless; the thin March light peering through dusty windows at heaps of bills and parchments on tables and desks. Now, shining and glowing, it held a half-dozen happy people, a fitting bright background for them; for, it being grandfather's own especial anniversary in the year, and so second only to Christmas, the walls were wreathed with evergreen and red with berries; lights sparkled wherever a light could be placed.

This morning, as he rode down the highway, he thought he had met a woman, scantily clothed, her face gray with hunger, leading a lame little girl by the hand—his son's wife. Yet here she was, the soul of the homesome room, her chubby, comfortable little face dimpling and glowing all over with the pleasure of the hour; going about the table, giving a touch, here and there, with her busy, happy fingers; for Mary was a famous housekeeper, and it being the end of her ambition to hold everybody contented and pleased to the top of their bent; and she having no talent for books, or pictures, or the like, she kept her house cozy and happy with the strength of ten women.

Now and then, as she bustled about, she stopped to lay her hand on her husband's grayed head. A moment's touch, that was all; but there was an unspeakable trust and quiet in both their faces as she passed on. The poor gentleman on the settle looked out of his long,

homeless poverty of body and soul at this strange shadow of himself, as he might have looked into that far country where his mother had gone, and where he should never come, bending forward with hungry eyes, stern lips, and bated breath. Yet the marks were slight that drew the inflexible difference between them. Robert Jefferies, sitting in the midst of his children, honored and cherished, wore the same simple, sad smile as the old traveler. But the hand was steady, the eye clear and keen; a man of weight, of mark among men, shrewd and truthful; yet his children left their mother to cling about him, and found his hand gentler, his eye more tender than hers.

All the children but one. On an old man's knee; at the other side of the fire, the lame little girl had climbed, and sat resting her head on his shaggy coat. "Pet, Pet!" he called her, fingering on the name, looking up, as he did it, to the portrait of a young mother, with her baby in her arms, on the opposite wall. There was a wreath of flowers about it this evening—for it was her day they kept—a garland of bright, cheery-looking blossoms, for they had no gloomy thoughts of this fair lady. Long ago, when grandfather loved her, she went into a far, beautiful country; coming back on this, her day, to see the love and prosperity in their happy home—their happy home.

So, when they gathered about the table, (young Master Bob undertaking to carve, because there was a pretty little blue-eyed girl there, in whose eyes Bob was anxious to figure as a dignified member of society,) it did not check the laugh, or innocent joke, as they looked up to see the quiet eyes following them. The thought of the love kept for them yonder in the dead heart, only made the love for the living more eager and real. The old man, (could that be *your* face, William Jefferies, bent over the little child?) the old man, as we said, held little Janey, Pet, as he called her, on his knee. Last year she had her own high chair at the table, when, for a month or two, she laid on cushions beside the fire, but now they kept her on their laps always—her grandfather most anxious of all for his turn to hold her—as if the time was short when they could show her kindness. The two ate from the one plate now—the squire picking out the merry-thought for her, and afterward, slyly, with many winks between them, gathering the raisins from the pudding all to her side.

Well, while the dessert was still on, and after the squire and his son had finished a tedious discussion of the merits of a new horse, which

Robert had bought, young Robert hummed and blushed fiery red, and made frantic efforts to begin a little speech which he had conned this year past, and put off until to-day, as being the most propitious season of good-will. Little Pet pinched her grandfather's arm, winked mischievously, and settled her pale face to attention—her pale face growing red with fright and sympathy presently, for she loved Bob with all her little soul. His mother, too, guessed what was coming, and glanced nervously from father to grandfather, as he went on, shutting her eyes and choking down the tears. For Mary Chess, like Bob's little sweetheart, had belonged to the trading plebeians of the town; she did not know how it would be with the proud old man and his grandson. She gave them all the help she could, though; and when Bob stammered out, "I thought, on this day, which we have kept sacred to love and kindness in the family, to tell you that Horry and I—"

"We're young, and we'll wait, father," he went on, desperately, "but we're in earnest. We'd like to try to live a true, good life together. And I believe *she*," glancing up, "who knew what love was, would say, 'God bless you.'"

His mother, as I said, at that point came behind him with a little sob, and said, "Of course, we've seen it all along, Bob; and we approve, that is, I love Horry with all my heart: and I'll do all I can to make her a good wife for you," turning to the pale, frightened girl.

"You are young," said his father, gravely, "and this is not the place or time to decide on such a matter." But he leaned forward and took the girl's little hand in his with a quiet look of welcome. The next glance he gave was a troubled one at the old man—for Squire Jeffries had strong prejudices of caste, and without his aid, what could these children do? But he kept his head resolutely down, avoiding all questioning looks.

A cold silence fell on the table. Little Janey dropped her nuts, and one arm stole round the gray head.

"They are waiting for you, grandpa," she whispered. "Don't make poor Bob, unhappy to-night. I'd like to see them all pleased and glad before—"

"Before what, child?"

"Never mind. But they're waiting. *She's* waiting," with a superstitious look at the watching face.

The old man looked up. He was old and she was waiting. Why should he not see them all glad before—

So he turned, and, with a quavering voice,

drank the health of the boy, and his bride, wondering, as they responded eagerly, if he would be missed when that day came—that day. But he would not be alone—she was waiting; and Janey—

The little girl's head grew heavy; she laid it on his shoulder, and while the others, with a new glee, sang their songs, and told their evening stories, he went tottering with her to the warmest corner of the fire, where they could see the portrait; and he told her his old stories of the pet of his youth, and that beautiful country where she had gone.

She listened, pulling his gray hair through her thin fingers, and telling him to "go on," until her breathing grew quieter, and her hand rested about his neck, her face still turned to that mother's face, with its infinite love, that watched and waited.

When her mother came for the child at bedtime, he said, softly, "I think she is asleep, Mary. Let Bob carry her."

But Bob, lifting the light weight, grew suddenly pale, and cried, sharply, "Oh, little Pet! Oh, Janey, Janey!"

The shadows grew heavier, clouding all. Then the sickly morning light struggled through the dingy panes, and showed the old man standing alone on the hearth, where lay a handful of dead ashes. His arms were thrown over his face; a strong shiver ran through his frame, as of one who had stood face to face with death and life, and read their eternal meanings. He turned, and looked at the poor gentleman, who sat, covering his eyes with one unsteady hand, on the settle; then he came to him, touched with a strange look of wonder and pity—the hair scarcely less gray than his own—forced the arms down, pulled away the collar of the shabby coat from the laggard, simple face.

"Rob?" he whispered. "Rob! Our boy!"

They stood facing each other in the gray morning light—the stern face of the old man less shaken than the other. Yet I fancied that the heart of the man had been bared to himself that night, as in God's eye, and never should be hid again.

"I'm very tired," said the son. "There's but a little way left to go; but it seems to me, to-night, as if there might be yet a chance. I have some vigor and manhood left; and, father, my soul has cried out for you these many years—for you, and Mary, and home. Is there yet a hope to atone for all this that has gone?"

"A little way to go?" the sterner voice repeated, moodily. "The time is short; but she

is waiting, and watching. We will try, Rob. Come home, my boy."

The other looked at his shrunken limbs, at his shaking hand craving its usual morning stimulant.

"Is it too late, then?" the father asked, an awful pain in his face. "God knows, my son. God have mercy upon me, a sinner! Come, let us find Mary and little Pet. When she thinks of us to-night, let it be as the dream showed her, together and loving in our happy home."

As they went down the steps in the wet morning, the old man leaning upon his son, the early light flashed out over world and sky, and from every moist shrub or tree came the song of the birds, thanking God that the summer was com-

ing at last, and that the long winter was over and gone.

So I rose, and leaving the haunted picture behind me in the quiet library, went out into the frosty streets, ringing with the hum of a great city; but in every face I saw a new want, akin to that on the poor travelers—a something that asked hungrily for kind words, for love, for the help Christ came to give. And it seemed to me that, in my sleep, I, too, had seen the helper I might have been—true, tender, and earnest; that I might have been, and was not. And I knew that there was now but a little way to go; that the want and hunger cried from every face; and that the dead I had loved, stood yonder, waiting to know what I would do.

FOLLOWING.

BY EMILY HEWITT BUGBEER.

Even before me all the day—

Nearer to me at night—

Fleets and wavers a shining form,

That beckons with hands of light.

I see, yet not with an outward gaze;

Rather, I dream I see,

This ever vanishing form of light,

Beckoning unto me.

Deep is the snow on the little grave,

Dark and cold for the dead:

Did I not catch, in the sunny air,

A glimpse of her golden head?

Bitter the pilgrimage of my life,

With her life quenched in the earth:

Did I not, sometimes, seem to hear,

The sound of cherubic mirth?

In the broad, bright noon—in the social throng—

In the surge of the crowded street:

Like gentler lightnings, faintly bright,

Quiver the shining feet.

Distant and dim, and sometimes paled,

But never entirely lost,

Leaping and glancing along the way

That weary men have crossed.

Coming to me in the breathless night,

Pityingly near and near;

As near as the angels may come to us—

Till the whiz of wings I hear.

Ah! Love may mock with its fitful light,

Friendship prove but a name:

Ever may flee from striving hand

The shadowy wreath of fame.

But the shifting gold of her floating hair—

The flash of her little hands;

The sweet, vague sound of her angel voice—

Her feet on the shining sands,

Never shall cheat my longing soul,

Nor mock my hungering eyes;

And I shall clasp her at last—at last

On the shores of Paradise!

CHILLED.

BY E. A. DARBY.

The pleasant rays of early Spring

Beamed o'er the earth with gentle power,

And on the hillside's budding breast,

Warmed into life a crimson flower.

There, in the sun's benignant beams,

She grew in beauty, day by day,

And blushed with sweetly trusting love,

Beneath the ardor of his ray.

The incense of her breath perfumed

The breezes that caressed the earth:

Exhaling, at the slightest touch

Of Him whose passion gave her birth.

A lurk her mossy nest built there,

Among the wild grass at her feet;

So love and music came to make

Her span of happiness complete.

But one day—dreary day to her—

The sun withheld his welcome light;

And thick, black clouds lay cold upon

The neighboring mountain's dismal height.

Rain, hail and snow, fell thick and fast

Upon her unprotected breast,

And crushed her, as they killed the young,

Beneath her in their mossy nest.

For many a weary day the sun

Refused his wonted warmth to shed;

And when at last he smiled again,

The crimson flower lay cold and dead.

A WOMAN'S REVENGE.

BY LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON, AUTHOR OF "THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER," "JUNO CLIFFORD,"
"MY THIRD BOOK," ETC., ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 230.

X.—ALICE.

THAT day she sought Alice. It was time for her next move; and she made it with scarcely an impulse of regret or hesitation. Do you comprehend her character?—a character that might, perhaps, had fortune been kinder, have been full of tenderness—that was now so hardened by disappointment that she had no pity for another woman, who loved as dearly as herself, though with a less frantic and selfish passion.

Adroitly she led the conversation to Robert Huger, and, for the first time, told Alice in so many words of his proposal.

"Why did you not accept him?" Alice asked, glad of an opportunity to solve at length the mystery which had puzzled her.

"Because I could not love him. I wanted to, and tried my best. I knew if I could, I should be happier—but it was impossible."

"And yet he was very noble," Alice said, thoughtfully.

"Yes, he was noble. It was not his fault, but my misfortune. Alice, if anything had separated you from Gerard, after you were engaged to him, do you think you could have learned to love and marry some one else?"

"I cannot think how anything but death could have separated us," the young wife said, simply, "unless I had found that he was unworthy of me, and then, I hope, love would have died."

"Love does not always die when it ought. If it did, mine would have been dead long ago."

"Were you betrothed?" Alice asked, timidly.

"Not exactly. I suppose that is how he keeps his conscience clear, and feels himself a man of honor still. No, he only told me that he loved me, and I answered him. It was an amusement, perhaps, to him; a pretty speech he may have made to twenty different women—to me it meant life, or death. The next day he went away. That was the end of it. He saw a girl, gentler, younger, a great deal richer, and he married her. What a fool I am to care! How can that man have power to sway my soul—to shut the gates of all other happiness against me? And yet I believe he did love me once.

There, child, ask me no more. I have told you more than any one else knows."

"And you will not tell me who it was?"

The words struggled, in spite of herself, from the young wife's white lips.

"Tell you! You are mad to ask it. Forget that I said anything, and never speak of it hereafter. My confidential moods come but seldom. To-morrow I shall be sorry that I told you."

As she spoke, she rose to go. Alice put out her hand, involuntarily, as if she would hold her back. Her face was white as death. She would have given worlds to say, "At least tell me it was not Gerard!"—but she read no pity in those proud, dark eyes. She drew back her hand, and let Veronica go without another word. Then she sank on her knees, and lifted toward heaven her white, piteous face, her eyes wild with torturing fear.

"Oh, God!" she cried, "pity me, pity me! The way is dark, and I am all alone."

Was it Gerard? Was it Gerard? She asked herself the question, over and over again; but there was not even an echo to answer her. Then she thought it all over. Veronica had said this recreant lover of hers had married a girl, gentler, younger, richer. It *must* be Gerard! Had he never, never loved *her*? Had all his dear, fond words been a delusion? Had Mr. Goldthwaite been right, after all? Oh! what a cruel thing it was that this fortune had been left her, so that she could never be loved for her own self, never have faith. Then the question came back to her which she had asked her lover on the day of their betrothal—whether he gave her all his heart—and his answer. He had said then that he loved her only; he did not say that he had never loved another. But what then? If, after he knew her, he had loved no other, what had she a right to ask more? Was she not wronging herself and him? How kind and tender he had always been to her. Whatever he had felt in the past, did he not love her now with all his heart? Then she pitied Veronica. How sad it had been to love so, and to lose! Either way it was terrible.

How much trouble there was in the world, and she had been living such a sunny life hitherto, never dreaming of it.

She got up and went down stairs. She wanted to change the current of her thoughts a little. Her light feet made no noise on the soft carpets. She heard the sound of music in the drawing-room. Veronica was singing—the same song she had sung that night at Mrs. Lauderdale's. She went to the door, and stood there looking in. They did not see her, either of them. Veronica sat there radiant in beauty, her fingers sweeping that wild, bewildering music from the keys; her voice quivering on the air with its burden of impassioned melody; her eyes—those matchless, compelling eyes—looking full in Gerard's face. As the song ceased, he fell on his knees beside the singer, and pressed her slender hands to his lips—his wife heard him say,

"I was not worth your love. Forgive me, Veronica."

After that she heard no more. She hardly knew how she got up stairs. The world seemed slipping away from beneath her feet, and leaving her alone in blank chaos. Putting out her hand, and groping blindly, she touched a low easy-chair. It was one Gerard had given her last week, with a kiss, and some fondly playful words about the lullabies she would sing in it. Last week! Between then and now was there not eternity? She sat down, and laid her poor, throbbing head against the back of the chair. She did not think—how could she? She only bowed herself to the blast and waited. After awhile Gerard came up. She did not know whether it was one hour or three since she had seen him kneeling at Veronica's side. It was an honest impulse of penitential tenderness which drove him now to her—for, after all, she was his wife whom he loved and had chosen. If she had had less delicacy, more self-assertion; if she could have brought herself to tell him what she had seen, all might have been made right, even then; but she could hardly have done so, if her life or his had depended on it. She turned from him a little coolly, however—perhaps it was not in human nature to help that, and begged him to leave her to herself. She was not well. She needed rest and quiet.

He thought her manner seemed petulant. Perhaps, blaming himself so much, he was glad of an opportunity to blame her a little. After all, he thought, he had thrown away the proudest love when he had given up Veronica. He went down and asked her to ride with him. He

had no idea of ever loving her as he did his wife—of her ever being more to him than now—but he pitied her, and, because he thought he had wronged her, he was very tender to her. He did not look forward at all. What was to grow out of this confidence between them he never questioned. She charmed him into forgetfulness of all but herself, as they rode under the trees that pleasant May afternoon.

Alice, left alone meantime, was striving to look the future in the face. One belief swayed all her thoughts—the belief that Veronien's right to Gerard was first and strongest—that, but for her, she would have been his wife. Too generous to blame either of them, she blamed herself for having come between them and their happiness. Then, with a shivering sigh of relief, she thought of the near future—welcomed, as a friend, that phantom of early death, which had looked so grim and ghastly to her a little while before. Yes, that was the way—when her baby was born, she should die. Then they could be happy. She would take her little one in her arms, and go on, out of their way, into the world of spirits. There would be room for her there.

She knelt down, poor, helpless child, scarcely nineteen, and prayed to God to take her out of the world—her and her baby. She cried to heaven, in agony of supplication, that the child might go with her—that it might not be left motherless as she had been—that she might have it, her own, to go with her through the dark valley, and be hers still in the light of the eternal morning. Then she prayed for her husband—that he might be good and happy; that no shadow might darken his life; that he might have all the desires of his heart, and that she might be taken out of his way.

Out of his way! and, with those words, she began to sob in an agony of self-pity. Remember that she had scarcely been married a year—the next day but one would be the first anniversary of her wedding. She was very young, and very lonely. Would God pity her?

The wedding anniversary, when it came, was a painful and unsatisfactory day enough. Gerard was prepared to be very affectionate. He had been to town the day before, and brought back a gift which he thought would please his wife—a brooch, on which was exquisitely painted a beautiful Madonna, with the Holy Infant in her arms. He gave it to her in the morning, and was vexed at her want of enthusiasm about it. He never guessed what she had seen two days before, or what Veronica had hinted to her. He thought she was cross; and began, for the first

time, to find fault with her in his heart. On her part, she believed that he had loved his cousin with his first, best love; and had married her only because she was Miss Lauderdale, and the heiress of the Lauderdale fortune. She felt that to die and leave him to Veronica was the sole kindness she could show him. Gifts and tokens seemed to her a hypocrisy so paltry, that they vexed even her gentle nature into impatience. He was too much in fault himself to be patient with her—for it is a great deal easier to forgive those who have wronged us than those whom we have wronged.

He found Veronica ready to console him—to sing, and read, and talk to him; and he passed most of the day with her. Alice was too wretched for disguises. She was thankful just to be let alone. She sat the long day through in her own room, looking back to the hopes and dreams, the happy home-coming of one short year ago—pitying, almost, as if it were another, the young life desolated, the weary heart, in which all hopes of youth lay dead before their time, and which throbbed with only one despairing longing, to go anywhere out of the world. How calm and cold words sound in writing of such sorrows? We use the same adjective for a broken heart and a broken toy. We have no stronger expression for the anguish which wrings out the heart's blood, drop by drop, in slow torture, than for an ordinary grief. But surely God, who was mighty to create, will be able to understand and console. He knows with what power of suffering He has gifted each burdened heart, and He will pity His children.

XI.—THE STORM'S WORK.

Two weeks went on after that, during which there was but little outward change. Gerard had not ceased to love his wife; and the estrangements between them, though he did not understand its cause, disquieted him greatly. But I have told you before that he had certain weaknesses. He was easily vexed, and easily flattered. When he thought Alice cool or moody, he turned to Veronica—and she never disappointed him. He did not see, as others would, the wrong she had done in letting him, the husband of another, know that her old love for him was not dead. Men are oftentimes strangely tolerant of sins done for their sake; and he forgot, or overlooked, the treachery with which she had returned Alice's great kindness.

He only remembered how well and vainly she had loved him, and felt for her an intense pity. Perhaps he loved her a little, too—for a man's love is not always the exclusive passion

romancers have pictured. When Guinevere was beloved, do you think there was no lingering tenderness for Elaine? Veronica's touch thrilled his pulses now and then—he was entranced by her voice—her grace—her dark, bright eyes. Sometimes he longed to catch the beautiful syren to his heart, and cover her bewildering lips with his kisses. The recording angel will set it down to his credit that he never did. He never quite forgot his wife's claims on him, even in the hours when his cousin's fascination was strongest; and I think there never was a time when, in the depths of his heart, he did not love Alice best. The other was on the surface, appealed to the weakest, and therefore most easily moved, part of his nature. But it was his wife to whom his *soul* was linked.

Alice passed this time mostly alone. She was certainly in a fair way to realize Veronica's hope, and her presentiment. She grew thin, and listless, and moved about the house like the ghost of her former self. Veronica looked on, pitiless. The day of her triumph, she thought, was near at hand. Surely, in a few short weeks Gerard would be free, and then, could she not console him for all griefs?

There came a June day, sultry as some June days are, with a heat more intolerable than that of mid-summer. A day which burned like the heat of the tropics. A breath of coming evil seemed in the air. A hush was over all the earth—a waiting stillness. It oppressed Alice terribly, and kept her prisoner in her own room. Gerard had ridden away, early in the morning, to keep a business appointment in a neighboring village. He was to dine there, and return when the sun was lower. He would be at home by seven, he said to Veronica at parting.

When the time drew near, it seemed as if she could not wait for it. Something impelled her to go and meet him. The grounds were extensive. She could walk more than a mile before reaching the gate. She would go and wait for him there. She longed feverishly to see him after his day's absence—to look into his eyes, and know what he would say to her. She took a long, black veil, and folded it around her. She looked like a Spanish woman, with her great, black eyes gleaming through the lace. She walked like one, too, as she went out under the trees with that free, laughty step of hers.

All nature was motionless when she went out. The hush of waiting had deepened. Not a twig stirred on the boughs, not a leaf rustled. No bird sang. No flower, ever so slight, swayed. No breath of air stirred. She walked on with eyes glittering strangely. There was a look on

her face, such as they say precedes, sometimes, a sudden and dreadful doom. She had no fear. She had brewed herself the wild, sweet wine of hope, and she had drank it to madness.

As she walked, a change came over air and sky. Clouds began to sweep rapidly from the four corners of the heavens. Distant thunders muttered. A wind began to blow. It blew straight in her face, as if to drive her back. Some great drops full, tear-like, on her head. Neither wind, nor rain, nor muttering thunder moved her. She was going to meet Gerard. She cared nothing for the war of elements. If he came in the midst of it, they could seek shelter together. She pressed on. She reached the gate, and opened it for him. Then she went back a few paces, and stood under a great tree, waiting. Lightnings flashed round her, and thunders rolled; but her spirit seemed to rise exultant with the wild and rising storm. Soon she heard in the distance the hoof-beats of his horse, coming, coming fast.

"Gerard, Gerard!" she cried, her voice rising on the wind like the call of a spirit. Just then came a crash, a blinding, terrible light, a rushing, horrible, deafening sound. Gerard heard it, and hurried on through the gate. The great tree, shivered to fragments, blocked his way with its rent boughs; and across them lay Veronica, her long hair falling about her in dense masses, her white face, with the smile of welcome and expectation still on the lips. Was she dead?

He sprang from his horse, and felt for her heart. It seemed to him there was still a faint pulsation. The lightning had spared her, perhaps, and the shock stunned her. He got her upon his horse—how he lifted the dead weight, he never knew—and, supporting her there as best he could, he took her home. The storm, as if it had done its work, subsided. The rain fell still, slowly and heavily, but the thunders only muttered sullenly in the distance.

At his own door, his first call brought gardeners and coachman to his assistance. They took the pale burden, resting on them so hopelessly, into the house; and then the men started, in opposite directions, for the first physician who could be found. They had carried Veronica into her own room, and laid her on her bed. The housekeeper and Rosette were both at hand; and Gerard was hesitating whether to summon his wife, when he heard her voice. She had come down, noiselessly, and stood among them, her face scarcely less white than the one lying so still upon the pillows.

"What has happened, Gerard? Is it death?"

He told her, as tenderly as possible, what he had to tell. It might, or might not, be death. She waited for no more. A capacity for practical effort, which she had not known that she possessed, sprang to life at the occasion. All the methods of resuscitation, of which she had ever heard, flashed into her mind, and were at her service. Neither brain nor hands failed her. She had just one thought.

"Veronica must live. Who else could console Gerard when she left him? Veronica must live to be happy when she was gone—to enjoy the love which ought never to have failed her."

She worked like one to whom superhuman strength had been given. She chafed the long, slender limbs, and infused into them her own vitality. It was a case in which delay would have been fatal, but Alice's promptness saved her. She wrestled with death, as sometimes a mother does for the life of her only child. She wrenched Veronica from his hold—caught her in the very midst of the black, whelming billows, and bore her back to the shore of life.

Before any physician reached the house, the lids had risen from above those dark eyes—a faint pulse fluttered in the slender wrist—and when Dr. Wrentham came in and looked at her, he said,

"Your promptness has kept her alive. She has a chance, now, for her life."

"Then she is not yet out of danger?" It was Gerard who spoke.

"No, after such a shock as this, fever will be very apt to set in, and she will need careful nursing to save her."

Before midnight the event had justified Dr. Wrentham's prediction. Veronica was burning with fever, and talking in wild, incoherent strains—now of Alice, then of Gerard—sometimes of Robert Iluger, and sometimes of her uncle Tremaine, and the old life before she came to "All-Come-Home." Gerard had been banished from the room; and after awhile Alice sent away the housekeeper and Rosette, who still lingered, saying that she would watch for an hour or two alone. She stood there then and looked at Veronica—her rival. A temptation swept over her soul for a moment—a temptation to go away, and take thought for her own safety, making her situation the all-sufficient excuse—to go away, and leave Veronica to the care of others, let life or death come as it would. Then came the thought—"another might neglect her, where I should save her"—and she knelt down there and vowed a vow unto the Lord.

"I will save her, oh, God! if human care can. Grant me Thy strength!"

Two weeks passed after that of constant watching. Gerard roamed penitent, wretched, despairing, about the house. Alice, at Veronica's side, fought her battle with death. It was strange, but, though she realized nothing else, the patient yet seemed to understand Alice's presence. Sometimes she would look at her with a wild, terror-stricken face, and cry, "Why don't you kill me? I would have killed you, if I could."

Alice took no thought for herself—never ceased her watch.

At last, on the fifteenth day, came the crisis—that long, heavy slumber, through which so many anxious hearts have watched and waited, since the world began. Alice kept steadfast vigil, with Dr. Wrentham beside her. Hour after hour, until the day—it was the last day of June—went down, and the summer night came, with its dew, its stars, its breath of peace. It was midnight before the watch ended. Alice had fallen on her knees at last, and was praying silently and fervently that the life for which she had struggled so long might be spared. While she still knelt, Veronica's lips parted with a long sigh. A shiver ran over her limbs, and she opened her eyes, and met Dr. Wrentham's, as he bent above her.

"Mrs. Tremaine," he said, speaking first of all to Alice, "your patient will live. It is your care which has saved her."

A low cry burst from Alice's lips—a cry of thanksgiving; and then her head drooped lower, until she lay in a dead faint upon the floor.

Dr. Wrentham very quietly summoned Gerard, who had been waiting for tidings in the next room; and between them they carried Alice to her own chamber, and then called the professional nurse, who was already in the house, to undress her. Rosette took up the post of watcher beside Veronica. The rest concentrated their attention upon Alice. There were a few hours of terrible suffering; and then, in answer to her entreaties, they laid her baby girl upon her bosom, cold and dead. The "little dark-lashed eyes would never open;" the sweet face would never smile; the little hands would never twine round the mother's neck, nor the soft lips cling to her breast. Dead! She held it close to her, kissing the little, cold cheeks, and pressing the poor little fingers.

"Oh, my baby, my baby!" she cried, in a low, piteous tone; "I meant to go with you. There was room in heaven for both of us. Why should you have been taken, and I left?"

For hours, in spite of all persuasions, she held the dead baby in her arms. She could not

give it up—this child, with whom she had meant to go out of the world. She murmured, for the first time, against her fate. Why was she kept alive to be the dark shadow between Gerard and the sunshine—to make the life she had saved to Veronica worthless? Oh! the bitterness of those tears that fell on that dead baby's face—burning drops, wrung from the anguish of a breaking heart!

All this time Gerard was so tender of her. It was remorse, she thought; or a kind heart which could not let him look, unmoved, on suffering—for she had no longer any faith in his love. He began to guess dimly at the cause of her coldness; and his very penitence for the thoughts that had wandered from her made him cowardly.

After a day or two the baby was buried. Alice, herself, told where it should be laid—in one of the pleasantest spots in the whole grounds, where the pine-trees waved above it, and the summer winds blowing through made murmurous music. It was a spot where she had loved to go—where, in the days to come, she meant often to carry her heart-ache, and weep it out above that little grave.

She could not comprehend why she had not died. At first she had dreaded death, when her hour of trial came. Latterly that dread had been changed to hope and expectation. For what had God kept her alive? Hundreds of times she asked herself this question, as the slow, summer days went by her—the long, still days, in which she made her weakness the excuse for banishing Gerard, and lay there, thinking her own thoughts silently.

XII.—UNTO THIS LAST.

VERONICA, meanwhile, was disappointing Dr. Wrentham's expectations. When the crisis of her fever passed, he had thought that she would at once begin to recover. But she lay there, day after day, gaining no strength, taking no nourishment; until at last his practiced eye perceived that a foe, surer, more insidious, more fatal than fever, had seized upon her now. She was going into a swift decline. Before consumption, the learning of the schools is powerless. He could do nothing for her beyond easing the pains which would beset her on the way. From her goal there was no turning back. He told Rosette his conviction. Her care and patience had impressed him favorably; and he left it to her discretion how to break the news to her mistress. But of this there was no need. That afternoon, Miss Tremaine looked up to Rosette, who sat, as usual, still and patient beside her.

"I am going to die," she said. "You do not tell me, but I know it well. How is Mrs. Tremaine? Did she not take care of me at first?"

Alice's tenderness and unselfish devotion had touched even Rosette's heart at last, and she answered warmly,

"Yes, she nursed you until the crisis of your fever was passed. They say it was her fatigue and anxiety which killed her baby. She was taken ill very suddenly, and her child was born dead. She has suffered a great deal, but she is in a fair way to get better now. Yesterday the nurse said that she sat up a little."

Veronica turned her face to the wall, and shed some bitter tears. Was ever rock so hard that some rod could not be found wherewith to smite it? "Coals of fire!" she murmured, "coals of fire!" With death so near at hand, she began to see things clearly. She saw Alice as she was—not a guileful girl, who had wiled another woman's lover away; but pure, simple, true, honestly loved, and faithfully loving, generous and unselfish. Oh! to her, *how* generous and unselfish—opening her doors to her in misfortune, as if she had been her sister, tender and thoughtful to her always, even after she had made her believe herself an unloved wife. She had been counting on Alice's death. Alice had risked her own life, and lost her child's, to bring her back from the brink of the grave. She remembered that it was in going to meet Alice's husband, to try and strengthen her hold on him, that she had gone to her doom. From that doom Alice had saved her. Die she must, now, but not as she would have died then, without space for repentance and atonement.

Repentance and atonement! Were they yet possibilities for her? Was she not a murderer? But for her Alice's baby would be alive now. She must do her best, and then, perhaps, Alice would pray for her. Turning to Rosette, she bade her go and see if the nurse thought it would be prudent for Mrs. Tremaine to come to her for a little while to-morrow morning. If possible, she wanted to see her.

Rosette came back soon, with a message from Alice herself. She would be sure to come.

Then Veronica made her bring her desk, and put it on the bed. She summoned strength enough to unlock it, and to touch the spring of a secret drawer, from which she took Gerard's letter—the letter he had written about Alice the night after his betrothal, and which had crushed every mad hope of her own heart to dust. She had the desk put back then, and lay silently holding the letter in her fingers. She did not read it over—there was no need for that—its

every word was branded upon her heart in letters that had burned their way deep. At last, when night came, she put it under her pillow, and tried to sleep. Rosette had moved her bed into the room, and lay there, night after night, watching her mistress with a care which must have sprung from an affection deeper than she had ever expressed. She seemed never to sleep. A sigh—her name breathed in the faintest whisper—would arouse her in a moment.

That night was very long. Veronica could not rest. The next morning she was to do what, six weeks before, she would not have believed even death could force her to do—to give back Gerard to his wife. Dim ghosts of past hopes and dreams stood like pallid shapes beside her. Sometimes her old, fierce love rose up in her heart, and almost mastered her new impulses toward penitence and atonement. But she struggled, as a strong swimmer buffets the waves for his life. She recalled Alice's days of weary watching beside her; she thought of the dead baby, with its lips that never smiled; and she triumphed once and again over the spirit of evil.

When the morning came, she could scarcely control her restless impatience until Alice was seated in an easy-chair at her bedside. The thin, wan face, with the great, black eyes burning in their sockets, the hectic flush flaming in the cheeks, struck to Alice's heart with a pang of surprise and pity which overflowed in tears.

"Don't weep," Veronica said, with a little touch of her old impatience. "Are you well enough to read?"

"Yes, I don't think it would hurt me."

"Read that, then—read quickly."

She drew the letter from under her pillow, and thrust it vehemently into Alice's hand; then watched her as she read. Soon a light broke, wave-like, into the young wife's eyes; then happy tears fell, and the innocent, tell-tale cheeks flushed again with girlish blushes. She read it all—drank in the blessed meaning of every word. Then, in a passion of joy, she cried,

"He wrote this of me! Oh! Veronica, then Gerard was not your lover?"

"Yes, Gerard *was* the lover I meant. Listen, Alice, while I have strength to speak, and I will tell you all. I loved Gerard, but he did not love me."

She began at the very beginning; and unveiled her proud heart for those true, womanly eyes to read. She told all the story of her early love; the night when Gerard had said, "I

love you," and the words, which to him meant so little, had been to her as a solemn pledge. She told of the reception of his letter about Alice, and the death-blow it was to her heart. She confessed the hatred that had sprung up, side by side, with her great love, and her deliberately formed purpose to win Gerard back. She omitted no detail of the life since—not one artifice, one plot, one success—not even the story of the days and weeks when she had counted on Alice's death, and lured Gerard on almost to love her. When all was told, she said mournfully,

"There, Alice, you see you can take him into your heart again. He loved you first, and, sorely as I tempted him, I do not believe his love has ever really wavered. You have been first and best to him through all. But for me, I dare not ask you even to soothe my death-bed with your forgiveness."

Alice bent over her, and pressed her lips to her forehead, before she answered,

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.' Could I hope for God's mercy, in my own need, if I did not forgive you? I pity you. My heart aches for you. Poor, motherless, fatherless girl, and you loved him so. Oh! it was hard——"

Veronica interrupted her feverishly.

"Say these words, just these words—'Veronica, I forgive you.'"

Alice's voice, in reply, came sweet and clear as an angel's tones falling from heavenly heights,

"Veronica, I forgive you, as I hope for God's mercy."

"Then go and make my confession to Gerard—make my peace with him."

Neither of them thought of Alice's weakness. I think strength came to her in that hour. She rose and went, unaided, into the drawing-room, and found Gerard there. She went up to him, first of all, and kissed him. It was the first time since she had believed him Veronica's lover.

"My wife, my darling!" he cried, eagerly. Then a shadow swept over his face. "I am not worthy of your love, Alice. You would not kiss me, if you knew all."

"I do know all. Veronica has sent me to make her peace with you. She loved you very dearly, and she did not realize what she was doing when she let you see that love, and tried a little, perhaps, to make you pity and regret her. She has cleared you from all blame—explained all that had made me doubt you. We must remember that she was motherless, and

that her love for you was the one hope of her life. She is going to die, and we must comfort and sustain her—you and I, her brother and sister."

"But, Alice, you do not know the extent of my sin against you. You do not know the power that her love and her beauty had over me. Sometimes I almost loved her; half wished I had married her, because I believed her love was truer and fonder than yours. Are you sure you can ever forgive me, and trust me as you used?"

"Are you sure that you loved me first and best—that you want me, and me only, for your wife?"

"I am sure—do you doubt it?"

The tender, truthful eyes answered him; the lips that touched his brow with their kiss of peace.

"Be sure, then, that I trust you," she said, fondly; "that I love you with a dearer love than that of our wedding-day. Now let us go to Veronica."

"Go first, darling; I will follow you presently."

"I take him as your gift," Alice said, sitting down by Veronica's side. "You have given him back to me. He will come to you soon. You must receive him as your brother."

For a few moments Gerard remained alone with God and his own soul. It was an hour with which I would not, if I could, intermeddle. Who has a right to sound the depths of his penitence, or measure the heights of his thanksgiving? Enough that his soul found utterance, and that One heard him who pitieth those who suffer, as a father pitieth his children. From that solitary communion with Infinity he won strength. There would be no danger in all his after life of his bark being tossed about rudderless by any chance gales.

When he went to Veronica, he pressed a brother's kiss upon the poor, wasted face—a kiss whose language she understood. Her dream was over—her sacrifice made. It remained for her to die. I think she was glad.

From that time Alice scarcely left her. She occupied Rosette's bed at night, and through the days she sat by Veronica's side. Strength seemed to be given to her for the hour. In spite of her watching she grew strong. Her eyes were clear and bright, and the delicate color came back to her cheeks. In receiving back her husband, she had received hope and life.

One day, when they were quite alone, Veronica asked calmly,

"How long do they say I have to live?"

Answer me truly, Alice. Concealment is false mercy."

"Dr. Wrentham says it may be a week, perhaps a fortnight. It might possibly be longer; but he does not give us any hope."

There was a few moments silence, then Veronica asked again, in a low whisper,

"Will you send a messenger for Robert Huger, Alice? He loved me well, and I want to see him before I die. He is the only one, except you and Gerard, whom I ever really wronged."

Alice left the room, and came back in a few moments.

"Gerard is going himself," she said. "He will not trust the errand to another. There will be time, to-day, for him to reach New York, and, I hope, to find Mr. Huger. We may look for them back to-morrow."

For all that day Veronica scarcely spoke. The next morning she began to grow feverishly impatient. She had Rosette dress her freshly in a soft, white muslin wrapper, and make the room as inviting as if it were decked for a summer holiday. Flowers were everywhere—roses in jars and vases, sprays of roses looping back the curtains; roses and heliotrope on the little stand at her bedside.

"They may come in the first train, you know," she said to Alice, when all was done.

Her hope had not deceived her. With the first train they came. Alice looked at her in wonder, as she lay waiting for them to come in. For the moment she seemed to have won back all her old, dazzling, imperious charms. Excitement had kindled her eyes to more than the old brightness, and stained cheek and lips with vivid color. Robert Huger had been told that she was near to death; he was not prepared for this vision of splendid beauty. Surely, he thought, she would get better. They were mistaken. There was no shadow of death on that radiant face. She put out her hand to him.

"I was sure you would come," she said. "You told me you would not fail me when I sent for you." Then she turned to Alice. "Leave us alone, please. I must say what I have to say before my strength fails me."

Left alone with her, sitting by her side, holding her hand, Huger began at last to see the change which had been wrought in her. The bright color died out from her lips, and only a round hectic spot burned upon either cheek. Now he saw how thin she was, noticed her short, labored breathing, and began to realize her doom. She looked at his pitying face with a sad tenderness in her eyes. She said,

"It was selfish in me to send for you, I know; but I thought no one else loved me so well, and I wanted you to know why it was that I did not love you in return."

Then, while he held her hand still, and, hiding all for her sake, never betrayed one throb of the pain her story gave him, she told him all the love of her youth—all the woe and passion of her womanhood.

"If I had not loved *him*," she said, when she had laid bare her heart, and all its secret woe, "I should, I must, have loved you. Sometimes I almost thought I could, for I had no persistent purpose to make you care for me in vain. I would have loved and married you, if I could—but the old madness was too strong. I sent for you now to tell you all the truth, and see if you could forgive me."

"My darling, my darling!"

Only that cry, and then, proud, stern man as Robert Huger was, he sank on his knees at that dying woman's side, weeping, in a strong man's agony, terrible to see. She put out her hand, and laid it tenderly on his bowed head.

"Do not mourn for me," she said. "I am not worth it. Only tell me you will never hate my memory—that sometimes, when you are happiest, you will think of me in my grave with pity and tenderness."

"Hate your memory!" he cried, passionately. "Do I not love you? Will not your dead face, with the turf above it, be more to me than any living woman's beauty? Could I blame you because, before you knew me, you had given your love to another? Perhaps, in the new life, when you see him by his wife's side, your heart will turn to me, and I shall not be companionless."

"Will you stay—could you stay a few days with me?" she asked awhile afterward, breaking the long silence that had fallen between them.

"Could I! If I may, I will stay with you to the last."

And "to the last" was not long. The flame of life, that had burned up so brightly with the excitement of Robert Huger's coming, but exhausted itself, and went out the sooner. In three days more they stood waiting in the summer twilight to see her die. There was no more hope, even of days or hours. The dew of death was on her forehead. Its glassy film was in her eyes. For some time her lips had moved, but they caught no words. Then, suddenly a glow of light, the last sparkle of the expiring flame, shone on her face. She cried, in tones of triumph,

"He who died for me has forgiven me!"

Then she looked at Alice.

"Kiss me," she said, "once more. I wronged you, and your revenge has been to love me. You have heaped coals of fire on my head."

With tears falling fast, Alice bent over her, and pressed kiss after kiss on the poor, pale mouth.

Then she beckoned to Gerard.

"You will not scorn me, because I held you too dear; but you chose wisely."

Then, with the last smile which they would ever wear curving her lips, her eyes sought Robert Huger.

"You last," she said, "for you only loved me best. I was not good enough for you. What a strange tangle this world is?"

He held her in his arms—the woman he would have died for—dearer to him at her worst than any other woman's best. He pressed his lips to hers, in the last kiss she would ever know, for, when he raised his head from that long caress, Veronica was dead.

They buried her—it was Alice's thought—beside the baby. That was the last token of forgiveness she could offer to the dead. She would go there in summer days, and hear the birds sing, and the winds make murmurous

music through the pines, above those two graves, and she would cherish them both with a tenderness equal and unailing.

I told you, in the beginning, the legend of an Italian wife's revenge; I have told you now the story of a Christian wife's—the revenge of a sublime forgiveness. Giacinta was walled in to die; and the wall that closed so pitilessly around her was her sepulchre. For her was no pity; and not even the man she had loved dared to mourn for her—though I question if he ever slept without meeting, in his dreams, the sad beauty of her accusing face. Veronica's last hours were tended lovingly. The woman she had tried to wrong would have given her own life to save her; and, at the last, buried her beside her own cherished dead, to wait for the resurrection morning there.

There is one man to whom that grave is the Mecca of the world. Robert Huger comes every year to "All-Come-Home." He looks without bitterness on the happiness of Alice and Gerard; he plays with the merry children whom Rosette tends; but he goes alone to the place where Veronica lies at rest. For him life held but one love, and one hope. They are buried with her under those pines.

THE SEASONS COME WITH BLOOM AND SMILES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

THE seasons come with bloom and smiles;
No bloom, nor smiles my heart can know;
The seasons close in cold and damp,
My tears forevermore must flow.

Within a lowly grave is laid,
On which no kindred eye may rest,
One whose departure's left on earth,
A seal of woe for aye impressed.

Oh! spirit from some other sphere,
Canst thou my constant sorrow know?
Canst thou my sad reproaches hear,
Or see my tears of anguish flow?

Thy soul now formed for all high deeds,
In unison with all that's great;
Alas! to think thou wert so good,
Both adds and takes a sting from fate.

He knows that thou art safe in bliss,
But, oh! we miss thee so on earth;
As each day, hearts seem false and cold,
We better learn to know thy worth.

May loveliest blossoms deck thy grave—
Sweet flowers of innocence and trust;
Unmet it were that meaner plants
Be nourished by thy sacred dust.

THE NAME OF MOTHER.

BY FANNIE A. FOOTE.

THERE are words that speak of a quenchless love,
Which burns in the hearts we cherish,
And accents that tell of a friendship proved
That never will blight or perish;
There are soft words murmured by dear, dear lips,
Far richer than any other;
But the sweetest word that the ear hath heard
Is the blessed name of mother!

Oh, magical word! may it never die
From the lips that love to speak it;
Nor melt away from the trusting hearts
That even would break to keep it.
Was there ever a name that lived like this?
Will there ever be such another?
The angels have reared in Heaven a shrine
For the holy name of mother!

MR. CLINTON'S OFFER.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

I WAS wrought up to a desperate deed. In token whereof I had equipped myself in full armor—curls, waterfall, rats, white waist, etc., determined that the sacrifice I meditated should be accomplished in a becoming manner.

It gives one a comfortable sort of feeling, after all, this sense of self-immolation; and as I flitted down the stairs parlorward, the rustling of my stiff white skirts was an agreeable sound. My looking-glass and I were usually on very good terms; but that evening, I felt particularly pleased with what I had seen over my left shoulder just before I left the room.

Yes, I would put an end to it, this wretched wandering 'bout ever since I could remember; mamma should have a home, which she was so well calculated to adorn—and I would have a husband. To be sure, I did not want one, especially the one in prospect; but what matter, when there was so much to be considered, if I did not have a lover?

So I entered the parlor fully prepared to accept Mr. Clinton's offer.

Mamma was very pretty and very gentle; she had been left a widow many years ago, and my ideas of a father were rather vague and confused. We had a small property that enabled us to live respectably, in places where living was comparatively inexpensive; but we frequently changed our residence, and while I was absent on a visit to a school-mate, mamma wrote to me that she had taken the pretty cottage to which I was getting really attached. I came home to find a little earthly Paradise, in the midst of a beautiful country, where boating, fishing, driving, and every practicable rural amusement, drew every summer a crowd of pleasure-seekers, who gave quite a fashionable tone to the society. I was in my element, and enjoyed that summer in every hour and minute of it.

I think a certain Frank Gliddon, who is inseparably connected with moonlight rows on the lake, and bits of poetry, and pressed flowers, had much to do with this. His sisters were "such nice girls," and they and their mother had called upon us at once, and shown us every attention.

But mamma and I were quite the belles of the

neighborhood, in a different way, of course; for every one said that mamma was so dignified, and so much of a lady, and so handsome and young-looking to have a grown-up daughter; but she was not at all gay, and people saw at once that they must keep their distance with her. I was rather a harum-scarum concern, always ready for a frolic; and that was why I wondered that Mr. Clinton, with his learning, and grand, haughty air, should have fancied me—except that people usually like their opposites.

Mr. Clinton's handsome house—just the kind I had always hankered after—brown-stone, with a grand entrance, and beautiful bay-windows, to which delicate vines clung in graceful sprays, and which looked out on exquisitely kept graveled walks, and thickets of rare shrubbery, velvet lawn, and glowing masses of bloom—with a carriage-house in the distance, pretty enough for a small, picturesque family to live in; and such horses! the very sight of those superb bays was enough to drive one wild with envy—this beautiful home had been without a mistress for years.

But people were very kind; and there was scarcely an unappropriated female, for miles around, who had not pitied Mr. Clinton's loneliness so much, that she had done everything but make him a regular offer. It was the fashion to go and see him, just as if he had been a lady; a fashion, however, that mamma and I did not follow, because we *were* ladies.

People often have a perverse fashion of going where they are not sought; and when I returned from my visit, I found Mr. Clinton established as a regular visitor at the cottage, on such a pleasant, friendly sort of footing, that it was impossible to treat him like a stranger.

When mamma said, "This is my daughter. Mr. Clinton, of whom you have so often heard me speak," the gentleman looked as if mamma, in my absence, had turned match-maker, and lauded me up until Mr. Clinton had looked for an absolute piece of perfection.

I determined to undeceive him as soon as possible; and, with this view, I rattled on in my wildest manner, hazarded two or three startling remarks, and conducted myself generally in a

way that richly deserved a severe maternal reprimand. But dear mamma was not given to anything of the kind; and I heard her say, on a subsequent occasion, to Mr. Clinton,

"Dear Laura is a little wild—but she really is a most good and lovable child."

"I think I understand Miss Laura thoroughly," said the deep-toned voice in reply. "She is a little spoiled with admiration and flattery, as is quite natural—but very charming, nevertheless. It would be a pleasant task to train such a mind as hers."

"Indeed!" I could not help exclaiming. Things were progressing rapidly, and the two conspirators seemed to have matters all arranged. It was not agreeable this being disposed of *volens volens*—I did not choose to be "trained"—and every separate hair on my willful head rose up in rebellion.

Perhaps this was why I lent a willing ear to Frank Gliddon's ridiculous speeches, and played the part of passenger in his pretty little yacht, while mamma and Mr. Clinton talked demurely on shore. He certainly behaved very well, (Mr. Clinton, I mean,) and displayed no feeling of pique at being pushed aside for a younger admirer. He came and talked to me, whenever Frank Gliddon was out of the way, sensibly and composedly, as if he felt that he was ever so much older than I; recommended me books to read; criticised my drawing and piano-playing; and even presumed to lecture me for exposing unprotected shoulders to the night air.

I supposed this was 'part of the "training," and I felt indescribably amused. When matters reached the proper pitch, Mr. Clinton would probably say, in that faultlessly gentlemanly way of his, "You have been a very good girl, Laura, very proper and obedient; and I shall now reward you by making you my wife, when I can continue your education indefinitely."

There was something very winning, though, in Mr. Clinton's deferential attentions to mamma. I could not but think he displayed considerable "strategy" in this. "Get on the mother's side," is an old adage. But I often laughed to myself, as I thought that the two plotters little knew what I knew.

Frank Gliddon was becoming troublesome, for I could scarcely make up my mind whether I loved him or not, and I rather dreaded being alone with him. His sisters, too, became desperately affectionate; and I was afraid that matters were really getting to be serious.

At this juncture, mamma received a letter communicating the loss of our little all; and it

became evident that decided measures must speedily be taken. Our home would again be broken up; "The Vines," the scene of many pleasant hours, pass into other hands; and I sat and pondered over ways and means, until a gigantic scheme of self-sacrifice presented itself.

"For myself," said dear mamma, with her usual unselfishness, "I do not care; but I feel sorry, dear child, that, at some future day, you will have to go penniless to the man you love."

I knew she was thinking of Mr. Clinton; and I resolved, more determinedly than at first, to sacrifice myself. I became more attentive, and less flighty in my manner toward Mr. Clinton; and he was evidently gratified at the change.

Mr. Clinton was not a bit lover-like, however. He lectured and advised me rather more than ever; and evidently regarded me from such an immense height, that I wondered how in the world I should ever get on with him, after I had married him, and what he expected me to call him. I could almost fancy him saying, "Madam, my first wife was a Percy, and she would not have dared to take such a liberty!"

I sighed considerably over Frank Gliddon; for I had discovered that, if I did not "feel it to be my duty" to marry Mr. Clinton, I should certainly love him. But dear mamma liked all beautiful and luxurious things, and I could place her in just such a home as she was fitted for. Frank had never told me that he loved me, except with his eyes; and he was only a young lawyer, who could not give mamma the luxury I coveted for her.

So, I adjusted my dress, on that eventful evening, with the calmness that resolution invariably gives; for Mr. Clinton had whispered to me, in the afternoon, that he had something to say to me alone—would I see him? I had given him my promise; and although I knew that Frank Gliddon sat alone and dismal in his bark—the *Fairy Queen*—my mind was made up, and I descended to my fate.

I encountered mamma on the stairs, who hesitated when she saw me; perhaps she trembled for my happiness, for she must have read a stern resolve in my eye; and whispered timidly, as she pressed my hand,

"Try not to hurt Mr. Clinton's feelings, darling, even if you are surprised at his communication. Do not let him see anything that will annoy him, for he is very sensitive; and remember, Laura, that I have endeavored to consult your true interests."

"I know you have, dear mamma," I replied, with a kiss; "but never fear that you will have

any trouble from me—my only desire is to see you happy.”

“Mamma’s face was fairly illuminated as she passed me; and with the consciousness that I had a great deal in my power, I entered the parlor where Mr. Clinton was waiting for me.

Of course, I did not expect him to go down on his knees, as that would not have been at all in character; but I was not quite prepared for the benignant, fatherly style of address with which Mr. Clinton greeted me.

“My dear child,” said he, taking my hand with a very composed sort of affection, “I suppose that your mother has prepared you——”

“Mamma has told me nothing!” I exclaimed, pettishly, for I felt provoked that he should want to get rid of the trouble of making me an offer. “I am here simply in answer to your request of this afternoon.”

Not a bit of help should he get from me, and I quite enjoyed his surprise.

“At least,” he continued, after a somewhat awkward pause, “you imagine the purport of my communication? for utter ignorance on the subject must be feigned.”

My cheeks were blazing—never had I encountered so ridiculous, so humiliating an adventure. He evidently expected me to answer his question before he had asked it; but I would stand this no longer, and, rising hastily, I exclaimed,

“I do not understand enigmas, Mr. Clinton; you will excuse me if I leave you until you have something definite to say.”

“‘Something definite to say?’” he repeated, with a smile. “What I have to say is ‘definite’ enough; but I feel a natural embarrassment at asking a beautiful, well-grown girl of nineteen to receive me as her father. But as your mother has consented to take me as her husband, I hope you will not be very obdurate. Shall we seal the compact, Laura?”

And before I could realize this sudden change of base, Mr. Clinton had folded me warmly in his arms, and bestowed a fatherly kiss upon me!

Dear, cowardly mamma! She could not face her grown-up daughter with this confession, and had wisely left Mr. Clinton to break it.

“Oh, I am so glad!” I exclaimed, in a rap-

ture. “I will love you dearly, and I am very, very glad for mamma—she needs some one to take care of her.”

“I think,” replied my papa elect, “that a young gentleman who shall be nameless has the same opinion respecting you.”

I ran to my room, and threw myself down on the bed literally shaking with laughter. Was ever anything so ridiculous perpetrated before? I had worked myself all up to sacrifice pitch, and, lo and behold! I was “not the person wanted!” I must confess to feeling a little humiliated—but, one comfort, no one knew it; and I resolved to keep my own counsel to the best of my ability.

“I am so glad,” said mamma, brightly, when we talked matters over, “that you received it as you did, Laura. Mr. Clinton was very much pleased, and I had almost feared that you did not like him. He was amused, though, at your perfect unconsciousness,” she continued, laughing; “and I really wonder that you did not suspect when you saw him here so often.”

How could I confess that, in my vanity, I had appropriated these visits to myself? I bent down lower over my work, to hide a smile at my own blindness, and mamma went on:

“Your governess scheme, of which you have sometimes talked since our misfortunes, will have to be given up, Laura, for I am quite sure that Mr. Clinton would never allow it. He has been very generous, very noble; but I could not bear to speak to you of him—grown-up daughters do not always look favorably upon a mother’s forming new ties——”

I stopped her mouth with a kiss, and felt so happy to think that I had not got to marry Mr. Clinton, myself, that I almost danced upon air.

The next evening, Frank Gliddon cornered me somewhere among the vines, and told me a hackneyed old story that was first whispered to Eve in Paradise, but which has the peculiarity of appearing new every time it is told; and I was silly enough to be very much interested in it. As Mr. Clinton did not want to marry me—having had the good taste to prefer my more attractive mamma, I was obliged to take up with Frank.

WELCOME TO THE SPRING AGAIN.

BY ALEXANDER A. IRVINE.

HARK! the rain-drops softly falling,
Softly in the silent wood,
As if Dryad spoke to Dryad,
Whisp’ring in the solitude.

Cool the balmy air is blowing,
Greenly shoots the Winter grain:
Trees are budding, flowers blooming—
Welcome to the Spring again!

UNLUCKY BAB.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I HAVE a weakness for telling you about wonderful children; but of all my pets, I think I never enjoyed any young imp's misdeeds and wickednesses as much as those of Bab Warrener.

She was christened Barbara, I dare say, but nobody ever called her by the impossible name—and the christening seemed to have had very little effect upon her in any way.

Not that she meant to be bad, poor Bab; it was usually her attempts to reform her character, and come out on the pattern of the model children in books, which led her into the worst of her difficulties.

She had a host of brothers, sisters, and youthful cousins; and some time during each summer the whole troop were sure to be invited at her aunt Gordon's residence. The dear old lady, never having been lucky enough to stumble on children for herself, was doubly fond and patient where other people's were concerned—a fact of which the youngsters were perfectly aware, and of which they took every advantage, as a matter of course.

Whatever their sins might be, that blessed aunty always stood between them and penance, when they were called up to judgment by their rightful guardians, and, by hook or by crook, bore them off unscathed from the effects of parental wrath or duty.

Yet, although the elders knew as well as the young ones that the month at her house was certain to be one continued carnival of defiance to all the wise rules with which they governed their flocks, not one of them could resist paying the annual visit to the dear old spot where they had played as children, and which retained all the pleasantness and hospitality for which it had been renowned during the time when aunty Gordon herself was a child.

It was just in the middle of the summer visit, gayety and mirth were the ruling deities among the whole crowd, old and young, when Miss Bab, for the first time that season, distinguished herself by a performance that quite drew her out of the temporary seclusion in which she had veiled her brilliancy.

Letting the horses out of the pasture, trying to ride the colt, falling off the swing, nearly killing herself by tumbles out of the apple-trees, fights with the boys because they called

her "Tom" for following them about, and subsequent tears, which produced another fracas, because they called her "baby," and other exploits too numerous to mention, not having counted at all, and creating no sensation whatever, from the fact of their having been of daily recurrence during each successive visit in which Bab had borne a part, any time after the one wherein she treated the company to colic-contortions, and shrieks, and squalls, in her character of a small demon in baby's long clothes.

Everybody had been reading *Elsie Venner*—that is, everybody among the grown up flock—and Bab had heard the book discussed when no one supposed her about, until she was quite insane to get the volume in her possession.

Bab was ten. She was learned in the *Arabian Nights*; could discourse fairy tales by the hour; but since she had obtained a surreptitious feast of *Ivanhoe* and *Waverley*, in which she made terrible havoc among the proper names, and had seen *As You Like It* played—thanks to a bachelor uncle, who had conveyed her to the theatre without leave or license—her imagination had taken a grand stride. Now she only held on to the fairy stories to please the little ones, despising the relations of her own age, because they showed no inclination to stray with her into the realms of romance, and preferred getting up preparatory visions of Christmas presents to dreaming of palaces and kings.

The girls were too busy with their dolls to be mad women and unhappy sovereigns, as Bab proposed. When she tried to tell them about a tournament, and inspire the boys with a desire to become knights, they laughed in her face, declaring that Bab was getting "lunatic"—a delectable phrase they had caught from one of the farm-laborers, and with which they were properly charmed, as might be supposed.

In the meantime, Bab was hunting the coveted book from room to room, never losing sight of it with her eager eyes until the elders had done with it, and it was left to repose upon one of the library shelves, from which the small maid could purloin it without fear of being discovered.

She regarded neither play-time or meal-hours, though usually very punctual when both were concerned, until the fascinating story was finished.

If the tale had half the effect upon you that it did on me, you can readily understand what a state of mind a nervous, imaginative child must have been in by the time she reached the end.

Bab was fully persuaded that, like Mrs. Venner, her mother had been bitten by a rattle-snake, and consequently, she was partially ophidian in her nature, the same as Elsie.

The fact that her maternal parent had died when Bab was two or three years old, did not in the least matter to the very limited comprehension of the case the creature could bring to bear—she was a snake to all intents and purposes. That was the reason she was so different from the other children; and since this book came into the house, she had noticed several of her older cousins looking at her and whispering in a mysterious way, and that was what they meant.

She examined her neck and wrists carefully, to see if there was any spot or mark on either which should betray her mixed origin, but there was nothing visible except berry-stains and briar-scratches; however, that made no difference—Bab was sure the signs were to be found somewhere, if she could only recognize them.

She regretted deeply that she never had possessed, like Elsie, a reformed cannibal for a nurse; and she wished devoutly that her easy, good-natured step-mother would abuse her, or do something so that she could be wicked, and conduct herself in the pleasant way customary with the heiress of David Venner, because now she might as well be wicked as not, since she would not be in the least to blame for it.

She tried a deal of preparatory wriggling before the glass, she nearly blinded herself trying to flatten her forehead, lay, and tied herself in bow knots, upon a bed-quilt, as a substitute for a bearskin, ran out her tongue and hissed, as near as possible, like an unfortunate milk-snake she had seen the dairy-maid kill down at the spring-house, growing more excited and frightened with the success of every fresh manoeuvre, until she was really quite near a species of insanity.

She was a snake, there was not a shadow of doubt; and between horror at the thought, and a vague, shivering sort of delight, she worked herself into what would have been very pretty nervous spasms, if she had only been old enough for such delectable performances.

She must terrify somebody as much as she had herself. Away she danced down into the garden, where the children were at play, and darted in among them, hissing, wriggling, and

growling—not remembering that the latter accomplishment could scarcely be accounted for, unless there was a spice of wild beast as well as reptile in her composition.

At first, the children were angry at her breaking up their play, and reviled her dreadfully; but she only hissed the more, and whirled round and round, darting her tongue out, squirming and writhing until they grew as frightened as she was herself, and all began to scream at once.

"Bab, what's the matter?" Oh, Babby, don't!"

"Hiss—siss—his-s-s!" snarled Bab, sobbing and choking, as the human struggled with the newly discovered ophidian part of her nature. "The snake! the snake!"

"Oh! oh!" yelled the children. "A snake's bitten Bab! Mother! Aunt Gordon! Anybody! Oh, dear! oh, dear!"

"No, me!" Bab tried to explain. "Snake—my mother! Hiss-siss!"

Round she flew in eccentric circles, and round flew the little ones after, in a state of dread fascination, till one of the boys of her own age tripped her up, and then she bit him, and straightway was horrified at what she had done, and cried,

"You'll die! You'll die!"

The others shrieked louder than ever,

"Come, somebody! Oh! oh! A snake's bit Bab, and Bab's bit Tommy—and we're all being killed! Oh, aunt Gordon! Oh!"

Tom, the vicious, was trying to wreak vengeance on Bab for his bleeding thumb; she was doing her best to flatten her forehead, like Elsie, and make another spring; and the rest were screaming and crying in horrible concert, when down from the house rushed a party of mothers and aunts, frightened out of their senses by the row.

"Bab's bit! Bab's bit! The snake! The snake! And she's bit Tommy! Oh! oh!" was all they could gain by way of answer to their questions; and, in the meantime, Bab and Tom were in the very fiercest of their battle, rolling over and over on the grass, too furious to see or hear.

The first thing was to separate the combatants.

"You bad, bad children!" cried the aunts.

"She bit me!" yelled Tom.

"It's the snake! It's the snake!" screamed Bab. "Let me go! Let me go!"

"Where is the snake?" they demanded, in terror.

Nobody could tell, but the fright of the elders set the children off afresh, and they yelled,

"The snake! The snake!"

Mothers and aunts took instant refuge on garden chairs and benches; a few true enough to the vaunted maternal instinct to pick up their offspring; and the scene of confusion waxed indescribable, until aunt Gordon appeared in the midst, and in two seconds had restored quiet after some inexplicable fashion of her own.

"Keep silence, big and little!" said she.

"Now then, Tom, what ails you?"

"Bab bit me so!"

"The snake," cried Bab, beginning again to whirl and hiss, and eluding the grasp Mrs. Gordon tried to fasten upon her. "The snake!"

"It's bit her!" exclaimed the children.

"Call the men!" shrieked the women. "It may be here yet; call the men," and then they yelled too.

"What's that by the bench?" moaned cousin Fanny. "Oh, I saw it jump—there!"

Three of the aunts were perched upon that very bench. At the words, they sprang off simultaneously and fell over each other; then it took Mrs. Gordon several moments more to quell the fresh tumult.

"Are you bitten, Bab?" she asked, catching hold of the child and keeping her quiet by main force.

"No—no!" howled Bab, adding her sobs to those of the other children.

"Then what is it?" demanded aunty. "I declare, I believe you're all crazy! Fanny Horton, come off that garden-chair—you act like a fool! Now, Bab, what is the matter?—tell me at once? Did you see a snake?"

"No, no!" moaned Bab, feeling the ophidian die within her before her aunt's firmness. "My mother—my mother!"

"Your mother?" said aunt Gordon. "What does the child mean? Your mother has driven over to the village."

"No, no!" sniveled Bab, trying to hiss, but promptly restored to her senses by a warning shake. "My other mother—the snake bit her, and I'm a snake, and I ain't to blame, and it's in that man's book—hiss, hiss—there!"

The way in which all this had come about dawned upon their minds, and the aunts generally would have given Bab a furious scolding, but aunt Gordon, in order to avoid it, took the child away and put her in bed.

They kept the book-case locked after that, but it was not to be supposed they should allow Bab to forget that exploit. Grown people and little ones tormented her until life became a burthen; nicknames without end were bestowed upon her, and the one which Tom gave of Rat-

tlar, seemed likely to cling to her through all coming time.

During the next fortnight, Bab was made perfectly wretched, and I have not the slightest doubt that she would have done something quite desperate if aunt Gordon and her gentle step-mother had not stood her friends, protecting her in every way possible.

However, the affair had one good effect. Mrs. Warrenner discovered what an excitable creature she had to deal with, and being possessed of more common sense than usually falls to the lot of women who have children to rear, she took measures accordingly.

Instead of trying to plant a grave-stone on Bab's imagination, she set to work to train and cultivate it as she would have done a rare and beautiful plant, so that it might cast luxuriant blossoms over the girl's whole life, instead of running into a wild, noxious weed, which would become a nuisance to her, and everybody condemned to live near her.

Of all those who teased and worried her, Fanny Horton was the most persevering and unforgiving, urged on, probably, not only by her natural inclinations, but because she was considerably laughed at for having seen an imaginary snake skip about the garden bench.

There were many failings of poor Bab's which laid her open to ridicule, and Miss Fanny occupied more of her leisure time than was necessary or good-natured in urging on the little ones to torment the child.

Bab could not learn to spell. It really seemed a hopeless case; and her writing would have puzzled an Egyptian priest, however skilled in hieroglyphics. She knew nothing about figures, and punctuation and capital letters were dreadful mysteries to her; but in every study where her imagination could help, she was far beyond the other children.

So Bab's days were made a torment to her, and her nights were spent in weeping as bitter as Marianne's, in the Moated Grange, or any other poetical heroine, only she was not so fond of letting her troubles be known. She was a wonderfully proud little thing, and it very seldom happened that she allowed her tormentors to see how much they made her suffer. She tried her best to control her temper, too, for her biting that wretched Tom had made her thoroughly ashamed and conscience-stricken; and she really began to believe herself the wickedest child in the whole world.

But before the visit was over retribution overtook Miss Fanny; and I may as well finish my record of Bab by an account of it, since she

had a good deal to do with the final winding up of matters.

Fanny Horton was considered the beauty of the family, and a terribly spoiled creature she was; good-hearted and nice at heart, but fiery as a little torpedo, and continually exploding without waiting to know whether she was right or wrong.

She was engaged to Will Sprague—a matter entirely confided to aunt Gordon, and shrewdly suspected by the whole troop of relatives. Even the little girls had talked the affair over among themselves; they knew very well who the letters were from that Fanny received twice a week and went off to her room to read; and Bab in particular was interested, because she was in the habit of seeing Sprague in town, and was an immense favorite with him.

At aunt Gordon's request, Fanny had written to Sprague to come out and spend a fortnight; and this Bab knew, because she heard them speak of it one night, after she had gone to bed, her crib being in cousin Fanny's chamber, and aunt having come in for a gentle gossip. Bab longed to listen, but she was an honorable little thing, and she called out,

"I ain't asleep, cousin—don't be angry—I can't help it."

"Oh, you troublesome weazel!" cried Fanny. "So you listen as well as bite, do you?"

"Oh, I don't!" pleaded Bab; "indeed, I don't."

"For shame, Fanny," said aunt Gordon. "I am sure Bab is very honest; she let us know she was awake as soon as she thought she was hearing anything we would not wish her to know."

"I wouldn't tell, anyhow," urged Bab.

"Well, well, go to sleep, Rattler," said Fanny, impatiently.

Bab was a little hurt; but aunt Gordon's kiss consoled her, and she put herself to sleep, trying to think of some way to make Fanny like her once more, and deciding that when Will Sprague arrived, she would consult him about it without loss of time.

But Will Sprague did not arrive; and when the day on which his answer ought to have come, Miss Fanny went out on the veranda when she saw Michael approaching with the letters for the house, and hastily turned them over to find the one belonging to herself, but it was not there.

"Are these all, Michael?" she demanded.

"Indeed, ma'am, they becs; I'd rayther take twice the journey than disappoint ye."

Into the house walked Fanny without paying

any attention to Mike's flattering remark, and down on the hall table she flung the pile of letters, too much vexed to think of calling the owners.

The next day no letter, nor the next; and on the third, one reached her from a young lady friend, which fanned the kindling flame into a fierce blaze. This was the paragraph which did the mischief.

"I really thought your flirtation with Will Sprague was something serious; I fancied you were engaged—when, without warning, he is going to marry that heiress, Miss Martyn, from Baltimore. It must be true, because her aunt told Miss Ross so. The old maid has just come here from Saratoga, where she heard the news, and saw the happy pair. So, you see, you have lost another of your adorers; and my faithless Charley Foote has gone off on a hunting expedition in the Adirondac Woods, and never gave me an opportunity to refuse him, which I really did want to do. I am afraid he is a very wise bird,

"Oh! I forgot to say old Miss Ross thought either Sprague had jilted you, (the idea!) or you had jilted Sprague, and she asked him which it was. You know what an impudent thing she is, and he said, 'Oh! give the lady the credit, by all means!'

"They have invented the loveliest trimming for the new style——"

Fanny never learned what the trimming was like, or for what species of garment it was intended. Down she flung the letter, and all the anger that had been in her heart for days burst into a flame of jealous fury, which inspired her to do the most reckless and defiant thing possible.

She seated herself, and wrote a terrible letter to Will Sprague—not speaking of his having failed to answer her letter—not alluding to the report which had reached her, but calling him all sorts of names that were at all proper for a young lady to employ; and ending by bidding him an eternal farewell, and warning him, of course, as women always do in such letters, that he was not to dare utter her name even in his thoughts.

She kept up for three days; not even aunt Gordon suspected that anything was wrong. Nobody but Bab, who heard her cry at night, and held fast to her secret, and desired so earnestly not to be guilty of listening, that she half smothered herself by wrapping her head in the bed-clothes to shut out the sound of Fanny's sobs.

Then came a letter from Will Sprague, written in a fume, of course, telling her he was off for

California; that she had made him hate the name of woman; that the world was a howling desert, and her sex the fiends that drove men to destruction; and all the other choice flowers of rhetoric which angry lovers have lavished on each other from the time that angry lovers could put their wrath on paper.

And all this Bab was fated to hear and know. She seemed doomed to be thwarted in her conscientious efforts to do her duty.

She woke up in what seemed to her the middle of the night, and, lo and behold! there was a lamp burning in the room, and aunt Gordon sat in an easy-chair, with Fanny at her feet, sobbing out her griefs to that compassionate relative, who had been bearing the troubles of everybody connected with her ever since she was old enough to hold up the weight.

"And now I don't know whether he was really false," sobbed Fanny. "It seems he did answer my letter—at least he says so—and he's going off to California."

"Then he can't be going to marry Miss Martyn," said aunt Gordon. "Fanny, I think you have done wrong; you ought to write to him again."

Never! Fanny would die—there was no possible method of martyrdom she would not undergo, if necessary; but humble her pride, write fairly and clearly—never! No heroine ever did such a thing, and it was quite natural that Fanny should be as headstrong and absurd as all young people in love have been ever since there is any record made of them or their proceedings.

Bab didn't want to listen, but it was too late to cry out, and pretty soon she was sympathizing so deeply with Fanny's trouble, that she forgot she had no right to hear, as completely as she overlooked the ill-natured, cruel way in which Fanny had treated her during the past fortnight.

She was quite able to comprehend the affair, though it seemed to her that the whole trouble hinged on the fact of the missing letter; but before she could get it quite straight in her mind Fanny's wails redoubled, and it required all aunt Gordon's powers of eloquence to reduce her to anything like the calmness suited to that late hour of the night.

"He may go," said Fanny, "a base, heartless flirt, like all men! I never want to hear his name mentioned again; I'm a fool to care!"

Then she grew indistinct and hysterical again, and altogether there was a quite tragic scene enacted there in the bedroom with silently blub-

bering Bab for spectator, having a sheet stuffed in her mouth for fear of any stray sob getting out, and her eyes so full of tears, that she seemed to see aunt Gordon and Fanny dimly on the other side of a pelting rain-storm.

Bab did not go to sleep until quiet was restored; and you may be certain that the next morning she woke with her head full of cousin Fanny and her troubles, looking at her with a strange admiration mingled with her pity, and regarding her as a sort of wonder, who ought to be put in a book as large as Waverly.

The next afternoon Fanny went away to spend a couple of days with a friend, who lived within a morning's ride, very much subdued in spirit, but quite determined to hide her suffering.

It was a lovely day, but Bab had no heart to amuse herself; so, in order to get away from the other children, who never were quite happy without her, although they did tease her so cruelly, she watched her opportunity, and, with the Swiss Family Robinson in her pocket, climbed up a great apple-tree on the lawn, as lithe and nimble as a cat, to the intense delight of one of the bachelor uncles, who observed the proceeding from the window of the library.

Presently along came a troop of the children, with loud calls for Bab by all the varied names under which they were in the habit of addressing her,

"Bab! Cabbage! Robert! Rattler! Only come, and we'll be good. We want to play Pussy Wants a Corner! Oh, do come!"

But Bab never answered. She was perched comfortably in her retreat, dividing her attention between Swiss Robinson, Fanny's sorrows, and the half-ripe apples, and had no intention of descending to the lower regions of fun and quarrels.

But luck was against her—it always was. Tom came under the tree. Bab's book slipped and fell; Robinson's Family took Tom right on the end of his saucy little nose, and caused him to perform a war dance, while the children shrieked with delight.

"Oh, Tom!" said Bab, "I didn't mean to—I didn't, indeed!"

For a wonder Tom accepted her excuses, and took the matter good-naturedly.

"Come down and play," said he, "and I won't pay you off—not this time," he added, in a tone too low for her to hear.

So down Bab slid, singing,

"There was a young lady of Lucca,
Whose lovers had all forsok her;
But she climbed up a tree,
And cried *fiddle de dee*,
And embarrassed the people of Lucca."

So they played for some time very peaceably, till Tom was tired, and wanted to stop, and remembered that he had Bab to pay off—and they had a rather severe skirmish; after which Bab abjured human society for the rest of the day, wandering off down into the woods, which stretched between aunt Gordon's place and the village.

She made herself very happy hunting flowers and mosses, and thinking how content she should be if she could only be shipwrecked, like the Robinsons, or carry pistols, like Flora M'Ivor; and a variety of other matters which made a strange jumble in her head, as was usually the case with her dreams and fancies.

But down by the brook she saw some blue flags growing, and she must have them. There was a board for a bridge, and by lying down on that she could reach the blossoms; but, just as she had laid herself flat, the board slipped and let her slide into the mud, where her hair caught in a root, and a great green frog jumped right over her, and Bab yelled murder.

She was picking herself up, and wondering how she should get to the house and consign herself, unseen, to aunt Gordon's mercy, when she saw something that made her take a leap that rivaled the one the spotted philosopher had executed across her.

At the edge of the board lay a white object; it was a letter that some one had dropped, and it had lodged in the mud, and might never have been found if the board had not proved treacherous for the express purpose of getting Bab into trouble.

With a scream Bab pounced on it. A letter, indeed, with Fanny's name on the envelope in a chirography which Bab had many times seen and recognized as that of Will Sprague.

The happiest child that ever fell in a brook was Bab. She forgot her muddy face and torn dress, the fears of a lecture; everything but the thought that now cousin Fanny would make friends with her, and not be angry with Mr. Sprague any longer. The creature had no idea of heaping coals on Miss Fan's head, so absurd and babyish was she.

She held the letter carefully in her round hat, ran back to the spring and cleansed herself as well as she was able, and then started for the house.

Bab had a great work before her. A sudden inspiration had dawned upon her, and she would proceed to act without delay.

Fanny was gone, so that the letter could not be placed in her hands, therefore Bab would keep her secret even from aunt Gordon. She

would write to her favorite, Will Sprague, in her own remarkable style. She would be the one to set matters right everywhere and with everybody; and Fanny would never call her Rattler again; and Will Sprague would look at her so kindly out of those great eyes of his—she would do it.

For once her plans were not thwarted. She reached the house unperceived, and got up to her room, where she made free to fling her soiled apron out of sight, leaving confession to a more convenient opportunity, while she rushed off to find ink, pens and paper wherewith to accomplish the mighty task before her.

She hid the letter under the mattress of Fanny's bed. She was going to sit down in the room to write, but she might be intruded upon there, and she cast about in her mind for the safest place. She selected a garret, to which she had several times climbed by means of a ladder, where there was more dust than was agreeable, and where wasps' nests did greatly abound; but all Bab thought of was complete privacy—so she hurried thither without loss of time.

In that peaceful seclusion, tormented only by fears of the yellow-jackets that buzzed inquisitively about her, Bab began the arduous labor of composing her letter to Mr. Sprague.

If the child only could have put her ideas straight, she would have done well enough; but she was in a terrible flutter, haunted by the fear that Sprague would be on his way to California before her epistle could reach him, divided between her desire to do something kind by cousin Fanny and her dread of rousing that young woman's ire, so that, altogether, the missive was likely to prove a wonderful effort, indeed.

Her hands trembled so from excitement that the pen at first walked about the paper in the most remarkable fashion, the words ran together as if each letter had been a centipede, the ink would make great blots, and Bab was quite frantic before she had half finished; still she persevered.

One thing in her confusion she did not forget—her letter should have "punctuation marks!" Only a few days before, her mother had been trying to explain to her the different meanings of the mysterious signs; and Bab was greatly fascinated with the appearance of the colons—and she determined to gratify her fancy to the fullest extent on the present occasion.

All through her letter she distributed the twin dots in the oddest places, forming the most ridiculous jumble possible; but she was quite satisfied with the show they made, and worked

faithfully for several hours, till her fingers were colored to the bone with ink, and her white apron looked like a map of some hitherto unknown and miraculously shaped continent.

And this was Bab's letter:

DEAR MR. SPRAG—Cousin phanny was mad cause she did nottle get your leter and I hope you wont go off to Kala: (she made a colon and a big blot answer for the rest of the word, which was quite beyond her powers of orthography,) for I have found your Leter: in the mud and wet my feet only I have nott: tell cousin phanny because she is not Hear not becos I am annyed about the Snake so this is hopping you will come: And be Lovers with cousin phanny just like Waverly becos aunt gordon says phanny always was sossy when she was: Mad: for she eride all knight and I herd her when I was awake ering to becos she caled me: Wratler: and I bitod tom but I don't mean to Bite any more and I want cousin phanny to Love me and I don't want you to think I am a bad girl.

And this: to you:

from your Ever true:

BABBY.

The poetical winding up was prigged from a remarkable Valentine she had seen in the nurse girl's hands; and it seemed to her to make a conclusion too apt and beautiful not to be appropriated to her own use.

She had in her possession an envelope found among some waste papers Fanny had given her, on which was Sprague's name and address, flung aside on account of a blot; but Bab had no leisure to think solely of trifles of that sort—in went her letter, and was carefully sealed.

Without thinking it necessary to ask anybody's leave, she started for the village and mailed her epistle, heroically giving her three brightest pennies to buy a stamp; and if that was not the highest sacrifice she could have offered, I know very little about children.

It is useless to attempt to describe the state of excitement in which Bab lived during the next three days—lived and held her peace—keeping her cherished secret with an art peculiar to the feminine species, so that nobody suspected she had one.

She sang and danced, and was the life of the house, and sometimes drew condemnation on her head; but her bachelor uncle and aunt Gordon stood her firm friends, and insisted upon it that there was more pleasure in the child's worst freaks than in the very best behavior of the model children, of whom there were two or three among the brood.

On the fourth day home came Miss Fanny, pale, and a little low-spirited—very tired, she said; but honest Bab understood what that meant, and pitied her accordingly, though Fanny was cross, as people in trouble are very likely to be, and turned Bab out of the bed-chamber without the slightest ceremony.

"I am going to lie down," said she, "and I can't have any chattering monkey disturbing me."

Bab walked down stairs in silent dignity. Cousin Fanny was going a little too far; she should not try any more to be friends with her. But by the time Bab got comfortably established in the great hall window, at work on a moss-basket she was making for aunt Gordon, she recollected how much trouble Fanny had gone through with during the past days, and she relented. It was as natural for Bab to find excuses for people she liked, as it was for her to get into all sorts of difficulties.

Just then she remembered the letter she had left under the head of the bed. If Fanny should have one of her restless fits and find it—she didn't want things to turn out so; but nothing could be done. She wanted to be good, and so couldn't run up stairs calling "fire," or commit any other bad day frolic, which would be likely to draw Miss Fan out of her retirement.

She had not long to think of it; there was a slamming of doors—down stairs rushed Fanny, calling,

"Aunt Gordon! Aunt Gordon!"

Bab started to her feet and dropped her moss-basket out of the window, ruining it hopelessly in the fall, and stood staring at Fanny, who was dashing toward her with the open letter in her hand.

She saw Bab standing there, as pale and guilty-looking as if she had just been discovered in some capital crime, and it flashed upon Fanny's mind that she had worked her this wrong.

"You stole my letter!" she exclaimed. "Oh! you bad, bad child! Bab Warrenner, never, never will I forget this, if we both live forever!"

Bab really could not speak; she stood and trembled, forgetting the good she had done, and feeling more and more guilty as Fanny poured out her passionate execrations.

Aunt Gordon heard Fanny's voice, and came out of her room. At sight of her, Bab broke loose from the hold her cousin had laid on her, and rushed up to her aunt, shrieking,

"I didn't, aunty, I didn't! Oh, I ain't bad!"

Then words were gone, and she could only sob and choke, while Fanny went on,

"It is the letter Will wrote. Oh, aunty! she had taken it and hidden it under my bed."

"Barbara Warrener!" cried the old lady, in horror at the thought.

The sound of her full name struck as much terror to Bab's unaccustomed ears as sentence of death might to a criminal, and she began to howl louder than ever.

"I didn't," she gasped; "it was in the mud. I found it—Mike. Oh, oh! and I wrote, and—"

She could not tell them the truth of the matter; but her broken words assured both her relatives that whatever part she might have had in the matter, it was not one of willful mischief. They tried to soothe her. Fanny was so frightened by her hysterics, that she forgot her own distress, and they lugged Bab into Mrs. Gordon's room and tried to bring her to her senses.

Each time she got a little composed she would try to tell how it had all happened; then the tears and sobs would come again, and all she could utter was,

"I ain't—Mike—I found it—I thought after I wrote—Fanny would—and he'll come. Oh! oh!"

"Who'll come?" they demanded.

Bab was near the window; just then she looked out, gave another shriek, and darted into the hall.

Will Sprague had that moment arrived, and was coming in with the bachelor uncle, who held Bab's wonderful epistle in his hand, and was reading it with shouts of laughter.

At the cry she gave, Sprague saw the child, ran to her and caught her up with a gust of kisses.

"Tell Fanny," she cried, "I ain't wicked, and I shan't never be a Rattler—never no more!"

The explanations were made, and Bab was a heroine. Will Sprague and Fanny have gone to California together; and I have always warned Bab I should put her in black and white; and I can fancy her dismay when she reads this little recital of her exploits.

THE OAK TREE.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

A young Oak Tree on a hill-side grew;
Round it the Wintry tempests blew;
O'er it the scathing lightning flashed;
Through it the sullen rain-storm dashed.

But the Oak raised its head,
As though it said,

"No storm shall ever prostrate me!"
Wilt thou be like that brave Oak Tree?

The morning light made its branches seen;
The evening dew kept its foliage green;
The breeze of Spring bade its buds unfold,
And Autumn tinted its leaves with gold;

And, through good and ill,
The Oak thrived still,

And said, "They both shall profit me!"
Wilt thou be like that wise Oak Tree?

Year after year has paid toll to Time,
And the Oak is now in its stately prime.
The dove in its boughs a nest has made;
The traveler blesses its gracious shade;
And the Ivy fond, to the Lord of the Grove
Clings, like Beauty leaning on Love.

Through good and ill,
It has striven still,

And now stands the Pride of its native Hill.
Oh! may not Friendship hope for thee,
That thou wilt be like that grand Oak Tree.

WITHOUT THEE.

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

My life flows as a sullen river,
Since thou and I are parted ever—
A sullen, silent stream,
Whose darkness bears no gleam.

It flows along its wasted shore,
Where the bloom hath fled forever;
Sweet flowers and wild'ring green,
Cheek to cheek they no more lean.

Down through the morning's rosy brightness;
Down through the evening's silvery whiteness
It rolls; nor light nor bloom
Break up its heavy gloom.

No white-sailed barque, like angel, on it;
No hope-filled vessel sails upon it;
Nor gay, wild bird to bring
A ripple with her wing.

Its deepening depths to blackness grow;
Its lone heart beats as the surge below;
There comes no blissful calm,
Nor breeze with lips of balm.

A dreary thing it flows forever,
Since thou and I are parted ever;
Parted, it can but flow
A stream of deepest woe.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 233.

CHAPTER V.

THE apprentice waited with some impatience for the return of his patron's wife. He was disappointed in not attending her to the end of this singular court visit, and irritated by the airs assumed, or rather habitual to the splendidly dressed pages who passed in and out of the ante-room, glancing at his city habiliments and handsome face with supercilious surprise, as if he had been a wild animal just broken loose from the royal menagerie, which the working men of the city were taxed to support in the town.

But, impatient and annoyed as he was, the lad kept his post, far too loyal for any thought of returning home without his charge. Still the minutes seemed hours to him, as they crept heavily after each other; and angry tears gathered more than once into his eyes as he heard footsteps approaching only to bring disappointment in the form of some stranger, far too busy in affairs of state or pleasure to give much heed even to his singular presence there.

At last Mistress Shore appeared, walking swiftly toward the outer room, followed by the court page who had summoned her to the town. Never had the boy seen her so brilliantly beautiful—a whole summer of roses seemed burning on her cheek. Her blue eyes shone with excitement; her hand, unsteady and restless, grasped at the folds of her robe, or unconsciously pushed the wimple back from her face.

Philip looked at her wonderingly; she seemed, for the moment, transformed into a being more grand and resplendently beautiful than anything the lad ever looked upon before. She saw him, and came up to where he stood.

"I have got the order," she said, hurriedly, "now let us go."

"It must be a thumping one," muttered Philip, "to set her off in this way."

But even this pleasant soliloquy was cut short by the appearance of a young man dressed more richly than any one Philip had seen about the court that day. With every appearance of extreme youth, this person bore with him some-

thing undescribable, which gave the effect of manliness to his presence. His mouth had a firm set expression, his eyes were full of thought, unnatural to his years; yet his smile was sweet, his air free from all embarrassment, and his dress, as I have said, sumptuous in the extreme.

His hair, delicately perfumed, fell to his shoulders in waves, without absolutely curling. His under vest was striped with blue and yellow. His tunic, which fell half way to his knees, was of a deeper tinge of blue, but the velvet was half covered by a border of ermine, and ornamented with knots of gold and aiglets of uncut jewels. He wore the garter about his knee, and a collar of jewels fell across his bosom. In one hand he carried a tall hat or cap, from which a scarlet plume swept downward like a flame. There was a good deal of significance in this young man's dress, which Jane would have recognized had her court life been more than a day old, for his vest had the haudekin stripe, and such colors as royalty favored most predominated in all his garments.

But Jane saw nothing of this. She was, for one moment, dazzled by this dress, and then recognized the face with a quick exclamation of surprise. It was the young man whom she had seen with the king, at the towers, the day after the battle of Barnet.

Her exclamation reached the young man's ears. He paused, looked at her in evident surprise a moment, and, turning from his course, approached her.

"Your presence here, fair dame, almost convinces me that the inmates of those grim old towers escaped unharmed; but I would fain know of a certainty that no serious ill beset the young lady?"

"She is well, and quite unharmed, fair sir, or my lord, as I should say," answered Jane, blushing vividly. "The towers are a heap of ruins, but——"

"But the lady—where, in that desolate region, could she find shelter?" questioned the young man, interrupting Jane's rapid speech.

"When I saw you here, it struck me that she, too, might have found a home in London."

"No," answered Jane, innocent of any construction that might be put on her words. "She refused to come with us, refused to leave the neighborhood of the towers till after the gorse is in full bloom."

"Hah!"

The youth gave a little start, and uttered this singular ejaculation under his breath.

Jane looked at him curiously, and saw a faint glow pass over his face.

"Our sweet young lady loved her old home," she said, "and naturally turns with reluctance to the humble roof we have to offer her."

"But where is she now?" questioned the youth, very quietly. "Safe, I hope?"

"She is with my father, and both safe and well."

"But this father—does he live far from the towers?"

"You might have seen his house from any window of the old keep; it stands on the edge of the moor."

"A long, low farm-house of stone?"

"Yes; the only one that stood between the battle-field and the towers."

"Oh! I remember it. A young boy stood shaking his fist at us as we rode by. One of our people would have cut him down; but the lad looked so frail, I bade him forbear."

"It was Albert—my brother Albert; a poor, delicate willing, who loved Sir Hugh, and worships the young lady. His wrath meant nothing but devotion to them. It was he who fired the towers, hoping thereby to warm his master into life. Save where his heart reasons falsely, there is no evil in the dear boy."

"You seem to love him, damo?"

"Love him?—Indeed I do. It is the deformed, sickly, and helpless, that woman ever love with deepest tenderness."

"Is this so?" questioned the youth, casting a furtive glance at his own shoulder, which was a little elevated from its fellow. "Is there a feeling deeper than vanity, and more subtle than admiration, by which woman's soul may be won? The idea is worthy of cool thought." These thoughts passed through his mind, but found no speech; he only said,

"I am glad, since the boy was your brother, fair dame, that my men did not cut him down. So Mistress Chichester is in hiding at yon lonely stone house. I trust she will find safety there."

With a slight bend of the head the youth passed on, smiling a little as he went.

Then Jane hurried down into the courts of

the Tower, in a wild state of commotion, walking swiftly one moment, and falling into thought the next. Philip followed her, crimson with anger, and vigilant as a fox. In her preoccupation, Jane had seemed to forget his presence, and that he had been delegated as her protector.

They came down to the fleet of barges that lay near the Tower stairs; and Jane paused a moment on the steps, looking wistfully at the silken canopies, and velvet cushions, which made the royal boats resplendent in the sunshine. A world of troubled thought came into her face as she turned it resolutely toward her own humble craft, with its clumsy oars and tattered sides. She walked down the steps, gathered her robe up from the stones, and sat down on one of its bare benches, half scornful of its meanness.

"Pull quickly! bid the men pull quickly!" she said, in breathless haste, "or some one will see us in this ill-favored thing."

"Why, it was the finest barge on the Thames," cried Philip, reddening with anger. "The master bade me spare no pains nor money to make this visit redound to the credit of us city people, and I obeyed him well. You were content enough, fair mistress, when we started down the river."

"Yes; but I had not then—I—I had not then seen how beautiful a river craft could be made. Oh, Philip! it must be a grand thing to be a queen!"

"Marry, I think so; but then, in old England, here we have but one of that sort," answered the boy; "and, for my part, a comely city dame, with a good husband and plenty of money to spend on furred kirtles and silk wimples, need not envy the queen on her throne, the more especially that our good King Edward is said to forget her, now and then, when he comes to our city feasts, if the aldermen chance to have buxom wives."

"But I don't believe it—nothing ever will make me believe it. Aldermen's wives, indeed! The king is too grand, and handsome, and kind, to be slandered by every palapert tongue that dares to wag against him. So I advise thee, Philip Gage, to keep closer council of vile thoughts, or never expect to be my escort to the royal palace again."

"Hoity, toity!" answered the boy, whistling low, "has our visit come to this? The royal order must be a sum worth naming to turn that pretty head topsy-turvy at once. Why one would think the king had made William Shore the crown jeweler, and his wife—"

"So he has—so he has," cried Jane, eagerly.

"There is nothing which his majesty will not bestow on us."

The boy opened his eyes wide, and again the whistle broke long and low from his lips.

"And all because of the emeralds?" he said; "they must have been rare stones."

"No, not altogether because of the emeralds; but—but——"

Jane broke off her eager speech, and colored scarlet under the boy's eager glance.

"Because he has heard how cunning a hand your husband has at the goldsmith's work. Is that it, Dame Shore?"

"Dame Shore! I wish, Philip, that thou wouldst learn a more debonaire style of speech. Heard ye not how courteously the gentlemen about the king's palace spoke when they addressed me? Learn a little breeding of them, Philip Gage, that is the way to rise, both in court and city."

"The way to rise!" exclaimed the boy; "bestrew me, dame, if I know how to take all these grand airs."

"That is hardly to be expected," answered the beautiful woman, out of her new-born vanity; "nature, sometimes, makes distinctions which rank cannot keep down."

"When was such nonsense beaten into that pretty head—within the last hour, I'll be sworn," cried the boy. "Now, if thy good man takes my advice, he will send some other messenger with his jewels when he has more to sell. Wild roses and city dames are out of place at King Edward's court."

"And you will say this?" cried Jane, starting—"you will say this to my good man?"

"Marry will I," answered the lad, tossing his head. "Who shall stop me, an I wish it?"

"But he would think something strange, and be angry with me," said Jane, a good deal frightened.

"Well, let him. When staid citizens send lightsome whirligigs of wives on errands to the king, they should be wide awake to the way their heads are turned. Why, dame, that is exactly the way her majesty's highness held up the skirt of her velvet robe as she tripped across the room."

Jane dropped the silken skirt she had been so daintily lifting from contact with the bottom of the boat, as if a shot had gone through her hand.

"And that lift of the head—what will our city dames say when they see it?" cried the persistent young rogue, whose whole soul was given up to mischief. "Then the glove enwrought with silk on the back. Well, well, gainsay me

who will, this visit to the Tower has given William Shore's pretty wife a court air that will astonish the city."

By this time tears stood in Jane Shore's beautiful eyes, and her lips quivered like those of a teased child.

"Philip, this is unkind," she said, in her old natural manner. "What have I done that thou shouldst flaunt me so?"

The boy's countenance fell, a strong man could not have resisted that beautiful face, that pleading manner. His young heart gave way at once.

"Nay, sweet dame, heed me not. I am a hound, a jackall, and several other wild beasts together. Bestrew me if I ever bring tears into those blue eyes again, if you did treat me—head boy in our establishment—like your lackey. After all, what more meet, the queen herself did not look more like a queen than you did, coming out from King Edward's presence."

"Is that so? Did I, in sooth, have an air of the palace?" cried Jane, smiling brightly through her tears. "Philip, I am sorry that sharp words have passed between us; thou hast a keen eye and taste above thy station. So the city wife did not shame her breeding. Methought the young noble that we met, with the red plume in his hat, spoke to me as if I had been a lady born."

"Had he spoken in any other fashion, my stick would get acquainted with his ears the next time he passed the city gates!" exclaimed the boy.

"But there was no cause. Philip, marked ye not how he held his cap in one hand while he talked with us?"

"As well becoms the proudest of the land, when so comely a dame pauses to give him company," was Philip's gallant reply.

"But dost thou think me so very comely?" asked Jane, blushing.

"Braver than the queen by half. Why, she is getting old."

"Nay, that is treason!"

"Then nature is treason; why her majesty is full eight years older than the king."

"Ten, Philip, ten!" cried Jane, eagerly.

"Well, ten be it; then her hair."

"Nay, that is beautiful; it fell around her like a mantle of sunshine."

"I saw more than one silver thread in it," answered Philip.

"That was where the light glinted over it. Nothing can be said against her majesty's beauty, nor of her goodness, I dare say."

"Methought she scanned William Shore's

wife right sharply from the corner of her eyes," said Philip, laughing.

"What, me? Nay, nay, this is but jesting. Look, Philip, we are close to the city, how grim and old it looks."

This conversation had subdued the flutter of excitement with which Jane left the Tower. The lad's shrewd and often curt observations fell like dashes of cold water on her exuberant vanity; and when she landed at the water stairs, a sort of dread seized her, as if she had committed some wrong which her husband might grieve over, or rebuke in his gentle way.

"Come with me, Philip," she said, anxiously, "William may wish to question us both. As for me, it all seems a bright dream, which I must not dare remember."

The lad followed her with cheerful good-will, and they entered the goldsmith's house together. Shore was in the family parlor back of his ware-room, reading, for he was a studious man, and naturally turned to books when his business left him an hour of leisure time. When Jane came in, he looked up a little excitedly, for she had been absent two full hours beyond the time allotted to her journey."

"So we are back at last, sweetheart," said the woman, flushing red under that steady gaze. "Have we been gone very long? Did you expect us? Well, it was not our fault. One has to wait so long before being admitted—not that we waited; but, somehow, it takes a long time to run down to the Tower."

"But you sold the jewels? Why not tell me that the first thing?" said Shore.

"Oh, yes, of course! I took them to the queen, who admired them more than anything. Then—then—well, of course, a page went with me to the king, who asked the price as if he had been bargaining for so much thistle-down, and wrote out an order on his treasurer; here it is."

Jane took a slip of parchment from her bosom and gave it to her husband; but all her nervousness had come back, and her hand shook as it held forth the order.

Shore examined it closely.

"Why, this is for fifty pounds more than the amount charged for the emeralds," he said, surprised by the fact.

"I do not know, the king wrote it with his own hand," said Jane. "Something he did say about adding enough to buy me a new vest and kirtle for the aldermen's ball next week; for he asked if I—that is, if we should be there."

"But we shall not," said Shore, gravely.

"Nay, but his majesty asked me, and I said

yes; knowing well that if you proved cross-grained about it, your sister and John Halstead would take me with them."

Shore smiled; he had no objection to the pleasures his wife was so fond of, so long as they did not include him, and keep him from his books. To people of his class, the aldermen's ball was a great aversion, where the highest merchants of the city went with their wives and daughters. Sometimes these civil festivities were honored by some of the court gallants; and once, when the king was greatly in need of money, the gay monarch had himself danced a galliard with the chief magistrate's wife, and left a kiss on the blooming cheek of the mayor's daughter, an act of condescension which was worth thousands to his depleted treasury.

If Jane had feared close questioning from her husband, her apprehensions were soon swept away, for he was in one of those thoughtful moods that sometimes made him a silent, if not moody, companion. The price which his wife had obtained for the emeralds was more than satisfactory. She seemed cheerful and well pleased with her visit to the court, and he had no further curiosity about the matter. Philip went away, not finding his presence needed, and thus the beautiful young wife was left to her own most dangerous thoughts. She went up to her bed-chamber and sat down, drawing a deep sigh of relief as she found herself alone. A little steel mirror hung against the wall, and to this she went first, looking shyly at the face it reflected.

"And this is the face he thinks so beautiful," she said, in a low, exultant voice. "Am I alive? Was it the King of England who said this? 'More beautiful than the queen; the loveliest creature his eyes ever dwelt upon.' These were his very words. My hand, is it so small and white? Nay, I could fancy the flush here yet where his lips touched it. How hard it was to wrench it from his grasp; how the rings flamed on his fingers. I am glad he could not find one small enough for mine, for I must, perforce, have hid it away from my good man. Ah, me! I wish William had taken the gems himself. All these thoughts crowd on me so that my heart pants under them. I wonder if Philip saw the red spot on my hand; the lad was angry because he was left behind, but that was no fault of mine. Was it for me to order the king's pages? How respectful they were, these handsome young fellows—noblemen, one and all. Nothing less can wait upon royalty, the king told me so himself. How happy the queen must be with a monarch for her husband,

the handsomest man in the world, too; that smile—I wish he hadn't smiled on me so. It seems as if I had been drinking delicious wine, which will not leave my head. Ah! that is William's step—what if he questions me? I must tell him the truth; but shall I dare? Well, yes, it was nothing—looks are not words; the clasp of a hand is no uncommon thing. Ah, me! how could I put all this into language? There is no wrong in it. He said nothing—asked nothing; and yet—oh! I am very unhappy. Let me lie down and rest awhile; William was not coming up stairs. I heard him go out and shut the warehouse door."

Jane lay down on her bed, hoping to smother the tumult of thoughts that swelled through her mind; but it was all in vain. Every word, every look of the handsome young monarch, who had so deliberately fascinated her innocent nature with his wiles, seemed rooted in her heart. She could not think steadily. The husband whom she had loved, if not with her whole being, at all events honestly and well, now seemed almost like an enemy—she was afraid of his presence. When his foot at last sounded on the stairs, she gathered the kirtle over her head and pretended to be asleep, fearing that he might question her. But Shore was a pure-minded, unsuspicious man, who knew little of those evil stories circulated so generally about the king and his really profligate court. His wife had gone to the Tower, if not at his request, at least with his consent; and he had no idea that, with her usual frankness, she had not told him all that passed. He was glad to have found a ready and profitable sale for the jewels consigned to him, and was, in fact, the only thoroughly contented person concerned in the transaction.

He came up to his wife, where she seemed to be sleeping, and, lifting the wimple from her face, looked down upon her with grave tenderness.

"Poor thing! the journey has made her feverish," he muttered; "she is weary enough, and needs sleep."

He bent down and kissed her hot cheek with the soft touch of a falling rose-leaf. Then he took her hand, smoothed it softly between his two palms, and laid it down on her bosom, which rose and fell unequally on what he supposed to be her disturbed slumber. After this, he went down stairs again very softly, fearing to wake her.

The moment he was gone, Jane sat up in bed, wakeful and unhappy. For the first time in her life she had shrunk from her husband's kisses, and avoided him deceptively. She felt like a

criminal hoarding stolen treasures in her bosom. But he, all unconscious, bent his way into the streets of the city, and everywhere spoke warmly of the king and his munificence to the people.

Philip Gage, finding his presence little heeded at the goldsmith's, made his way to the house of John Halstead. This singular man was, in fact, his master; and the shrewd boy had come to so many of his secrets, that he was already half in confidence with the momentous errand which kept the faithful Lancastrian in London. The lad went heart and soul with his master; twice in his life he had seen Margaret, and her influence over him proved lasting and forcible, as that which had always gained adherents to her cause whenever she could sue for them in person.

Philip always went readily to court whenever an opportunity offered, for there he was certain to pick up some intelligence that was useful to his master; but never had he returned so bitter and dissatisfied as now. What he guessed or dreaded the boy would have found great difficulty in explaining, even to himself; but deep in his heart he felt that something was going wrong, and his honest heart burned when he thought of Shore's wife, so innocent and good, transformed in a single hour, as he had seen her, by the flatteries of a few pages and idle courtiers. The boy thought nothing worse than this; but there was pride of cast even in the tradespeople of London, and he felt wounded that Jane Shore, the very pearl and queen of city dames, should be so ready to forget her old friends in an hour's experience of regal splendor.

"Let her wait," he said to himself. "When the good King Henry has his own again, and our lofty Queen Madge sits in the place of that golden-haired puppet at the Tower, Jane Shore may be made a lady in dead earnest. If the Earl of March finds his interest in knightling city people who furnish him with gold, how much more will she of the Red Rose regard them when they have put her back on her husband's throne? When that time comes, John Halstead, and all who help him, will ruffle it with the best in the Tower palace. Who knows but Philip Gage may wear his gold spurs then, and pretty Constance Halstead be a lady-in-waiting? I wonder that Shore clings so to this House of York when all his friends are on the other side. But he is a quiet man, and loves not civil strife. After this he will be more closely bound to the handsome Edward than ever. To own the truth, I like not this visit of ours; in any point of view it promises mischief."

Indulging in these shrewd thoughts, and

walking deliberately along the streets, Philip at last reached John Halstead's warehouse, and, passing through it, went up stairs where the family resided. The front room was daintily, nay, even luxuriously furnished; for Halstead was a rich man in the city, and his thriving trade warranted this unusual splendor. Into this room Philip went with the freedom almost of a son, and found the young girl he called Constance sitting at an embroidery-frame, working diligently, with skeins of many-colored silk hanging around her white neck, and her white hand dashing in and out upon a red rose which grew into life on her canvas.

Constance looked up as the apprentice came in, and held her thread suspended, regarding his dress and appearance with surprise.

"What, another holiday?" she said, smiling pleasantly. "Why, Philip, you are getting to be so much of a gallant that I hesitate to speak to you. What is the meaning of this?"

"I have been to court, Mistress Constance, and have seen her majesty, the queen."

"What you, Philip? When, where?"

"This very morning. I went with Mistress Shore."

"What, my aunt?"

"Yes, if she will condescend to be called so, which I doubt."

"But—but what did you go for? I thought you, like us, preferred to keep aloof from the Earl of March, save when the service of our liege lady demanded a sacrifice!"

"And so I do; but Master Shore besought me to act as his dame's escort to the Tower, and I went."

"Dear aunt Jane," said the girl, "she likes the reigning house, and this visit must have been a pleasure to her. So you saw the lady they call queen. Is she lovely, at a near view, as people say she is?"

"Marry, every one to his taste for that," answered the lad. "She has a soft, noiseless walk, like a cat on velvet; a side-long glance of her blue eyes, which reminds you of that same animal, when shying off from a milk-pan; and her mouth droops just a little at the corners, which makes her handsome face a shade more sullen than I could fancy; as for the rest, Dame Elizabeth Woodville is favorable enough, as the world goes."

"Then you did not think her so very beautiful, Philip?"

"No, not at all; and to think she was scarcely above us city people in rank. Edward could have found fifty handsomer women within a half hour's walk of this very door."

Constance laughed.

"My aunt Jane, for one," she said, a little proudly.

"Yes, your aunt Jane, first. But I wish, Constance, that she had not been half so comely."

"But why?" asked the girl, surprised. "For my part, I love her the more dearly because she is so fair to look upon."

"And I love her best for your sake, Constance."

The young girl blushed scarlet, and in her confusion tangled the skein of silk she was unfolding into a snarl.

"See what you have done," she cried out, half pettishly; "this comes of meddling about an embroidery-frame, which no man or boy can understand."

"But I know how to hold the skein while you wind it," answered the apprentice, sinking to his knees with the grace of a prince. "Come, try me."

The youngster looked so handsome in his holiday dress and curling hair, kneeling before her, with both hands-held up, that there was no resisting him—so Constance put the confused skein on his hands, and stooping over them, began to ravel out the shining threads of silk with wonderful patience. Once or twice her face came so close to his that she could feel his breath on her cheek; but she gave no sign of annoyance, save that the cheek took a more peach-like red, and her eye-lashes drooped, till the poor fellow could only catch gleams of chestnut hair shining under them instead of the frank gaze he panted for.

"Constance!"

The young girl started, and caught her breath.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, "you have made me tangle the silk worse and worse."

"Forgive me—I could not help it," expostulated the boy.

"Besides, your hands shake so."

"I know it, Constance; but that is because I shake all over."

"That is strange—it is not cold," answered Constance, demurely.

"No; quite the contrary—but you are tangling the silk dreadfully."

"If it tires you, I will cut it," she said, opening her eyes wide.

"No, no! not for the world! I like kneeling here at your feet, like a slave to his mistress, or a servitor to his king."

"Then be patient, and keep still," said the pretty tyrant, stamping her foot. "If you like to be a slave, obey!"

"So I will, if you but take compassion and

rest my hands in yours a moment," said the young rogue.

"But I will not. What would become of the silk, then?"

"Oh! that can take care of itself," cried the lad, encouraged by the smile that crept over those coral lips; and through the crimson silk his hands darted, seizing upon hers as if they had been white birds he was bent on ensnaring.

Constance struggled a little, but that threatened to entangle her silk irrevocably, and she desisted, and allowed her hand to be clasped, though they flushed red to the finger ends.

Then Philip, growing bold, fell to kissing the hands as humming-birds revel among white roses.

"Philip! Philip! How dare you!" cried the girl, half angry, half ashamed.

"Why even mean people are sometimes permitted to kiss a queen's hand," pleaded Philip, shaking back his hair, and looking handsomer than ever.

"But I am not a queen," cried Constance, with tears in her eyes—for the boy's passionate homage frightened her.

"You are my queen, now and forevermore," cried the ardent boy; "only say that Philip Gage may be your slave."

"I—I should not quite like a slave," said Constance, in a low voice. "Besides, we are both so young."

"True! true!—but every day makes us older. Then I love you so dearly."

"In truth? In sober truth? And with all your heart?" questioned the girl, drooping toward him, and whispering the question she dared not speak aloud.

"In sober truth! and with all my heart—all my soul!"

"And will?"

"Forever and ever. Now will you kiss me?"

Constance drew herself up, and shook the curls back from her blushing face. "See, my hands are red with your kisses already—is not that enough?"

"No! No!"

"What, more? You astonish me!"

"Stoop down, and I will tell you."

She stooped slowly, with a sort of terror in her eyes, and smiles quivering about her mouth. He gathered those smiles from her lips, as if they had been dew on rose-buds.

"And you love me, sweet, sweet Constance?"

"Yes."

"Very, very much—as I love you?"

"I must not say so."

"But you must, if it is true."

"Well, it is true—but my father."

"What of him? He is a tradesman—so shall I be."

"But you cannot know my father is something more than that."

"I have guessed as much, long ago. But what then? He married William Shore's sister."

"So he did—I had forgotten that."

"And is himself content with our humble city life."

"That is true," answered Constance, thoughtfully.

"Besides, if *she* ever comes to her own, I will have earned a place by your father's side. It does not require age to be useful—I have proved that more than once already."

"I know that my father has often said, that without your courage and quick wit he would be half disarmed."

"And your mother loves me well."

"As if you were her own son."

"Then why should we fear to love each other?"

"I cannot say; but it is all so sudden, so strange, so wicked, they not knowing it."

"But they shall know it—why not?"

"Alack! not yet; they think us only children."

"That is true. Well, if we keep our secret a little longer, all that will be done away with."

"A secret," answered the girl, thoughtfully.

"Oh, Philip! I never had a secret till now."

"But this will be a sweet burden."

"Will it? I think not. Hark! that is my father's footstep on the stairs."

The lad turned his head to listen, but without rising from his knees, and thus John Halstead found him when he entered the room.

"Philip, Philip, what is the meaning of this?" cried the loud, clear voice of the master.

"Nothing, Master Halstead, save that I love your daughter Constance, and have just told her so," answered the youth, blushing red, but with the dignity of perfect truth.

"Ha! thou; and she—what said my daughter?"

"I—I tried to be very angry with him, but could not, loving him so, father."

"Tut, tut! this is a child's folly," said the master, smiling in spite of himself.

"I am nineteen last Michaelmas," said Philip.

"And I am close on seventeen," chimed in pretty Constance.

"A venerable age, truly; but wait awhile, my children, and we shall think about it."

"We can wait," they both answered, in a breath—and so it was settled.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TURNED TO ICE.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

"SHE will freeze you to death," said Minnie Holmes, finishing an elaborate description of her friend, Miss Helen Rivers; "anything so cold and still I never saw. It is so strange, Mordaunt."

"So strange, that I can scarcely realize it. She was the gayest of the gay when I last saw her. To be sure, that is three years ago. What does it mean, Minnie? Some love story?"

"Nobody knows. She went to Havana, soon after you left home, with her mother, who was in consumption. In three months she returned, bringing home only the dead body of Mrs. Rivers. Since then she has lived in a state of gloomy apathy. She was inclined to shut herself up entirely; but her aunt, after the year of mourning was over, insisted upon her resuming her place in society. Still, wearing heavy morning, she looks strangely out of place among her old friends, for her dress is not more gloomy than her dark face. She has turned to ice."

"Was she so fondly attached to her mother?"

"She loved her very dearly, but her death was not sudden. For five years she had been sinking slowly."

"Strange! Poor Helen! Do you think I had better call, Minnie?"

"Certainly. She receives visits—and you are such an old friend."

Three years before, when Helen Rivers was a belle and heiress, winning hearts by her beauty and wit, and admiration by her wealth and taste, Mordaunt Holmes had learned to love her. He was the eldest of nine children, and his father, a physician in full practice, had given him every advantage of education and position; but when his college course was finished, he knew that his duty was to earn his own livelihood. No idler, he had earnestly sought employment, and become an active member of a large commercial house. Still, at the time he first learned the secret of his own love, his salary was small, his position uncertain, and he fell from the train of the heiress' followers, proud and honorable enough to shrink from the appearance of fortune-hunting. The way soon opened to amend his fortunes. A responsible position in the Paris branch of the house where he was employed, was soon after offered him, and, at the end of three years passed abroad,

he returned to America, a member of the firm. Not a day had passed, when Minnie, his pet sister, was called upon for a full description of "everybody," and he learned the change in Helen.

His card was taken up, and he was shown into the large drawing-room of the fashionable house, where the orphan heiress resided with her aunt. Upon the center-table lay the inevitable album for photographs, which serves so well to fill the tedious minutes a morning caller has to wait. Mordaunt opened it. Several well known faces of old friends met his eye, but he turned leaf after leaf, till two pictures, facing each other, arrested his hand. So like, yet so different. The one, a tall, handsome brunette, standing in an evening dress of rich silk and lace. The heavy, black braids interwoven with pearls, encircled a face full of animation and life. The large, dark eyes, frank and fearless, shone with joyous light; the rosy lips were just parted in a smile. Well Mordaunt remembered the merry party, who went to "sit for pictures," when this one was taken. But the companion facing it was new to him. Her heavy, black drapery shrouded neck and arms. The glossy braids were gone, and plain bands swept the pale cheeks. The dark eyes looked forward as if the vacancy before them was filled with haunting shadows; and the perfect mouth was set with stern, resolute sadness. Only three years! Nay, they were dated. One year only had flung its shadow between the two pictures. He was still studying the faces, when the rustle of a dress beside him made him turn.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Holmes. We have missed you from our circle."

That was all. The cool yet kindly greeting of mere acquaintanceship. Yet her hand trembled, and was cold as ice, as he took it within his. If his life had paid the forfeit of his boldness, he could not have resisted the impulse to break the icy barrier she offered him.

Only a few words of sympathy for her loss, of pleasure in again meeting her, passed his lips; but his tone of earnest sincerity, his warm clasp of the little cold hand, and his look of sorrowful interest spoke volumes. Perhaps she understood him, for even more chilling was her tone in answering. In vain he tried, through

the long call, to bring one smile to her lip, one word of cordiality to bid him hope he could move her. Each measured word, every inflexion of the hard, cold voice drove him despairing from the attempt. Minnie was right. She was turned to ice.

At last he rose to go. Yearning with painful interest over this broken life: longing to gather the sad heart into the warm clasp of his love, to comfort and love this mourner, he must bid her a conventional adieu, take up hat and gloves and walk off as coolly as if his own heart was not aching with sympathy for her burdened one. There was no help for it, and accepting her cold "Good-morning," he left the room. As he stood with the hall door open, he suddenly remembered a message of Minnie's about some Fair, in which she was interested, that he had promised to deliver. Shutting the door again hastily, he crossed the thickly carpeted hall to arrest Miss Rivers before she left the parlor. As he stood in the open doorway he saw her; not as he had left her, erect and cold, but half lying upon the sofa, her face buried in her outstretched arms, her frame shaking with sobs. Such utter prostration of grief he had never witnessed. Her whole figure was convulsed; the little hands were clenched, and she moaned audibly. He was a gentleman, although a lover, and restraining the impulse to throw himself before her, and entreat her to tell him her sorrow, he softly retraced his steps through the hall, and left the house.

He loved her too truly, too constantly, to let his one repulse discourage him. Day after day he sought her, devoting the whole treasure of his heart and brain to her service, trying by every tender wile to win the laugh to her lips, the fire to her eyes, fully repaid for an evening of striving, if but once the pale lips parted to smile on him. There were hours, though rare ones, when she threw off her mantle of sorrow, and gave him thought for thought, smile for smile; nay, sometimes, he almost fancied an answering look of love for love. But some memory would break the spell, and, like the Gorgon's eyes, turn her to stone again.

At last, weary of the unequal contest, he risked all. They had been trying some new music, in a half lazy way, when almost unconsciously his fingers dropped upon the opening notes of the ballad "Rock me to Sleep, Mother." A gasping cry arrested his hand. He looked up to see the still, cold face suddenly convulsed with a horror and misery that appalled him. Involuntarily he spoke,

"Helen! What is it? Let me share this bur-

den of sorrow. I love you, and it kills me to see you suffer so."

"You love me?" she said, in a tone of passionate grief; "you would hate me if I let you see my heart. But I will, I will, for this life is killing me. I am breaking my own heart to drive yours away. While you come, I linger in the light of your love, as a moth does round the fatal lamp, knowing it must blight my life at last; for I love you, Mordaunt—loved you more that you so proudly drew back from me when I was rich and coveted; and now, when you are my comforter, and can so delicately try to renew my life's sunshine, I still repeat, I love you. No, do not take my hand, for—for—it is the hand of a murderer!"

"Helen, you rave."

"No; I am calm—rational. I killed my mother—my mother, for whom I would have died. It was in Havana, where the soft air and lovely climate were restoring her life. She suffered with severe pain, at times, round the heart, and the physician gave me a lotion, that he warned me was poison, for external use. Other medicine she took hourly; and one night, wearied with long nursing, I left the bottles on the table near her to reach them without rising from my place beside her. While I slept—slept with a mother's life in my charge—she took the wrong medicine; she died in convulsions before we could summon a doctor—the phial pouring its poisonous contents from her clenched hand to the floor. Do not touch me, Mordaunt."

"My poor darling! Oh, Helen! I have no words to comfort such sorrow. Only God can help you."

"I dare not ask Him. My sin is too great."

"Hush, hush! This is your sin, Helen, that, for an involuntary omission of duty, you dare to question His mercy and love. Oh, my darling! seek Him for comfort. Carry this heavy burden to the cross, and lay it there. He will lift it from your heart forever. Believe Him, pray to Him, that He will fulfill for you His promises to the afflicted."

"Oh, Mordaunt, help me! I am all yours; help me to bear my sorry as a Christian. I am groping in the dark; lead me to the cross."

The ice was broken. Through the short engagement, through the years of love that followed the quiet wedding, it never formed again. The careless girlhood was gone. The ringing laugh, the light jest might never return to their olden place; but the happy, earnest Christian woman lived to bless the love that first won her back to warmth and light when her heart was "TURNED TO ICE."

CROCHET TRIMMING AND FRINGE FOR MANTLES, DRESSES, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

WE have been frequently asked for directions for making trimmings and fringe for mantles, dresses, etc., in crochet. Accordingly we now give such directions. No illustrations are needed. The materials are coarse netting silk: for every yard three-quarters of an ounce of black, and half an ounce of white; Penelope needle, No. 2. The crochet should be worked loosely.

This description of trimming is very fashionable, being used for the newest Parisian mantles and dresses; 3 cord sewing silk is generally used, or the second best quality of netting silk will answer for the purpose, and, if purchased by the ounce, will make an inexpensive and at the same time most elegant trimming. Directions are given for two colors, but it can be made with one, if preferred.

The following direction will make a trimming nine inches deep, the usual width for a mantle, but, if required for a dress, the fringe should not be more than three or four inches deep, and will, therefore, use less silk. When finished, the crochet heading should be applied to the silk or whatever material is used.

1st. VANDYKE.—**1st TREFOIL.**—Commence with the black silk, work 15 chain, turn, miss 3, 1 single in the 4th stitch, turn back, leaving 11 chain; and in the round loop, work (9 chain and 1 plain, 3 times), turn back, and, in the 9 chain, work 1 plain, 3 treble; join to the 5th stitch of the 11 chain; then, in the same 9 chain, work 8 treble and 1 plain; miss 1, *, and, in the next 9 chain, work (1 plain, 11 treble and 1 plain); miss 1, and, in the next 9 chain, 1 plain, 6 treble: and before finishing this trefoil, make the

2nd TREFOIL.—Work 10 chain, turn, miss 3, 1 single, turn back, and, in the round loop, work (9 chain and 1 plain, 3 times), turn back, and, in the 1st 9 chain, work (1 plain, 5 treble, join to the 9th treble stitch of the 2nd division of the 1st trefoil; then 6 treble, 1 plain in the same 9 chain), (miss one, and, in the next 9 chain, work 1 plain, 11 treble and one plain, twice), 1 single in the round loop, 6 plain down the stem, and, to finish the 1st trefoil, 1 single on the last treble stitch of the 1st trefoil, 5 treble, 1 plain in the same 9 chain, 1 single in the round loop, 1 plain on the stem, then 5 chain, join to the 9th treble stitch of the last division of the 1st trefoil; and for the

3rd TREFOIL.—Work 15 chain, turn, miss 3, 1 single in the 4th stitch, leaving 11 chain, turn back, and, in the round loop, work (9 chain and 1 plain, 3 times), turn back, miss 1, and, in the 9 chain, work (1 plain, 3 treble, join to the 6th stitch of the 11th chain, then 3 treble in the 9 chain, join to the 6th plain stitch of the stem of the 2nd trefoil; then work 5 treble and 1 plain in the same 9 chain), miss 1, (1 plain, 3 treble in the next 9 chain, join to the 6th treble stitch of the last division of the 2nd trefoil; then 8 treble and 1 plain in the same 9 chain), (miss 1, 1 plain, 11 treble and 1 plain in the next 9 chain), 1 single in the round loop, 1 plain on the stem, 5 chain, join to the 9th treble stitch of the division last worked; and for the

2nd VANDYKE.—**1st TREFOIL.**—15 chain, turn, miss 3, 1 single in the 4th stitch, leaving 11 chain, turn back, and, in the round loop, work (9 chain and 1 plain, 3 times), turn back, and, in the 9 chain, work (1 plain, 3 treble, join to the 5th stitch of the 11 chain; then 3 treble in the 9 chain, join to the 5th treble stitch of the last division of the 3rd trefoil of the 1st vandyke; then 5 treble, 1 plain in the same 9 chain); and repeat from * in the 1st vandyke until the length required is worked, ending with the 5 chain in *italic*; then work for

THE EDGE.—With the white silk, commence on the 7th treble stitch of the 1st vandyke, 2 chain, miss 1 and 1 plain. Repeat all round the edge of the vandykes.

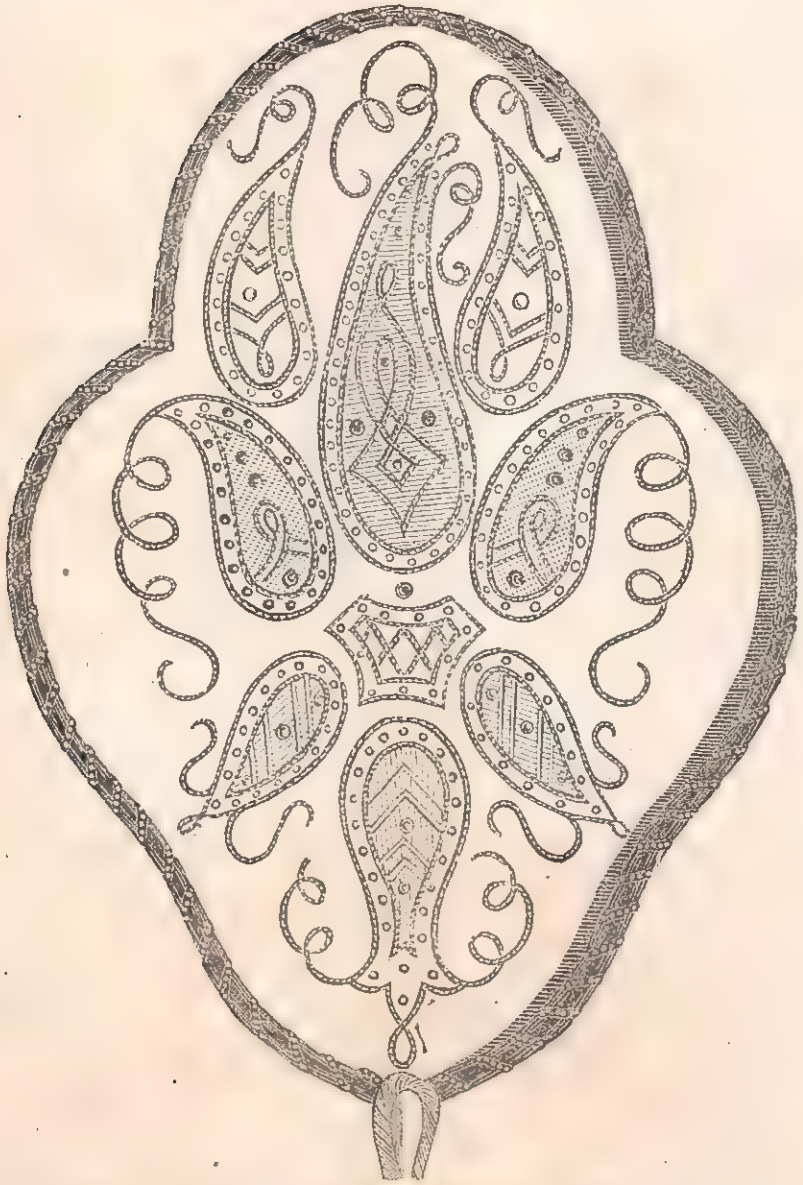
FOUNDATION ROWS FOR THE FRINGE.—1st row—Commence with the black silk and work 6 treble in the last 5 chain of the last vandyke; then 6 treble in the next 5 chain, 5 treble in the 4 chain; repeat to the end and fasten off.

2nd row—With the white silk, work 1 plain on the 1st treble of the last row, * 4 chain, miss 2 and 1 plain; repeat from * to the end; fasten off.

THE FRINGE.—Cut some of the black silk into lengths of 14 inches, take 4 of the cut lengths, put the crochet needle into one of the loops of the 4 chain, double the 4 pieces of silk on the needle and bring them through the 4 chain, then bring all the ends through the loop now on the needle; repeat in every 4 chain, which finishes the trimming: should the silk used for the fringe not hang well, it will only require damping before cutting the ends even.

HAND-SCREEN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



WIRE foundations for Hand-Screens may be obtained at any fancy-work shop. Over the foundation of wire strain neatly some white or colored cashmere for the ground-work. The design may be laid on in application of velvet or silk, and edged with gold cord or braid, whichever the worker prefers. The dots represent beads, and the cross-bars in the center of the patterns are frequently worked with fine purple silk in chain-stitch. The edge of the screen may be bound with velvet or silk, and small beads sewn over, as shown in the pattern.

OPERA HOOD.

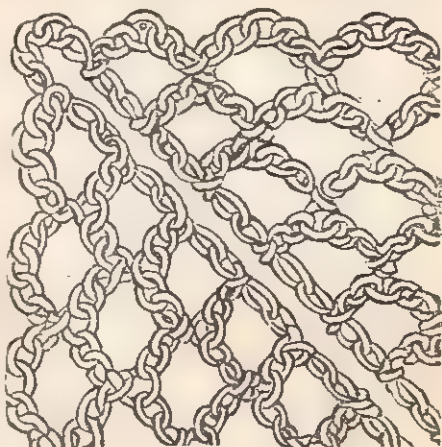
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two ounces of single white zephyr; half-ounce of colored zephyr.

This hood is extremely simple, being composed of two half-squares done in chain crochet, seven stitches to each loop, as may be seen in the accompanying illustration. The center of each half is done in white wool, and the border of the colored—say four rows of the colored wool, pink, blue, or scarlet. The point to be

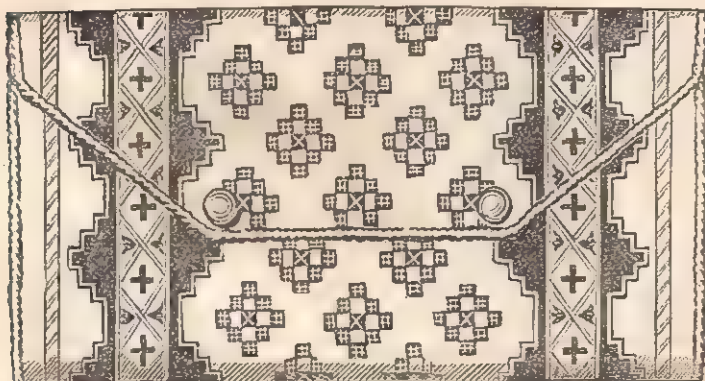
worn in front; ribbon strings, the same color as the border, and a bow at the back, completes



the hood. The size may be varied, but half a yard square is a most comfortable size.

THREAD-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—A piece of canvas, (fine) one hundred and ten threads in width, and three times that number in length; one ounce of scarlet zephyr; one ounce of bright blue; two ounces of dark brown; three ounces of light brown, or leather-color; some yellow floss. The pattern may be easily followed from the design given in the engraving of the Thread-

Case. The outside border is of the light brown wool; the ground-work, which is indicated by the solid black in the engraving, is of the dark brown wool; the ground-work of the inside or center design, (light brown) and the squares are alternate scarlet and blue, that is, the outside of the squares denoted by the cross lines; the inside four stitches are light brown, and the middle black, crossed with the yellow floss. The ground-work of the bands running parallel,

is light brown; the diamonds are in scarlet, with a dark brown cross in the center; the little leaf pattern, between each diamond, is done in blue.

This design will serve for a chair-cover, or a pin-cushion top; and the color may be varied to any extent. The inside is to be lined with silk, and five casings run for the thread. The edge is finished with a silk cord of the mixed colors. Two gilt buttons fasten the flap.

A SPRING PALETOT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



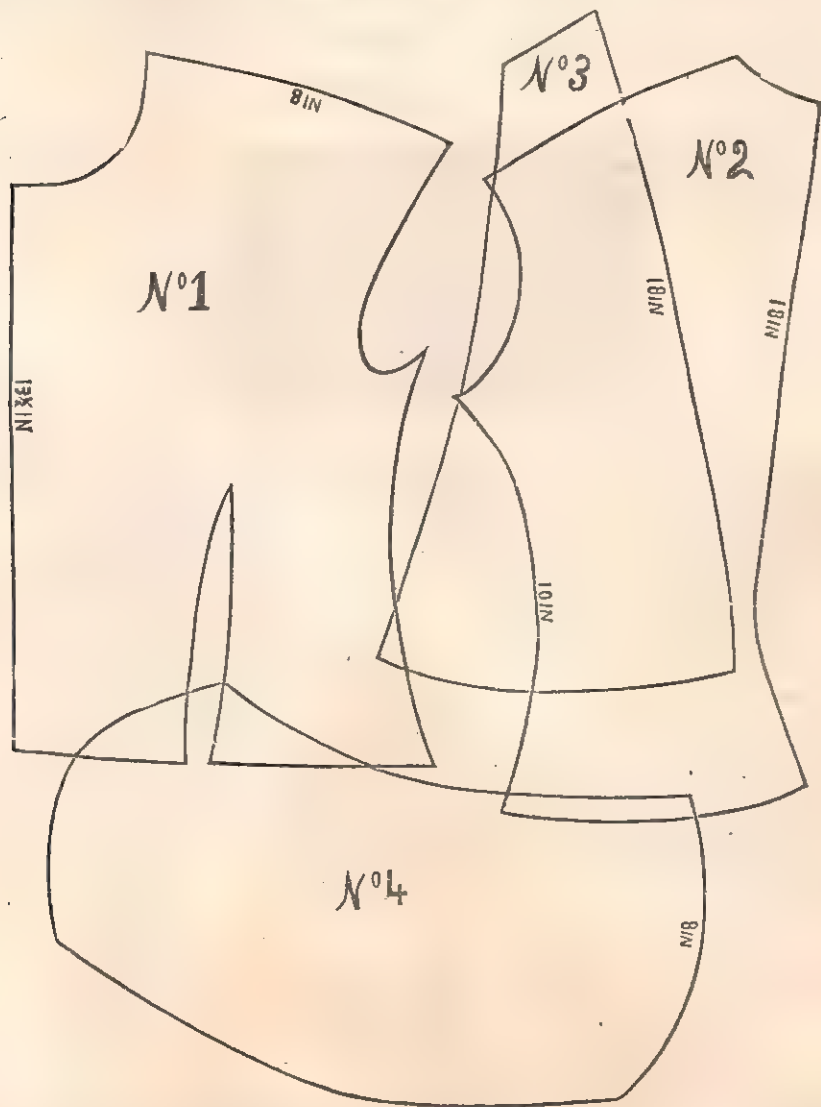
This is one of the newest patterns for a Paletot. It defines the figure in a graceful manner, and has the skirt of moderate length. Our page would not allow us to give this pattern in its entire length, but it may be easily completed by continuing the seams in straight lines. The pattern consists of sleeves, (which is of the most fashionable style,) front, side-piece, and back.

When lengthening the pattern, the front must

have a length of 28 inches at the front edge, 22½ at the seam under the arm, and the width at bottom should be 15 inches. The side-piece should be 22½ inches long at the seam under the arm, 23 inches at the side seam, and 12½ wide at the bottom. The back should have the side seam 23 inches long, and should be 33 inches in length at the middle, the width at bottom being 16½.

This Paletot may be made in black velvet,

and trimmed with *passementerie guipure* lace; in *grelot*, or ball fringe, in drab or light *Havana* black cloth, and trimmed with *passementerie* and cloth.



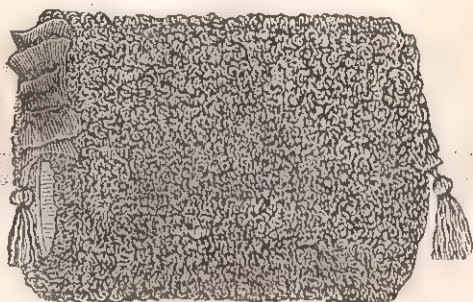
CORAL SLIPPER PATTERN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

THE colored pattern for this month (to be seen in the front of the number) is a Coral Slipper Pattern, a very beautiful one, and designed expressly for "Peterson's Magazine." These patterns in colors are to be had in no other periodical. Such a pattern as this would cost, at a store, fifty cents, which is twice what is charged for this number.

CHILD'S MUFF: IN IMITATION OF CHINCHILLA.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE materials for this pretty affair are Scotch yarn or fingering-worsted, two skeins of white, and two of black and white, (two strands of the wool, white and two black.) A pair of wooden knitting-needles, No. 9, Eagle-gauge; three-eighths of a yard of scarlet sarsenet; one yard and a half of narrow scarlet ribbon; and a small quantity of white wadding.

This muff is knitted with double wool, that is, the white and the black and white together.

Cast on one of the needles, thirty stitches, and knit one plain row.

2nd row.—Slip the first stitch and knit the next, insert the needle in the next stitch, pass the yarn up between the two needles, then pass it twice round the first finger of the left hand, and between the needles, then knit the stitch;

be careful not to let the loops slip off the fingers until the stitch is knitted; repeat, and knit the two last stitches plain.

3rd row.—Slip the first stitch, and purl all the rest, after each purled row, pass the needle through the loops and pull them up toward the other needle to tighten the stitches. Knit these two rows alternately, until you have sixty-two rows; then cast off the stitches rather loosely, and sew the sides together.

Cut the sarsenet to the size of the muff, allowing a piece at each end for a hem, to run the ribbon in; then lay the wadding on the silk, and run it two or three times across, join it together and place it inside the muff, and sew neatly at each end, run in the ribbon and tie with a bow and ends.

WATCH-POCKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

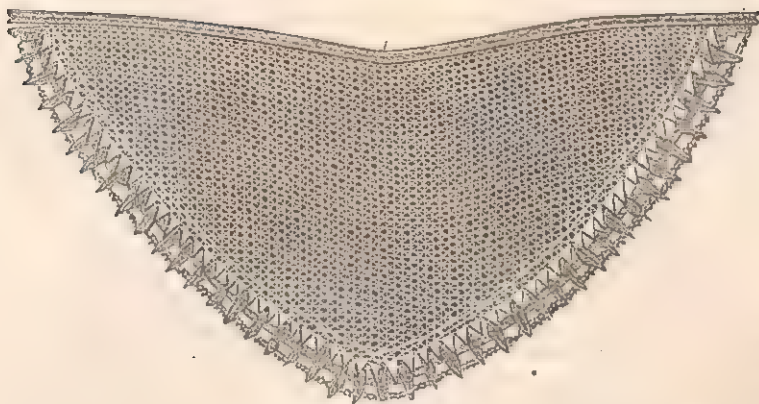
IN the front of the number we give an engraving of a new style Watch-Pocket. The pocket must be cut out in card, and covered with satin, velvet, or silk. The fringe is formed of seeds drilled, and threaded on silk. The seeds forming the border are gummed on.

NAME FOR MARKING.

Esther

VEIL FOR A HAT.

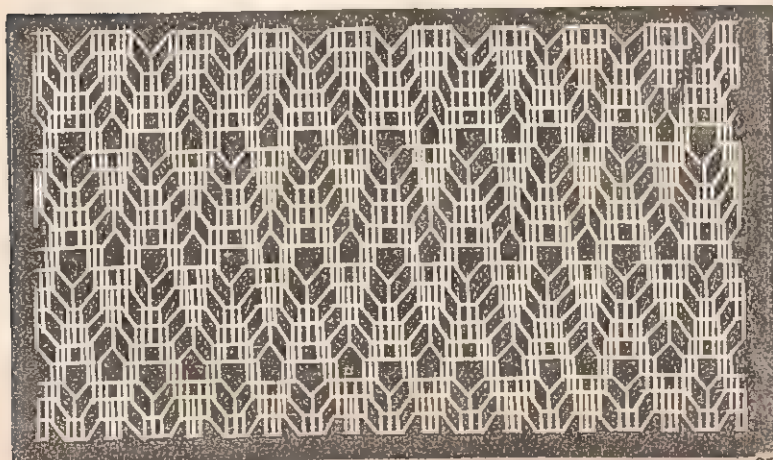
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS Veil, to wear with a hat, is made the same as those intended to wear with bonnets, in black or white spotted net, embroidered with beads, and so on. We will, however, describe a new way of trimming it. The lace border is sewn on rather tightly, so as to draw it in a little round the face. Over the lace, loops of beads are placed, formed in the following manner:—Thread nine beads, alternately, one black, one white; then a larger black one, three white, and pass the needle again through the larger bead; then nine more as before to complete the loop; fasten it over the lace so that it may cover the space of one-third of an inch. Each loop is made in the same way. This Veil is very suitable for spring.

CROCHET LACE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A CHILD'S FEAR OF DARKNESS.—A subscriber asks if the fear of darkness, which so many children have, is natural or acquired. In most cases we think it acquired. Nurses frequently frighten children, by tales of a "bugaboo," in order to keep them quiet. It is difficult always to discover the truth, chiefly owing to the secret manner in which the crime is practiced, and the fear under which the little one lies of being "found out in telling tales." The fact is that the exercise of this power is highly effectual in securing any amount of obedience, and therefore terrifying children has always been the chief besetting sin of ill-disposed nurses. But neither difficulty of detection nor personal regard for the nurse must be allowed to interfere with a mother's duty toward her child. A nurse may be a very desirable person, both in appearance and usefulness; she may be a good needlewoman, and in every respect suited to the external requirements of her situation; but if she has not the ability to win the love and confidence of her infant charge, she is unfit for her post, and should be dismissed. The child's instincts will best decide the question of her fitness in this respect. No other mode of reasoning need be employed to arrive at a just decision. If, unhappily, the evil is established before its existence has been suspected, no person will be so capable of allaying fear as the mother. She should take every opportunity of walking about in the dark, hand-in-hand with the little child, talking indifferently on other matters; or, if the subject be unavoidable, she should explain that darkness has come because it is time for all good people to go to bed, that every one sleeps better in the dark than in the light, especially "mamma and papa." If this method fails, and, instead of bringing confidence, increases fear, the child should be carefully guarded from exposure to darkness. Wherever it moves a light should be placed, taking care, however, that these arrangements are made without reference to its fears; otherwise it will think that there is a serious evil to be dreaded from the omission. Let light be placed in appointed places, especially in the bed-room, as a matter of course, *not because the child is afraid of darkness.* Some persons object to this trifling expense and trouble, and consider that a child should be hardened or argued out of its fears. We would ask those persons whether they think their own fears would be increased or dispelled by exposure to dangers which they know to be imminent—mad bulls for instance, or the attack of robbers. Armed, confident, and with sound reasoning powers to suggest a mode of defence, a few might be found to face such dangers without alarm; but a little child has none of these resources—it is credulous, helpless, and at the mercy of its guide.

A FINE EDITION OF THACKERAY.—We are glad to see that a fine edition of Thackeray's novels is to be published. We are only surprised it has not been done before. Those who admire Thackeray most are the cultivated classes, who like elegant editions of their favorites; yet hitherto, neither in England nor here, has there been a really good edition of Thackeray.

"THE YOUNG PHOTOGRAPHERS."—This is a capital picture of its kind, very much in the manner of Leslie. It tells its own story.

PATIENCE is the great medicine for the ills of life. There is nothing so bad that it will not, sooner or later, have an end.

A WORD ABOUT CARPETS.—The dearest things we have in our houses, especially at the present time, are carpets. In case of removal, they become almost useless, and have to be sacrificed at any price that can be got for them, because, having been cut and measured for one room, perhaps of a peculiar shape, they are useless in any other; for if the pattern could be matched, which it often cannot, a bit of brand-new carpet sewn on to a bit not so new would be out of harmony, and tell a story which the pride of poverty would rather were concealed. The Persian and Turkish system of carpeting rooms is infinitely better and prettier than ours. The Persian carpets are exquisitely beautiful. Their colors are brighter, the designs prettier, and they are far more durable than European or American carpets. They are made in strips usually between two and three yards long, and about one yard in breadth, to go round the sides of a room, with a square carpet of any size preferred for the center. They do not require to be nailed or fitted, and a sufficient number of them will, of course, carpet any room, however large or small. They have a very rich and grand appearance, too. In summer they are easily taken up, beaten, rolled, and put aside by a single servant; and, in the hot weather, and American summers are very hot, why should we not more generally imitate the foreign custom, by painting or polishing our floors? Floors painted or polished look far prettier in July sunshine than any carpets, which are then mere dusty traps to catch dust, harbor insects, and retain bad smells. Everything has its use and its seasons. The use and the season of carpets are not in the summer-time. In Virginia, before the war, it was a common practice to wax floors. The custom might be imitated to advantage everywhere, using a carpet in winter, laid down in the Persian fashion, and having the floors bare in summer.

DEARTH OF GOOD NOVELS.—We suppose it is to the high price of paper that we must attribute the dearth of good novels this year. Publishers cannot encourage American authors to write, with paper at thirty cents a pound, and a tax of five per cent on the selling price of the book. For the same reason it does not pay to reprint English novels. Yet the London market is actually overstocked with first-rate fictions. "Janita's Cross," by the author of "St. Olave's," has been out a year, but nobody has republished it; Anthony Trollope has two new novels, neither of which are yet even announced for reprinting; and "Broken To Harms," by Edward Yates, has passed through four editions, without any bookseller here giving it to the American public. We like a good novel, after dinner, as heartily as ever the poet Gray did, or Sir James Macintosh; and we sigh when we read such titles as "Married Beneath Him," "An Artist's Proof," "Avila Hope," "Faces for Fortunes," "Beatrice," "Christian's Mistake," and "The Ordeal for Wives," by such writers as Dinah Mulock, Julia Ravenhill, etc., etc. These books are delighting people in England, but we have little hope of ever seeing them here. Other novels, by really good writers, are announced in London. Where we used to have ten reprints, we now hardly have one. What are we coming to?

THE AUTHOR OF "MARGRET HOWTH."—We give, in this number, a story by the author of "Margret Howth," one of the most powerful novels which has appeared for many years. We hope, often, in future, to have the aid of the same forcible and original writer. The story is illustrated by an appropriate picture.

Fainting and its Remedy.—If a person faints from any cause, lay him or her flat on the back, but do not raise the head. Fainting comes from the blood not passing to the brain; and is, of course, more likely to continue while the person is in the upright position, and while the head is high. Fainting occurs more readily in women than it does in men. An English writer relates a very remarkable case. He says:—"Some time ago I was staying with a medical gentleman in the country, when he was sent for, very hurriedly, to see a young lady, who was said to be dying. As my friend was absent, I went in his stead; but it seemed too late. The face was deadly pale, the eye turned up under the lid; there was no pulse at the wrist, nor do I think the heart could be felt to beat; it was not desirable to waste time in ascertaining whether it did beat or not, for minutes even were of value. I had her taken from the chair, laid down flat on the floor, and in a very little time the pulse began to revive. She had been deluged with cold water to no avail; but now hot flannels to the bosom, over the heart, in the armpits, and heat to the feet brought her partially round, and I was able to leave for a short time, assuring her friends that if she were not disturbed till visited again she was safe. She got so much better, that, in my absence, they tried to remove her up stairs; on raising her head, she again fainted. In the end, a bed had to be brought into the room, and she remained for some days in a horizontal position before it was considered safe to move her. Of course, such extreme cases of fainting are rare, nor is it advisable that I should relate the distressing circumstances which led to so great weakness, and as nearly to death as can be imagined; but the instance will serve to impress upon your memory the very important point of keeping the head low in all severe cases of fainting."

The Hair is dressed very much as suits the wishes of the wearer, provided it is rather low at the back, and rather high in front. Clusters of small frizzed curls are often placed on the top or side of the head. The small Louis XV. wreaths, or circles of flowers, are very popular among young ladies, who wear them at the summit of the tiers of bandeaux which now crown their heads when in full dress. These structures are frequently wonderful to behold, and must cause those not initiated in the secret resources of frizzettes, pads, etc., to marvel at the splendidly luxuriant growth of hair which now meets the eye on every side. These small wreaths are fastened not quite in the center, but slightly at one side of the head; they are sometimes tied with a bow of satin ribbon, the ends falling low at the back. It is a youthful, pretty style of head-dress.

FRESHNESS and simplicity should be the principal aim in selecting a toilet for a young girl—flounces, trimmings, and furbelows will be required by-and-by. Many are wearing necklaces tacked round the top of their high, white bodices; these necklaces are very inexpensive to make, and are both stylish and becoming. They consist of a piece of ribbon-velvet, upon which small pompon roses are tacked at regular intervals. A similar ornament is occasionally repeated at the wrists, provided the sleeves are made with a band. The color of both velvet and flowers should be selected to suit the complexion; black velvet with pink pompons, pink with white pompons, and blue with pink pompons, all look well. Even when low dresses are worn, these floral necklaces are very effective; they are worn close round the throat like a dog's collar.

THE CHEAPEST YET.—Compare the club prices of "Peterson" with the club prices of other magazines; and then look at what you get for your money in both cases. You will find "Peterson" to be vastly the cheapest. And we intend to keep it so, for we have, we trust, a pride above mere money-making.

If ANY DELAYS have occurred, in the reception of this, or earlier numbers, they have arisen from our enormous circulation. "Peterson" will print, in 1865, as many magazines, probably, as all the other Ladies' Magazines combined. Even last year, we did nearly this, actually having about 150,000 subscribers, and issuing, as our books will show, one million eight hundred and fifty-four single numbers. We have now, in spite of the large demand, filled all of our orders, and will be able, from this time out, to keep up with the increase and supply back numbers. If success is any test of merit, "Peterson" is the best of the Ladies' Magazines.

AVAIL YOURSELF of the chance to get "Peterson" at present prices. If paper continues to advance, we shall be compelled to raise our terms. Secure "Peterson" at existing rates while you can.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Our Mutual Friend. By Charles Dickens. With Illustrations. 1 vol., 8 vo., 150 pp. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here the first part of Dickens' new novel. Another part, about as long, will finish the story. Opinions are divided in regard to the merits of the tale, as compared at least with "Pickwick," or even "Oliver Twist." We belong to those that think it something of a failure. In portions the author exhibits his usual power; but there are many chapters in which Homer undeniably nods. The straining after effect, which has marred so many of Dickens' later fictions, grows worse as he gets older. The Hoffins are caricatures of the broadest kind. The Podsnaps and Veneerings are but little better. But the heroine, Miss Bella Wither, is natural and life-like, a fascinating girl, in spite of her faults. The author has written few chapters as charming as that entitled, "In Which An Innocent Elopement Occurs," and in which Miss Bella carries her old father off to dinner; it is infinitely more pathetic, under all its gayety and humor, than the one which follows it, "In Which The Orphan Makes His Will," and which the author, we suppose, intended to be the better of the two. This is a cheap edition, but graphically illustrated.

The Queen of the County. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—This is one of the most readable novels that has been published within the year. The earlier chapters, devoted to the heroine's childhood, girlhood, and marriage, are full of pictures drawn from real life, and are very much superior to the rest of the book, which becomes melo-dramatic, if not sensational. As a love-story, the Queen of the County is particularly to be recommended. The heroine is one of the most lovable characters in recent fiction.

The Three Scouts. By J. T. Trowbridge. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.—This is by the author of "Cauljo's Cave," a tale of the war, which was very popular. "The Three Scouts" is much better than its predecessor. Mr. Trowbridge is an old contributor to this Magazine, and is one of the most pain-taking and workman-like writers in the country. He paints from real life, not from books; writes good, honest English; and is singularly free from sensationalism, considering the times in which he lives.

The Culture of the Observing Faculties in the Family and School. By Warren Burton. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent little book, and very beautifully printed. Its chief purpose is to make the commonest objects, the every-day things about a house, instructive to the young. Every mother ought to have a copy.

My Brother's Wife. By Amelia B. Edwards. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Not so good as "Barbaric's History," by the same author; but better than her "Ladder of Life." The most pleasing portions of the book, at least to us, are the earlier chapters.

Autobiography of Lyman Beecher. Edited by his Son, Charles Beecher. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The earlier half of this autobiography, as our old subscribers may remember, appeared about a year ago. The present volume completes the work, which will be found full of interest, not only to members of the late Mr. Beecher's denomination, but also to the religious world at large. A good portrait of Dr. Beecher, as we remember him, accompanies the volume.

Jenkins's Vest-Pocket Lexicon. 1 vol., 48 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A really excellent dictionary, which can, literally, be carried in the vest-pocket.

HORTICULTURAL.

THE GREEN-HOUSE IN APRIL.—Camellias in flower should be freely watered, while those done blooming should be kept close, to encourage growth, but repotted, if requisite, soon afterward. Calceolarias, Cinerarias, and Primroses should be supplied with a very weak solution of liquid manure once a day, at least, during the present month. Geraniums, set for flower, may also undergo the same treatment with advantage, as they should be got as large as possible by the middle of next month. Heaths, done flowering, should be pruned or cut back, as also any other plants that show a disposition to ramble, a propensity not at all becoming, after which keep them by themselves, close and warm, to encourage them to break freely; but such as are in flower, or those just about to bloom, should be kept in the most airy part of the house. Attend to the requirements of Fuchsias, such as watering, repotting, etc. Give Azaleas plenty of water while in flower, and on no account stint those on the eve of blooming, as a check at this period of their existence would certainly mar their future prospects, if it did not entirely destroy them.

SCIENCE, PHRENOLOGY, ETC.

PICTORIAL DOUBLE NUMBERS.—THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED, for January or February, appear with 32 quarto pages each, and beautiful illustrated covers. They contain Portraits of Tennyson, Silliman, Sheridan, Cobb, Phillips, Susanna Wesley—mother of John—an Indian Chief, Franz Muller, Miss Muggins, Miss Fury, the Princess of Wales, Florence Nightingale, A Group of Warriors—Hannibal, Julius Caesar, Pizarro, Cromwell, Charles XII., Frederick the Great, Scott, Wellington and Napoleon. Also, the Greatest Surgeons of the World—JARVEY, ABERNETHY, JENNER, HUNTER, COOPER, MOTT, and CARMICHAEL. Also W. S. Lander, Mrs. Farnham, Mr. Clark, Mr. Kilbourn, Mr. Morrill, etc. Articles on Gaining Confidence, Affection, The Human Face, Pre-existence, How to Kill Miniature, Shooting a Gorilla, The Lost Races; with ETHNOLOGY, PHRENOLOGY, PHYSIOLOGY, PHYSIOGNOMY and PSYCHOLOGY, Nos. 1 and 2, Vol. 41. Terms only \$2 a year, or 20 cents a number. Sent by return post. Please address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW—WINNER'S PATENT SELF-INSTRUCTING KEY-BOARD SCALE FOR THE PIANO FORTE OR MELODEON.—This valuable invention consists of sections, which are set upon the white keys, showing the names of the keys and the note upon the staff which each key makes when struck. It is highly recommended by all the professors of high standing, enabling the learner at once to find the notes required, without the assistance of any book or explanation from a teacher. Too much cannot be said in favor of this "new idea." It saves the learner the necessity of constantly referring to an instruction-book; for, at a single glance, every note required can be found, with the proper key immediately underneath for executing it. It insures the pupil a rapid and easy progress, without the vexation of a long and tedious study.

Persons wishing "to play a little" merely for amusement or pastime, can readily perform the ordinary tunes of the day, by placing the Scale upon the keys, and following the music with the corresponding notes upon the board. It does not interfere, in any way, with the execution of the performer. It is made to fit any instrument, being a light and ornamental addition, easily placed or removed in the shortest possible time. In fact, it is quite a curiosity, and should be attached to every piano, for the accommodation of all learners and amateurs. For sale at the principal music stores in the United States. Sent by mail to any address, post-paid, on receipt of one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Address, SEP. WINNER,
933 Spring Garden Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

A Leg of Mutton.—Which is one of the finest joints that can be brought to table, either roasted or boiled, but also a joint which small families feel obliged generally to eschew. They do not like cold meat for four or five days in succession, and they are too conscientious to permit waste; therefore a fine leg of mutton, well fed, and properly hung, rarely figures in their larder. To obviate the difficulty, make the butcher cut off a handsome knuckle, and boil it for the first day's dinner; serve with caper-sauce, or if capers be not procurable, nicely pickled kidney-beans, chopped up very small, will do as well; save the broth. For the second day, take cutlets from the joint, but not more than are required for consumption; fry or broil, according to pleasure, and serve with onion or bread-sauce; the latter, well made, is very relishing. On the third day, roast the remainder of the joint in the usual way, taking care not to put it too near the fire, if it be at all a fierce one, till it is quite warmed through; rub on a little salt, and as the fat exudes, lightly dredge a little flour; take care to have it nicely browned, but not burnt in any part; baste well, and when about to dish, pour off all the dripping; have ready a little boiling water, but do not drown the real juices of the meat, as some do, and thus send up their joint swimming in a lake of greasy, weak broth, serve on a very hot dish, with currant jelly, if desired. On the fourth day, hash the remains of the boiled as well as the roasted meat. To produce a delicate, wholesome, savory hash, is not so easy a thing as it seems, else why the leathery, tasteless slices of meat floating in a thin and unpalatable liquid, as greasy and unwholesome as it is disagreeable? If you wish to have a really good mutton hash, proceed as follows: Cut up your meat over night into slices, not too large or too thick; take away the solid fat, but not the skin generally; break up the bones, and place with the meat, and one large onion sliced very thin, in a perfectly clean saucepan, which should be kept for hashing and stewing, etc.; just cover with the broth saved from the boiled knuckle, and allow the whole to simmer till thoroughly hot it may reach boiling point, but must not actually boil. Pour it into an earthen vessel, cover it over, and leave till morning; then, several hours before dinner, skim off the fat very carefully, and return the hash to the pot, with seasoning to taste, and a slight sprinkling of flour; place it on the hob near the fire, but not by any means on it; let it gradually get hot; as it simmers, put it back, lest it should boil. As the meat gets dry, increase the quantity of liquid by adding milk (skim-milk will do very nicely) a quarter of an hour before dinner-time; take away the bones and the skin; add one dessertspoonful of walnut or mushroom ketchup—more if you like it; thicken with flour, best oat-meal, or Indian corn-flour, mixing the thickening very smoothly with cold milk, and gradually

filling up the soup with liquor from the hash. Pour in gradually, and stir well, then let it boil a second or two to thicken the meal thoroughly; taste and see if the seasoning be enough; if not, add sparingly what is required. Have ready some triangular strips of well-toasted bread, and send up on a very hot dish. Onions can be used, more or less, according to taste. If any gravy remains from roasted joints, save it; when cold, skim off the fat; it will greatly add to the full flavor of the hash, or mince, or stew in preparation.

To Mince Cold Beef.—Take away the fat and skin; mince the beef in a chopping-bowl, very fine, almost to a paste; stew gently—if possible, over night, that the fat may be skimmed off. Season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle with best oat-meal; wash a half handful of parsley and thyme, chop them as finely as you can, and throw in; peel and boil a large onion till pretty tender, then take off the outer skin, chop fine, and mix with the beef; add as much broth or skim-milk and water, as will just cover the beef; let it simmer for two hours; then thicken with a little oat-meal, and add a dessertspoonful of mushroom or walnut ketchup; stir well, and boil for one minute, and serve with toasted sippets. The bones from which you cut your beef for mincing will do for the broth in which it ought to be stewed; even then half a teaspoonful of milk gives a softness to the mince; it can be added advantageously with the thickening.

Calf's-Head Cake.—This is a useful mode of preparing calf's-head, as it only requires half the head, so that the other half will make a second dish prepared in any way desired. Partly boil the half of a calf's-head with a little sage, then cut off the meat, put the bones back into the broth, and boil them until the latter is greatly reduced. Cut up the meat, and put it into the jar with the tongue, some spice (mace, pepper, etc.) and a few small slices of ham; cover the jar with a plate, put it into the oven for some hours, until the contents are thoroughly done, then add the brains beaten up with an egg; cut up some hard-boiled eggs, put them round a mould, and pour the mixture from the jar into it. Let it get thoroughly cold, and turn it out. This dish may be made with a sheep's-head, which, if carefully scalded and soaked, will be found a good and cheap substitute for the calf's-head.

DESSERTS.

How to Make Ice-Cream.—Ice-cream is usually considered a luxury not to be indulged in by farmers' families. It is set down as a city dish, though most of the articles used in its preparation are obtainable from the country. It is not generally known that the best ice-cream can be made without a costly freezer, in any family where ice and milk are at hand. To make it, proceed thus: Take two quarts of fresh milk—if a little cream be added all the better, though ice-cream, as ordinarily made, is innocent of cream. Scald the milk, stirring in three tablespoonfuls of corn-starch or arrow-root, to give it body. These may be omitted if not at hand. Stir well to keep from burning. Beat up four to eight eggs, according to convenience, or, as a rich dish is wanted, and pour the scalding milk on the eggs, stirring well. When cold, add sugar and essence of lemon, or extract of vanilla, to suit the taste. A very little salt also improves it. Pour the cold contents into a deep tin pale or can holding about three quarts; put on the cover, and set in an ordinary wooden water-pail. Pound up ice to the size of hen's eggs and less—some, of course, will be quite fine—pack it round the tin can, mixing in about one pint of either medium or fine salt. Pack this till it reaches nearly to the top of the can containing the mixture to be frozen, but be careful none enters it. Now move the tin can or pail around by means of its bail, lifting the cover occasionally to scrape off the frozen cream on the inside, so that other portions may come in contact with the freezing surface. From fifteen to twenty minutes will be sufficient, and the dish

may be served up at once or set away, without removing from the wooden pail, in a cool place for several hours, covering with a flannel cloth.

Marmalade Pudding.—This pudding requires care in mixing the ingredients thoroughly together, but it proves so excellent when eaten either cold or hot, that it fully repays the trouble of preparation. Shred six ounces of fresh beef suet, and chop it up fine; mix it with two ounces of moist sugar, quarter of a pound of well grated bread-crumbs, and then stir in half a pint of new milk. When these are all mixed, add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, whisk all together for a quarter of an hour, and set it to stand on a cold stone for an hour. Butter a pudding-dish or mould thickly, place a layer of the above mixture in it, then a layer of marmalade, another layer of mixture, and so on, alternately, until the mixture is exhausted. For the above quantity, about one pound of marmalade will be required. Whisk the whites of the eggs with a little loaf-sugar and orange-flower water, place the froth at the top of the pudding, and bake for an hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Apples aux Meringues.—Scoop out the core from six apples, and fill them with quince marmalade; stew them until tender in half a pint of water, with some sugar, some lemon-peel, and a little more marmalade. Lay the apples in a dish with the liquor. Beat up to a strong froth the whites of six eggs, flavoring them with orange-flower water and sugar to taste. Cover the apples with this whip, and bake them half an hour.

Apple Cheese-Cake.—Pare, core, and boil twelve apples, with enough water to mash them; beat them up very smooth, then add the yolks of six eggs, the juice of two lemons, and some grated peel, half a pound of fresh butter, beaten into a cream, and sweetened with pounded loaf-sugar; beat all well in with the apples, bake it in a puff-paste, and send it up like an open tart.

CAKES.

A German Tea-Cake.—To make this cake, one pound of flour, quarter of a pound of butter, two spoonfuls of yeast, three eggs, salt, sugar, and warm milk are required. Take some flour, pour the yeast and some of the milk upon it; lay the butter, cut in pieces, on the flour, and put this mixture in a warm place until it rises. Then add the three eggs, salt, sugar, and warm milk, and mix all well together until the paste does not stick to the spoon. Roll the paste out into a long piece, which cut into five or six strips. Roll the strips separately to make them round, and sprinkle them with flour; plait them together, and form them into a wreath. Let it stand again for some time in a warm place, until it has risen sufficiently. Strew finely-chopped almonds over it. Brush it over with yolk of egg, and bake it in a very warm oven.

Hot-Cross Buns.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into two pounds of flour, then add quarter of a pound of moist sugar. Mix well together with the above one pint of new milk made warm, three well beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of yeast, and a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, one pound of currants, (well washed) one ounce of candied citron, the same of candied lemon-peel, cut into small pieces, the grated rind of a lemon, and a pinch of salt. Mix all up into a light paste, and set it before the fire to rise for an hour. Rub an oven tin over with butter, drop the buns upon it with a spoon, wash them with the yolk of an egg, and bake them in a moderate oven.

Ginger Biscuits.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, turned to a cream, half a pound of white sugar, sifted. These to be well mixed; then add the yolks and whites of three eggs, beaten separately, with two ounces of powdered ginger. These last mix gradually with the rest. Roll out thin and cut it into biscuits; bake them on tins in a quick oven.

Chocolate Cakes.—Beat the whites of two eggs with a quarter of a pound of pounded sugar into a frothy cream, add the juice of half a lemon and six ounces of finely-grated chocolate. Drop this mixture in spoonfuls on a flat tin, and bake them slowly.

TOILET RECEIPTS.

Red Hands.—Keep some oat-meal on the wash-stand, and as often as the hands are washed, rub a little of the oat-meal over them; then rinse it off, and, when dry, put on a little bit of pomade, made as follows:—Take three-pennyworth of white wax, three ditto of spermaceti, three ditto of powdered camphor, and olive oil enough to make it the thickness of soap; put it in a gallipot, and let it stand in an oven to melt; mix it up, and when cold, it will be found very good for the hands. Gloves, worn either in the day or night, will help to keep the hands white.

To Remove Sun-Burn.—Wash the face at night with either sour milk or butter-milk, and in the morning with weak bran-tea and a little eau-de-cologne. This will soften the skin and remove the redness, and will also make it less liable to burn again with exposure to the sun. Bathing the face several times in the day with elder flower water and a few drops of eau-de-cologne is also very efficacious.

To Increase the Growth of Hair.—Take of mutton suet, one pound; best white wax, four ounces; essences of bergamot and lemon, of each, three drachms; oils of lavender and thyme, of each, one drachm. Mix the suet and wax over a gentle fire, and then add the perfumes.

Bouquet de la Reine.—Take one ounce of essence of bergamot, three drachms of English oil of lavender, half a drachm of oil of cloves, half a drachm of aromatic vinegar, six grains of musk, and one pint and a half of rectified spirit of wine. Distill.

Tooth Powder.—Burn some rock alum, beat it in a mortar, and sift it fine; then take some rose pink, mix well together to make it of a pale red color; add a little powder of myrrh, and put into bottles for use.

Cold Cream.—One pound of lard, three ounces of spermaceti. Melt with a gentle heat, and when cooling stir in elder-flower water, one ounce, of essence of lavender, twenty-six drops.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Bread.—The following is an excellent receipt for bread, and makes it particularly light:—Half a bushel of flour, six potatoes mashed, quarter of a pound of yeast mixed with the potatoes, and three pints of luke-warm water, put into the middle of the flour, and beaten into a kind of batter. A large piece of salt, with four quarts more water, to be added after the sponge is well risen; well kneaded and baked.

To Bleach Straw Hats, &c.—Straw hats and bonnets are bleached by putting them, previously washed, in pure water, into a box with burning sulphur: the fumes which arise unite with the water on the bonnets, and the sulphurous acid thus formed bleaches them.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—DINNER DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, which is trimmed with insertions of embroidery over blue silk. Body very low and square, with thin, white under-body.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED STRIPED SILK, trimmed with poppy color. White crape hat, trimmed with poppy color.

FIG. III.—MORNING DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED CASHMERE, trimmed with black velvet, and worn over a pink silk skirt. Black velvet jacket, lined with pink.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRAY SILK, trimmed with silk of a darker shade, put on bias, and rows of buttons.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF SUMMER POPLIN.—The body and skirt in one piece in the Gabrielle style. Gimp trimming, or passementerie, as it is called, is profusely used on this dress. The coat is not separate from the skirt, but is formed by the gimp trimming.

FIG. VI.—DINNER DRESS.—The sleeves and under-skirt are composed of pink silk, trimmed with black velvet. The upper-skirt, and square body, or cape, are made of black and white striped silk, trimmed with velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Green promises to be the favorite color for spring dresses. Though violet and delicate blue, pearl, and soft grays, are all popular. The cold winds, as we write, seem very unfavorable for the chintzes, pique, and organdies, which are slowly, but surely, tempting our fur-enveloped ladies to prepare their summer toilets. All these materials are of the most beautiful patterns, and the prettiest summer dresses that can be worn by young girls. For young girls, the plain, close-fitting bodice, with wide waist-band and coat-sleeve, the skirt gored and but slightly ornamented, is the most appropriate for morning wear. The small all-round linen collars, with sleeves fastened with linen buttons; a bright colored velvet neck-tye, and similar colored velvet in the hair—for the present style of dressing the hair requires bands of velvet round the head to complete the toilet. Serge and linsey are the usual materials for young girls; and the petticoats, which are cut from the same piece as the dress, are bound with velvet, and trimmed with several rows of braid. For evening wear, the most fashionable toilet for girls of from fourteen to eighteen years of age, consists of a white or colored silk slip, and plain, low bodice, with a high, white figured net or fine organdy muslin over it; a broad waistband to match the slip, and a wide sash, with long flowing ends at the back. A soft ruche round the throat, and the white net skirt untrimmed, save with a wide hem. The silk slip should be edged with a narrow box-pleated flounce.

The great desire of a fashionable woman of the present day, is to possess a costume which is like nothing ever seen before.

BEADS in large quantities, and glittering gilt ornaments, are profusely used, and, we must say, gives the toilet a common, showy look.

SKIRTS are either entirely plain, or very much ornamented. The pleatings around the edge of dresses, which have been so long worn, are at length going out of fashion, except for silk skirts to be worn under their dresses.

JACKETS of white cashmere, embroidered in beads of various colors, are much worn in the evening; whilst those of scarlet, blue, poppy color, and violet, are very popular for more ordinary wear. Some of these jackets have only epaulets, embroidered and finished with a hanging trimming, and are worn over a white body with long sleeves.

CRINOLINE still continues large for evening wear, though for street dress it is quite small.

ORNAMENTS of dead gold are profusely worn, even during the day. Large gold beads, and crosses for the neck; daggers, swords, triangles, balls and rings for the hair; immense buckles for the waist; long, dangling ear-rings, and broad bracelets, are all worn. Crystal balls, beads, &c., are also popular.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BLUE SILK, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The jacket is of white cashmere, trimmed with blue silk.

FIG. II.—INFANT'S DRESS, OF WHITE EMBROIDERED JACONET.—Sash and bow of wide pink ribbon.

FIG. III.—DRESS FOR A LITTLE GIRL TEN YEARS OF AGE.—The coat and dress are of gray poplin, trimmed with blue.

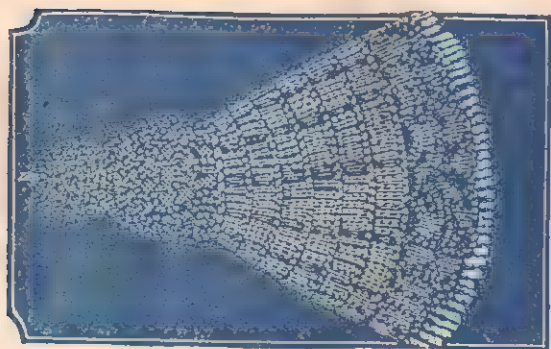
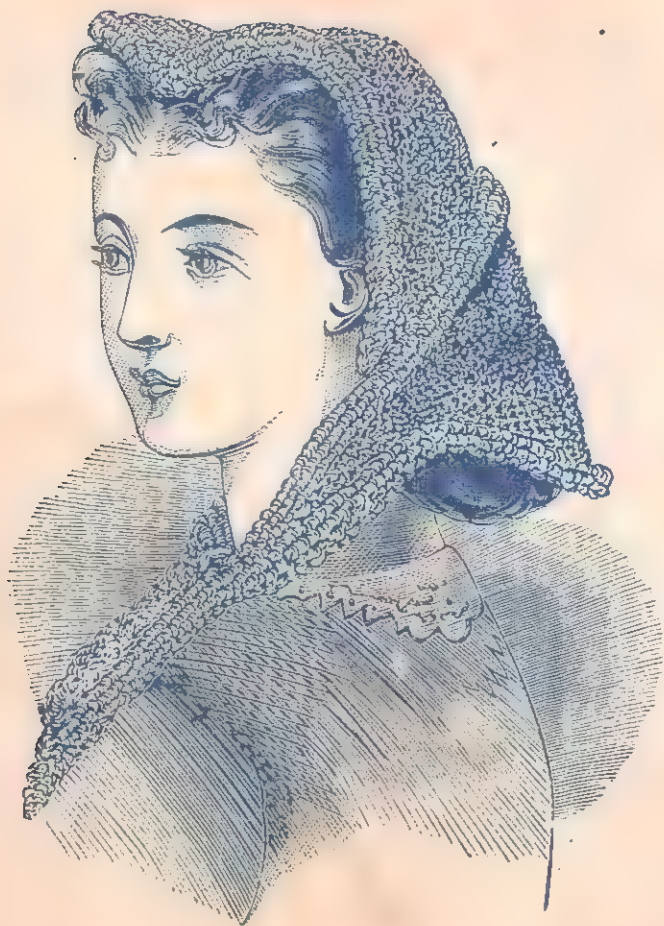
FIG. IV.—A LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF FAWN-COLORED CASHMERE.

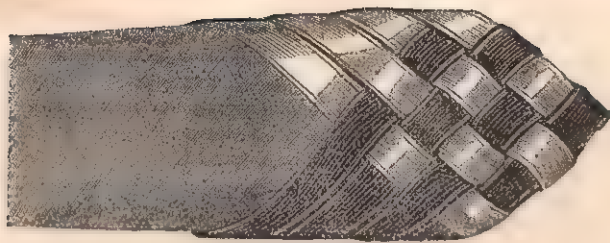




THE LONDON FASHION

OPERA HOOD: TASSEL COVER.





CRAVAT END.



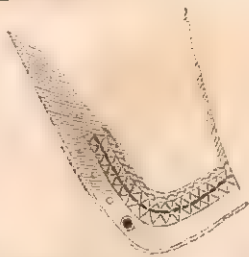
OPERA CLOAK.



EDGING.



WALKING DRESS.



SLEEVE.



COLLAR.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

FAREWELL

Song of Enoch Arden,

OR

"I'LL SAIL THE SEAS OVER."

ARRANGED FOR GUITAR

BY SEP. WINNER.

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Moderato.


Voice. 

Guitar. 

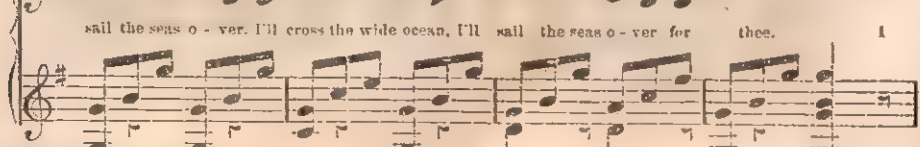


Cheer up, Annie darling, With hopeful e - motion: To-morrow our parting must be; I'll

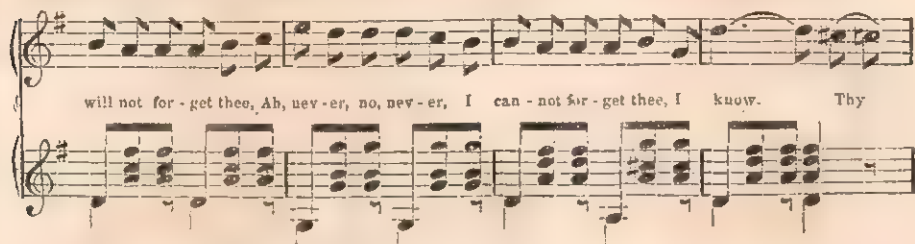




sail the seas o - ver. I'll cross the wide ocean, I'll sail the seas o - ver for thee. 1



SONG OF ENOCH ARDEN.

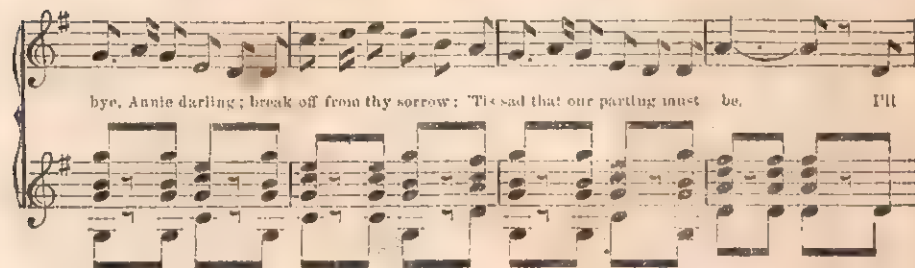


will not for - get thee, Ah, nev - er, no, nev - er, I can - not for - get thee, I know. Thy

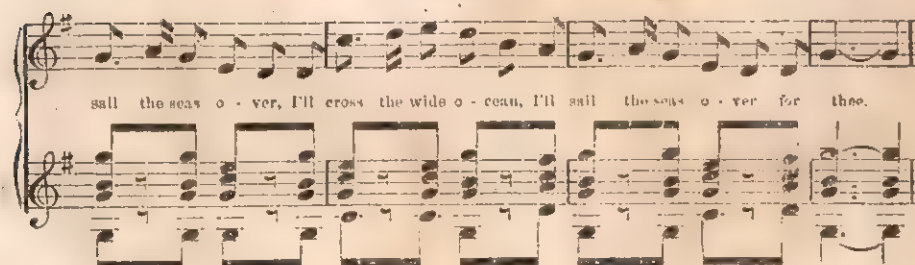
Chorus.



smile, like a phantom, shall haunt me forever And cheer me wherever I may go. Good-



bye, Annie darling; break off from thy sorrow: 'Tis sad that our parting must be. I'll

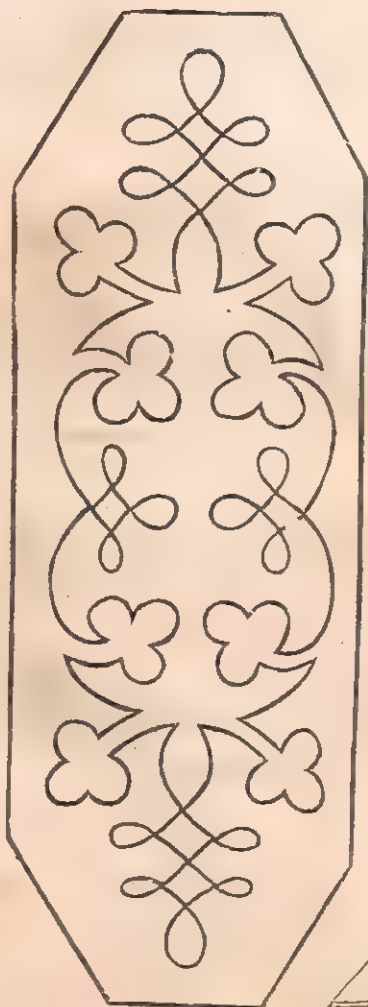
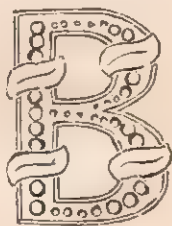


sail the seas o - ver, I'll cross the wide o - cean, I'll sail the seas o - ver for thee.

2.

I go, Annie darling,
But leave thee in sorrow,
I go for thy sake far away:
Then bid me good-bye
With a smile on the morrow,
And cheer me with blessings, I pray
I'll think of thee ever,
And pray for thee only,
As over the waters I roam:
I'll tarry not, darling,
And leave thee all lonely,
But hasten again to my home.

Out, out on the ocean,
Away o'er the billow,—
My heart on its purpose intent,
My breast shall find rest,
When I seek my own pillow,
In knowing that thou art content.
Cheer up, Annie darling:
Break off from thy sorrow,
'Tis sad that our parting must be,
But give me thy smile
When I leave thee to-morrow,
To sail the seas over for thee.



COLLAR, SPECTACLE-CASE, INSERTION, EDGING, INITIAL.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVII.

PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1865.

No. 5.

MY PRETTY SISTER.

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

SHE was very pretty, and everybody acknowledged it. She had soft, brown curls, glossy and graceful; large hazel eyes, full of expression; a dainty little mouth, filled with even, white teeth; smooth, fair complexion, with a pretty flush of color; and the most graceful, little figure in the world. We all worshiped Rosa.

She was born for love. With a bright, active brain, above the average in power, she culled enough of knowledge to make her conversation always pleasing. Her sweet, clear voice could warble with due deference to rule; her little hands make the piano-keys throw out floods of melody; but all this was secondary to her gentle, winning manner, her great, loving heart. Without any open agreement to that effect, it was an understood part of the family to keep care far away from Rosa.

We lived in the heart of a great city, and our father, a prominent lawyer, had an easy competence, that made us, sometimes, considered rather in the light of heiresses. We were courted accordingly. But Rosa was the favorite. She was nearly eighteen, however, before her fate came. Then, over the bright face, there stole a new look; not a shadow, only a deeper meaning in the soft, brown eyes, a rarer sweetness in her smile, a more frequent air of thought on the low, broad forehead. There was a new voice that would waken a flush on her cheek, a new pair of admiring eyes to call smiles to her lips. Graham Lewis, this friend of friends, was a young physician newly settled in our city, whose father was an old friend of our mother. Coming from his home, in the far West, to finish his education and commence practice in our city, he became dependant upon us for those glimpses of home life so precious to the wanderer from mother love and family ties. He was soon domesticated amongst us, coming and going as his time allowed and his inclination prompted. To

me he was ever kind and attentive. But Rosa was the star of his life; love for her shone from his dark eyes, softened every word he addressed to her, and made his smiles for her full of meaning.

She was coy with him often, yet never with any coquettish art, only the reticence of a modest maiden. I alone read her heart. As his practice increased, we became, in some degree, his assistants. Many a dainty basket of food, or warm bundle of clothing, went to aid his medicine in restoring health and comfort to some poor home; and while he guarded us carefully from contagion, or too great fatigue, he opened our eyes somewhat to the misery round us upon all sides, and let us read in his life of active benevolence and usefulness a lesson for our own guidance.

It was early in February, a cold, stormy afternoon, and I was seated in the room which Rosa and I had shared since our childhood, busily sewing. Suddenly the door was thrown open, and my sister came in. Without seeing me, she locked the door, and began to tear off her clothes with frantic eagerness. Her face was pallid, her lips working nervously, her whole frame quivering with intense excitement. I rose to assist her, but, seeing me, she gave a great cry of pain,

"Keep back! do not come near me. Oh! why are you here? Go away! go away!"

But I would not be so denied, and before she could stop me I had clasped her in my arms, and was trying to soothe her. Seeing that she had failed to drive me away, she let her head fall upon my shoulder, and burst into a fit of passionate weeping.

"What is it, Rosa, dear? Are you ill?"

"Not yet—but so frightened. You know the woman with the sick baby? Well, I went there this morning to carry some things, and her sister was there with the small-pox. I never

knew till I had been there nearly two hours. And now you will have it, if I do."

It was appalling! But there was no time for useless regrets. Calming her as soon as I could, I assisted her in changing her clothing, and made her lie down. Then I called my mother into the entry, and through the key-hole of the closed door told her the story. It was long before she consented to allow us to fight the fear or reality alone; but at last she yielded. Within an hour our old family physician was with us, and I was duly installed nurse.

I pass over the succeeding weeks. Our fears were no vain ones. For many days our darling hovered over the grave. But at last the fever left her. Slowly the tedious convalescence went forward; but the beauty I had so worshiped was gone forever.

It was long before she knew of the change. Carefully I hid away every tell-tale mirror, and drilled my pitying face. But when she was able to sit up, she insisted upon seeing the wreck of her own beauty. I turned away my face to bide the thick coming tears, as I handed her the glass. When I looked again, there was no expression upon the disfigured face but one of peace.

"God knew best, Rushy," she said, softly. "I know now that I loved my own face too well. Sister," and she let the weary head fall upon my breast, "I was thinking too much of this life, its pleasures, its admiration, and—and—I was loving one of God's creatures before my Maker. See how he humbles and teaches me my vain folly. I know the power of beauty and exulted in it; now—now my dream is over. But do not sob so, sister, I will learn content."

"Graham?" I whispered.

"Yes. He never said he loved me, so he can never have one word or thought of blame."

"But——"

"Let it rest, sister—let it rest."

And I obeyed her, throwing my whole soul in loving worship at her feet, as I saw her so steadily and patiently lift her cross.

We were exiled still for some days, but at last the doctor gave the welcome order to remove our dear invalid to another room, and admit the family. It was like reunion after death. We were still clustered together, happy, yet quiet, when the servant appeared to beg that Graham Lewis might come up. It cost us all a pang. Mother crept away softly, weeping. Father went into the office clearing his throat. I alone staid to meet the visitor.

Rosa held my hand in a tight clasp as his step came nearer and nearer. Unheeding my presence, he came to her, his eyes full upon her face. She looked down, but I scanned him with jealous suspicion. Ah! true, true heart! Not a shadow on those clear, brown eyes, but what tender pity cast; not one shrinking glance, only such softened love as a mother might give a suffering babe.

Unheeding me still, he bent over her, and his voice trembled with emotion as he said,

"Thank God for his mercy!"

She looked up then. No shuddering glance of changed love met her eyes; but the veil that had never yet been lifted from two loving hearts was rent asunder.

I crept away too, then, hearing the murmured words of love and thankfulness he poured out upon her, and seeing to the last his eyes unclouded, true and loving, bent on her face.

He is my dear brother now, loved with a sister's fond affection; and if the scathing fire has carried away my sister's bloom, it has not robbed her of her gentle, winning nature, or taken from her the loyal devotion of Graham's heart.

WAITING.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

I REMEMBER it all! how the Autumn sun
Gilted and gleamed through the yellow leaves;
And the swarthy reapers, one by one,
Went gathering in their golden sheaves.

A black-bird whistled, down in the dell,
A note as sweet as a shepherd's pipe:
And fast, from the bending branches, fell
The rosy apples, mellow and ripe.

The milk-maid trilled her evening song,
Down in the fields where the clover grew;
And crushing the bloom as they tramped along,
The soldiers marched in their suits of blue;

Marched with a tireless, martial tread,
From early morn till evening gray;
And Willie threw by his peaceful plow,
And followed them out to the war that day.

Thrice since then have the trees put on
Their Autumn garments of russet leaves;
Thrice have the reapers gathered in
Their golden treasures of yellow sheaves.

I sit alone, in the twilight gloom.
Waiting, watching, alas! in vain;
Down the winding path, through the clover bloom,
Willie will never come back again.

THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CHAPTER I.

"BERRIES? Yes, that crop's a dead failure, both straw and black. Want of hoeing, partly; but the peaches'll make it up to me, d'y'e see, Miss Barbara? There's a heavy promise of yield there, down in the orchard, yonder."

As he spoke, the nurseryman drew out his own lank height to peer over the garden fence, stretching his long limbs as slowly as he had drawled out the words. His very hair looked lazy, the young girl thought, being straight and yellow, and so did the full, slow, blue eyes—they suited the day. A day of dusty, oppressive sunshine, though in early June; the pasture fields, that swept out from the little nursery, had yellowed and dried in it; and the bees had gotten the dull bass of autumn into their drone already, as they hummed about their work in the interminable lines of hedges down the road.

"Peaches have failed for two or three years, with you, Mr. Joyce," she said.

"Well, so they have—so they have," pulling his leather watch-chain, thoughtfully. "That's true. Want of underdigging, maybe."

"Want——" Barbara was not yet rid of the intolerance of youth. "If the crops needed digging——"

"It was better they should have it? Surely, I'm slow about some things, I know." There was a queer twinkle in his eye, but he turned dully away, and began weeding out some tomato-plants that grew too thickly.

"So trees as well as people need coaxing and urging before they will show their best parts?" said Barbara.

He made no reply. The girl, like most American school-girls, was used to fire off crude bits of her observation, fancying them as new to the hearer as to herself. He went on, weeding, down to the cabbage-beds.

"Only on human beings so much of the labor is in vain!" she added, now, in a lower voice.

"Now don't, Barbara!" gravely looking up, and wiping the drops of sweat from his face. "You're taking up this new cry of reform, lately; young people have fresh whims every year, it seems to me. Reforms are well enough in their way, but don't let them tempt you on

to down-cry your neighbor. I saw you on Wednesday, in the ferry-boat, looking at the passengers as if each of them needed the gospel preached right off to them, and you'd like to do it. You'd have done them more good to start on the presumption, that every man and woman there wore as decent under-clothing as yourself, and was just as apt to be honest and kind. It's a cleaner world than you think. Hoh!" tugging at a tough dock-root.

Barbara did not like this Mr. Joyce; never being certain, under his slow quiet, whether he was not laughing at her, and did not hold her as of little more worth than a kitten. But just now he had spoken in earnest.

"You'll not deny," she replied, however, "that there is crime in the world? Murderers, thieves?" He did not answer immediately; and, glancing down as he pulled at the roots, she saw his face had lost its color, as if something had stung him sharply. Nor did he reply to two or three remarks which she made on the tomatoes, etc. Could she have hurt him in any way? No; she knew by his face, when he raised it, that it was a man's trouble which had brought the anxious look into it, and one with which she had nothing to do. Yet it might be that her words had recalled it, for he went on muttering something about "crime," to himself, as he took up a hoe and began cleaning it, his bony hand unsteady, she noticed, and the flesh about his mouth white.

He caught her keen glance presently, and suddenly dropped into his lazy upathy again. "Yes, there's crime in the world, Barbara, I don't deny it. But when you talk to a murderer, or a thief, take it for granted that it was circumstance, not nature, that dragged him into the pit. You'll have the better chance of taking him out."

Something in his face made her feel that any words of hers would be trivial and out of place. She stood silent a minute, and then taking up his straw hat that had fallen on the path, tightened the string about the crown, and said, "There, that will hold better. I must go now."

"It's not late, Barbara. There's some gooseberries ripe on the middle beds if you'll take that way out; that is, if you will go."

"Why, they're early. The same that I remember last summer, I suppose. I'll find them. Good-morning, Mr. Joyce."

"Barbara!"

She stopped.

"Will you think over what we said just now?"

"Think?" confusedly. What ailed the man?

Dunn Joyce, before this, had seemed to the girl a middle-aged man, hardened by his quiet and dullness into a half-way stage between her father and herself; now this sharp trouble, whatever it might be, of which every look and word bore evidence, made him alive, strong, real to her. Seeing how he suffered from it, and how he held it down, it occurred to her, almost for the first time, that he was, in fact, but a young man, not yet past the season of passion, and the acuter diseases of soul as well as body.

"I know there's crime in the world, Barbara," he said. "It may be nearer us than you think. If some day, if ever you are brought to face it—will you remember what we were saying this morning? I've a reason for what I ask," after a pause, wiping his forehead.

"I will remember, certainly," in a puzzled tone.

"I want you to be merciful, Barbara," collecting himself. "If any one whom you have—who has been a friend to you—should be found guilty, don't be quick to judge harshly."

She watched him keenly—what did he mean?

"To whom can my judgment matter anything?" she said, coldly.

He was leaning against the fence, rubbing his hand weakly, back and forward, on his forehead.

"I don't know," he answered; "yet sometimes I've thought, if that day ever came, your opinion would be of more worth than all the world's beside. I mean, I'd like to think you would be merciful—you at least—in condemning—" He hesitated, was silent.

"You do not speak clearly," she said, assuming a lighter tone, though there was a vague terror at her heart.

"No?" looking up. "I only wanted, Barbara," trying to fall into her careless tone, "to warn you against a harsh judgment."

He stopped there short. The man felt too deeply to pass over this thing with an indifferent gesture. "Child!" making a step toward her, "I've always wanted to say this to you. I've waited long for the chance. If any one who loves you ever stands before you, and says, 'See, I have done this fine deed—all the world has turned against me'—for your own soul's sake, be true to him, Barbara. Believe all

things rather than that in his soul he is guilty. Think that it was a passion no man could resist that drove him on—that his better self cried out fiercely every hour against it."

He stopped sharply, listening to some distant sound; she stood waiting, frightened at the strange meaning in his face.

"Go now," he said, almost roughly. "Remember what I have said. It is the last time such words can cross my lips. Do you think it cost me nothing to ask that of you—you, Barbara?"

She stood a few moments, tying and untying her shawl-fringe, while he went back to his work, looking askance at him as he stooped. The girl was moved with pity and fright, too, as we said, down to her very heart. She wanted to say some words to him—the right kind of words to say—but what ought they to be? How could she understand him? Consequently, she said nothing at last, but—"It must be four o'clock; there's your brother Richard at the gate."

"Yes, that's Richard," flinging a handful of mullen over the hedge, "I heard him coming up the road." It was the dull, simple Dunn Joyce who was speaking now; there was not a trace of the old agitation in his manner.

Richard stopped to speak to him before coming to her, slapping him on his bent back with, "Well, Dunn, old fellow, here we are again."

"You're late, Dick, boy," was the answer, as Joyce raised his red, perspiring face, and surveyed his brother's square-built figure admiringly, as a father might his pet boy.

"Yes. Good-evening, Barbara. Helping old Dunn in his work? When he hears any one coming he tugs at these weeds, making believe it is by the sweat of his brow the earth is made to bring forth in this bit of ground; but I fancy you and I know better. Laziness belongs to our blood, eh! Dunn?"

Joyce laughed, and picked the bits of clay off of his hoe-handle. There was no finer wit in the world, to him, than Dick.

"I was telling Miss Barbara about the Harlem gooseberries, Dick," he said. "Go find them for her: and look at the Bartlett pears as you go by," he called after them. "It would be hard for Jersey to beat them, I fancy," beginning to hoe again.

But when they had turned down into the middle alleys of the garden, Barbara glanced back, and saw that he was leaning on his hoe, motionless, looking with a strange vagueness in his face across the flat landscape into the sultry sky.

She could not help watching him while Richard

gathered the gooseberries. It was such an odd, unlooked-for outburst, that of Dunn's. Nothing like it had ever occurred before in their daily life, although she had been used to see him, day by day, for nearly seven years. In those years, she had looked on him as a sort of lay-figure, with not much more perception of his separate vitality, or of what manner of make he was, than of one of his own cedars. But now, as she stood shading her eyes with her hat, the ungainly figure yonder, in its gray shirt and corduroy trousers, had a new interest for her. "One dear to her, yet guilty?" Himself? The remembrance of the look he had flashed on her face and form, as he came closer to her, suddenly returned to her, so passionate and hopeless, that it gave a sudden grace and nobility to the crudely moulded features. Could he have fancied her daily courtesy more than courtesy? Her face flushed hot and red. Dunn Joyce guilty of a foul, hidden crime? Bah! and, trying to thrust the whole matter out of sight, she turned to talk to Richard Nolt, (the brothers, being children of different fathers, did not bear the same name.)

Dunn, meanwhile, went, in his jogging gait, to the tool-house, and put away his hoe and rake methodically, saying to himself, "Barbara and her father'll be going home in a few minutes, I'll make them up a basket of peas and cherries."

His conscience rasped him a little, as he remembered how to-morrow's marketage would be curtailed by this, for poor Dunn counted his income by the pennies. "Richard won't like it; so much off of Friday's savings. But it'll give the girl a hearty dinner. She's a growing girl, and must be hungry, many's the day." And it was curious to see how daintily he washed his fingers before touching the fruit which she was to eat.

Dunn Joyce's little nursery and vegetable gardens lay on one of the low hills that make a gentle inclination toward the Schuylkill, northwest of Philadelphia. It was some ten years since he had leased the land and laid them out. He was a young man then, twenty or twenty-five; a different-looking man, also, full of energy, spirit, *vim*, as we Westerners say, though developed in a slow, leisurely fashion of his own; and also not without a certain city polish of manner, a grave, old-school heaviness of courtesy. But he had lost all this now; or, maybe, no one cared to observe whether he had it or not; there is much in that, and I suppose that, in truth, there was no more unconsidered, unnoted a man in the county than Dunn Joyce.

Before he took up the trade of gardener, he had been clerk in old Judge L——'s law-office in the city; a mere copyist, promoted to that post from errand-boy, yet slowly learning the spirit and letter of the profession. A pet of the queer old judge's, who was used to send him out on errands, when strangers noticed him, and slap his knees while he took snuff, declaring that the "Scotch chap had a long and canny brain, and that he (the judge) meant to make of him a better counsellor than any at the bar." However, one summer day, a stout, shrewd-looking, black-eyed boy presented himself at the office, introducing himself to the judge as Dunn's brother, who "had come to this country, his mother being dead, to pursue the study of his art." "And what may your art be, young sir, beyond the feeding of yourself at other men's expense? You're no tyro in that, or I'm no judge of eyes." The boy colored at this rude attack, but replied quietly that his mother had designed him for an artist, and trusted to her son Dunn to carry out her plans. "I'll be no dishonor to him, nor to her that's gone," he said, with a slight tremble in his voice, which disarmed the judge and kept him silent; though he treated the intruder with a gruff surliness, which extended to Dunn, when the latter broke his plans to him. "I must give up the law," he said, a week or two after Richard's arrival. "Dick's a stout boy, and needs good, wholesome food for a few years; he mustn't be balked in his fancy for the painting business, or, rather, *she* must not be disappointed. I'll turn to something that will bring in the ready penny every day. I'm thinking of leasing a bit of ground beyond Spring Garden, if you approve—" To which the judge returned no answer other than to fling him some letters to post, and bid him "go to the devil his own way." Dunn was full of the sourest Scotch pride when once it was set to fermenting; and, besides, he was under a weight of obligation to the old man, which made this roughness of misappreciation gall him to the quick. They parted in an angry silence. But nobody knew how bitter was the old man's disappointment in the matter, until, when at his death soon after, he sent for Joyce, and entrusted the closing up of his estate to him. An estate of debts, and no assets, as it proved; his protegee was not benefited by it in any respect.

If it cost Dunn Joyce anything to give up his project for life, no one knew of it, least of all the brother for whom it had been done. He sank at once into the dull, simple-hearted fellow we find him to-day; never entering with

much zest into his work; ready always to respond, with a laugh, to Richard's jokes, but never rash enough to essay one in return; becoming a storer-up of receipts, odd dates, and local information, such small, useful knowledge as would help others in an humble way; but keeping strangely aloof from the world, or the world's doings. An observer, more acute than Richard, would have guessed that the man feared to quicken some latent sense of discontent at his own isolation. But Richard never thought of that. He was a warm-hearted, grateful fellow, but without an atom of morbid or sensitive feeling himself, and jeering at it in others; liking work for work's sake, and intent on succeeding in his art to repay Dunn all that he owed him. "Though the coming out here was the wisest thing the old chap ever did," he was wont to say. "It is but a poor outcome he would have made at the law; and this slow, easy life just suits his lazy temperament. We are all inherently apathetic—it came from our mother, a Portage she was; but, for me, I fight it down. Dunn's different. So I will fight it down, and the dear, old fellow shall have time to doze out his days." To all of which Dunn used to reply by a laugh. It was true enough, he thought. He *was* naturally lazy, as Dick said, and he never went into this work heartily, he didn't know why. Maybe, if he had stayed at the law—well, no matter, Dick did not know that."

His faith in Richard's genius was one of his deep and abiding principles, in which belief Dick certainly kept pace with him. He worked steadily at his landscapes; doggedly courageous, though they never were sold, and gathered, year by year, on his hands. "Such ill-luck as this had chanced before; public justice was never so blind as when she turned art-critic," etc., etc. Meanwhile they scraped a meagre living out of the proceeds of Dunn's nursery and garden.

But Barbara? We must go back a few years.

Dunn Joyce's house was a square, uncouth building of brick, which had been once covered with plaster, in imitation of brown-stone; but the plaster falling off, left it in a mottled state, as if stricken with leprosy. Dunn, of course, made no attempt at repairs, other than by striking a grape-vine in here and there, and leaving it to do its work of covering the blotches. The house had been, in fact, a warehouse, in which Squire Ford had stored his flour when he worked the mill above the pasturage. But the squire dying, and the mill going into the hands of his creditors, the house stood tenantless till Joyce took it at a merely nominal rent.

Ford's own dwelling-house, a wooden cottage, remained vacant. Just over the hill, there was a small Episcopal church, of which old Nicholas Waugh was rector, a man of some weight and influence in his day. You may find his name now in the old journals kept in the Philadelphia Library, heading reports of charitable meetings, as chairman, and the like. He tried, too, to found a scheme similar to the modern Emigrant Aid Societies; but Nicholas Waugh was too impractical and dilatory a man to ever accomplish any effective work. As age worsted him, sapping out both health and energy, his visits to the city ceased, and his whole time hardly sufficed to eke out the two sermons a week demanded by his meagre parish. After awhile, the old man found even this too heavy a task, and began to quietly draw on his old stock of discourses. In a word, he went the way of all old preachers; the younger members rebelled at the toothless mumbling, and slipped away to other pastures. To bring back these truant lambs, a more active shepherd was needed—and poor old Waugh retired from the parish he had so long and faithfully guarded, with two hundred dollars a year, and a miserably sick heart, full of defeat and sad memories.

Before this time, he had established an odd intimacy with the gardener, Joyce; the two men having the habit of smoking together, their chairs tilted back against Dunn's front wall, never exchanging a word. When the new occupant of the living and parsonage arrived, old Waugh went over to Joyce's for his accustomed pipe. He had not thought before that the change of ministry demanded of him to resign the house, which with Deb, his sole servant, he had occupied these twenty years. "I had forgotten that the house must be given up, sir," after sitting silent half an hour, taking the pipe from his mouth, rubbing its stem gently with a far-off look, "I had forgotten that, Mr. Joyce." He laughed a childish, ashamed laugh. "My memory is failing, sir—failing." "It's hard, Mr. Waugh," Joyce answered, his face flushing. He did not say how he had called it a cursed shame to the vestry, this thrusting the old man out. "You built the back rooms, did you not, sir?" "Only the out-sheds, that is all, Joyce; Mrs. Deborah (my woman, Mr. Joyce.) has papered and painted all the rooms though; and I tinkered at the old house every year a little. When a man has no wife or child, they come to care for such things as the house they live in, and—and such like trifles." Again the weak, sad laugh. They smoked in silence a long while after that. When the old man's pipe

was out, he knocked the ashes carefully out, and put it up on the little shelf. "A long good-by to my old chum," he said. His long, lean face wore its usual look of mild vagueness; but the chin, Dunn noted, that sure index to the heart, worked unsteadily. "I purpose a journey, to-morrow," he said, leaning with both hands on the back of his chair, "down;" motioning with his thumb toward the city. "To look for boarding?" said Dunn, staring blankly over the Schuykill. "Yes, that is it. I—it is a long time since I was there," with a look as if he were going to face the whole world, neither clothed, nor in his right mind, "I never thought to go again into the city." "It costs you much, then, to give up the neighborhood?" stammered Joyce, as the old man put on his hat, and drew on the torn old gloves. He tried to speak, but did not, only by a choked chuckle: and after fumbling at his wristbands a moment, lifted his hat, and walked hastily away. At the end of the path he stopped, and came back. "Excuse me, Mr. Joyce, I was confused just now," with an effort to be quiet and dignified. "I fear I left an impression on your mind that I felt my removal from the house unjust—I am not so foolish. But I am old, and it was a blow—a blow, sir."

But we must make haste with this part of the story; it matters but little, after all.

There were two vacant rooms in the second story of Joyce's house, for he and Dick occupied but a part of it. Into these, when the clergyman started for town the next day, Dunn had his books and furniture carried, contriving, with old Deborah's aid, to give them the home-look as nearly as possible. And when the old man stood amazed, after his return, Dunn drawled out, raking the celery-beds, "It's a bad time for moving into town. Make Richard an' me a three weeks' visit, an' take time to look around you." Nicholas Waugh thanked him cordially: the poor young man was well disposed, he thought. But when going into the room again, where his books were, he found every minutest fancy consulted and gratified; he came out, and touched his hat on passing Joyce with a new recognition; there was a certain respect in his tone toward the young man after that, never there before. Seven years had passed since then, and the old man still occupied the upper rooms; the three weeks stay extended itself indefinitely. At first, the change troubled him. The corn-fields were on the left of his study window; they faced these. But he had become accustomed to the alteration, and almost liked it.

After he had been in Joyce's house a year or two, his brother came from New England, Samuel Waugh. Not so old a man as he, and more rubbed by friction with the world, bringing with him a child, (a daughter,) and a second wife, whom he had lately married. He wanted a house near his brother. The two old men clung together as burrs from the same tree will, when the sap and life are nearly dried out of both. "It's not long Nick and I have to stay," said the stranger Waugh, who, being the younger, talked oftenest of death, "and we had better be together."

Richard Nolt thought of Squire Ford's empty cottage, and named it to them. Old Mr. Waugh liked it as being easy of access to the city; his wife, who meditated a book that summer, (she was a New Haven woman, the authoress of "Leaves from the Heart," published in '32,) thought it's isolation favorable for spiritual development; and the girl, Barbara, finding three hen's-nests under the hedges, was tumultuous in her approval—so the house was rented. But old Nicholas did not forsake Dunn's home for his brother's. He had grown into the two rooms, as one might say. Besides, the brothers discovered, in a month's time, that each had acquired some queer notions and habits in these years they had been apart; and then Samuel's wife made old Nicholas shiver with her rising scale of, oh! oh! oh! when anything to admire in Nature gave her a chance of outbreak—so the old men limited their intercourse to an occasional evening visit, pipe in hand. Barbara, meanwhile, grew out of the fat, freckled hoyden, who found the hen's-nests, into the tall, anxious-faced girl, who stood by the gooseberry patch with Richard Nolt that day. That she did grow so fast was, maybe, one cause of the anxious look. The frocks and wrappers that fitted her at fourteen were ripped and flounced, slid down off the shoulders, and crept up the ankles; yet none came to take their place. Barbara had a good share of sense and independence; but it needs less of these qualities to take a woman to the stake, than to make her totally forget that her dress is faded and too short, and her shoes with a hole at the side. So Barbara was awkward with her sense of shame, as she talked to Richard Nolt; and she should have been no heroine of ours if she had not been so.

CHAPTER II.

DUNN JOYCE brought the basket of vegetables and cherries to Barbara.

"I'll carry them over when you are ready to

go," he said; "or, Richard will do it," with a sudden glance at his brother.

Barbara thanked him heartily, with a satisfied glance at the peas. As Dunn had thought, she was a healthy, growing girl, and often hungry with their unceasing dishes of milk and eggs. Some very vital feeling used to twinge her on passing the butcher's shops, in town, with their mottled, yellow and red roasts. "I'll make cherry pies," eagerly. "Come over and take dinner with us," looking at both of them. Somehow her countenance fell when her eyes met Dunn's. He was not, surely, the guilty wretch whose crime was to bring her such sorrow; and yet— She turned to speak to Richard, nodding to the upper windows of the house. "Three hours since that conference began," she said. "I mean to break it up."

He laughed, and walked with her toward the house. Dunn looked after them steadily for a minute; then scratching a match on a birch tree near by, lighted a cigar, and betook himself to his foreing-house, shrilly whistling, "Roy's Wife," for the young man's songs were as few and hackneyed as his ideas.

Old Nicholas Waugh, seeing them coming, threw up the sash of one of the upper windows, and when Barbara looked up, put his finger to his forehead, saluting her. There was a quaint, old-fashioned grace in all the movements of the old man, airy and delicate, present always, in spite of the clerical habit, or even of the very unclerical garb he wore just now. An old, faded green camlet wrapper, trimmed with frayed fringe and buttons, and perched on the top of his long, bald head a purple velvet smoking-cap, with tarnished gilt tassel. The old man's mind now had grown simple and transparent, and his notions aged, *faded*, absurd, even, if you please; yet away back, in those years gone, he had been a gay young fellow, with hot passions, and days that brought clear messages from heaven and hell into his history; never a thinking man; in fact, below mediocrity, so far as the brain went, but in his heart always a curious chivalric instinct; the narrow tenderness of a woman. He had traveled in France, in Spain; knew the whole Continent, in fact, so far as its pictures and people, and cities and sunrises; and the rest formed a background to his own history while there. What that history was he never told; but sometimes to Barbara he talked of the violets in the Paris markets; of the phosphoric waves he had seen in the Mediterranean—different from ours; of how Recamier danced in her own saloons, her flossy hair touching her ankles; of how Fouché

schemed, or Braham sung; and countless other trifles into which he never suffered a remembrance of himself to enter. Yet the young girl used to cunningly draw him in to the memory of this old life; she saw it was full of an unnamed glory to him; that these later years caught all their feeling and meaning from it, as she had seen the thin air and pinched landscape of a winter's day, reflected in a Claud Lorraine mirror, freshen and glow into their summer's life; again Barbara used to laugh to see how he looked on these days as "carnal," "devoted to fleshly vanities;" yet how he preached out of them, when his sermons were worth bearing, that is. I am afraid the carnal instincts of these days haunted some cobwebbed chambers of his brain persistently, even now. Looking out of the window at the girl, it pleased him to see how her nut-colored hair caught the sun; "And she puts her foot down like an Indian," he said to her father, "with just as careless, bold a grace."

"Um? Yes, very true, very true," mildly answered the little man, in a hurried, weak treble as usual, as though there were danger that the words would not be out ready to humbly assent quick enough. He took snuff with his long, white fingers, (the Waughs all had delicate hands,) thrust the box into his brown coat pocket; fumbled to cover the darned sleeve; then, his hands clasped behind him, and down went his head on his breast again.

"If she had but a year's training—Barbara," resumed her uncle, "with well-bred people."

"A year's training? Exactly; and with cultivated people. There is Mrs. Waugh, now, brother Nicholas?" meekly hesitating. "She has Mrs. Waugh, my wife, as I might say."

Nicholas looked rather blankly out of the window. "So she has," he said.

Meanwhile Barbara and Richard, coming up the walk, saw the two heads as if framed behind the window-sash.

"Barbara," said Richard.

"What is it?"

"Have you noticed anything peculiar about your uncle, lately?"

"Peculiar?"

"Different from other people; from his usual self, in fact."

She looked at him inquiringly, her lips shut tight. Since she was a child, (with the same explosive temper that she had to-day,) she watched sharply and jealously any slightest look of derision at the old man. He was a sort of knight for her fancy; all that she knew of the gay world, of honor and courtship, and fashion and

grace outside of these flattened hills, with their pastures and truck patches, came through him. For this Richard Nolt, with his stumped figure and slovenly clothes, he belonged to the truck patches, to these coarse days. She belonged to them herself; she had a bitter scorn for the whole lot, sometimes, herself included; or listened to Richard's mistakes in grammar, or slips of the tongue, that showed him as ignorant as she was, with a more bitter pity, the limits of which, as far as Richard was concerned, she did not define. "It's harder for a man to have to drag along in this way than a woman," she used to think. But that did not make her less tart and impatient with Dick, or his dull failings and want of delicacy and tact, as now.

"He is always different from you or me," she said, quietly. "What is the matter? Has he found fault with your last View on the Delaware?"

"Not that I know of, Barbara," said poor Dick, quite oblivious to the sarcasm. "He's a good judge of pictures, I think. No. 'There's a screw loose here,' touching his forehead, and shaking his head anxiously. "I've noticed it since he made that trip to town, a month ago; a certain unsettled flighty manner not natural to him; a most irrational way of stating facts—his own plans and future, for instance—as though he had some hold on an unbounded fortune."

"Irrational enough," said Barbara.

"He has no such hold? Prospect?" said the young man, leaning forward, and peering eagerly into her face.

She rejoined by a half uttered "Pish!" and an audible, "You know the extent of our poverty as well as I, Mr. Richard. For the fancy about my uncle, it is fancy. I wish we were as sane as he."

They had reached the door-step by this time. She did not notice a curious expression of satisfaction that had crept out of his features, and which as suddenly died away when she looked up.

"It is a long time since I saw your 'Views,' by the way, Mr. Richard. Are they in town, or here?"

"Here, fortunately, here. Come in, Miss Barbara—come in!" hurrying through the passage with alacrity; "the best are here, according to my opinion. But you shall judge for yourself," his face quite in a glow. She followed more slowly, caring or knowing nothing about beauty in pictures or landscapes. Only she was afraid she had been rough with Dick, and was making a sort of peace-offering. One half of Barbara's

days were hardly enough for her to repent of the sins of the other half.

Richard had chosen the old summer kitchen as his studio, and whitewashed it. His great picture of the Juniata by Sunrise was over the dresser; the "Storm off Cape Cod" by the pantry window; and the vacant space, where the stove had been, was filled up by a table covered with brushes, paint-cases, oily rags. Some artists would have made the old room not unpicturesque; but, except to place the pictures in the proper light, Richard Nolt cared nothing for such effect.

Nolt was a modern landscape-painter, not the artist of books by any means. When he painted that Juniata down, he had no "passionate dreams" of beauty or fame; it was a scene with good points in it; he analyzed it thoroughly. "That bit of color above the water, rose madder and lake—good; cloud to the left, brown-burnt-umber, carmine, etc., etc." He was faithful to the very roots coming out of the water, the broken bricks in the roadside; his lake and burnt umber were bought at the best shops in the city; but as for being "stabbed to the heart by Nature's grandeur, or healed by her beauty," (as his chum, Fred Powers, was fond of expressing himself.) Nolt said simply, "Bah!" and went on with his work; so Nature, diluted through his pictures, stabbed or healed nobody; nor sold the pictures, either, which touched Nolt more nearly.

He turned a wooden bucket upside down, and gave it to Barbara for a seat, while he explained the landscapes to her. The sun was setting, and its rays fell warm and pleasantly about her figure and smiling face. If the dress were but limp calico, and unfashionably made, it only hinted more plainly the lithe, pliable form just swelling out of childhood, which it covered; the nutty-brown hair shone warmly in its half curls; the large, unformed features were good-humored just now; there was a depth of strength and tenderness in the wide, brown eye. If Barbara Waugh's life remained unsoured, she would soften and ripen into a matron, some ten years hence, that her sons would be proud of; would be the enduring type to them of a beautiful woman.

It was an odd thought about a homely, unfinished girl, but such a one as was natural to Nolt's cool Scotch brain; besides, he knew Barbara well, and all the capabilities within her. As he talked on about the pictures, this notion about the girl grew stronger, filled his mind completely; he hesitated, glanced at her continually, grew embarrassed in his monotonous

talk. It was partly her fault, this; she never had seemed so cheerful, pleased, happy, with him; her bonnet had fallen by her side, and she leaned forward, listening attentively, not heeding the moisture which the sun called out on her white forehead.

There was something he always had meant to say to Barbara; (after looking at the matter on all sides,) but he had put it off, year after year, in his canny Scotch fashion, with, "Bide a bit; let's view the subject a little longer." It might be too late, if he deferred much farther; and there could be no better time than the present. Dunn was in the green-houses; the old men, up stairs, were safe for a half-hour's longer parley. It certainly was as good a chance as would ever offer again. But he turned the face of another picture from the wall and talked on—a queer throbbing at his wrists, and a lump coming up into his throat.

Meanwhile, Barbara's real eye (while the other one was apparently studying Richard Nolt's browns and cool grays,) was looking at himself and her. "There was the use of being a man! She had as good a fund of plain sense as Richard Nolt, and as quick eyes; and her hands could be trained as well as his, she supposed; yet he, being a man, had his profession to fill up his days, to be of use to him as a money-making help, as well as an excitement and a pleasure. She had nothing of all this, because—she was a woman."

She put her hand to her mouth, biting it nervously. Not that Barbara was an ambitious woman, or was troubled with any unused and angry gift of genius, but she was forced to be idle. In their bare, idealess home, there were neither books to read, clothes to sew, nor even materials to cook. She would have been rested, contented with any of these. She was just at that age, when, in every woman who will ever be of any worth in the world, the instincts that will hereafter make her a good wife or mother, or ruler of a house, begin to ferment in her brain, set her fancy to work, soften her eye with a tender appeal, force her to hold out her hands in urgent entreaty for work to do, for something to caress. Barbara Waugh loved no man as she should her husband; but she was ready, like all girls of seventeen, to bestow her love on the first actor in her little social drama who would slip into the costume she had prepared for her hero; and to be a good loyal, helpful wife to him afterward.

About this visioned hero she had hung many absurd fancies. It may have been one of them which had brought the rose-flush to her cheeks

so vividly, when she was wakened out of it by a sudden pause in Richard's monotonous flow of talk.

"If I had been painting an ideal landscape, a touch of brilliance should come in there," pointing with his brush, "against that dark hollow in the water. 'An Aphrodite,' say, rising from the waves. But how should I know anything of goddesses, Barbara? The only beauty with which I am familiar is that of a dear, loveable, home-looking girl that—"

He had studied the speech for five minutes; but he did not go through with it successfully, he felt that; for Barbara said quietly, as if her thoughts were far-off,

"Anything white would do—the glitter of mackerel's fins, for instance. That would be more natural off the Connecticut coast than Aphrodites, don't you think?"

"I think," his face heating a little as he turned the picture back to the wall, "that a man ought to paint, or write, or talk of nothing that he does not know practically and thoroughly. And I know so little, Barbara!"

She looked up quickly. Dick's face was out in keen, shrewd lines. The face of a man, you would say, who would succeed in a quiet trading business; but now, as he stood looking out of the window, his palette in his dropped hand, there was a vague regret, a sense of some bitter loss in the unnerved features that touched her woman's sympathy.

"You know your art, Richard," she said, gently.

"What I could teach myself I know; nothing more," impatiently. "I worked in a brick-kiln at home. It was a sign-painter taught me the names of colors—great artists must have other beginnings than that."

"I know, Mr. Richard," in a subdued voice.

Sympathy from a voice softly toned as this, unlocked poor Dick's heart completely. "I know I have power," he said, his eye kindling; "I'm sure of that, but it's shut up as the germ were in the magician's jar: it needs a gold spring to set it free, and I haven't the gold," with a forced laugh. "If I had the money, Barbara, I'd be off to Europe, put myself under a good master, and go to work—at the very rudiments. Just bone down to it—"

He stopped, the same thought going on silently, she knew by his shut lips and knitted forehead.

"Your brother—" she hesitated. "Could he do nothing?"

A curious change flashed over Nolt's face—a sudden expression of anger and shame, and as

quick a glance at her, as if to know whether she had any deeper meaning than her words implied.

"Dunn knows of my wish," he said, in a restrained voice, "but not of its extent. I have tried to conceal it from him. Dunn's a good brother, and there is nothing he would not do to gratify me. *Nothing*," he muttered to himself, with the same angry flush. "He's weak—poor Dunn!" recovering himself, and stooping to adjust the paint-tubes on the table.

Barbara was silent; there was an idea came to her, from his words, that she put back with a frightened shock of feeling. He *was* weak, poor Dunn! Who so likely to be "driven into crime by a passion he could not resist?" Did Richard Nolt know of any such passion—such temptation? She did put the fancy away; laughed at it to herself; long afterward she remembered it.

Nolt stooped over the table, fingering the tubes purposely, glancing askance at the girl on her low seat, at the bent head and thoughtful face, and the hand playing unconsciously with a loose lock of her hair.

"Barbara!" he said, in a sharp, unnatural tone, that startled himself. She looked up, quickly, but something in his face made her turn her head as quickly away. "It was not money I wished to speak to you about to-day;" he broke down here. How slow the shadows were creeping over the floor; how heavy the silence! Poor Nolt's heart was heavy with a weak nausea, a despising of himself, that he never had felt before. But this was his first throw for happiness; his life had been dull and sordid enough always; with this new hope, this new effort, came new emotions. He had not known how much he cared for the woman, until now that he was going to speak to her. A sudden atmosphere of purity and beauty seemed to surround her, warning him off. He had thought for years how natural and comfortable, and happy a thing it would be to make this girl his wife; now the hope started up with an unattainable splendor. What was he to gain, this fresh, beautiful life, and absorb it in his own? The old, old glamor was in Nolt's eyes, blinding them to the failings in the meaning of the face at which he looked, as well as to the ill-fitting gown, and broken shoe. He found words, at last, though hardly conscious of their meaning, stammering them out.

"We have been talking of my future, Barbara—but yours? Will you let me look at it?"

"There is nothing in it to see," she said, without turning her head. "A woman has no hopes, nor plans. Only to live on from day to

day. That is all. There is no career for us, but——"

"But love," with a sudden courage, coming toward her.

"If I had been a man," rising suddenly, her eye lighting, "it would have been different with me from other men," glancing down at her wrists, as if to test their strength, "I would have made my own luck and chances in the world."

He laughed, and caught her wrists, looking for a moment at her hands. They were long, and moulded delicately without waste, like her uncle's. "See, child! your fingers are suited better for caresses than work. Would you be satisfied with that? Would it be 'career' enough for you to be the wife of a man who loves you, whom you could help on to fame and fortune? I love you, Barbara."

The defiant look melted from her face, her nerves seemed to weaken; her head sank on her breast, but she said nothing.

"I know," said poor Nolt, distracted and confused, as most men are in his condition, "I ought not to have said this, Barbara. I have no home to offer you; not an atom of either fame or fortune, that I talked of just now. But they'll come—they'll come. And—well, Barbara," putting his hand to his throat, as if he were choking, "I could not help it. God knows a man needs something more to help him live than money."

He looked eagerly in her face, but no answer came by word or glance. Her eyebrows were knitted, the blush faded from her face; the woman and man had changed places; it was she who was cool, who meant to go over this ground sure-footed.

"Have you heard me?" he whispered. "I love you, Barbara, with a passion more than you think my slow Scotch blood is capable of feeling. Will you help me to live? Will you give me the hope to keep in my heart, through my struggle, that when I can open a home for you, you will come to it, and let me be your protector—let me hold you in my love, safe and happy, forever? For you're not a happy woman now," in a lower tone.

She put her hand to her head, nervously smoothing her hair. "No, I'm not," she muttered. "I have been thinking, Mr. Richard," looking him full in the face, after a moment's pause, (Barbara had straightforward, honest eyes,) "I never thought of this from you. I don't want to deceive you, and say I love you, when it is only respect."

The young man drew back, biting his lip, his face suddenly vacant of its eager look.

"I cannot say, surely, I don't know myself," she hastened to add. "Don't be hurt with me, Mr. Richard," putting her hand gently on his arm. "But I have always thought that the man I married must be unlike myself—in some sort a hero," with a shaky laugh.

His face grew crimson. "I understand you," he said, coldly.

"No, you do not," vehemently. "It is not the fame or fortune you talked of that I mean. I do not care for genius in the man I love. Only—only—— Oh, Richard! I am so tired of this life of ours," with a sudden outbreak, the tears coming, her face working. She was not near so pretty as she had been half an hour ago, Nolt thought. "We drag along so from day to day, every one for himself. If one could but hear a real heroic word, now and then. If any man who lived a different life from this, pure and unselfish, would say to me, 'I love you,' I would be his slave, I think. But I must get out of this. And you are forced to live as we do. It is a sordid life, scraping bread together from day to day at our house. Talk of debt driving us on, there must be something better beyond——"

Surely, Nolt thought, never was a proposal received in this fashion. The girl's head was turned with romances. But he loved her more passionately, somehow, for this bit of weakness, the childish unreason of her talk.

"There is better outside," he said, gravely. "I told you that. And I mean to reach it," his eye going beyond her with an outlook of firm resolve, "with you, or without you, Barbara. I mean to give myself an education in my art. I mean to reach the highest summit possible to my strength. Will that satisfy you?"

One would have thought, from the shrewd look of scrutiny on her face, that he had misunderstood her whole meaning; but she was silent. If his resolve was not the ideal heroism she waited for, it may have been because her meaning was vague, to herself even. Nolt came and stood beside her at the window. Noon was long since past, and the cool shadows, broadening out of the east, began to draw from the flat and bare landscape the one look of beauty it was capable of wearing, an expression of utter quiet and repose. Nature began to say good-night now; the broad sweeps of reddening clover grew into a dull russet hue; the black outlines of the woods and still ponds between were sharply defined. When the fresh evening air stirred out of its gray hush, it brought breaths of hay-fields; of cows going home to pasture; even a heavy, tropical fragrance from

Dunn's green-houses; the hum of bees finding their hives; the whirl of a bird's wings on its way to the nest; scents and sounds waiting to make themselves known once more before they slept for the night. The breath of the evening was tender, tremulous with fragrance; it may have been that which softened Barbara's face, as she listened to the low pleading whisper at her side; and it may have made that whisper different from all the words that had gone before. There was no mention of money or his art now, it was the heart of the man (however large or small that may have been,) that was uttering itself now.

So Barbara listened, with her head bent, and a subdued but feverish throb in her veins; and when the voice was silent at last, the ebbing flow of the river below the fields, the cool evening itself took up the story and told it, she thought. She roused herself with a sigh and a smile, drew her fingers from the hand that held them.

"Do not ask me to reply now," she said. "Give me time to think."

Richard Nolt's blood had grown warm and fresher while he talked; he was going, in some way, back to his earlier youth. His future life, he fancied, was prefigured in this glow and charm of the hour. Over the western horizon a pale rose color, of an exquisite tinge, had crept, its hue was reflected from the peach-blossoms down in the orchard; it was the color of a new life and love, he thought. Turning, he saw its blush in the rounded cheek beside him. Perhaps that was one of the best moments of Nolt's life. He was living, for the instant, in the beauty of God's world, and in the love God had given him, without a thought of Richard Nolt, or of Richard Nolt's future.

Barbara roused him by drawing away from the window, and listening to the sound of her father's and uncle's voices up stairs. "I will not disturb them," she said. "Father will follow me," and she went to the door. "Good-by, Mr. Richard."

He turned and went with her down the walk leading to the gate.

Before they left the door, Dunn's long, slow figure emerged from a side path. "Don't forget the basket, Dick," he said. He looked sharply from Richard's flushed face to Barbara's pale one; stooped to straighten a bunch of blue convolvulus. Something in the homely, lonely face touched Barbara with pity.

"I thought you would come with it, Mr. Joyce," she said, kindly.

"I? No; Richard will go. He is younger,

and more supple than I. I'm growing old, and Dick is your own age, Miss Barbara," looking at her with a curiously wistful expression. "I mean," with a laugh, "to go up and join the two other old people up stairs."

But he stooped again, twisting the branches of a creeper that had fallen straight.

When they reached the gate, Barbara turned, and, disregarding the words Dick was pouring out, nodded cheerfully to the gardener. Even at that distance, she could see his face suddenly brighten, as he waved his old hat, and turned in-doors to go up the stairs.

"Dunn is right," said Richard, looking after him. "He is more at home with quaint and aged natures than with yours, my darling! I can fancy him even as a baby, old-fashioned and grave."

Barbara did not reply, and they walked in silence over the field that separated the two houses.

When Richard Nolt had said good-night, and came back, it was with a curious lightness of his step, and in the throbbing of his pulse.

"It is clear enough," he thought, stopping with the door-knob in his hand before entering. "I can 'make my own fate and chances,' as she

said. One effort, and I have a wife of my own choosing, and what fame I will. I'll not forget old Dunn, when good fortune comes to me."

Yet at the name, the same change that the girl had noted came into his look. It passed away, however, as he went into his studio. "When good fortune comes, by-gones will be by-gones between Dunn and me," he said, half aloud, and sat down to his easel.

Barbara was neither so cheerful, nor so calm. Did she love this man? God knew her heart, and knew if this was the right sort of wisely feeling. *She* did not. Meanwhile, what had she done? What had she done? She went into her own chamber with a turbid, angry face. If it was the first time in her life she had looked fairly down into her own heart, what she saw there did not please her.

Dunn, standing by old Nicholas Waugh's window, listened to the low plash of the river. What a tired sound it had! As if the thing were alone in God's world, and knew itself alone. Pish! Was old Dunn Joyco turning sentimental, like a school-girl? He knew Dick's wishes now in life, it was his business to see that they were fulfilled. What had he to care for but Dick?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PARTING.

BY CLARA MORETON.

My craven heart belied my words. I said,
"I would not have you elsewhere in this hour
Of need. God speed my boy!" while gushing up
Came words, I scarce could stifle back, entreating
That he would stay. The kiss of parting almost cleft
My heart in twain; for God alone could know
If it were not the last! If such the grief
Of parting with my boy—mine only that
I love him so—also, that when she died,
Who loved him as a mother only can,
I promised before God to fill her place

So far as in me lay. If such my grief,
What must the anguish be of those who send
The boys they bear to danger's front, to fight
The battles of our righteous cause? God save
And pity such! but may He ever blast
And wither all the ties of life to those
Accursed ones who brought this on our land!
Yet what am I who pray for vengeance, when
Our Christ hath taught forgiveness to our foes?
Father, forgive! and give us grace to wait
Thy time of vengeance, which, though slow, is sure.

I AM SITTING BY THE RIVER SIDE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I am sitting by the river side,
Where we were wont to stray,
In the halcyon days of long ago,
Alas! now passed away;
And I'm thinking how we used to sit,
With hand clasped within hand,
And dreamed of fairies bright, and caught
A glimpse of spirit land!

I see before me now the trees,
Clothed in their Spring array;
And yet no pleasure do I feel,
For thou art far away.
But, ah, alas! like roses fair,
Which boast of brightest bloom,
Thy love, which was my star of life,
Found an untimely doom.

ONLY A MATTER OF BUSINESS.

BY N. P. DARLING.

MR. WAUKEECHOCK took a segar from the case, bit off the end, placed it in his mouth, lit it, and began to pace up and down the room with his hands behind him, and his long fingers working nervously. At last he came and stood before the fire, near where I was seated.

"Hum! then it seems you want a furlough, Mr. Grimpe?" he said, puffing furiously at his segar, and fixing his eyes upon the tip end of his very red nose.

"Yes, sir. I should like to be off for a few weeks," I replied, modestly, for I was young then, and stood very much in awe of Mr. Waukeechock.

"How long, Mr. Grimpe?"

"A few weeks—three or four."

My employer turned on his heel, and began to pace the room again, and I began to fear that I should not be granted leave of absence; but while I was giving way to my fears, he spoke again.

"Mr. Grimpe, how long have you been with me?"

"A year, sir, last month."

"And you've never been home in that time?"

"No, sir."

"I think you've been very faithful, Mr. Grimpe. I have been very well pleased with you—yes, very well pleased; but now, if I let you go, I shall expect you back just three weeks from to-day. Will you be here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, go then. But hold! Mr. Grimpe, I believe you smoke—take a segar. It's a very bad habit for a young man to get into, though, Mr. Grimpe, and I advise you to leave it off," and Mr. Waukeechock smiled and bowed me out of the office.

It is a glorious thing for a fellow that has been shut up, for a whole year in a city office, to get out for a month in the country. The only trouble is, that at first it seems as if the country was not large enough to hold him.

It was in the early part of May, and I had written home to mother that I was coming, if I could get leave. Now I was already to start. Bill Stevens, who worked in the office with me, went down to the depot to see me off. I was sorry that he could not go with me, and I think

he was, too; more particularly as he had been at home with me when I had made my last visit, and I had thought Bill had taken quite a fancy to my sister Jane. I couldn't blame him, though, for that, for Jane was quite pretty; and if she'd been some other fellow's sister, I don't know what I should have done.

"Just tell 'em I'm well," says Bill, just before the cars started. "Say that I expect to be down there to see 'em before long."

I promised that I would, for I knew what Bill meant pretty well; and besides all this, I knew that Jane liked him; and I like to have the people around me as happy as I conveniently can; and I thought that it would make Jane happy if I should tell her how well Bill was doing, for he was a pretty steady young fellow, that meant to make something in the world.

Jane was standing at the gate waiting for me when I got home, and we walked up toward the house together, where I met mother standing in the door.

"Where is your friend?" asked mother, as I walked into the house, and sat down in the little, low rocking-chair by the stove.

"Mr. Stevens couldn't come; but he hopes to be down in the course of a month or two. I shall not be here, then, and he and Jane will find it all the more pleasant—they can be alone together, you know, mother," and Jane blushed and looked very simple; and I could not help thinking what a lucky fellow Stevens would be, when I heard some one coming up the garden walk, and a sweet, little face peeped in at the window, and then a young lady came in. She was somewhat surprised to find a stranger there, but sister Jane made us acquainted; and I do not think I ever got along better with a new acquaintance in my life. To be sure, I was not much used to society; I was much more at home with my ledger in the office with Bill Stevens.

However, Miss Dean, Jane and I, made quite a pleasant party that evening; and when Miss Dean went away, I went out with her; and we walked along in the moonlight; and I know I felt very happy, and did not care to speak very loud; and I remember that we were a very great while in walking up the hill to Mr. Brown's, where Miss Dean was visiting with her mother.

We stood at the gate a great while talking, till I thought that mother and Jane would think it very strange; and so I bid her good-night and went back, thinking all the time, to myself, about what she had said, and how sweet she had looked when I left her standing in the moonlight, with her white dress gleaming like silver, and her face so fair and tender-looking.

"And who is Miss Dean?" I asked Jane, when I had got back to the house. "I like her very much."

"Do you? I am glad of it. She is Mrs. Brown's niece. She and her mother visit here every spring. I believe they reside in New York. Sarah's father—or her mother's husband, rather, for her own father is dead—is in business there. I believe he is quite wealthy."

"And I am very poor."

"Well, what of that?" asked Jane, looking up at me in surprise.

"Nothing, nothing, only——"

"Oh! I think I understand you. But your poverty never will make any difference to Sarah."

"Perhaps not; but I think it will. But good-night," and I went up to my room, the same that I had always occupied while at home. A bouquet of early flowers was upon the table, and several of my favorite books; but I was not inclined to read, my fancies were too sweet—perhaps the more so for being so real.

I did not see Miss Dean for several days after. Meantime her mother had gone home, leaving her still with her aunt.

It was a calm, soft evening, and Jane and I had started out for a walk; and without intention, I do believe, we took the road up the hill, and found ourselves at Mrs. Brown's door before we were hardly aware of it.

Of course, we went in. I will not say that Sarah's face expressed any pleasure at seeing me, but I think it did. She played for me, and afterward I took a seat beside her in the window; and I don't think I could have been more happy than I was, till Jane signified her intention of going home.

"You will come again, won't you, Mr. Grimpe?" said Sarah, I thought quite tenderly, though I tried not to flatter myself too much. And I did call again. Yes, I called every day, until the time came for me to return to business. That time came too soon. It did not seem that I had been at home a week; but I knew what had made the time pass so swiftly—I think it always does with lovers. But Sarah did not seem to think the time had been so short.

"I think I have known you a year, Mr.

Grimpe," she said, the evening before my departure.

"And I presume you will forget me very soon, for all that," said I, as I took a seat on the sofa beside her.

"Why, no; I may remember you a long time, Mr. Grimpe," she replied, with a queer smile.

"It will be as well if you do not. We, perhaps, shall never meet again."

"Should you care?" she asked, rising from her seat.

"You know I should, Miss Dean. Forgive me if I make too bold—but I love you, Sarah."

She did not reply. Her head was turned away, though I held her hand clasped in both of mine.

"I am poor, I know," I began again; but she had withdrawn her hand, and, without a word, had left the room.

I waited for some time expecting her return; but she did not come. I began to see a hole in the fence. "Sam Grimpe," said I, "you are a most confounded fool!" and, as there was no one there to deny the charge, I took my hat and went home.

The next day I was once more in Mr. Waukeechock's office. That gentleman saw that I was there as I had said I would be; but he only bowed when he passed my desk. I knew that it was all right, (though, for he was a man of few words. It never took him a great while to find out what a young man was worth to him. He seemed to see everything with one glance of his eye.

"Mr. Waukeechock was asking where your mother lived the other day," said Bill, coming up to my desk.

"Did he inquire of you?"

"Yes. He had a letter in his hand at the time, that he had just opened, that I noticed was mailed at your place. I wonder if the letter had anything to do with you?"

"I think not," I replied; "but I tell you, Bill, I don't want to hear a word about home again for six months;" and my friend went back to his desk, thinking that the country air had had a very bad effect upon me.

I tried to forget Sarah as much as I could, though sometimes I could not help thinking how badly I had been treated. It was the best for me, however, for my pride kept me up.

I had been back to my work, in the office, nearly a month, when one morning Mr. Waukeechock sent word that he would like to see me in his private room. I had not an idea what he wanted to say to me, only I rather expected—though I tried not to—that I should

be promoted. When I entered the little room, Mr. Waukeechock was sitting at a little desk, with his back toward the door. He looked up as I entered.

"Did you wish to see me, sir?"

"Yes; take a chair. It is only a little business transaction," he replied, going on with his writing. At last he put down his pen, turned around in his chair, so as to face me where I sat.

"Yes, Mr. Grimpe, I've a little business with you this morning—" but here he stopped, and began to pace the room. It seemed that he was in no great hurry to commence.

"You are a very industrious young man, Mr. Grimpe. Very prompt, too, and I like you. Do you hear that, Mr. Grimpe?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, I called you in here upon a little matter of business, that's all. You know I'm a business man, Mr. Grimpe. I like to do everything straightforward. You're a business man, too, Mr. Grimpe, and that's why I like you. But you are poor. Well, so was I, once. It's nothing to be ashamed of, Mr. Grimpe—do you think it is?"

"No, sir."

"And now, Mr. Grimpe, I hope you'll excuse me, but I advise you to marry an heiress!"

"That is quicker said than done," I replied, with a smile.

"Well, Mr. Grimpe, you will take dinner with me to-day. Now don't try to excuse yourself; but wait—here is a letter."

I took it and left the private office. I hardly knew what to make of Mr. Waukeechock's conversation that morning; but I thought that the letter might explain it partly.

Imagine my surprise and joy to find that it was from Sarah. But I cannot tell you what was in it. It made me very happy, however, and I was glad to go home with Mr. Waukeechock to dinner.

"Well," said Bill, when I told him the story that evening, "who'd have thought of your courting old Waukeechock's step-daughter!"

"And the best of it was, I didn't know it."

"Just so."

And I did marry an heiress a short time after that; and as Mr. Waukeechock observed, "It was a very pleasant matter of business."

THE EAGLE AND THE DOVES.

BY E. A. DARBY.

AN eagle sat on the mountain top,

Watching the doves in the valley below;

The valley was sweet with bursting flowers,

The mountain was cold with frozen snow.

The doves were gathering twigs and moss

For their nest that was under the cottage eaves;

The thatch overhanging excluded the sun,

And the ivy was thick with clustering leaves.

The male kept cooing and wooing his mate,

She gathering mosses, patient and meek,

And happy to feel his soft caress.

The eagle was whetting his hungry beak.

Ere long their labor of joy was done,

And they sat on the roof and cooed their love.

How sweet was the bloom in the valley below;

How cold was the mountain top above;

The humming-bird glittered among the flowers,

Rolling zephyrus wandered by,

And the air was all alive with joy.

Till it shivered and thrilled with a dreadful cry.

And there was a sound of rushing wings,

And, swooping down from the mountain's crest,

The eagle seized the innocent doves,

And with talons deep in each bloody breast,

He bore them back to the mountain's crest.

LAST TOKENS

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWNE.

THE last, low tone before the harp is broken;

The soul's adieu, the Summer's parting sighs;

The look, the smile, that gives its final token

To thrill the heart, then slowly melts and dies.

The rose, that fading, leaves its fragrance scattered;

The swan, that dying, sings his sweetest strain;

The hope, the joy, that now forever shattered,

Has still some solace left to ease our pain.

The flowers that died while yet in Summer's glory;

The dreams that vanished with the morning dawn;

The spell, whose charms but lately drifted o'er thee,

That now is spent, and all enchantment gone;

The hand that clasped thine own in friendly pressure;

The tender glance, the sweetest and the last;

The voice that gave us once a world of pleasure,

That now must number with the treasures past.

These things can never die! They linger over,

Like scent of roses, round the shattered vase;

Each tie may break, and all but Life may sever,

But Memory gives them still a hallowed place.

MY ONE FLIRTATION.

BY EMMA E. RIPLEY.

KITTY and I were in agonies of industry over our crocheting; Christmas so close upon us—only next week, and so much to do! Of course, nothing could be accomplished unless we were together to compare, advise, and admire; so every afternoon we met and wrought in concert, our fingers flying, and our tongues, meanwhile, by no means idle. On this particular occasion, Kitty had been giving me the details of a projected match, to which I listened with all the interest of a young girl in the important subject.

"Well," said I, decidedly, "it may suit Marian Graves; but it would never suit me! Who could possibly make a hero out of Frederick Remsen?"

"I don't know," answered Kitty, doubtfully; "he's very good-looking, I think."

"Perhaps he may be; rosy cheeks and blue eyes. He'd make a pretty enough girl."

"And then he has such an amiable expression."

"Amiable!" I repeated, with the intensest scorn of seventeen. "I dare say he may be."

"You are the oddest girl!" exclaimed Kitty. "What do you want in a husband? You wouldn't desire to have him unamiable, would you?"

"About that," I replied, with lofty calm, "I should trouble myself very little. The man whom I could care for must be so superior that no petty question of temper could ever arise concerning him."

A sound in the direction of the fire-place made me turn my head—was it a smothered laugh? It sounded like it. But no. Cousin John was absorbed in his magazine, and utterly unconscious of our presence.

"I should like to see your hero, Julia," Kitty presently remarked. "You are so dreadfully particular; nobody ever seems to suit you. I'm afraid you'll grow old without meeting him."

These words struck a chord that vibrated painfully; I had dreaded the same thing myself. Here I was, seventeen last August; youth passing from me; and in all these years I had seen no one that corresponded in the least with my ideal. What if there were no such being in existence, or if I were fated never to encounter him?

"I can wait," I said, aloud. "If he doesn't come, I shall do without anybody."

"You don't mean you would be an old maid?" cried Kitty, horrified.

"Yes, Katharine, I do." And the announcement was made with all the solemnity befitting so desperate a decision. It took my little friend some minutes to recover from the effect.

"He must be very handsome, I suppose?" she resumed, in a subdued tone.

"I don't know. There must be that in his bearing which will announce the nobility, the distinction of his character. He will be handsome, so far; as to a nose, more or less straight, and trifles of that kind, I am quite indifferent."

"Tall or short?"

"Tall, of course," I replied, with disdain. "The idea of loving a short man!"

"Why, your father is quite short," said the matter-of-fact Kitty; "and so is your brother George."

"Have I ever denied it? Natural ties are settled for us, but to love of our own free will is a very different matter. Tall and dark; so much is positive; less I could not. But his mind, Kitty; there will be the charm!"

"So very talented, eh?"

"Talent! I despise the word! Don't name it to me! Talent is a plodder, a deliver in earth, or more utilitarian. I must have genius; genius that can lift itself and me away from these dim scenes into regions of ineffable light and beauty."

"Shall you take your crocheting along?" asked cousin John, laying down his pamphlet.

I reddened, shade on shade, up to the darkest peony. Who could have thought that he was listening all the time?

"I've just been reading a paper on exchanges," John continued. "I should like to ask how you propose to indemnify your hero. When this tall, dark form—this lofty genius, distinct from all his kind—makes his appearance, what do *you* expect to bestow, in return, for his peerless affections?"

"Bestow?"

"Yes. You won't want to be shabby."

"Why," I answered, recovering myself, "he will have *me*, of course."

"You!" said John, surveying me coolly. "You are a very nice little maid, and can turn off a net or a pair of slippers with the next girl; but," shaking his head, "I'm afraid such a very hifalutin' individual will hardly consider it an even thing."

"Candid, at any rate," I thought. But, of course, I wasn't going to show any symptoms of mortified vanity.

"John," said I, "I detest slang in any shape. And you stayed home from the office, you know, because you had symptoms of bronchitis. Aren't you afraid you'll aggravate it by talking so much?"

"Not a bit. Such wisdom as I've been listening to these last five minutes would allay a much worse irritation than I experienced. Indeed, it has so toned me up, that I believe I will be off down street, and relieve you of my presence."

I was thankful for so much; but Kitty, I fancied, watched his retiring figure with regret.

"Now we shall have a nice time all to ourselves!" I exclaimed. "I do hate a stupid, satirical man around, annoying one with his little attempts at wit—don't you, Kitty?"

"But Mr. Leigh isn't stupid," she replied. "I thought it was pleasanter to have him here than not."

"Oh, well!" I said, "he'll be back to tea, and you shall have him to yourself the whole evening, if you like."

And, upon my word, I thought she availed herself of the permission. I am the last person in the world to be jealous; but it really did seem as if she were a great deal more interested in John's remarks, than in anything I had to say about our work. Not that she neglected it; she was deft-fingered, and did her full share; but she found time to steal a great many glances at John, and to listen with deep attention to all his speeches. I didn't notice it so much that night, but the next evening it was very perceptible. I grew almost vexed watching them, and was not in the least sorry when it was time to say good-by.

"What a lovely little creature your friend is!" John remarked, as he stood by the mantle-piece, on his return from escorting her home.

I suppose we women never *will* understand the enthusiasm with which men look at others of our sex. "Lovely," indeed! Why, he couldn't have said much more of one of Raphael's Madonnas.

"Kitty is a rather pretty girl," I answered, coolly. "She has a fine complexion, and nice hair, which she arranges with considerable taste."

"I should think she had—all of that! And why don't you speak of the dear, little white hand, the mischievous dimples, and the teeth like grains of pearl? She's the most consummate little blonde, that's what she is! *Belle et blanche!* But I suppose you don't admire that style, being so dark yourself."

This was rather too much. I took up my candle and bade him the curtest of good-nights. Arrived in my own room, I locked the door, drew down the curtains, and proceeded to take a long survey of myself in the glass. Was I really "*so dark?*" I never had supposed so. My eyes and hair were black, I knew, and I had no dazzling tints of red and white; but I had imagined myself the owner of a respectable complexion. Maybe I was mistaken, though; perhaps I struck every one who saw me as a swarthy, gipsyish-looking person. But, black or white, I should have thought, if I had ever thought anything about the matter, that I was, at least, as pretty as Kitty Warner, and should have felt sure that John agreed with me. His admiration was simply a matter of course; so much so, that I never thought of questioning it, nor setting any special value on it. It was not at all likely that he would turn about, at this late time of day, and elevate some one else above me. Then, very apropos, I happened to remember, "She walks in beauty"—and fell asleep repenting,

"All that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."

I was rather ashamed to find, next day, that my zeal for going over to Mrs. Warner's had essentially declined. Christmas was all the time coming nearer, our worsted-work getting more and more important; but I felt none of the accustomed eagerness to fly to Kitty for advice and sympathy. I was not so blind as to ignore the reason. "Julia Vesey," I remarked, "are you not ashamed of yourself? Must you always be the first object wherever you are? How could I possibly have suspected that you were such a selfish, conceited little thing?" At this point the absurdity of calling myself little came home to me; I was so tall, so fully developed every way. John could hardly mention Kitty's name, last night, without that adjective; and what a caressing sound it had! Well, it's all right," I said: "she *is* little." And I went over immediately after dinner, heroically determined to be neither paltry nor absurd.

I must do my friend the justice to say that she was exactly the same as ever; quite as much concerned about the comparative merits of Chery or Mazarine twist, and the superiority

of cut bends over steel. I tried to be, too, but somehow my mind would revert to John's enthusiasm, and I kept studying my companion to see how far she justified it. I had to admit that she was, perhaps, prettier than I had imagined. Her throat was so soft and white; not even the standing linen collar could make disfavoring contrast; and her hands, how small and fair! My own showed to very poor advantage beside them. Her hair, too, had gleams of gold lurking in its brown waves—and she did it up most beautifully. I had always known that Kitty could put in her rats with more science than any of us girls, and her waterfall was smooth as spun glass. Her features were nothing much; but the soft complexion certainly gave them delicacy. "Her eyes, though," I thought, consoled, "are blue as a china doll's, and have about the same expression." Here I recollected that I was getting spiteful and had better stop.

John came in about half-past eight, and the scenes of the previous evening were re-enacted. I was determined not to be silly, yet, spite of this resolute wisdom, I couldn't help feeling hurt. There seemed to be something wonderfully attractive about Kitty's work-basket—mine was left in peace. If I needed my scissors or emery, they were at hand; but hers were played with, and if she wanted them, she had to ask for them. Then they were yielded up with that air of deference which men pay to a pretty girl; and every remark made to her was tinged with the same gallantry. Everything that was said to me, meanwhile, was as matter-of-fact as if he had been addressing the coal-man. Indeed, I began to wonder if he would even take me home when the time came; whether, as the distance was a trifle, he would not leave me to the mercies of one of the Warner boys. But things had not quite come to that. We walked along in silence, till he said,

"Aren't you well, Julia? You seemed rather dull this evening."

And Kitty had been so bright, no doubt. If that was the kind of brilliancy he admired, let him have it by all means. But I said nothing, except to disclaim the idea of illness.

Alone I thought it all over, and tears filled my eyes. "John always cared so much for me, and now he turns me off as if I were nothing to him. Cousins and sisters, and all home-ties, must stand aside, I suppose, when a man is once in love; but I never thought, before, that it was so hard." And then the idea of Kitty being his fate! His, John's, who had such wonderful ideas of women, and had given me

so many lectures, little heeded, about a lofty standard of character. Oh, it was impossible! There was no need to be uneasy; it was nothing but a passing fancy. Very comfortable reasoning this, and would have been quite conclusive if the next day's experience had not upset it all.

Time seems long, always, if much is happening in it, and the week preceding that Christmas was an age to me. Restless and dissatisfied as I knew myself to be, I still would not admit that I could be unhappy. What was there to make me so? I dressed for the Christmas Eve party in an odd state of mind. I had been looking forward to it for weeks, and my new silk and berthe had been greatly on my mind; but now that the time had come, they looked, somehow, very unimportant. I was generally a good deal excited about a party, and had a feeling which, as I am owing to so much folly, I may as well confess. I always thought that, perhaps, *this* was to be the occasion when the great unknown would appear, when the tall form and the dark eyes would dawn upon me. But to-night I didn't feel the customary anticipations; indeed, I almost thought I should not care to go out at all, if it were not for seeing how John and Kitty would behave. Girls will be girls, though, and I was only seventeen. As the toilet proceeded, I began to take a little interest in it, and when everything was done, the last flower disposed, the last pin in its place, my spirits had risen considerably. The new things were becoming, it was evident, and I ran down stairs to exhibit the effect to the family before it was obscured by Sontag and wrappings.

John had a way, at such times, of making me turn around, of asking questions and criticising, with an air that showed him, as I imagined, fully alive to the favorable influence of evening dress on my appearance. But to-night he kept on reading his paper with the most utter indifference. Papa and mother looked and praised, and the younger branches were loud in their applause; but he did not lift his eyes. I should never have asked for his opinion, but mamma, who was ignorant of any pique on my part, had no scruples on the subject.

"How absorbed you are to-night," she said. "Can't you lay down your paper a minute and look at poor Julia's dress? Isn't it pretty?"

"Yes, I should think so," he replied, just glancing at it, "but I have no great taste in such matters. Have you read this article on the state of our foreign relations, Mr. Vesey? Good, sound views, I should say"—and the dress was extinguished under my cloak without further notice.

We were rather late, and the rooms were well filled. I soon singled out Kitry in white muslin and blue ribbons, very girlish and becoming. She came to me at once. "I've great news for you," she said. "Your hero is here."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He is a relation of Mrs. Haight, and his name is Lorimer. I recognized him as your property the moment we were introduced. I shall watch the progress of affairs with a great deal of interest."

Mr. Lorimer's appearance did certainly correspond with my ideal; a few weeks before the sight of him would surely have fluttered my heart. Tall, slight, with a pale face and star-bright eyes, he gave just that impression of intellectual force and physical delicacy that my foolish dreams had pictured. I saw Kitty and my cousin across the room; they glanced toward us; I felt sure of the subject of their conversation. How little they understood me—how little guessed that my hero, now he had arrived, had no power to waken the slightest interest.

I stole a look at John; there was certainly nothing romantic in his appearance. Nobody called him ugly or handsome; he passed with fifty others. And his mind? A girl of seventeen is no very competent judge. He was a great deal older than I, and people, whose opinion was worth something, thought highly of him. He wasn't in the least what I had dreamed of; my style of "intellectual;" all poetry, and soul, and scorn of the world. But I thought, with sudden terror, what it would be to exchange him for the fullest reality of all those silly visions. How desolate, how wretched the house would be that had not John in it every day! Oh, dear! Why had I found this out only now; now, when it was too late?

Of course, the first impulse, like that of all girls so circumstanced, was to guard myself from all suspicion. Mr. Lorimer was ready to be interested. He was agreeable, or rather, I felt through my wretchedness a perception that I should have found him so had my mind been at ease. I was left to him for entertainment so far as John was concerned. It was his habit to be a good deal with me at parties; he did not interfere with other attentions, but he was always at hand. I could summon him at any time by a glance; nor had I ever hesitated to do so. But now he did not come near me. I thought this unkind; he need not have been so absorbed as to forget me utterly. I felt myself neglected, ill-used; and Mr. Lorimer was near, graceful, handsome, attentive. I could be attractive to somebody, it seemed, uninteresting

as John considered me. I grew reckless. Putting aside, as well as might be, all thought of the truth, I devoted myself to my companion. I tried my best to be charming, with no little self-contempt as I did so. I liked attention as well as most girls; but it was the first time I had deliberately set myself to interest any man. So I looked up archly at Mr. Lorimer, looked down timidly, played with my bouquet, was saucily smiling, or feignedly earnest; in short, went through the whole artillery practice, till somehow the dreary evening was over, and I found myself at home again.

Shouts of "Merry Christmas" awoke me early the next morning. It was a great family festival with us, and the children stamping through the house with delighted exclamations over their gifts, effectually forbade all further slumber. I rose and went down to examine my own presents. The little tribe stood around, full of eager interest; various papers were unfolded, gifts from papa, mother, aunt, and cousins—and each was hailed with acclamation by the night-gowned spectators. Nothing from John. The omission was strange, indeed; he had never forgotten me before. I gathered up the several articles, and was about to carry them to my own room, when I saw a couple of books on the piano. "What are these?" I asked.

"Oh! that's cousin John's present," said little Ned, with his mouth full of raisins. "He brought them just before you came down."

I took them up—Tennyson's Poems, an English edition, exquisitely bound—just what I would have wished for.

"You're sure they are for me?" I asked, doubtfully. "There is no name in them."

"Sure—of course I am—didn't he tell me? I know there isn't any name, 'cause I looked for it; and when I told cousin John, he just said it was no consequence."

"No consequence." Probably not. But the manner of the gift destroyed all the pleasure I might have had in it. Perhaps, when he procured the books, he felt some interest in gratifying me—but that was done with. I wished he had kept them; given them to Kitty, since it was for her he cared. The next question was, how to bestow my own offering of watch-case and slippers. I had been so careful with those things, taken so much pains to have them pretty. No matter.

"William," I asked, when our little ebony came in to mend the fire, "do you know where Mr. John is?"

"Up in his room, Miss Juley; heerd him walking about this half-hour."

"Take these things to him, please," I said, handing over the poor little presents.

"What shall I say?"

"You needn't say anything."

He was gone and back in an instant.

"Did you give Mr. John the slippers?" I asked.

"Well, no, Miss Juley. I didn't jess ezactly give 'em to him, but I opened the door on the crack, and I see him a standin' by the windy—so I jess shied in one of 'em, and he turned round—and then I tucked the watch-pocket in the toe of tother one, and sent that in after. You know you told me I wasn't to say nothin'." And the small imp showed his teeth and the whites of his eyes in the most approved darkey fashion.

I was a little mortified by the manner of the presentation; however, the gift had been delivered, and I had not been obliged to offer it in person, so the main point was gained.

I chanced to be alone with John a moment that morning.

"It is to you I am indebted for my slippers and watch-case, I presume?" he observed.

"Yes," was my reply.

"I am very much obliged," he said.

"And I equally so for the books," was my response. So that was done with.

What a dreary holiday it was—all the more that I felt the necessity of being cheerful as usual. The children expected sympathy in their delights, and to have their new story-books read aloud; and I could not disappoint them. And I must show pleasure in my own presents, too, which were numerous and pretty. We had company to dinner, dancing in the evening, and all those doings which are supposed to make a merry Christmas. When it was over, I asked myself, in utter discouragement, if life henceforth were to be like this?—if I were always to spend it in trying to seem interested in things I did not care for? What was there left to care for? I wondered if I should have to go on in this way till I was near sixty, seventy years old, perhaps. How should I ever bear it?

The holidays were unusually brilliant, and I mixed in all their gayeties. At home, I tried to behave just as usual to John, but was conscious that I did not quite succeed, while on his part there was a growing formality. Mother noticed it. "Why are you and John so exceedingly polite to each other?" she asked.

I made some evasive answer.

"Don't have any foolish misunderstanding with your cousin," she said. "A coolness among the members of a family is so disagreeable."

Oh! I thought, if she only knew!

If my home-life were difficult, my part in society was yet more so. Mr. Lorimer was with me everywhere, and I had given him such encouragement at our very first interview that it was impossible, without rudeness, to avoid his attentions. Sometimes, half frightened, I tried to withdraw, but he, thinking it artifice, perhaps, or a girl's timidity, still persisted. And again, when some new circumstance brought John's defection more fully home to me I led him on; partly to show that I was not quite neglected and forlorn, partly for the occupation, the excitement. I knew it was wrong, inexcusable; I had no plan; I hardly thought what I was doing, or whither going. So it went till New-Year Eve.

Early in the winter a sleigh-ride had been talked of for this occasion, and there had been a half understanding between John and myself that he should attend me. Now, of course, he would not wish it, and not for the world would I have seemed to expect it. So I gladly accepted Mr. Lorimer's escort, wondering if John would remember anything about our tacit engagement.

"Shall you go out to-night?" he asked, the morning of the important day.

"Certainly—I wouldn't miss it on any account."

"I take the liberty of asking," he said, with elaborate explanation, "because you may remember that we thought of going together; and I wish you to understand that you can rely upon me if there is no companion whom you prefer."

So he had recollected it, after all. "Thank you," I replied; "but the engagement was so very vague that I did not consider you bound by it; I only understood it to mean, as you say, that you would take me had I no other invitation. I am going with Mr. Lorimer. And now," I continued, with an attempt at gayety, "since you have discharged your conscience of cousinly duty, you will be at liberty to consult your inclinations."

"I shall ask Miss Warner," was the answer to this sally.

What did I expect—that he would say he had already consulted inclination in inviting me? I don't know. The response checked any further attempt at plesantry, at any rate.

It was a lovely evening, with a bright moon and a bland atmosphere that threatened to be fatal to future sleighing, but was delightful for the present. We were a large party, and there was all the customary music of chiming bells and youthful laughter, as we sped over the white

wastes to W——, eight miles distant. Supper and the unfailing dancing were here in order, and it was nearly midnight when we re-entered the sleighs. Mr. Lorimer's manner all the evening had been marked; had my heart been interested, I should have seen it with delight: as it was, I met it, sometimes graciously, sometimes with pretended blindness. As we were going home, he alluded to his approaching departure, to the happiness of the last two weeks, in terms of unmistakable tenderness. I ought to have checked him, but I hardly knew how to do it without a humiliating explanation; and, after all, might it not be the best thing I could do to marry him, and go far, far away from the scene of all my troubles? If he did not absolutely say he loved me, his meaning was plain enough. I kept a guilty, certainly not a forbidding silence. His last words were a request that he might call on the morrow to bid me farewell. I ought to have denied it, to have so taken leave of him, then and there, that he could not have misunderstood me. But I was wretched, undecided—and told him he might come.

Sleep fled from me that night, and I rose early. To what had I pledged myself? I was bound, at least, to give this man a hearing; was bound, in honor and truthfulness, to accept him. I could not deny it; he had received encouragement not to be defended on any other grounds. But to leave father, mother, friends—John—how could I? It was impossible. Impossible, too, to deceive him with the pretended gift of a heart no longer in my own possession. What should I do? With no shadow of sincerity could I plead an ignorance of his meaning; nor could I confess the truth. It only remained for me to pass, in his eyes, as a selfish coquette, who had lured him on merely to gratify her vanity. Such conduct was, in my opinion, simply base—yet did I much deserve a better estimate?

As I wandered restlessly through the parlors, John came in with a bouquet of hot-house flowers. New-Year presents were not in order in our family, our exercises of that kind being limited to birthdays and Christmas; but he had often given me some trifle; a ribbon, a box of bonbons, perhaps. Of course, I expected nothing now, but seeing me, he came forward and held out the flowers. I admired their beauty and perfume, but did not venture to take them from his hand.

"So you refuse my gift?" he asked.

"By no means, if it is meant for me," I said, a little surprised; "but I thought——" and here

came a pause. It was not pleasant to say that I had supposed them intended for Kitty; I wanted no allusion to that theme, no discussion of it.

"You thought," he said, sharply and suddenly, as if the words escaped him in spite of himself, "that your friends were as neglectful of you as you have chosen to be of them."

A singular accusation from him! "I don't think that is quite just, John," I said, with a trembling voice. He was silent. Looking up timidly, I saw that his eyes were fixed on me with an earnest gaze, and, coloring deeply, lowered my own.

"Don't give yourself the trouble, I beg," he said, sarcastically. "Such tones and glances are quite too valuable to be wasted on one of the family—and you are in very good practice without."

"I don't know what you mean," was my surprised exclamation.

"You do," he rejoined, sternly. "Cannot you be satisfied with the tribute your vanity has had already? Do you wish me to say in so many words——" But just then one of the boys came, and there was no room for another syllable. What had he been about to say? He referred, doubtless, to my behavior with Mr. Lorimer; he wished to tell me that I had shown a lack of delicacy, a thirst for admiration, that surprised and angered him. Well, I deserved it—and he could not, must not, know my motive. After his cold indifference of late, there was some comfort in finding that he cared enough for me to be displeased.

Breakfast over, I looked anxiously for my guest. Of course, he would come early, before the hour for regular calls, and I longed to go through with the interview, and have it to dread no more. He should be spared, if possible, the chagrin of an open declaration; but were it not to be avoided, I would own that I had done wrong, and beg him to pardon and forget me. My heart shrank at thought of the pain I must inflict; I felt how cruel, how unjustifiable, had been my conduct; but to this strait had folly brought me, and the consequences could not be escaped.

Nine, ten o'clock, and no Mr. Lorimer appeared. Was he ill, or what could detain him? Callers began to arrive, and my surprise increased when, about noon, he came in with a young man of our own place. Elaborately dressed, graceful, animated, he had never appeared to better advantage. Doubtless something had hindered his call, and his stay would now be prolonged. But no! he was to leave, it

seemed, in the evening train, and he talked of our future meeting as a distant, uncertain thing. He was anticipating a year in Europe; what changes might there not be ere his return? He hardly dared to hope to find again, in the same place, all the friends he left—and, much more, in the same vein. I could scarcely believe my senses. Was this Mr. Lorimer, whose feelings I had been studying how to spare, over whose anguish I had wasted so much pity; this easy, assured individual, from whose manner every trace of peculiar meaning had vanished? A few more minutes passed in amiable nothings; there was a friendly leave-taking; he was gone—it was over!

I ran up to my own room and sat there, trying to make it out. What did it mean—what could it mean—unless, and my cheeks flamed at the thought, that he had just been amusing himself a week or two? Oh! what a righteous judgment on me! and yet how mortifying! But the relief was so much greater than the chagrin, that I went back to the parlor with a lightened heart. Now, whenever John took me to task, I would own my fault, and assure him that I had seen enough of the folly and wrong of coquetting. But my reason, I remembered sadly, he must never know.

Twilight came on at last; mamma had gone out to attend to some domestic matter; the children were dispersed here and there; John and I found ourselves alone together.

"Julia," he asked, "will you forgive some unwarrantable words of mine this morning?"

"I don't know how much there was to forgive; you did not finish your sentence."

"Let it remain unfinished forever then," he said, "and let us be friends once more." He held out his hand, and I placed mine in it.

"And now tell me, Julia, how soon I am to congratulate you?"

The uncomfortable sense of being duped returned. Well, I might as well own it first as last. "Never, that I know of," was my answer.

"You cannot, surely, be ignorant of my meaning. Mr. Lorimer——"

"I was ignorant of *his*, it seems," I said. "He had no such design as you impute to him."

"What!" exclaimed John. "He has gone without an explanation!"

"Without one word."

"Scoundrel!" cried John, in wrath. "But he shall pay for this!"

"No, no," I said, half laughing, spite of my embarrassment. "For, John, I was so glad to have him go."

"You were?" he asked, perplexed.

"Yes," I said, owning the truth with a great effort—"glad to find that he had only been flirting with me—as I had with him!"

"Is this so, Julia?" he asked again.

"Yes, John," I replied. And then—I don't know what he saw or fancied—but he held my hand closer and drew me to him.

"Dear," he whispered, "could you possibly like a short man, after all?" Some token of assent must have followed, for he went on; "and a man without intellect, or genius, or any of your hero-qualities?"

"No, no," I said. "Yes, I mean." It was a rather confused sentence, but he seemed to make out its purport.

It is hardly to be supposed that other people will feel the interest that we did in the explanation that ensued. How John had loved me so long, but believed that I cared for him only as a cousin. How my foolish talk that day with Kitty cut him to the heart, as showing so utter an indifference to him in any other way; how he had endeavored to stifle his affection, and succeeded only in making himself miserable; how Kitty had divined what was passing, and tried to comfort him by insisting that I did not really care for Mr. Lorimer. Dear, good little Kitty! and I had almost hated her these last two weeks.

A brief, happy silence followed this explanation.

"John," said I, suddenly breaking it—"do you think I am really so very dark?"

"Dark," he answered, "to be sure you are; dark as the clearest night when every star is shining. Do you suppose I would have you otherwise? If there is anything I dislike it is this white-and-rosy insipidity!"

And this is the story of my ONE FLIRTATION.

VERSES.

BY L. S. L.

DISMAL and cold is the world without;
Dreary, so dreary the home within;
Where, in the wide, wide world, shall I find
A rest from toil, a refuge from sin?

Like the desolate page of my aimless life,
Is the sameness of all this waste of snow;
Will never the sun drive this coldness away?
Will never the beautiful Spring flowers grow?

OLIVE WAYNE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

THE long suite of rooms looked beautifully lighted for evening—no upholsterer's taste visible—the influence of one refined mind, with perfect tastes and wonderful knowledge of color and effect, everywhere apparent.

Olive Wayne passed slowly through the great saloons, but thinking her own odd thoughts, and not disturbed by any of the fears which so often distract feminine natures on similar occasions.

She went through into the little boudoir, lighted only by a lamp hidden in an alabaster vase, and seated herself, not conscious nor caring that she made a charming picture as she sat there, in her dead white silk dress, with her aquamarine necklace and ornaments flashing with every movement of her head or arms, as if there were something living and struggling in the hearts of the strange, Sybillic-looking gems.

Not a beautiful woman, I think. In repose the features were somewhat too full of strength and determination, a little too grave and sad; but, after all, the face was varied in its expressions; the great hazel eyes lit it up, at times, into such absolute glory, that it was almost impossible to decide whether Olive Wayne was beautiful or not.

She had a singularly lithe, graceful figure—every attitude was a study, every movement a poem; and she had that point of beauty which I hold absolutely indispensable in a woman—faultless hands.

Not merely pretty hands, simply delicate and well modeled and white, but hands that possessed character; which revealed an active, sensitive, nervous organization; which even in the lightest touch gave you a magnetic thrill, when the pretty, plump hand of an ordinary mortal could not affect you any more by its pressure, than if there had been no soul at all under the carefully moulded clay.

Sitting there and thinking of so many things, profitless maybe; dreaming, perhaps, but not as we dreamed at sixteen, when the future was fairy-land, and life to be a miracle of splendor and achievement. Thinking, thinking as men do at thirty, and women at twenty-five, of the blight which fell so noiselessly upon our choicest hopes; the mildew that rusted out our brightest aspirations; the broken, incomplete story that

life has become and must remain, until it reaches forward to its continuation in another cycle of existence.

Olive Wayne was twenty-five—girlhood was past—the romance, the caprices, the unreal sadness, the gorgeous dreams, had all worn off. There she was, a woman, with a soul that had grown far toward its real stature, whose faults were not petty, narrow, deep-seated festers, that would leave obnoxious scars, but only the imperfections like those which disappear gradually under the sculptor's chisel, as the beautiful statue draws nearer perfection.

Olive Wayne did not remember her mother—and her father died when she was only sixteen. He was a dreamy, unpractical man, who, even at the age she then was, leaned much on Olive's judgment; and when he found that he must leave his darling, his only thought was to leave her as much unfettered as possible during the years which must elapse before her majority.

He appointed his widowed sister her guardian—one of those sweet, gentle creatures, born to be ruled by the strongest will at hand, who looked upon Olive as a miracle of loveliness, and had been fondled and domineered by her ever since the girl had been a solemn-faced baby. The extensive property Mr. Wayne left was so invested that it could be little care to anybody; and he had shown wisdom in his choice of coadjutor with aunt Mabel; and he always understood that Mr. Hawkins never interfered where Olive was personally concerned.

So Olive had grown up entire mistress of herself, and of everybody about her, with unlimited means at her disposal, and a world of fancies which would have distorted many characters out of all possibility of being straightened.

Olive was thoroughly educated, because she loved—not study, but all that study brought. She had traveled far and wide; and patient aunt Mabel never dreamed of murmuring, and was uniformly pleased, whether she was mildly astonished at finding herself watching the miracle of the midnight sun in Sweden, or ruminating of the possibility of destruction among the fierce waves that guard the Blue Grotto at Capri.

I cannot tell you all the dreams with which Olive brightened her girlhood. I cannot tell if

they were uncommon—more so than I could wish, I fear; for all things that I lament over is a commonplace boy or girl, born to live and die, without ever having been monarch of a visionary world.

To achieve a wonderful destiny had been Olive's dream, though the shape it took changed frequently as the colors in a kaleidoscope.

When the spell of her youthful imagination was strong upon her, she believed that she was to be a modern Coriane; then only devotion to art would satisfy her; again, only the triumphs of the stage could give her soul release; but as there was no one to oppose, that last perilous experiment remained untried, except among her circle of immediate friends.

But sometimes only in great sacrifice could she find content, and she debated seriously the possibility of being able to endow hospitals with her fortune, while she and aunt Mabel wove willow baskets for a living in some out-of-the-way nook. Then it seemed to her, if she could only find love, and the perfect happiness it ought to bring; but dreamer though she was, she was no girlish sentimentalist; her intuitive knowledge of character would keep her from adoring any poetical-looking monstrosity; and so the dreams came and went, and tore her heart, sometimes with a fierce fever, until lo! girlhood was gone—and there she stood a woman.

The wild visions were calmed, the darkness and discouragement which succeeded had given way; she had learned to understand life better, and that is much.

But all her studies, her cultivation of her poetic talents, her patient worship of art, had ended by making her a wonderfully cultivated creature, with a dangerous power of winning friendship and love, and a thousand fascinations which it is difficult to explain.

She was admired and courted on both sides the Atlantic, and owned, as such a woman can, a sway which, on to middle-age, at least, is more powerful than any other heritage or gift in the whole list at fate's bestowal.

She had come back to New York that autumn from a European trip; and she and aunt Mabel had settled down in the house which she had arranged and beautified after her own gorgeous fancies.

It was of all those things she was thinking, as she sat there, smiling a little at the recollection of her girlish visions; sighing a little to think how incomplete her life must remain, and wondering what would fill up the void; for there was one, and there must be one, in spite of wealth and fame, and duties well performed,

and maybe in the world beyond we shall learn why—but not here.

She had never succeeded in loving to the fullness of content, even in her most enthusiastic days. Year after year she had grown more clear-sighted and particular, and began to think it was not her destiny after all.

While she sat there, aunt Mabel came through the rooms in her quiet evening dress, gentle and calm as usual, with such a world of love in her face when she came opposite Olive, sitting there in her queenly repose, that one needed to have been very little of a conjurer to understand how every joy of her later life had settled about that stately woman.

Olive looked up and smiled pleasantly, forcing herself out of her dreams, and coming down to the platform upon which she was accustomed to meet aunt Mabel, that safer ground of every day anticipations and affairs. Yet, in a faint way, the dear aunt had some perception of all the aspirations and visions which had crowned her youth; and even where she failed to comprehend, admired and marveled at her darling more than ever, holding the most renowned heroine of history in faint esteem compared with her idol.

"So you are ready at last," said Olive. "Oh! you vain aunty—when will you give up pomps and vanities? Really, I expected half the world would get here before you had done beautifying!"

"Now, Olive," returned the old lady, "you know I was quite ready before you came down stairs."

"Oh! don't try to wheedle me into overlooking your terrible faults," said Olive, laughing, quite aware that her aunt was horrified at being accused, even in jest, of the slightest approach to negligent or dilatory habits, having been a painful model of orderly and punctual ways ever since she was a decorous baby in long-clothes. But before she could defend herself, the roll of carriages and ringing of the bell gave warning of the first incursion of pleasure-seekers; and the pair moved away to the fulfillment of the onerous duties of the next hour.

Before the hour was over, the rooms were thronged with the brilliant crowd, and people either enjoyed themselves, or made believe, as the children say, according to their characters or experience, and in either case the outward result was the same.

A larger assembly than accorded with Olive's principles. She liked her house to be famous for little reunions, cozy suppers, a place where fine music, brilliant conversation, anything

which lifted life somewhat out of the commonplace; but on this occasion she had it at heart to gratify numbers of the young girls who adored her, and she did it in her usual complete manner.

As the music struck up for a quadrille, from which Olive had managed to escape, she saw her old guardian, Mr. Hawkins, approach with a stranger; and before the half-formed wonder in her mind could more than make itself felt, she remembered his having begged permission to bring a friend just returned home after many years of wandering.

So they came up, and Olive bowed civilly, and began to say something in her princess manner, when Mr. Gregory was presented; but somehow something in his manner struck her so, that she accorded him more real attention than she often gave people now-a-days.

Thirty at least, perhaps more than that—you shall decide according to your own age and feelings whether that be young—with much in his face and voice which won Olive to regard him closely, not from the perfection of the one, or the melody of the other, but because she caught a look which she knew was often in her own face; a tone which she heard sometimes in her own voice, and whose meaning she could readily comprehend.

Something lost or unsound, without which life could never round into completeness; not the repining of a weak nature; not the vague remorse of a bad one—of that Olive felt certain; and she trusted greatly to her intuitive perceptions upon such subjects, not wise, perhaps, but very natural to a mind like hers.

So she stood there and conversed with him until her somewhat wearisome duties called her away; and several times after, before the midnight was gone, she found herself talking with him, and listening with that keen pleasure we feel when encountering some one who strikes exactly the chord which is the key-note to our deepest feelings.

Have you not once or twice in your life felt this? I am not talking about love at first sight, nor anything of the sort; but have you never found yourself talking to a stranger upon subjects in a way you could not have done to the friends about your daily life, and have been unable to force aside the knowledge that this new-found acquaintance will not be allowed to drop away as so many others have done, that each is to possess some influence upon the life of the other?

Somewhat metaphysical; perhaps you will say foolish. I do not think it so; therefore it

shall stand as I have written. This was Olive Wayne's feeling, and it deepened when the crowd was dispersing, and Mr. Gregory found time, as he made his adieus, to say,

"I have talked so much that is out of place at a ball, that I hope you will let me come again to prove my claims to sanity. Do you think it could have been watching the German that set me off in such a strain of German mysticism?"

Olive laughed at the whimsical idea, and gave him the invitation now and then accorded to a new acquaintance,

"You will sometimes find me visible of a morning."

He only bowed his thanks, and said good-night, holding out his hand as he spoke. It was such an odd thing for a stranger to do—a worldly, practiced man like him—and the action was so evidently the result of some deeper thought, that Olive felt her dainty finger tips quiver as they touched his.

There was quiet in the house at last; the old aunt was safe in her nest, and Olive took her way to her own apartments.

"Why, Margaret Heath!" she exclaimed, as she opened the door of her dressing-room. "How came you out of bed at this hour?"

The girl rose from the lounge where she had been lying, and said confusedly,

"The music kept me awake, so I stayed in here to help you when you came up. I think I went to sleep."

"Please to go to bed," said Olive; "I shall scold you to-morrow."

The young woman—younger than Olive—pretty, too, in spite of ill-health, was to be led away and seen properly in bed before Olive could rest.

"Oh! Miss Wayne, you are too, too good to me," she repeated, sadly, as she had so often done.

"Wait till to-morrow before you decide on that," returned Olive. "If I hear you cough, you will get a lecture which may make you change your mind."

Margaret Heath was a living expiation to the proud, petted woman. Years before she had been employed in Olive's house and greatly spoiled; some quarrel rose between them, and, for almost the only time in her life, Olive was unjust, and Margaret was sent away, impetuous and passionate as her mistress.

Olive was just starting for Europe; the thought of Margaret Heath was a terrible reproach to her during all the time of her absence. On her return, she had searched her out and found her apparently dying of consumption.

For two years past she had been an inmate of Olive's house, nominally engaged as seamstress, that she might not feel dependent and a burthen; and though she managed to go about and even make herself useful, everybody knew that Margaret could not linger long—it was only the entire repose of her life, and Olive's constant watchfulness which preserved her still.

Olive could have felt almost vexed with her for wearying herself by this long vigil; but she saw how worn and excited she looked, and understood too thoroughly the restless, invalid nervousness which had made it impossible for her to be quiet.

The next day, Olive wheedled aunt Mabel into the belief that it would only rest her to go out and look at a collection of pictures that were on exhibition; and the old lady was too easily led, to be obstinate against conviction.

After all, these people born without any determination must have a comfortable life of it; they are never obliged to form opinions for themselves, and know nothing of the trouble you and I endure carrying these diabolical wills about, which are certain to take the contrary side in spite of all our efforts to be amiable; and, not satisfied with that, make us waste a great deal of valuable time in forcing every unfortunate within our reach to give up and be content to look through our spectacles.

It was still early in the day, and the gallery was nearly deserted; only a stray artist here and there, or some unhappy-looking wretch, whose pencil and note-book showed that he was doomed to write criticisms—so Olive wandered about in tolerable freedom.

She was standing before one of Gifford's happiest efforts, sunning her soul in the golden haze, and marveling as one never tires of doing over the delicious atmospheric effects, when some one paused near her, and, looking up, she saw Mr. Gregory.

"I was not going to be cruel enough to disturb you," he said, after the necessary words of salutation had been duly gone through. "If you would rather I left you, pray say so."

"No," replied Olive, quietly: "there are people endurable in a picture gallery; I fancy you are one of the number."

The words were not over civil; but Olive had a way of saying those things which was arch and pretty beyond description; and her new acquaintance seemed in no manner dissatisfied with his reception.

So a long, pleasant, dreamy morning they spent there; while aunt Mabel left them to their own devices, not from any of the fiendish de-

signs which constantly haunt the heads of born chaperones, but because it was in her blessed nature to be quiet and leave others so too—a species of womankind I should be pleased to see more extensively cultivated.

When Olive stepped into her carriage and drove away, the light was in her face still which that long conversation had brought; and she would have started with surprise had any one broken her reverie with the reminder of how brief her acquaintance with this man had been.

You know how it all went on; the pleasant morning visits; the evenings at the opera, when the music found a charm it had not possessed for years; the quiet parties to the French theatre; the balls which gained a new interest from the fact that there was some one person to expect; the grand necessity after one has become familiar with society, and the secret of half the flirtations at which we lift our eyebrows when they are other people's flirtations; all the hours and days which glide so goldenly into our hope, and dream that they become henceforth so inseparable, that in no season of retrospection are we able to tell whether the sunshine made the vision so beautiful, or the dream lit the hours with that untold glory.

Perhaps had there been any person to remind Olive, she might have roused herself; but in her wayward, independent life, there was no one to speak, indeed, no one to observe, for aunt Mabel was the most unsuspecting of mortals; and when in the presence of the outer world, it was too common to excite remark to see a new admirer among the crowd that surrounded Miss Wayne.

A record only of days and weeks, and then, in spite of all her pride and worldly wisdom, my dainty Olive woke to a realization of the truth.

How it came about she could never clearly have told; some chance rumor startled him into speech, fearful that some longer known worshiper was about to bear away, before his eyes, the treasure which made his earthly heaven.

He was going to be absent for a few days, he had come to bid her farewell; and when the separation, which might prove so fatal to him, was only kept aloof by a few brief moments, his heart forced to his lips the words which had been struggling there during all those dazzling weeks.

He had taken her hand to say adieu, and she was looking aside, not well able to meet the misty shining of those eyes, when he cried out suddenly,

"I cannot leave you so—I cannot! I love you, Olive Wayne, with all the strength of my

manhood, all the power of my soul, I love you."

He had snatched both her hands in his own, pale and shaken with that strong emotion, and Olive Wayne did not speak, did not move; only the frail hands, trembling in his, showed how this sudden outbreak had moved her, forcing the haze from before her soul, and dizzying her with the flood of daylight, the true comprehension of the golden beauty which had hung about her like a living presence during the past weeks.

The words were spoken, the words he had no mind nor thought to utter; and now he could not pause.

"I have no right to speak," he said; "I know that I should have waited till I had earned it; only forgive me that I could not! I must go on now—I must tell you all that you have been to me since that first moment we met."

And Olive never tried to check him—never once tried to release her hands or raise her eyes; she, always so full of womanly dignity and pride, dizzy, almost faint, leaning back in her chair, only feeling that those hands clasped her very soul, that all thought, the whole world, was resolved into that moment, that one face beaming down upon her.

"I love you, Olive—not as the very young love—not the romantic vows that boys offer dreaming girls; but I come to you with a question from my soul to yours, finding in you the womanly nature for which my heart has yearned. Are you angry, Olive? Won't you even look at me?"

He saw the white lids tremble over the hazel eyes; the eloquent mouth that quivered into a smile. Many a time before he had understood her without a word; but, ah! he had hardly dared to hope that ever should he read such sweet meaning in her silence as entranced him now.

"I have not deceived myself; you will let me hope, Olive?"

She was coming out of her bewilderment; her mind was beginning to steady itself again; her old ideas and theories began to make themselves felt, but it was only with an understanding of their utter futility, now that the moment of real feeling had flooded her soul.

He was pleading earnestly with her; begging for a word or look to take with him in his banishment.

"Do not punish me too harshly, Olive; you must care for me a little; God could not have been cruel enough to send this great love only to be a new blight on my life!"

"Hush!" Olive said; "hush! I cannot tell now—I cannot think even——"

"I have spoken too suddenly; but you are not angry—not angry, Olive?"

Never from mortal lips had her name possessed such sweetness; some way the clear, honest voice steadied her soul, and gave her more strength.

"Not angry," she repeated; "only confused and bewildered. You shall go away now, and come to me when you return from this journey."

With an unselfishness rare in men, he had compassion upon the confusion and bewilderment this new phase of life had brought upon her, and did not force her to seek for words to confirm that which his heart could read in her eyes.

He was gone at length, and Olive Wayne sat there alone, conscious of a reality more blissful than the brightest fancy of her girlhood had been.

It was the day after Gregory's departure that Mr. Hawkins called, and began talking to her of his friend with the enthusiasm which his half century of life had left him, fresher than in the mind of many a young man.

And Olive allowed him to talk, guarding her secret with womanly care; so artfully leading him on that the old gentleman could never have supposed she had asked a single question, or betrayed more interest in the subject than arose from her long friendship for him.

"The noblest, best fellow, Olive; many of his ideas remind me of you; I want you to know him well, you will be certain to like him."

He told her things concerning him which proved his goodness, his manly truth and honor, till Olive's soul cried proudly in secret,

"I do love this man—I am right to love him!"

From the moment she made this avowal to herself she began to grow calm. She put aside all scruples, all fear of having compromised her dignity by giving her heart to one so short time known, and gave herself leave to be happy, undisturbed by any of the doubts and fancies which were wont to make her restless.

Once or twice before, among her admirers, there had come a man whose earnestness and truth made themselves so felt that, for a few moments, she had tried almost to be convinced that such great love might bring her peace and happiness, but she was always checked by the voice within,

"You do not love him; you can love—only wait."

She had believed this experience would never come to her, and had felt sad and grieved that it must be so; but it was all changed now, she

had centered into the brightest and holiest possession of her womanly kingdom.

The days slipped by, and Meredith returned, but somehow his presence brought back Olive's shyness and reserve. It was all so new and strange to her. She could listen to his tender speeches; but when he begged for a single word, she shrank back with a hesitation for which she could not account. It seemed impossible for her to give him a deeper glance into that proud heart which had flung down its solitary sovereignty with such reckless prodigality.

"You have scarcely spoken to me," he said, suddenly; "I have been opening my whole soul to you, and you give me hardly a look."

She shook her head, laughing a little.

"I have not had time to get my breath yet," she said. "I will sing to you; I have found that old song you asked for."

She went to the piano, and while she sat there, and he bent over her, the door opened softly, and Margaret Heath entered the apartment.

She gave a nervous start, evidently frightened at finding the room occupied; but as she was retreating, Meredith turned his head so that she could see his features more distinctly.

She put up her hands in terror or strong pain, leaned panting and white against the doorway for an instant, and then retreated, unobserved by the pair at the piano.

Very soon an old man servant looked in with his apologetic knock and bow. Some one to see Miss Olive on business—something about the hospital—that couldn't wait at all, if she pleased, ma'am.

"Must I go away?" Meredith asked, as she rose from the piano.

"Not if you have patience to wait," she replied; "I shall not be long; you may stay, if you like."

She went out and left him there alone, sitting in the seat she had occupied, his hand touching the handkerchief she had left, the light of a poetically sensuous reverie upon his face.

Margaret Heath had seated herself in the adjoining room from sheer inability to move, so completely unnerved that her breath came in frightened gasps; and the hectic, which any excitement brought, burned on her cheeks, bright, fatal blossoms of death.

She heard Olive go out; sat a few instants longer; then some sudden resolution nerved her. She rose quickly, flung open the door, and stood looking in upon Meredith.

He turned at the sound, saw her standing there, and the look of wonder gave way to an expression which it was difficult to translate.

"Margaret!" he exclaimed; "Margaret Heath!"

She put up her hand as if afraid even to hear him pronounce the name; and, closing the door behind her, tottered slowly toward the place where he stood.

"I must speak to you," she gasped; "I didn't know till just now it was you. Don't be hard on me—oh! don't be hard on me; see how weak and sick I am!"

"Poor, poor Margaret!" he muttered.

"Yes, I thought you would be sorry for me—I thought you would! I can't stop—I wanted to say something to you. I——"

She paused suddenly, and clutched at a chair for support. He hurried toward her and made her sit down, uttering broken words of pity.

"I haven't touched your hand in so long," she said, her voice sharp from nervous excitement; "so long."

She looked so faint that he was alarmed; but she held fast to his hand, and went on talking. Again the door opened, and a listener stood there, transfixed by the sight and the words which met her ear.

"I don't want to try your patience," she said. "When I found it was you, I felt I must see you once more. I was afraid you might hear my name suddenly; Miss Olive, dear, good Miss Olive, has never known my story. I wouldn't deceive her; but she only said I was to come to her; she seemed to blame herself; but it was no one's fault; I only don't want her to know the whole, because it would trouble her."

"Oh, poor Margaret!" he cried; "is there nothing I can do? Nothing to prove——"

"Nothing," she interrupted. "I am going where only God's angels can help me. I did want to see you once more; I wanted you to feel there was no bitterness in my heart toward any one; I have borne my sin and my shame——"

She broke down again; Meredith's face was hidden in his hands.

"I want you to remember these words—let them ease any pain you have felt——"

The door closed noiselessly—Olive Wayne was gone.

In her own room, pacing to and fro, mad with this destiny she had brought upon herself, the proud woman struggled with her heart which had so blinded her.

She understood everything clearly; she had never questioned Margaret Heath, for she shrunk from being made aware how much her passion and severity might have to do in bringing that evil fate upon her; she had taken her

to her home and cared for her as a sort of expiation—but it was all clear now.

This was the man who had wrecked Margaret's life; and put her beyond the pale of help and uprising, and this knowledge was to complete her own work of expiation, only the punishment seemed harder than she could bear.

That night Meredith received a brief note as he sat in his solitary chambers.

"I send you the answer now which I have not given to your question; it leaves us strangers forever. You best know what act in your life makes my conduct righteous retribution. If there be any such, you best know what atonement may still be in your power; but not any power could change my resolve."

It was all that Olive wrote, and no sacrifice of his pride produced any other result. His messages did not even reach her, so strict had been the commands with which she barred her doors against such attempts.

Meredith was gone, nor did his absence create the least surprise; even aunt Mabel had not suspected her secret, and, crushed and maddened as she was, Olive's stern pride could still hold itself erect, and the black waters would close unheeded over her misery and her dead.

Not the least outward change did she make in her life. This trouble might freeze the last of her youth out, leave her hard and stern; but no mortal should suspect the cause.

The spring came and went; and amid the glory of the late summer, Margaret Heath's soul was going forth upon its distant journey, bearing with it the sure pass-words of hope and resignation above the stars.

"If I have never thanked you, Olive," she said, "it was because I knew God could do it better than I; you have been a guardian angel to one of his erring children."

"If I have done anything to clear my own soul a little," Olive said; "I am content."

"I was afraid you thought so; I can't have it! When I was first with you, I was a passionate, willful girl; you couldn't have saved me. I knew and loved that man even then; he found me—but in any case, I believe the end would have been the same."

"And you have kept his secret; you have—"

"Oh, Olive! he was young and reckless as I; it was not a deliberate sin; judge us alike—judge neither harshly."

"If he had atoned for it, Margaret!"

"But he could not: his friends—the world—every hope of his life stood in the way."

"But within the last year? Oh, Margaret! I know more than you think. I heard you

talking with Meredith in my house; you cannot shield that man."

Margaret started up with a cry.

"And you thought it was he! Oh! I must tell you—the best man, one of God's own angels surely! Oh, Olive! it was his cousin that I loved; it was with him I fled! For a few months I was so sinfully happy; then his family found us out; it was only by giving me up that he could retain any hope for the future—and I left him. He was married soon after. In my misery, George Meredith did not forsake me; you were gone then; there was nobody to care for me. Oh, Olive! if he had not raised me up, I should have sunk down, down!"

She lay silent, covering her face with her hands; and in the gloom Olive sat dumbly staring at the gulf she had dug between herself and happiness. This pride that she had worshiped all her life, this Moloch, under which she had crushed youth, rose up before her in all its hideous deformity.

Rigid in her self-righteousness, deaf and blind in her belief in her own intuitions, she had flung her best hopes from her.

Margaret was speaking again.

"I saw him at your house; I had not met him all those years; I wanted no word spoken, and he promised; not that I was afraid, Olive, but I could not have you pained."

More she told, in her broken words, of his attempts to force his cousin's family to see that justice was done her; of his care during her illness; his finding her that quiet home, when she was recovered, whose light duties relieved her from any feeling of dependence; never forgetting her during his long absence, till she wrote him that she was safe, for this life, with a kind lady who had known her for many years.

It was all told, and this woman who had said that her pride should be her shield; that with the one best loved she would never stoop to question or hint; would trust to the purity of her own perceptions, sat there in her remorse and beheld the wreck she had made of her life.

The gifts of which she had been so proud; the talents in whose cultivation she had felt such exultance; truly, the use she had made of all was before her then. More than either, the wrecking of a human existence lay on her soul; she, who had become renowned for her charities, endowed hospitals, calling lavishly on her wealth, had not hesitated to cast that more precious offering than all aside, and the retribution she had thought to work had recoiled upon her.

Along with the fading blossoms Margaret Heath lay down to rest; and often Olive shud-

dered to think how the spirit that bound her so on earth must pity and marvel at her hard nature as she looked down upon her now.

The years came and went; Olive's youth was passing from her, and the last blow fell which left her utterly desolate; and Mabel followed Margaret Heath out upon the glorious pilgrimage, whose path is so bright from the footsteps of saints gone on before.

It had been needed, this final stroke. Crushed and self-condemned though she was, Olive Wayne had never been able to humble herself sufficiently to send any token to the man she had wronged. Broken and dispirited, but the old pride tottered still on its ruins; she could not run the risk of being repulsed; she would sit alone among the shadows until death took her.

Life had grown such a tissue of errors: endeavor had been such utter failure; her choicest projects had proved unpracticable; her highest schemes had been only half fulfilled, calling down upon her condemnation, and a belief that her philanthropy was only a selfish desire for fame and praise.

But aunt Mabel was dead, and in the utter prostration of every faculty which followed, Olive learned that neither wealth nor good deeds could suffice, while one act yet in human power to expiate remained unatoned for.

The June days watched her forth upon her distant journey to the spot where this man was abiding. She had no hesitation now, nor had she any hope either. She wanted to see him, to hear, if possible, words of forgiveness, and essay life again, solitary as ever, but not oppressed by that consciousness of wrong unanswered for.

Some accident detained her upon the shores of a beautiful lake, which she remembered in her early girlhood. She recollected walking along the sands in the moonlight, revolving her

future, laying golden projects; fearless, expectant, proud of the results the next ten years should bring forth.

The ten years were passed—almost five others added to them—and now she walked again upon those sands in the moonlight, and the phantoms of her life walked beside her.

Oh! the shattered efforts, the broken statues, the ruins everywhere. If only in the life beyond they give us power to fulfill the half-formed efforts, hewn into perfection the forsaken statues, build up patiently the ruins into new beauty; but we cannot tell, only it is forever—the life, the growth; and we feel that every soul coming from God must somewhere in eternity work its way toward the purity of its source.

Olive was trying to console herself with that vague thought; she paused and looked about her in the moonlight. She was not alone any longer—the meeting she had sought was close at hand. She knew him at once, in spite of every change, knew him; and when he reached her side, she called out,

"I have followed you to ask your pardon; only give me that, and I can go back in peace, patiently gather up the fragments of my broken life, and try to dispose them in God's service—only forgive me!"

"Olive! Olive!"

The cry was like the cry of a pilgrim, whose Mecca is reached at last. She felt herself gathered to him, heard his words of thankfulness, and knew that in this moment of self-abnegation and humility, when there seemed no light left, and she was ready to bear her penance patiently in the darkness, the real morning had broken in eastern splendor.

"Olive!—my Olive!"

And she crept closer into the shelter of his arms, and wept away the last bitterness of regret upon his bosom.

SELF-EXILED.

BY M. EDESSA WYNNE.

TEN years of walking to and fro;
Ten years down Time's abysses thrown;
Though clay be clay, its death is slow—
Beauty is only monotone.

I see no shadow on my face;
I own no gain, bewail no loss;
But that I threw my life away,
And bore about a needless cross.

I only know life's harvest time
Has long passed by, uncelled by me,
Transferred unto a better clime
Its rich sheaves—for Eternity.

My faith lags on behind my hope;
My life has gone beyond my care;
I, in the darkness, shrink and grope,
Though light is shining everywhere.

Though from myself I fain would flee;
For this in vain my spirit cries:
• For, everywhere, that wretched "me,"
Looks upward with reproachful eyes.

I know I am not what I was,
A sacrifice to circumstance
I made myself. Alas! alas!
I shrink from every honest glance!

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER VI.

THE gorse was in bloom; all the far-stretching heath, and the battle-field of Barnet closed with its golden blossoms. Blood gives a baptism of horrible richness to the wild flowers that spring out of the soil it has drenched. When the ravages of evil deeds and evil passions are to be covered, nature puts forth all her beautiful strength and softly spreads more thrifty herbage and brighter flowers over the devastated earth, wooing aid from sunshine and dew till her task is complete. So it was on the battle-field of Barnet. Now and then you saw a broken shield, or the bleached skeleton of a horse, thrusting themselves out of the tall grass; but there was no horror in that; from a little distance the white bones only glistened in the sun, like the fragments of a snow-drift that would not melt; and the shield had grown so green and mottled with rust, that it only produced a pleasant harmony with the ferns that embedded it. Many an April shower and gusty thunder-storm had swept the heath, driving away all the horrors of war, and leaving only the sweetness of pure nature behind.

Maud Chichester had watched these beautiful changes from her chamber window, in the farmhouse, with that strange unreasoning hopefulness which springs out of the supreme love of a lifetime. She had seen little of the world, and what knowledge she possessed had been gathered from a close association with honorable men—men to whom truth was familiar as the breath they drew. Such men are generally chivalrous with women; and in all her life the young heiress of the towers had only known the respect due to her rank, and that almost paternal kindness which great minds bestow on the helplessness of young womanhood.

Thus, with a heart which knew no guile, Maud put faith in the promise of that young hero who had said to her so impressively, "I will come back when the gorse is in bloom." She saw the yellow buds swell to the sunshine, day by day, with growing cheerfulness, which brought a flush of roses to her cheeks, and softened the

gloom of sorrow that, for a time, had saddened her eyes. This secret hope, and the company of that strange child, whose heart, brim full of affection, almost atoned for an intellect all astray, kept Maud from despairing, and rendered her life in the farm-house almost pleasant, lonely as it was.

By what instinct the idiot lad guessed the hidden thoughts of that young creature no one can tell; but one morning he rushed into her chamber, clamorous with delight, dancing at every step, and brandishing a branch of gorse all feathered with thorns and golden bloom over his head,

"See, see how it burns! Don't—don't touch it! the thorns prick and bring blood!" he cried, dancing away from her. "Now you will laugh! Now you will sing, and go search for birds'-nests. I found one down yonder, where the smoke rolled and the horses thundered. The big black-birds are all gone, and pretty yellow and brown pipers sing there all the morning. They build nests in the white bones, and fly in and out of their hollows!"

"You have been upon the heath, my poor lad," said Maud, blushing red as she touched the gorse, which wounded her finger. "Saw you many like these?"

"Plenty! They close over the heath like bonfires."

Maud looked sad. Was the gorse in perfect bloom, and he not there?

The idiot boy had fallen into thought, playing with the thorns on the gorse-branch. All at once he started, ran to the door, and listened.

"Come!" he said, seizing Maud's hand, "come, see where the birds build their nests among the hollow bones, down yonder. There is a brook which laughs at them all the day long!"

Maud allowed the gentle boy to draw her away toward the battle-field. Up to this time she had shrunk from that portion of the landscape. It was too closely connected with her father's death, and all the horrors of that awful night, for her to seek it of her own free

will. But the idiot led her on, through orchard and along to the broken ground, till she came in sight of the little ravine where she had first seen her dying father side by side with the great earl. Here she found the brook singing with soft, sleepy murmurs through the long reeds that fringed it, broken up here and there with clumps of violets and plume-like ferns. The trees bent greenly over this hollow, veiling it with shadows, through which the morning sun flickered pleasantly, as if death and sorrow had never been there.

As Maud came slowly toward this lovely spot, the muffled stamp of a horse arrested her attention, and through the intervening foliage she saw a war-charger tied to one of the larch trees, impatiently straining at the embossed bridle which held him from the rich grass he longed to crop. The idiot laughed, and dropped his hands when he saw the start of surprise which Maud gave at the sight of this war-charger.

"Come on, beauty—come on; the nests are down here in this hollow," he cried.

Maud held back. Some quick intuition told her that the owner of the horse must be near, and she felt the blood rush with burning force to her cheeks. But it was too late for retreat. As she paused, the whole ravine lay before her, and upon the very slope where her father fell sat the strange young man whose name was, as yet, unknown to her, but who had promised to come when the gorse was in bloom. He sat leaning forward with one elbow resting on his knee, gazing thoughtfully down on the brook which dimpled in the sunshine, or crept through the shadows at his feet. The serene loveliness of the hour and place seemed to possess him entirely, for a grave sadness lay upon his features, while his position was wrapt and thoughtful.

The idiot put two fingers to his lips and gave a peculiar whistle, which brought the young man to his feet with a face so bright and changed that he seemed another person.

"At last," he said, coming toward Maud, who began to blush and tremble like a guilty thing, "at last the cloud of war has rolled away, and we meet in peace, even here."

The young girl looked around, and the painful memory of her father's death came sharply upon her. Tears filled her eyes, and she looked upon the stranger's face with a yearning desire for sympathy, which touched even the old heart in his young bosom.

"It is so solitary!" she said, with tears in her low voice.

"Therefore peaceful," was the sympathetic

answer; "and where peace is, love may safely nestle."

"Forgive me," said Maud, hushing back her grief. "I have not been here since that terrible night."

As the victorious day was mentioned, the young man's eyes flashed under their long lashes, and his lips parted with a smile. He thought only of the glory—she of the grief wrought on that momentous battle-field. The youth did not speak any of the burning thoughts that filled his brain, and the bright look passed away almost instantaneously.

"Go," he said, addressing the witting, "your mistress has had no flowers to-day. Bring her a cap full of violets from that green bank overhanging the brook yonder. See how blue they are; remember now, only bring the largest, and take plenty of time in culling them."

The witting went away dancing over the grass, and tossing his cap in the air.

The young officer took Maud's hand respectfully, as if she had been an empress, and led her to a fragment of rock that shot out from the bank, fringed all around with ferns and rich grass. This was a little way up the brook, and shut out from a sight of the larch trees; a stretch of the heath lay in the distance bright with gorse thickets.

"They are but just in flower," he said, pointing toward the heath; "yet you find me here, sweet maiden. Say only that I have been thought of and waited for."

Maud looked at him through a mist of sudden tears.

"You were so gentle, so kind to us all. How could I choose but think of you?"

"And you waited for me?"

"Yes," she answered, in her sweet, natural innocence. "That day swept everything else from my path, and left nothing but your kindness behind."

"Ah! if I could, indeed, replace all you have lost," he said, in that earnest, low voice, which seemed to thrill every pulse of the heart.

A faint shiver swept Maud from head to foot, and she drew a deep breath which died away in smiles on her lip.

The young man laid one hand lightly on her arm, touching the wrist with his delicate fingers with seeming carelessness, but still he could feel each beat of her pulse.

"And you have loved me all these weeks?" he said, so gently that she forgot the audacity of his words in their sweet significance.

The pulse under his touch gave a quick leap, and began to flutter like a bird frightened on

its nest. He lifted his eyes to her face, and saw that it was one glow of blushes.

"Loved you—loved you?" she faltered. "I do not know; such words are new and strange—very strange. I wish Albert would come back, methinks he tarries long."

"But they are not strange words to me, sweet one. I have thought of nothing else since we met here in this place by the rude torch-light of victorious soldiers. Nay, you must feel how truly I loved you from the first."

"Nay, nay, we were strangers," she faltered.

"Hearts that love each other are never strange," he pleaded.

"But I am young—so young, and quite alone. It is wrong to be sitting here and listening to language so, so——"

"So true, and not unwelcome. Nay, confess so much, sweet child, if you would make me happy."

"If my father were alive. If I had any one to tell me how wrong this may be."

"Let your own heart speak; I will brook no more worldly counsellor," he rejoined, taking both her hands in his. "Maud Chichester, I love you dearly—better than life—better than glory! You have not left my mind one moment since we parted. Say that you love me equally, for I will brook no feeble affection; my heart yearns for a full requital. Lift those eyes and let them look into mine, I shall read the truth there."

He clasped her hands tightly, and bent to receive the glance he pleaded for; but the long eyelashes quivered over her burning cheeks, and he could only see a gleam of the happiness that swelled her heart sparkling through them.

"Nay, look at me," urged the young man, "for I will have an answer."

For an instant Maud lifted her eyes, and encountered his deep, ardent, almost passionate gaze. Then the white lids drooped lower than ever, and the scarlet of her cheek grew vivid with maidenly shame. He gazed upon her steadily, and with a smile of calm triumph. What need was there of questioning that young heart if it loved him? He was of a self-conceited, calculating nature; but even with such, love will find the mastery; and spite of his selfishness, his craft, and indomitable ambition, the young man's heart beat fast, and his cheek burned red as he gazed on that drooping face.

"Still, I am a stranger," he said, smiling.

She drew a quick breath, and looked up, startled by this outspoken truth.

"A stranger!" she repeated. "Oh, no! I cannot realize that. And yet, and yet——"

"My name even is unknown to you."

"Alas! I take shame to say, it is even so!"

"What is worse than all, I battle in behalf of the White Rose; your father died for the Red."

"I cannot help it—I cannot help it," cried Maud, wringing her hands. "These cruel, cruel wars have swept everything away from me—father, home, friends, all but——"

She paused, caught a quick breath, and looked the words her tongue refused to speak.

"All but the man who loves you, and will, spite of a thousand civil wars," responded the youth, lifting her hand to his lips.

"I—I saw you with King Edward—belong you to his court?" Maud questioned. "Alas! alas! if your rank is so high as that, all this can be but mockery."

"Wherefore, pretty one, is my rank in King Edward's court to intervene where I love best? Nay, nay, the king himself wedded according to his own fancy—and, 'fore George—so will I."

"But he was a monarch, and all powerful."

"And I, a heart-bound vassal, compelled to fight the king's enemies, and love by the king's permission. Is that your meaning, sweet Bonibel?"

"They tell me that Edward is a tyrant, even with his own kin; that the Woodvilles alone control him, or his favors."

"Indeed; but this is some Lancastrian slander. No king was ever so loved; no general so cheerfully obeyed."

"You love him, then?"

"Ay, passing well, considering that he is my king and master."

"You are sometimes near his person?"

"Sometimes!"

"Captain of his guard, perhaps?"

The youth smiled.

"Ay; at times I have ranked even high as that in Edward's favor."

"I remember, now, the king's soldiers doffed their caps as you passed."

"That was because I commanded the royal escort."

"And the handsome king, himself, leaned on your shoulder."

"Did he? That was his usual condescension—or, perhaps, because I was the shorter, and my shoulder of convenient height; Edward is so steadfast on his throne that he can afford to caress those who fight for him."

"Then you are not a gentleman of the chamber?"

"Me! why no; that honor has never been offered, as yet, for a requital for my poor services in the field."

"Still, though you may be neither courtier, nor great general, men respect and love you well, I am sure of that."

"Some do; for all human beings are loved to some degree."

"But you will not tell me who——"

The youth interrupted her rather impatient question with a light laugh.

"Ay; but I will, since you deign to ask in plain words. "My father was a fast adherent of the Duke of York, and fell with him at the battle of Wakefield. No one can dispute that I am of gentle birth, and hold some favor with the king; as for my name——"

Maud looked up, eager and expectant.

"My name," repeated the youth, "must be made illustrious by brave acts before I proclaim it with pride."

Maud's countenance clouded.

"Still a stranger, still an enemy to our cause," she murmured.

"To the Lancasterian cause, ay; but not to the warrior earl who led it; for from him I took my first lesson in arms."

"From the great earl?"

"Even so. He was ever generous of his own skill to those he thought brave."

"Yet you fought against him?"

"When he turned traitor and rebel I did. But question me no more on this theme, sweet one. In these evil times men must, perforce, have secrets which are unsafe to reveal, though nothing of dishonor is attached to them. Look in my face and say if the heart underneath is to be trusted."

Maud lifted her eyes, dark, deep, full of intelligence, and searched that calm face as far as she could for shame. What she read there was indefinite even to herself; but one thing was certain, the quiet power of that young face overawed her, and she shrunk from questioning him farther. Yet the very mystery of his presence, seizing upon an imagination unusually vivid and fostered in solitude, deepened the influence he had gained over her, and she loved him all the better for the mastery his intellect had gained over her own guileless nature.

"Maud!"

The young girl started, and a delicious shiver passed over her, for the word was uttered in a voice so clear and thrillingly tender, that it vibrated through every nerve in her body.

"Maud, what have you read in my face?"

She answered in a hushed breath, "power!"

"The power of love," he whispered; "of a love so great that it will not be denied."

Maud was frightened, and shrunk away from

the arm with which he would have encircled her waist.

"What, is this fear? Has my face spoken so falsely? Maud—sweet Maud! I would make you my wife!"

Somehow his arm had circled her waist unresisted, and her head lay upon the young man's bosom, while his kisses fell softly on her forehead.

"Shall it be so, sweet one?"

She lifted her head, and shook back the hair from her forehead, still rosy with his kisses.

"When you call me Maud, I have nothing to answer by," she said, with a heavenly smile.

"Men, without names, do not wed with well-born maidens."

"Call me Richard, then—Richard Raby."

"Richard Raby!" murmured Maud. "It is a sweet-sounding name."

"And are you content to wear it?"

"Am I content?" she said. "Am I content? Oh, yes! though it prove but a humble name, and carries little save gentle blood with it. My father was wont to say that a brave man carves out his own nobility. I know that you are valiant, and feel that time will bring all the rest."

"Then you can trust me unquestioningly?"

"Yes!"

He drew her face to his, and sealed this strange troth-plight on her lips.

That moment Albert came up from the hollow with his cap overflowing with great, blue violets, which he had gathered from the brook-side. He paused a few paces from the larch-trees, and looked upon the young couple with strange bewilderment. They did not heed him, and, seized by some strange impulse, he hesitated to approach them, but sunk slowly to the ground, and, covering his face, began to cry. After awhile he looked up, and through the tears that still swelled in his eyes, saw the young couple sitting together in blissful silence. Then he arose, took his cap from the earth, stole softly along the grass, and poured his treasure of blossoms at their feet while they were quite unconscious of his presence.

"It is a libation!" exclaimed the young man, gathering a handful of the flowers, and presenting them to Maud. "This poor witting comes like a blessed spirit to crown our happiness. Now, farewell! It shall not be long before we meet again."

Maud looked at him with a wistful question in her glance, to which he replied, as if she had spoken.

"In three days from this be ready, and meet me here. Prepare the people at the farm-house

for a sudden departure. They must know nothing of this."

Maud turned white, and began to tremble; but she answered, with some firmness, that she would be ready. The youth fell into thought a moment, then spoke again.

"There is no relative here who has a right to question your movements?" he asked.

"None. I am, alas! quite alone."

"Nor in London?"

Maud remembered the uncle who was acting that daring part near Edward's court, and hesitated in her answer.

"Nor in London?" repeated the youth, with more emphasis.

"There is a woman who was with me that morning at the tower, one Mistress Shore."

The youth started, and bit his lip.

"What, Mistress Shore a kinswoman?"

"No, no!" cried Maud, eager to remove the annoyance that he seemed to feel. "She is this poor witting's sister. Their mother was my foster nurse; and she is the wife of a thriving tradesman in the city. She and her husband were the only persons who had the power or will to offer me shelter, when the storm of battle swept over my home."

"Poor, kind-hearted fool! her home will soon be dark enough, or I mistake the signs!" muttered the youth, inly; but his face cleared, and after a few more words, full of warmth and generous affection, he untied his horse, and, mounting him, rode away.

Maud Chichester watched him with all her soul, in that farewell gaze, till he disappeared in the distance, while Albert stood by, with his eyes fixed on her changing countenance with the faithful intelligence of a Newfoundland dog. When her lover was gone, when the last faint tramp of his horse died away on the turf, Maud sat down on the spot where that strange declaration of love had been made, and gave herself up to a heaven of such sweet tears as a woman can know but once in a lifetime. She loved, and was beloved; this one thought filled her whole being with an ecstasy of delight. She forgot the mystery, the risk, the possible shame that might follow a marriage which her lover evidently intended to be private. In her youth and inexperience these things took but little importance. She felt that he loved her purely and truly—and that was enough. Had it been otherwise, had there been a dishonorable thought in that young man's heart, with her quick sympathies and almost marvelous intuition, she would have felt it, and doubt might have rendered her prudent. But she had perfect faith

in his love, and, therefore, in his integrity. So her reverie there by the brook was one dream of happiness, not the less sweet that it was vague, and rose clouded. She gathered up the violets which he had given her, and inhaled their fragrance with signs of exquisite enjoyment. She bathed her lips with their dew, and held them tenderly between her folded hands, as if a movement might crush them and wound her own heart.

The witting, seeing the soul in her gaze, gathered the violets which had been scattered at her feet, and formed them into a pretty bouquet, with spears of pointed grass shooting out from the center, and green leaves nesting in their blueness; but she put the offering gently aside, as if he disturbed her, and fell to kissing the blossoms in her hand, inhaling their sweetness with long-drawn, delicious sighs, that seemed to waft the perfume through her whole being. Albert, sad and disappointed, sat down at her feet, and watched the changes on her beautiful face with sad and wondering eyes. Once he lifted his hand toward hers, timidly challenging her notice; but she drew back, and bade him be quiet, in a voice that troubled him. At last she grew conscious of his presence, and, bending down to his fair, vacant face, kissed it, murmuring, "The gorse burst into blossom to-day, and lo! he is here; art thou not glad, Albert—art thou not glad?"

Then the witting leaped to his feet, and flinging his bouquet in the air, began to caper and dance among the long grass, clapping his hands gleefully, thus giving expression to the exuberant joy which her notice had given him.

Even a first-love dream cannot last forever. The wild delight into which her notice had thrown the lad, brought Maud from her vision of paradise, and reminded her that the sun was far past noon, and the old people at the farmhouse would be waiting for their dinner. So, taking Albert by the hand, she led him homeward, across the battle-field, and through the orchard, full of wonder in her own heart that the earth had become so beautiful since the morning.

Meantime the youth turned across the broken ground, on leaving the battle-field, and rode eastward. To him the earth had taken gleams of paradise since the morning; for when love masters a strong nature, like a great fire, it burns brighter from the mass of materials it consumes. This young man was possessed of one monster passion, that, sooner or later, would devour all others in its unappeasable greed.

But ambition is seldom so concentrated in

youth that the first great want of human life, love, will not, for a time, hold it in abeyance; and in every young man, the passion that gains supremacy, carries all the strength of an ardent nature with it. Still, in the case of this strange youth, it was impossible to blind or silence an intellect clear as crystal, and sharp as steel. If the ruling passion demanded a sacrifice, he understood it well, and was capable of estimating the full value of all he assumed or gave up with mathematical clearness. A rash man, in his situation, might have been less honorable, or less selfish; for, with him, that which seemed pure honor in the eyes of a generous young girl, was, in fact, the most selfish calculation. The first grand passion of his life demanded its object, and both his intellectual and epicurean tastes exacted that which a fine sense of right would have dictated. This young philosopher was the last man in the world to dash the bloom from the grapes he intended to eat.

With all his superiority of intellect and taste, the young man was in love, far more deeply than a less gifted person would have been. He surrounded the object of his choice with nothing but respectful and loving thoughts. With the example of the king before his eyes, he felt that the love of a man in high position was enough to ennoble its object, and experienced a degree of pride in the power which could lift even the weak and insignificant to its own level.

This young man was terribly ambitious, but it had never occurred to him to pursue aims of aggrandizement by a barter of the heart on the battle-field, or in an encounter of wit among men who was ready to cut a path to the highest position within an Englishman's reach; but it was too early in life, and the temptation was not yet sufficient to influence him into a soul-barter with the world.

In after years, when all other passions had merged themselves into a greedy thirst for dominion, love would have been swept, like thistle-down, from his path—but that period had not yet arrived.

After riding about an hour, the young man came in sight of the gray walls and pointed windows of a monastery, which has since perished like many others in the reformation. Up to this time a faint smile had hovered on his lips, and the sweetest of visions haunted his brain; but now his face grew serious, even anxious, and, like one in haste to resolve some doubt, he dashed spurs into his horse, and rode on at a quick pace till the monastery gate was reached. The porter evidently recognized him, for he

flung the portal wide open, and stood back with unusual humility as the youth passed in.

"Where is the father superior?" he said, scarcely recognizing the hand extended in blessing. "In his cell, or walking in the garden?"

The porter answered in a low, measured voice, that the holy father had passed through the cloisters to the garden, not ten minutes ago; and to that point Richard bent his steps.

"Holy mother! how his spurs ring against the stones!" muttered the monk, crossing himself; "what a worldly atmosphere comes with him. I never see his deep, gray eyes, and that heavy, white forehead, without thinking of battle-fields and smoke. Well, he is out of sight, and I breathe again."

Quite unconscious, and altogether careless of this comment, the young man hastened into the garden, which was rich in fresh grass, and shaded with noble trees; while a few native roses brightened the thick ivy which mounted the walls. Sitting upon a bench, under one of the tallest trees, sat the man he sought, clad in gray, and with the cowl drawn over his face to protect it from the sun, as he read one of those ponderous manuscript books which were the pride of religious houses in that age. As Richard approached, the recluse looked up, and seeing who it was, closed the book with a somewhat hurried movement.

"What wouldst thou, my son? The day is blessed that brings thee beneath this humble roof."

Richard smiled in acknowledgment of this greeting, and fell upon his knees, bowing his proud head for a blessing.

The superior not only gave the expected benediction, but passed his hand caressingly over the glossy hair that shadowed the young man's forehead as he knelt.

"Rise, my son, rise, and tell me of the world from which thou comest. How is it with the fair rose of Raby, thy august mother? It is long since thou hast brought us tidings of her welfare."

"My mother is well, and has not yet lost all claim to the title you give her, holy father. Sorely widowed, as she has been, her cheek retains something of its old bloom, and her voice is sweet as ever."

A movement of the brown serge robe betrayed the sigh which, all unconsciously, rose from that holy bosom.

"Thou canst hardly judge of the change, my son. When I remember her, the fair rose of Raby was perilously beautiful; more than one

heart, failing to move hers, has turned itself heavenward, so that her coldness and her beauty were ever doing holy work."

"I think that you loved my mother once," said the young man, gently; "and it is to her I am indebted for the kindness that has taught me so much."

The superior smiled, but shook his cowl'd head reprovingly.

"We think not of such matters here, my son. Let it suffice that thou art ever welcome to these walls."

The youth was quick in speech, as he was courageous in war.

"Father," he said, "I want something more than a blessing, or a welcome at your hands. As you once worshiped my mother, I love a maiden, and wish to wed her; but for certain reasons it must be in secret."

"Nay, son, I mislike that."

"Still it must be so. Neither my lady mother nor the king shall be informed till I am ready to proclaim it to them, and the whole world."

"My son, this impetuosity is unnatural. Why not go to the king, and my lady, and as thou well canst with those eyes and that voice, which wins even unloving men to thy purpose, claim their consent?"

"Father, it is not the time. Edward is not safe upon his throne so long as King Henry and the tigress of Anjou lives. In his dealings with foreign powers, this poor head is a precious bait with which he lures Margaret's friends from her. I cannot, therefore, openly wed a subject without taking strength from the royal cause. Remember all the evils to our realm that has sprung out of Edward's too early avowal of his marriage with the widow of Woodville."

"Nay, out of the marriage itself," said the superior. "It was an ill-advised union."

"Yet, rather than give it up, Edward periled crown and kingdom. So would I were those glorious prizes within my grasp. But the king has got a brave son to inherit his dominion; not a gleam of his greatness will ever fall on my path, so, with ambition cut off, let me at least secure love."

"Restless boy, will that satisfy an aspiring spirit like thine?" said the father.

"It must. What else is left me? Besides, it is in the spirit of our house to defy fortune. I, for one, will give my heart its lead, and hew out the way it chooses with my good right-hand, if need be."

"Is it this errand that brings thee hither, my son?" questioned the recluse.

"That and no other, save a desire to see my

old preceptor and friend. Three nights from this, I shall bring the maiden, secretly, to the chapel erected to our Lady, just beyond these walls, hoping that my mother's firm friend will not withhold the marriage blessing on her son."

"But there is peril in this. What if the king disapprove?"

"Peril, holy father! Has this monastic life quite blotted out the time when you were found in the van of every battle?"

"Peril! Did I say peril? Nay, it is not that; a servant of God should fear nothing but to encourage wrong. But hast thou thought over this matter well?"

"Ay, truly, or I had not been here."

"And the lady? Is she of gentle blood?"

"She is a soldier's daughter, and of better descent than Elizabeth Woodville. Her father was Sir Hugh Chichester, of the towers."

"Sir Hugh Chichester, of the towers! In my worldly days I knew him well—a brave gentleman of right noble stock."

"His daughter is good and beautiful as her father was valiant," said Richard.

"And thou lovest her?"

"With all my heart—with all my life."

"But what if I refuse to wed thee with her?"

"Then some other priest more friendly must be found."

"So thou art determined?"

"Father, did I ever relinquish a project once formed?"

"Marry, no; thou wert ever stubborn of purpose; and if I refuse to perform this secret work, will, I doubt not, put thyself in the power of some unscrupulous priest, who would sell thy secret after. So, if the marriage is fixed upon without remedy, I will, perforce, save thee from the peril of another affliction. When said you this rash project is to be carried out?"

"On the third night from this, after vespers," answered the youth, kneeling, to take his leave, and, hurrying away, fearful that the kind-hearted old man might take back a promise so reluctantly made.

"The blessing of our Lady go with thee, lad," muttered the superior. "Thou hast thy mother's eyes, and her silvery tones, which no human heart could resist. He said right, I have not so far forgotten my knightly days as to fear the peril attending any act."

With these words, the abbot moved slowly through the garden, and entering his cell, where he prepared a double penance for himself, without in the least wavering in his promise.

Three nights after this interview, a small stone chapel, just without the walls of the

monastery, so overrun with ivy that it was scarcely discernible from the masses of foliage that hung over it, was an object of grave curiosity to the country people who chanced to pass near it. Gleams of light broke through the tall, pointed windows, taking a gorgeous richness from the painted glass, and illuminating the thick clusters of ivy, that hung around the stone-work, with a singularly weird effect. A hind, going up from the forest, saw this singular illumination, and stopped to gaze upon it, lost in profound awe, for to him it was a miracle of the Virgin. Falling upon his knees, he began to pray; but was startled by the tramp of horses passing so near him, that the folds of a lady's garment swept his face, blinding him for the time. When his sight cleared again, he saw a monk standing on the steps of the chapel, and a stream of light paving the turf outside

with flickering gold. Then the door closed almost, but not quite, and an arrow of radiance shot out upon the night. The hind crept on his hands and knees to the crevice through which this light fell, and saw an altar brilliant with flowers, and lighted up with a crowd of tapers. Before it knelt two people, a youth and a maiden, whose loveliness seemed unearthly, and over them bent a priest, whose face was in deep shadow; but the light trembled over his sacred vestments like sunshine on the wings of an angel.

A movement in the chapel frightened the hind, and he fled away. When he ventured at last to look back, the chapel was dark as midnight, and he heard the muffled tramp of horses dying away in a neighboring forest-path.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE TWO GRENADIERS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE, BY T. EMBLEY OSMAN.

To France there traveled two grenadiers,
From a Muscovite prison returning,
And when they reached the German frontiers,
They hung down their heads in mourning.
There heard they both the sorrowful tale,
That France, by misfortune, was shaken;
Defeats, ay, and routs, her sons did bewail,
And the Emperor, the Emperor taken.
Then wept together those worn grenadiers,
Long over the heart-rending story;
"Woe's me!" said the one, and fast fell his tears,
"Better dead with France and her glory!"
The other said, "My race is run;
Would, comrade, I now were dying;
But I've, at home, a wife and a son
Alone on me relying."
"Who cares for wife, who cares for kin!
Nobler thoughts my soul awaken;

Let them beg, let them beg, when from hunger thin—
My Emperor, my Emperor taken!"

"Oh! grant me, comrade, one only prayer;
When soon in death I'm sleeping,
Take you my corse to France, and there
Consign it to her keeping.

"This cross of honor, with crimson band,
Lay near my heart upon me;
Give me my musket in my hand,
And girt my sabre 'round me.

"So will I lie and listen still,
My watch like a sentry keeping,
Until I hear the bugle shrill,
And the neighing steed on sweeping.

"Then rideth my Emperor, fast over my grave,
Brave sabres glitter and rattle;
Then I'll arise, all armed from the grave—
For the Emperor, the Emperor, to battle!"

NELLY LEE.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEPFIELD.

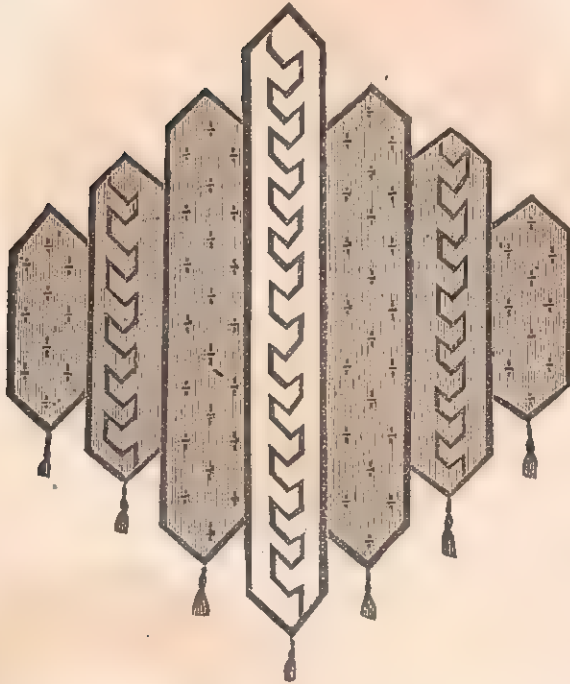
What time the daisies star'd the grass,
And robins sung on every tree;
On blithesome wings, the hours did pass—
The golden hours to Nell and me.
Oh! Nelly Lee! my love for thee
There's no more Spring nor Summer's blooming;
'Tis darkness all, cold as the pall,
'Neath which thy beauty is consuming.
Oh! mine had been a lonely lot;
Love ne'er had shed its brightness o'er me.
We met, my sorrows were forgot—
'Twas Heaven's own glory to adore thee.

Oh! Nelly Lee! too quickly flee
The sunny hours, the sad ones linger;
And every joy, still to destroy,
Will memory lift her warning finger.

I tread the old familiar spot,
Where you and I have sat together;
And blessed thoughts of days are not,
Like angel troops, come thronging thither.
Oh! Nelly Lee! where shall I be,
When Autumn her dun wing is lifting?
Perhaps at rest! O'er my still breast
Shall the wet leaves, like snows, be drifting.

TIDY IN CROCHET.

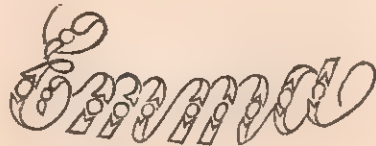
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THIS is in Roman colors, Princess Royal point. Work two blue stripes in the same way observing to decrease in length in the proportion seen in the design, two scarlet stripes and two green ones ditto. Work one row in single crochet all round each stripe, using the yellow wool, or floss, if preferred. Work the pattern in cross-stitch with the black wool, and finish with tassels of the wool mixed. It will make a pretty Christmas gift!

With the white wool begin the center stripe with one stitch, widen on each side until you have ten stitches upon the needle, work a piece half a yard in length, and then narrow to a

NAMES FOR MARKING.



WOOLEN BALL FOR THE NURSERY

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THESE woolen balls are light, soft, and pretty, and children can play with them in-doors without incurring the risk of breaking anything. We give two illustrations of the ball; one shows it complete, the other in process of making. A great deal of wool is required to make the ball, but as odd ends of all colors can be used, the expense is insignificant. Our pattern measures nine inches round. Begin by cutting two thin cardboard rings nine inches round, and cut out the center part of each round (see illustration.) This illustration shows both the cardboard rings placed one over the other, and partly covered with wool. The ring of double cardboard should be wound with wool until the opening in the middle is *quite filled up*; the wool should be used double, the ends always placed on the outside edge of the ring, and the colors, light and dark, arranged to taste. When the opening is quite filled up, the wool should be cut, in layers, round the edges of the cardboard. When all is cut, divide the two rings of cardboard a little and place a piece of string between them; fasten this string tightly two or three times round the ball, then cut the ends of it, and cut the rings of cardboard in different places so as to be able to take them out; the wool should cover the string en-

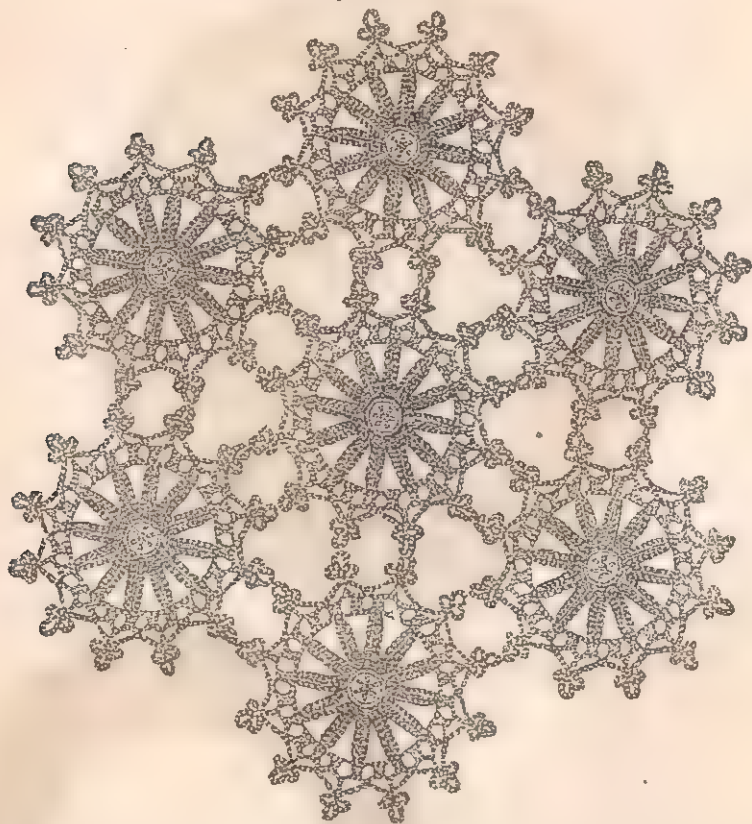


tirely. Then trim the ends of wool all over the ball, to make the surface even and the ball perfectly round, smooth, and of a good shape.

We copy this ball from an English magazine. In this country, the India-rubber ball is generally a favorite; but in places where that ball cannot be conveniently had, this would be a good substitute. Many mothers, however, would prefer, under any circumstances, the woolen ball.

DAISY PATTERN FOR A CROCHET COUVRETTE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—For a large Couvrette, Boar's-head cotton No. 8; for pin-cushion covers, mats, and such like small articles, Boar's-head cotton No. 16 or 20.

A pattern of this description will do for Counterpanes, Couvrettes of every description, mats, pin-cushions, and a thousand other things that can all be arranged from our design.

Each circle is made separately, and joined to the others, as the last row is crocheted. Begin in the center; make 8 chain, insert the needle in the first, and make * a long treble stitch, then make 3 chain, repeat 4 times from *, always inserting the needle in the first chain stitch, join the last chain to the 5th of the first 8 chain to close the round. 2nd round: Work 1 double crochet, * 9 chain, turn, work a slip stitch in each of the 9 chain; work round the stem thus made in close crochet, working 3 stitches in 1 to turn at the point; miss 1 stitch of preceding row, work 2 double crochet, and repeat from *

5 times more, making 6 petals in all. 3rd round: Work at the back of the last row, behind the petals; make 1 petal between each petal in last row, 1 double crochet at the back of each, and cut the cotton at the end of the round. 4th round: 2 double crochet at the point of each of the 12 petals, 5 chain between each petal. 5th round: 2 treble, 5 chain, repeat. 6th and last round: 1 double crochet in the center of the first 5 chain, * 5 chain, 1 treble in the center of the next 5 chain, 5 chain, 1 slip stitch in the top of the treble stitch, 6 chain, 1 slip stitch in the same place, 5 chain, a third slip stitch in the same place, 5 chain, 1 double crochet in the center of the next 5 chain, repeat from * to the end of the round. There should be 12 trefoil patterns in the round.

For the Couvrette join the circles together, as shown in illustration, in working the last round. As many circles can be added as may be required for the Couvrette.

CRAVAT END.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give a pattern for a cravat end. The cravat is made of light blue moire, and the ends are trimmed with

plaited black velvet and white satin ribbon, as seen in the engraving: making quite a stylish affair.

THE PATTI JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THE newest thing in Paris, this spring, is the Patti Jacket, so called after the famous opera-singer, Adelina Patti. It is an exceedingly useful garment, very suitable for out-of-door wear in warm weather, and a capital in-door jacket in the colder months of the year. It can be made in velvet, in cloth, and in cashmere, and should be trimmed at the epaulets and cuffs with gimp ornaments, and with a girdle cord worked with jet beads round the edge.

The pattern consists of four pieces.

No. 1. THE FRONT.

No. 2. THE BACK.

No. 3. THE SLEEVE.

No. 4. THE POCKET.

The place where the pockets are to be sewn, may be judged from the engraving. The seam of the sleeve must be placed at the notch in the front.

This jacket opens at the back, and is fastened its entire length with large jet buttons. The side-seams are to be joined as far as the notch in the paper. It should be observed, that one side of the back folds over the other side. The button-holes are made on the side which folds over, and the buttons are sewn on the other. If fastening down the back be found inconvenient, it would be easy to make this jacket to open in the front, with a *simulated* fastening behind, as the newest jackets, paletots, etc., in Paris are all buttoned down the back.

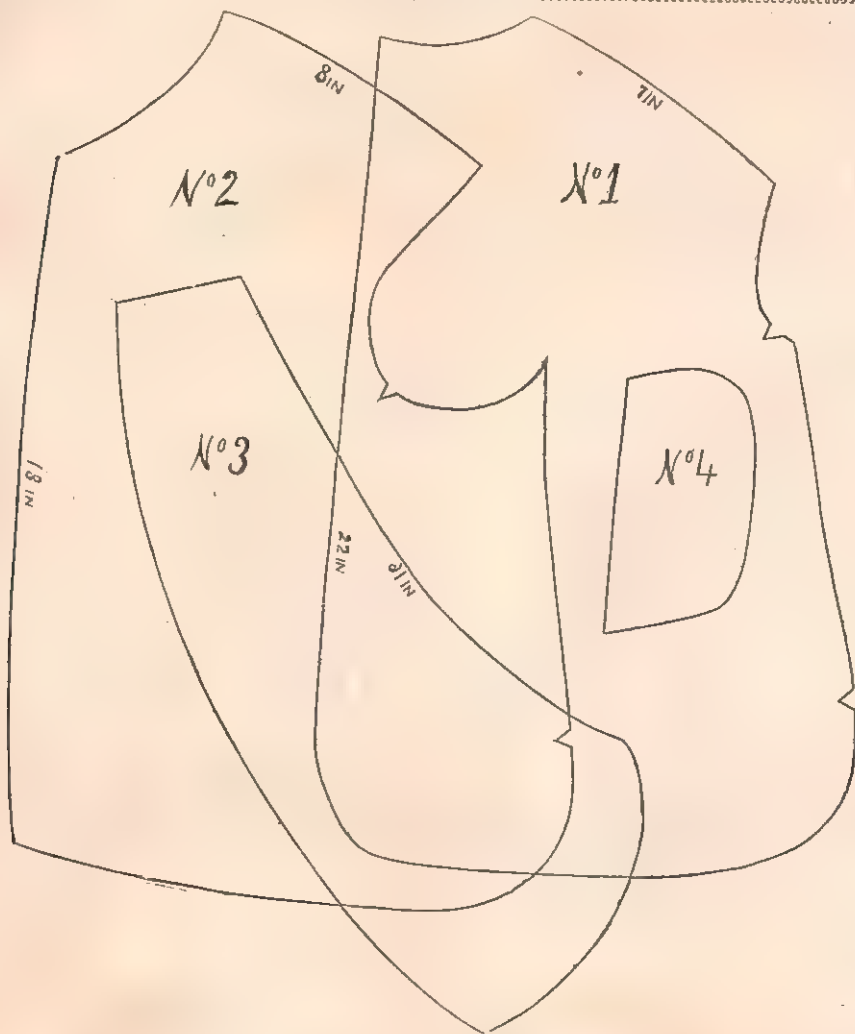


DIAGRAM FOR THE PATTI JACKET.

OPERA HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in color, we give a pattern for a very pretty opera hood.

The materials are 2 skeins of white and 1 of blue elder yarn. For the Hood, a pair of knitting pins, No. 11 Bell gauge, and one pin, No. 19. For the border, a steel netting needle, and a mesh No. 2.

KNITTED HOOD.—Commence with the white wool. Cast on 141 stitches rather loosely, using

one of the large pins. The small pin is only used in every fourth row of the pattern.

1st row—Knit the 2 first stitches together, and the rest of the row quite plain.

2nd row—The same as the first row.

3rd row—Pearl the 2 first stitches together, then pearl the rest of the row.

4th row—With the small pin knit the 2 first stitches together, *, then make a stitch and knit

every 2 stitches together. Repeat from * to the end. "To make a stitch"—the wool is brought forward between the pins.

These four rows form the pattern, and they are to be repeated until the work is reduced to six stitches, it having been decreased one stitch each row. Cast off the remaining stitches.

THE NETTED BORDER.—Fill the needle with the white wool. Commence on a foundation string, and, using No. 2 mesh, net 780 stitches, this being the number required to make sufficient trimming to go all round the Hood; it may, however, be worked in two pieces, netting 360 for the back, and 420 for the sides and front.

After the first row is worked, net 2 rows more plain; then with the colored wool, doubled, net a plain row.

These 4 rows are now to be turned, running the string in the colored row; then on the other side work with the white wool two rows more, and one row with the colored wool; take out the string, as this completes the netting.

To pleat the trimming, use a rug-needle and the white wool; commence in the center row of the netting, and make a box-pleat with five stitches, sewing it together in the center; then leave one stitch between the pleats, and continue forming them until all the netting is used.

These pleats are now secured at the top by tying every six stitches of each side together, in the row under the colored one; the stitches should only be just caught together, and the ends of wool knotted and cut close.

The border is sewed round the Hood, and then the point of each pleat, which lies over the knitting, should be tacked to the right side of the work, about half an inch from the edge, to keep the trimming firm.

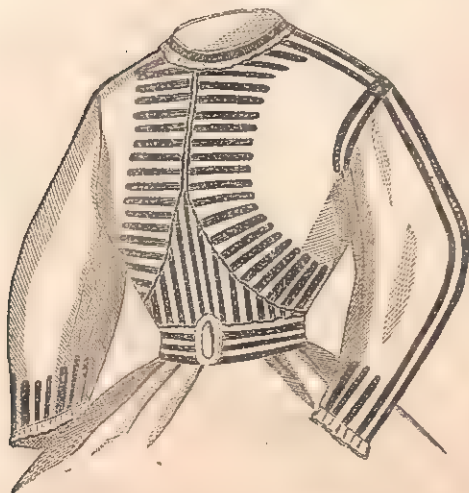
An extra length of trimming, netted in the same manner, is to be made to form a double border across the point at the front of the Hood; this will require 150 stitches. The inner border at the back should be 300 stitches, and netted as before; but the pleats are not to be so close as at the edge of the Hood.

COVER FOR TASSEL.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, printed in color, particularly, when flies are so plenty, tassels we give a very pretty pattern for a Tassel-Cover to be done in crochet. In summer-time, for curtains, etc., if at all elegant, ought to be covered, especially when the family is away.

VARIETIES FOR THE MONTH.



JACKET AND WAIST.



CAPE AND DRESS.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.—We are often asked questions, by correspondents, in relation to points of etiquette. In all such cases, good sense is a capital guide, for etiquette is merely good sense applied to the common intercourse of life. Of course, in small details, customs often vary. It is, for example, civil to greet a friend, whom you have not met for some time, with more than ordinary emphasis. In this country, men do it by shaking hands; but in some parts of Europe it is done by kissing. It is etiquette, in the United States, for soup to be served before fish; but in Germany, soup is frequently served in the middle of a dinner. It is not against etiquette, here, for a young, unmarried woman to accept an invitation from a gentleman to drive out alone with him; but in France it would be regarded as exceedingly improper. A Turk eats with his fingers, yet a high-caste Turk is a thorough gentleman. Here only boorish people eat with their fingers.

Real politeness is a matter of the heart principally. It is the applying, to the daily intercourse of life, the Bible maxim, "Do unto others as you would be done unto." If you see a person slip on the ice, the natural impulse is to laugh; but as nobody likes to be laughed at, kind-hearted people do not do it, nor well-bred ones either, whether kind-hearted or not. A shy, awkward lad, or a plain-looking girl, are often the butt of their companions; but they never are of persons who are amiable, or who are even polite. In your general demeanor to others, you can never go far wrong, if you ask yourself what would I wish to have done to me in similar circumstances. There are many persons who are intensely selfish, and yet are well-bred. In such cases, they affect a good feeling they really do not entertain, and pretend to be pleased with people whom they secretly dislike. They spare the self-love of others in doing this, and to that extent deserve credit. We know men who never meet a lady in the street, without taking off their hats, and remaining uncovered all the time they talk to her; and yet some of these men, conventionally polite as they are, are not good-hearted in the least.

So much for general rules. The details of etiquette are only to be learned by observation, for, as we have said, they vary in different places. Generally, every locality, even the smallest village, has a little circle that is popularly called "the best society;" and it is this circle which gives social laws to the neighborhood. Generally, also, though not always, this circle is the most educated, often the richest, in the vicinity; its members are in the habit of occasionally visiting large cities, and sometimes they have even traveled abroad; hence they know more or less of the social habits of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Paris and London; and it is, therefore, a not unwise conclusion to adopt them for guides. It is safer, at least, to accept such persons as standards, than to follow the lead of others having fewer advantages. If you wish to know what the usages at Newport or Saratoga are, ask somebody who has been there, and not a person who never heard of either.

Many customs, however, which are appropriate in one place, are not so in another. It is in adopting, or not adopting such usages, that people show good sense. Cultivated persons do not import such customs; mere purse-proud pretenders do. In Paris, ladies wear long trains to evening and carriage dresses, but they never walk in such dresses; and hence nobody ever sees, on the Boulevards, the absurdity of a costly *moire antique* sweeping up the mud from the pavement. It is equally ridiculous, in a walk

in the country, to wear the thin shoes that would be worn in a ball-room. Women of real culture, or even with a fine natural sagacity, never introduce usages that would be out of place. This faculty is a very important one for a leader of fashion. Without it, a lady, who sets up such pretensions, is very apt to get laughed at, whether she aspires to lay down the mode in a great city, or in a country village.

EVENING HEAD-DRESSES, for the present, partake much of the character of those worn by the Etruscan, Greek, and Roman ladies of old. The Renaissance style also finds favor; it is formed with two plaits, which commence very close to the forehead and rejoin the hair at the back, which is a mass of ringlets. In the center of the forehead, between the two plaits, a cameo, set in pearls, is fastened; strings of pearls are also rolled round the plaits. The hair, during the day, is not worn so low at the back as last year; without being drawn to the top of the head, the neck is left visible. The hair is either arranged at the back, in a coil of plaits, or else with two loops, and small ringlets in the center; it is turned back in front very close to the temples. Nets are by no means abandoned, but they are smaller than formerly, and are always trimmed at the back, underneath the hair, with a bow and very long ends.

Stars, which are so fashionably upon bonnets, are now used for the center of the bows, which are placed upon the side of the crown, and likewise they are added upon the *torsade* of tulle or crepe which crowns the forehead. Stars, in fact, are in such high favor, that they are now embroidered in either crystal, gold, or steel beads upon the ends of strings, which are always rounded and edged with bead fringes to correspond. Bonnet strings are also trimmed at the edges with both feather and chenille fringes. Tulle strings, for full dress bonnets, are almost invariably embroidered with beads, and trimmed with either white or colored feather fringes. Sarsenet strings are also edged all round with fringes; these add to their effect, and prove very becoming.

COLORS STOCKINGS are still worn with morning toilets—mauve, when the color of dress and petticoat permit, being the favorite hue. Velvet boots, trimmed with either sable or chinchilla, are still worn for driving. The white satin shoes, embroidered with white bugles, are the novelties of the season for evening wear. For fancy balls, in Paris, the most eccentric stockings have been prepared; for example, the Princess Metternich, who was to appear as a garden girl, ordered white silk stockings, embroidered in colors to represent all the implements used by a gardener; while another lady, disguised as a waiting woman, completed her costume with stockings worked over with scissors, needles, and bobblus.

DEEP LINEN CUFFS, with butterflies on them, were lately quite the rage. We have just seen some sets with feathers simulated, those in the gayest colors being the prettiest. These feathers are placed one on each side of the sleeve, by the row of buttons, where it seems to lie carelessly, and is nearly as long as the cuff. Each corner of the collar, in front, has a feather of the same color, but much smaller. Some of the feathers are shaded in brown, and in some red, etc., is introduced.

ONLY TWO DOLLARS.—This Magazine, remember, is only two dollars a year, or less than any other magazine of its kind. It has never raised its price.

HOW TO FALL ASLEEP.—The great point to be gained in order to secure sleep is to escape from thought—especially from that clinging, tenacious, imperious thought, which in most cases of wakefulness has possession of the mind. The author of "The Anatomy of Sleep" says:—"I always effect this by the following simple process: I turn my eyeballs as far to the right or left, or upward or downward, as far as I can without pain, and then commence rolling them slowly, with that divergence from a direct line of vision, around in their sockets, and continue doing this until—I fall asleep, which occurs generally within three minutes, and always within five at the most. The immediate effect of this procedure differs from that of any other of which I ever heard to procure sleep. It not merely diverts thought into a new channel, but actually suspends it. Since I became aware of this, I have endeavored innumerable times, while thus rolling my eyes, to think upon a particular subject, and even upon that which before kept me awake, but I could not. As long as they were moving around, my mind was blank. If any one doubts this, let him try the experiment for himself. I wish he would; let him pause just here and make it. I venture to assure him that if he makes it in good faith, in the manner described, the promise of a 'penny for his thoughts,' for each of them, while the operation is in progress, will add very little to his wealth. Such being its effect, we cannot wonder that it should bring sleep to a nervous and wakeful man at night. The philosophy of the matter is very simple. A suspension of thought is to the mind what a suspension of travel or labor is to a weary body. It enjoys the luxury of rest; the strain upon its faculties removed, it falls asleep as naturally as the farmer in his chair after toiling all day in his fields."

A NEW HEAD-DRESS.—A piece of velvet four yards in length, and an inch and a half in breadth, is procured. This is studied over, at regular distances, with small pink rose-buds. A bow is then formed and placed in the center of the forehead, among the bandeau; the ribbon is carried round the sides of the head, and tied as though it fastened the plaits at the back, and the ends float to the waist; a flaggee gold butterfly is placed in the center of the bow in front. It is not elaborate, but it has a very pleasing effect with a white tulle or tulle dress, and it has another recommendation—it is easily made.

FEATHERS ARE COVERED with showers of gold, silver, and steel, and these feathers are employed both for trimming dresses and head-dresses. Pearl and beads of all descriptions are seen upon head-dresses, which are made with either ribbon or piece velvet.

WILD FLOWERS.—Our principal embellishment, this month, is after a picture by Morel, one of the most famous of the modern school of French artists. It is an illustration of unusual beauty.

THE CHILDREN, who have been to see the jugglers, and who are imitating their tricks, come in for an illustration this month. Even the doll seems to have been trying to balance an umbrella on her chin.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Vanity Fair. By William Makepeace Thackeray. With Illustrations by the author. 3 vols., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is one of the most elegant specimens of book-work, in its way, which America has produced. It is quite as choice, for a duodecimo, as the illustrated edition of Prescott's Life (which reflected so much credit on Ticknor & Fields, its publishers) was for a quarto. It is superior to the Life of Irving, the household edition of Waverley, the works of Dickens, and other books for which the Riverside and University presses, at Cambridge, have become so famous. It supplies, also, a want,

which has been long felt, for there has been no really handsome edition of Thackeray heretofore; and Thackeray, of all others, is the author whom people of taste and culture, who like elegant editions, most affect. The binding is not less choice than the paper, the engravings, and the type. To read "Vanity Fair," in such an edition, is a positive luxury. Of the novel itself it is, of course, needless to speak, for it has now taken its place among the classics of the language; and though other fictions may be written, and even satirical ones, which may take a first rank, there will never be a second "Vanity Fair." Who that has ever read the book will forget Becky, or George Osborne, or the Marquis of Steyne, or Joe Sedley, or Dobbin, or others of the characters? We believe that these three volumes are to be followed in a similar style by "Pendennis," "The Newcomes," etc., etc. Such an edition of Thackeray, when completed, will be indispensable.

George Geith of Fen Court. By F. G. Trafford. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—This is a novel of much more than ordinary merit. The heroine, Beryl Malazone, is full of character; she is so natural she must have been drawn from life; and no one can help loving her. We should have liked the story better if it had ended more happily; but in that case it would have been less powerful and affecting. Mr. Trafford is the author of an earlier novel, "Too Much Alone;" but this is by far his best work; indeed, few novels, written lately, contain passages of greater force, or delineate character more vividly. The volume is very handsomely printed.

The Refugee. By Herman Melville. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada. T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This novel appeared originally in "Putnam's Magazine," under the name of "Israel Potter." It is the story of an American, who was made a prisoner of war by the British, in the Revolution, and carried to England, where he escaped, joined Paul Jones, and underwent a variety of striking adventures. The tale exhibits the remarkable genius of the author of "Typee," though, in no sense, is it like that fiction, except in its air of reality, and in reminding us of De Foe. The volume is an octavo, handsomely printed, and bound in gilt cloth.

Science for the School and Family. Part III. Mineralogy and Geology. By Worthington Hooker, M. D. Illustrated by nearly two hundred engravings. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this very meritorious work is Professor Hooker, of Yale College, favorably known already for his "Human Physiology," "Child's Book of Nature," "Natural History," etc., etc. The book is designed to meet the wants of beginners in the study of geology, "especially young beginners," as Professor Hooker says, pointedly, in his preface.

Method of Philological Study of the English Language. By Francis A. Marsh. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This little book, by Professor Marsh, of Lafayette College, Easton, Pa., is destined as an introduction to philological studies, and appears to us to be, not, indeed, a Max Muller, which it does not pretend to be, but a most excellent treatise of its kind. It is arranged with questions for classes, and is very appropriate, therefore, for schools.

Woodward's Country Homes. By G. E. & F. W. Woodward. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: G. E. & F. W. Woodward.—The authors of this little work are architects, and they have sought, in the volume before us, to give appropriate designs for country houses, which shall not be too expensive. In this aim, we think, they have succeeded, and we, therefore, cordially recommend the book. Numerous engravings illustrate the text.

Tommy Butler. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This novel, originally published in "Blackwood," is racy and rollicking, with capital pictures of Irish life. A cheap edition.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

TWO ELEGANT EDITIONS OF ENOCH ARDEN, have been published in Boston, by Messrs. J. E. Tilton, to the "Artists' Edition." Superbly illustrated by Mr. Hammett Billings on nearly every page; the price of which is \$4.50. And the "Cambridge Edition," also illustrated with vignettes, including "Aylme's Dreams," "Sea Dreams," and all of Tennyson's late poems. Price \$1.50. Both will, probably, be found at all the principal bookstores.

OUR MEZZOTINTS.—We are frequently asked the price of our premium mezzotints—"Bunyan Parting from his Blind Child," "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release," and "Washington Parting from his Generals." They are each \$2.00, or \$5.00 for the three.

HOW TO CULTIVATE FLOWERS.—A splendid illustrated guide to the cultivation of flowers and ornamental plants, in all situations—the Green-house, Parlor, and Garden, called "Flowers for the Parlor and Garden," has been published by Messrs. J. E. Tilton & Co., Boston. It is the most perfect and elegant volume on this subject in the English language. Price \$3.00.

BACK VOLUMES of "Peterson" are the same price as those for the current year, viz., \$2.00 for a single copy, or \$5.00 for three copies. But where the person wishing the copy is, or was, a member of a club, it will be sent at the club price.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

IF YOUR CLOTHES TAKE FIRE.—How to act, when the clothes take fire, is what everybody ought to know. Three persons out of four rush up to the victim, and begin to paw with their hands without any definite aim. This is wrong. It is also useless to tell the sufferer to do this or that, or call for water. In fact, it is generally best to say not a word, but to seize a blanket from a bed, or a cloak, or any woolen fabric; if none is at hand, take any woolen material, and hold the corners as far apart as you can; stretch them out higher than your head, and, running boldly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire, and saves the face. The next instant throw the unfortunate person on the floor. This is an additional safety to face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant, immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease with the rapidity of lightning. Next, get some common flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts with an inch thickness of flour, if possible; put the patient to bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until a physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin will be found. Unless the burns are deep, no other application is needed. The dry flour for burns is the most admirable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all. The principle of its action is that, like the water, it causes instant and perfect relief from pain, by totally excluding the air from the injured parts. Spanish whiting and cold water, of a mushy consistency, are preferred by some. Dredge on the flour until no more will stick, and cover with cotton batting.

HINTS ON KNITTING.

KNITTING SHAWLS.—A fair correspondent asks us for some stitches for knitting shawls. She does not say whether she wishes to make her small shawl stout and warm, or thin and lacy, a square or a half square; but she will find the following comfortable for wearing under a cloak or shawl, as it fits nicely round the throat:

MOSS-STITCH HANDEKSCHEIJE.—With two knitting-pins No. 6, and fine fleecy. Cast on two stitches; knit backward and forward, increasing (without making holes) 1 stitch in the middle of each row, until there are 30 stitches on the pin; knit 1 row. Knit 1 row, picking up a loop in the center and knitting it. Knit 15 stitches for the border, pass the wool forward to make a stitch, knit 1 stitch, pass the wool forward to make a stitch again, and knit the remaining 15 stitches for the other border. Increase thus with a hole, 2 stitches in every row, (i.e., 1 stitch within each border,) and knit between the borders in moss-stitch. When there are 100 stitches on the needle, knit to within 4 stitches of the middle of the row, and return; continue the increase and moss-stitch as hitherto, and turn back 2 stitches farther from the middle of the row each turn, until you end by knitting only 2 stitches. Knit to the other end of the needle, and knit that side to correspond. Knit 1 row, and cast off. Moss-stitch is done by alternately knitting one stitch and purling 1, taking care that the knitted stitches always come over the purl stitches, and vice versa. An open stitch can be used instead of the moss-stitch, if preferred.

TORTOISE-STITCH.—This is one of the prettiest and most lacy stitches we have for thin knitting, such as Shetland shawls, and all shawls approaching them in delicacy of texture. Allow 6 stitches for each repetition of the pattern, and 1 stitch over to make the sides of the knitting agree.

1st row—Knit 1 stitch, knit 2 together, bring the wool forward, knit 1, bring the wool forward, knit 2 stitches together. Repeat to the end of the row, and end the row by knitting the last stitch.

2nd row—Purl the back row.

3rd row—Knit 2 together, bring the wool forward, knit 3, bring the wool forward, knit 2 together, slip this stitch on to the left-hand needle, and pull the next stitch over it; pass it back again to the right-hand needle. This stitch takes the place of the first stitch in the row, and after it you are to proceed and bring the wool forward, knit 3, etc.

4th row—Purl the row.

5th row—Knit 1 stitch, bring the wool forward, knit 2 together, knit 1 stitch, knit 2 together, and bring the wool forward.

6th row—Purl the row.

7th row—Knit 2, bring the wool forward, knit 2 together, slip the stitch on to the left-hand needle, and pass the next stitch over it, pass the stitch back, bring the wool forward, knit 3. Repeat the last 6 stitches.

8th row—Purl.

A shawl is very pretty with this stitch for the center, with a wide border of feather pattern—that beautiful stitch which is so well known that we need not give it here; we would do so with pleasure if "Winifred" and other knitters found themselves at a loss for it.

The following are four pretty little stitches which can easily be adapted for shawls, or any other purpose:

A NEAT SPOT STITCH.—Cast on any number of stitches which will divide into threes.

1st row—Bring the wool forward, slip 1 stitch, knit 2, and draw the slipped stitch over the two knitted ones. Repeat the same to the end of the row.

2nd row—Purl the back row.

3rd row—Knit 1 stitch (this is not to be repeated.) Bring the wool forward, slip 1 stitch, knit 2 stitches, and draw the slipped stitch over the 2 knitted ones. Repeat these 3 stitches to the end of the row.

4th row—Purl the row.

A STRIPE.—Cast on a number of stitches which will divide into fours. Knit 1 stitch, bring the wool forward, slip a stitch, knit a stitch, and pull the slipped stitch over, purl 1 stitch. Repeat to the end of row.

Back row—Knit 1 stitch, purl 3. Repeat to the end of the row.

AN OPEN STITCH.—1st row.—Slip a stitch, knit a stitch, pass the slipped stitch over the knitted ones. Repeat the same to the end of the row.

2nd row.—Bring the wool forward every stitch. This is a very pretty stitch, but if it is used for stoutish knitting, it should have a border, as it is rather apt to draw on one side.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Lobster Soup.—First prepare a veal stock with the following ingredients. A knuckle of veal, weighing from four to five pounds, and one pound of lean ham, cut into pieces, and freed from all the skin and fat upon it. Put these into an extremely clean saucepan, and to every pound of meat add one pint and a half of water. Let these boil, and remove all the scum which rises to the surface, and continue to do so until the soup is quite clear; then add some salt, two onions, a head of celery, three carrots, white pepper, and a blade of mace. Let all simmer very gently together until the meat leaves the bones, which it should do in about five hours, when take the soup off the fire, strain it, and put it into a cool place until it jellies. Procure two fine hen lobsters, boil them, and, when cold, pick the meat out of them, and break it into small, square pieces. Take out the spawns, pound it so as to separate it, pass it through a coarse strainer, and then pound it again with a quarter of a pound of butter, which must be first melted before the fire. Break up the shells of the lobsters, and stew them with a quart of the veal stock, to which must be added a little ground allspice, beaten mace, and a small portion of scraped horseradish. Simmer these until the strength of the ingredients has been extracted, then strain off the liquor. Pour it into a clean saucepan with another quart of veal broth, the meat of the lobster, the spawns, a dessertspoonful of anchovy sauce, and a half-pint of cream; let it simmer, but not boil, or else the color will be lost. Serve hot to table. Force-meat balls are sometimes made with bread-crumbs, the meat out of the head of the lobster, and Cayenne pepper, mixed with two yolks of eggs; these are made up into small balls, fried, and added to the soup when it is going to table. N. B. Should the soup not be of the desired consistency, add a little flour and butter.

To Make Pea Soup.—Take about four pounds of a shin of beef, two bones of the rump of beef, after the meat has been cut off, let the latter be chopped into portions of a convenient size for boiling. Take, also, two pounds of a knuckle of ham which has been already boiled, put the whole into a large stewpan; fill the latter up with cold water, adding a little salt, to cause the scum to rise. Take off the scum as it rises, and let your meat simmer for two hours. Have a quart of split peas, which have been soaked in cold water for four hours, and put them into the saucepan with one root of blanched celery, and two large carrots, scraped and cut into pieces of an inch long. Let the whole boil gently for two hours, keeping it constantly stirred round with a wooden spoon, until you shall find the peas to be thoroughly incorporated with the liquor, when the meat can be put into a dish, and the soup poured into a tureen. A plate of dried mint, powdered, should be served up to table.

A Good and Inexpensive Soup.—The following is a good soup for a family dinner-table, and one which does not cost much: Three pounds of the neck of beef, one cow-heel, two carrots, two turnips, half a head of celery, one bunch of tied-up sweet herbs, four onions, browned, one pint of peas, all put together into three quarts of water, and, after boiling some hours, well strained. The best part of the cow-heel may be cut in square pieces, and served up in the soup.

An Excellent Soup Without Meat.—Peel and slice six large onions, six potatoes, six carrots, and four turnips; fry them in half a pound of butter, and pour on four quarts of boiling water. Toast a crust of bread as brown and hard as possible, but do not burn it, and put it in, with some celery, sweet herbs, white pepper, and salt. Stew it all gently for four hours, and then strain it through a coarse cloth. Have ready, thinly-sliced carrot, celery, and a little turnip. Add them to your liking, and stew them tender in the soup. If approved of, an anchovy, and a spoonful of ketchup may be added.

MEATS.

Stewed Beef-Steak.—Choose a good, tender rump-steak, not too fat; see that it is cut of a proper thickness (about three-quarters of an inch,) trim it, if necessary, and beat it flat with the rolling-pin. Peel and chop onions in proportion to the quantity of your meat, and according to your taste; mash up two pickled walnuts with a dessertspoonful of the ketchup, and place at the bottom of your stewpan; then add a teacupful of mushroom ketchup, and a teaspoonful of Cayenne vinegar. Flour your steak lightly on both sides, and lay it on the onions; cover your pan, and let it stew for at least an hour and a half—say an hour and a half from the time it seems warm through; turn the steak every half-hour. If you wish a more tasty dish than usual, throw in half a score of oysters—such as you buy for sauce—a quarter of an hour before serving up; add, of course, the liquor of the oysters, first straining it through a fine sieve. If the onions are very strong, they should be boiled half tender before they are put in the stew, hash, or mince, as the case may be.

To Cook a Veal Cutlet.—Take about one and a half pound of cutlets from a fillet of veal; cut it into moderate sized collops; have ready the inside of a stale French roll, well crumbled; add to the latter a small bunch of parsley, chopped fine, half a nutmeg, grated, a very small quantity of Cayenne pepper, and salt to taste. Place in a frying-pan half a pound of fresh butter, and place it over a gentle fire until the butter is scalded; dip the collops into the yolks of two fresh eggs, beaten up well, and dab the meat into the crumbs, parsley, etc., taking care to fry the collops cautiously until they assume a rich brown, crusty appearance on both sides; when so, take them up into a separate hot dish, and add to the butter in the pan a quarter of a pint of strong veal gravy, in which the rind of a green lemon has been partially soaked; work up all well together with a spoon, and when scalding, pour the contents over the collops. Serve up with mushroom sauce and mashed potatoes, in a covered dish; garnish with six halves of hard-boiled eggs.

Swiss Mode of Stewing a Leg of Lamb.—Take a joint of the above meat, and dredge it well with flour. Lay it in a clean stewpan, with half a pound of the best fresh butter, covering it down close, and let it simmer for one whole hour over a very slow fire. Then introduce into the pan with the meat two large lettuces, cut up fine, with two fresh cucumbers, sliced, with the rinds left on. Let these simmer for another hour over a similar fire, with pepper and salt and a little mace. Before taking your joint up, place in your stewpan a scorched onion, "entire," to impart to it a flavor of that vegetable. When done, remove the meat into a deep dish, pouring the liquor over it.

Mutton Stew.—Take two pounds of fresh mutton chops, cut from the neck; trim off the greater part of the fat from them, dredge a small portion of flour over them, and take care to fry them thoroughly brown in butter, with two eschalots cut up into slices. Remove them, when they are brown, into a shallow stewpan, containing half a pint of strong mutton gravy, into which cut up two carrots, and add one tablespoonful of rice, two chillies, chopped fine, two or three blades of mace, a little allspice, and a small proportion of ketchup. Let all stew gently for an hour; thicken with flour and port-wine, and dish them up.

Meat Pickle.—Moist sugar, two pounds; bay or common salt, four pounds; saltpetre, half a pound; fresh-ground allspice, two ounces; water, six to eight quarts; dissolve. Used to pickle meat, to which it imparts a fine red color, and a superior flavor.

VEGETABLES.

To Mash Turnips to Perfection.—A boiled neck of tender, well-fed mutton, served with mashed turnips and caper-sauce, is certainly a delicate and wholesome, though not very imposing, dish; but the turnips are frequently spoiled by being sent to table half drained and nearly cold, by reason of the time which has elapsed since they were taken from the fire. Choose your turnips clear and sound, and not stringy; pare well, and wash in clean, cold water; let them soak a little, and if very large, divide into two or more parts. Boil them till quite tender with the mutton; take up and drain by pressing them between two plates till not a drop of moisture can be exuded; turn them into a large basin, and beat quite fine; have ready a hot saucepan (this is easily managed by filling a saucepan with water, and letting it boil till wanted, then emptying it, and drying it for a moment or two at the fire); put in your mashed turnips, with a pinch of salt, a piece of butter the size of a walnut, and as much cream as will amalgamate with the turnips without making them too moist. Stir well together till they are quite hot; have in readiness a thoroughly heated vegetable-dish; pour them in, and serve immediately. But do not have the turnips dished before the mutton is taken up; boiled meat may be kept warm by placing a dish over the pot in which it has been cooked, and covering it closely on the hob, and partly over the fire. It should always be borne in mind that the most sumptuous dinner is spoiled if brought to table half cold, or if it be served with slovenly inattention to those so-called trifles, upon which the comfort as well as the aspect of the table depends.

Potato Cake.—Boil twelve or fourteen good sized potatoes, peel them, and crush them thoroughly. Put them into a saucepan, with salt and a little lemon-juice; put it on the fire, and stir all well whilst you add a piece of fresh butter, and a little cream and sugar, the exact proportions of which must be determined by the cook's own judgment. When quite hot, take the saucepan from the fire, let the mixture cool a little, and then add a tablespoonful of orange-flower water, four whole eggs, and the yolks of four more. Mix all well together, and put into a mould, the interior of which has previously had a slight coating of butter and bread-crumbs. Bake it, and bring it hot to table.

Batter for Frying Vegetables or Fritters.—Moisten a little flour with water, and add to it a small quantity of salt, a tablespoonful of olive oil, and a spoonful and a half of French brandy. Beat up the mixture thoroughly, and when you are ready to use it, beat into it the white of an egg previously beaten to a strong froth. This batter may be used for frying sweet *entrecuets*, in which case sugar must be put instead of salt.

Potatoes Escalloped.—Mash potatoes in the usual way then batter your scollop-saucepan and pans, or saucers; put in your potatoes; make them smooth at the top; cross a knife over them; strew a few fine bread-crumbs on them; sprinkle them with a few drops of melted butter, and set them in a Dutch oven. When nicely browned on the top, take them carefully out of the shells, and brown on the other side. Cold potatoes may be warmed up this way.

Asparagus Omlet.—Boil two pounds of tender, fresh cut asparagus in very little water, with a small portion of salt, or, what is better still, steam the asparagus without water until it is tender, chop it very fine, mix it with the yolks of five and whites of three well beaten eggs, add two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, fry and serve quite hot.

Salad Sauce for Eating with Raw or Cooked Artichokes, Asparagus, etc.—Rub down the yolks of three hard-boiled

eggs, and moisten them with a tablespoonful of vinegar, add salt, pepper, and fine herbs, minced very small. Beat in three tablespoonfuls of salad oil, and serve.

DESSERTS.

Puree of Apples.—Peel and core about a dozen good-sized apples, stew them with clarified sugar and a small piece of lemon-peel, and when soft, stir them well with a wooden spoon, and put in a spoonful of apricot jam; stir it at times until the jam is mixed and the apples thicken, then pass the whole through a sieve. This *puree* is useful for mixing with other dishes, as, for instance, the following:

Apples a la Turque.—Pare and take out the cores of eight or ten apples, make a thin syrup of clarified sugar, put the apples into it, cover them closely, and let them simmer gently, turning them over so that both sides may be done. When thoroughly cooked, lay them in a dish with wet paper over them. Place a crust round the dish they are to be served in, then put in a layer of the *puree*, upon which place the apples, filling the places from which the cores were taken with jam—either apricot, strawberry, or pineapple—or with dried cherries, then cover it with the *puree*. Beat to a froth the whites of six eggs, add powdered sugar till they look quite smooth. Having made the apples warm, place the white of egg over them, smoothing it neatly, and sifting powdered sugar over it; then color it in a gentle oven.

Pine-Apple Fritters.—Take quarter of a pound of fine flour, one and a half-pint of new milk, the yolks of four fresh eggs, and make the same into a light batter, adding the whites of two eggs (first beaten into a light froth.) Bruise half a dozen slices of a sound, ripe pine-apple into a pulp, and stir it well up with the batter, adding, at the same time, a little nutmeg and cinnamon, grated fine. Introduce a clean pan over a brisk, clear fire, and lade out the batter into the pan as you require it, according to the size of your fritters. Fry them in fresh butter, turning them only once, when they will assume a brown, crisp complexion. When quite done, remove them into a dish, sprinkling over them a lessert spoonful of sugar. Apple and currant fritters can be prepared after a like manner. The cinnamon can be dispensed with, if objected to.

Orange Cream.—Pare the rind of an orange (Seville, if possible,) very thin, and squeeze the juice of four oranges, and put it, with the peel, into a saucepan with one pint of water, eight ounces of sugar, and the whites of five eggs, well beaten. Mix all together, place it over a slow fire, stir it in one direction until it looks thick and white, strain it through a gauze sieve, and stir it till cold. Beat the yolks of the five eggs very thoroughly, and add them to the contents of the saucepan, with some cream. Stir all together over the fire till ready to boil, pour it into a basin, and again stir it till quite cold before putting it into glasses.

Portuguese Rice Pudding.—Boil half a pound of rice in water until it begins to open, then strain it from the water, and boil it slowly with a quart of boiled milk, half a pound of loaf-sugar, and the peel of a lemon. When the rice is sufficiently boiled, remove it from the fire, and take out all the lemon-peel. Stir it until it becomes cool, when add the yolks of eight eggs that have been well beaten, (stirring it all the while) and a wineglassful of orange-flower water. When these ingredients have been properly mixed, pour the whole into a flat dish, and when cold, cover it with cinnamon powder.

Bakevell Pudding.—Line a flat dish with rich puff-paste, put over it some nice preserves, and cut candied citron, and lemon-peel; then fill it three parts full with the following mixture:—Quarter of a pound of clarified butter; dissolve in it a quarter of a pound of sifted lump-sugar, add four yolks and one white of egg, well beaten, one lemon rind, grated, and the juice. To be well baked in a moderately heated oven, and grate over fine lump-sugar.

A Dish of Snow.—Pare and core a dozen large apples; put them into cold water, and stew them till soft, then pulp through a sieve, and sweeten it to the taste with loaf-sugar. Lay it on the dish on which it is to be served to table. Then beat the whites of twelve eggs to a strong froth, with half a pound of sifted loaf-sugar, and a flavoring of vanilla or orange-flower. Strew this over the apple pulp very high, and it will present all the appearance of a veritable dish of snow.

Arrow-Root Pudding.—Mix three tablespoonfuls of arrow-root with a little cold milk, stir it till quite smooth, and about the consistency of thin mustard; then pour over, stirring as you pour, a quart of boiling milk; beat well the yolks of four eggs, and three whites; add a quarter of a pound of sugar, one spoonful of rose-water, and a little nutmeg. Have ready a dish lined with puff-paste, wherein pour the mixture, and bake in a moderately quick oven.

CAKES.

Buns.—Work into half a pound of flour three ounces of butter until it is quite in crumbs; mix thoroughly with them four ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, an ounce, or rather more, of candied orange or lemon rind, shred extremely small, and a little grated nutmeg. To these pour boiling, a small teaspoonful of cream, or of milk, when this cannot be had. Mix them a little, and add immediately two eggs, leaving out the white of one, and when the whole is well mingled, dust over, and beat well into it, less than half a teaspoonful of good carbonate of soda, perfectly free from lumps. Rub an oven tin with butter, drop the buns upon it with a spoon, and send them to table hot.

A Plain, Cheap, and Good Cake.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter into one pound of fine flour; add four ounces of moist sugar, half a pound of currants, half a pound of raisins, two ounces of candied peel, shred fine, a pinch of nutmeg and salt. Mix well one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in half a pint of cold milk; pour these on to the other ingredients, and beat them into a paste. Butter a tin, and line the sides and bottom with buttered writing-paper; drop in the dough without allowing it to rise, and bake for one hour and a half in a moderate oven.

Bachelor's Cake.—One pound of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pound of butter or lard, four wineglasses of milk, half a pound of Sultana raisins, quarter of a pound of currants, the same of candied peel, a quarter of a nutmeg, two teaspoonfuls of ground ginger, one of cinnamon, and one of carbonate of soda. These ingredients being all well mixed together, and slowly baked for an hour and a half, will, we trust, form a palatable cake, and be duly appreciated by the bachelors.

"Slim Cake."—Take as much flour as required. Instead of moistening it with water, warm a good sized piece of butter in as much milk as will make the flour into a nice paste, not forgetting to add a little salt. Roll it out to the thickness of about half an inch, and cut it out to fancy—either in squares, round, or triangular. Bake on rather a smart griddle. This should eat short, like "Short bread." If a rich cake is required, use more butter, and add one or more eggs, according to the quantity of flour.

Ginger Cookies.—One cup of sugar, one of butter, one of molasses, one tablespoonful of ginger, one of cinnamon, and two teaspoonfuls of salaratus, dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of hot water. Bake quickly.

Travel Parlin.—Four pounds of fine oat-meal, sifted, four pounds of molasses, half a pound of nice beef dripping, half a pound of moist sugar, and half an ounce of powdered ginger. Bake in a slow oven, and cut into pieces while hot.

PARLOR GAMES.

PROVERBS.—One of the company having left the room, the rest select some proverb in his absence. On his readmitt-

tance, he must ask random questions of all the party in turn, who, in their replies, must bring in the words of the proverb in succession. The first person that is addressed will introduce the first word of the proverb in the answer; the second person, the second word, and so on until the proverb is exhausted. For instance, "Honesty is the best policy," is the one selected, and suppose the first question to be,

"Have you been out to-day?" the party questioned might say,

"Yes, I have, and very nearly lost my purse; but it was picked up by a boy who ran after me with it, and whose 'honesty' I was very glad to reward."

He then passes on to the next, and says, "Were you in the country last summer?"

"Yes, in a most lovely place, where it 'is' very mountainous."

To the next one he asks, "Are you fond of reading?"

"Oh, yes! it is one of 'the' sweetest pleasures."

To another, "Which do you prefer, summer or winter?"

"Both are so delightful, that I do not know which I like 'best.'"

To the last, "Can you tell me if there are any more words in this proverb?"

"I will give you the last word, but I would show greater 'policy' if I refused to answer you."

The person must then guess it or forfeit, and the one whose answer first gave him the idea must take his turn of being the guesser. If any are unable to bring in their word, they must likewise pay a forfeit. It is an extremely amusing game, from the laughable way in which some of the words are necessarily introduced.

The proverb selected should be a familiar one, and care should be taken to speak the word of the proverb as distinctly as the others, but not to emphasize it.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

To Prevent Rust.—A composition may be made for this purpose, consisting of fat, oil, and varnish, mixed with four-fifths of highly rectified spirits of turpentine. If the metal be covered with this varnish, put on with a sponge, it will never become rusty. It is very useful for copper also, and will likewise preserve philosophical instruments, and prevent their being tarnished from contact with water.

Cramp in the Leg.—A garter applied tightly round the limb affected will, in most cases, speedily remove the complaint. When it is more obstinate, a brick should be heated, wrapped in a flannel bag, and placed at the foot of the bed, against which the person troubled may place his feet. No remedy, however, is equal to that of diligent and long-continued friction.

Glazed Whitewash.—Take two gallons of water, one pound and a half of rice, and one pound of moist sugar. Let the mixture boil until the rice is quite dissolved, and then thicken it to the consistence of whitewash with finely powdered lime. This whitewash has a pretty satiny look, and does nicely for the insides of bird-cages, as well as for common purposes.

To Clean and Restore the Elasticity of Cane Chair Bottoms, Couches, &c.—Turn up the chair bottom, &c., and with hot water and a sponge wash the cane-work well, so that it may be well soaked; should it be dirty, you must add soap; let it dry in the air, and you will find it as tight and firm as when new, providing the cane is not broken.

To Remove Mildew from Linen.—This can be done by mixing with soft-soap, a little powdered starch, half the quantity of salt, and the juice of a lemon, and applying it to the mildew stain with a paint-brush on both sides of the linen. The stained article should then be left out on the grass day and night until the spot be removed.

To Extract Grease From Silk.—Scrape French chalk, put it on the grease-spot, and hold it near the fire, or over a warm iron, or water-plate filled with boiling water. The grease will melt and the French chalk absorb it. Brush or rub it off; repeat, if necessary.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. 1.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF MAUVE-COLORED SILK, with a loose paletot of the same material. Both dress and paletot are trimmed with bands of silk a shade darker than the dress. White crape bonnet, trimmed with purple campanulas.

FIG. 2.—DINNER DRESS OF WHITE INDIA MUSLIN, trimmed with lace, and pink ribbon run through insertion. Over the low body dress can be worn a low paletot of the same material, trimmed in the same way.

FIG. 3.—HOUSE DRESS OF BLUE SILK, trimmed at the sides with bands of black velvet, and black velvet buttons.

FIG. 4.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed around the bottom with narrow pink ribbon. The upper skirt is of tulle, looped up with pink ribbons, depending from the waist.

FIG. 5.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRAY SILK, trimmed with a band and loops of blue silk and frogs.

FIG. 6.—WALKING DRESS AND THOUT BASQUE OF FAWN-COLORED SCOTCH POPLIN, and ornamented with black velvet.

FIG. 7.—OPERA COAT OF WHITE CASHMERE, trimmed with a feather fringe and scarlet velvet embroidered in gold stars.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Silk goods, as well as all other imported articles, continue ridiculously high, and many ladies now content themselves with one dress, when two or three used to be thought insufficient. Summer poplins, alpaca, mohairs, and all the varieties of silk-and-wool goods are in great demand. Even India and French foulards, which formerly were so cheap, are now enormously high. There are fewer piques in the market than heretofore; but the French chintzes, lawns, and organdies are plenty, and very beautiful.

DRESS SKIRTS, for summer, will be very much trimmed, and for this purpose a mixture of colors will be fashionable. On house dresses, a combination of three or four colors are popular. For instance, on the skirt of dresses, a row of blue velvet, a row of black, then a row of red, then one of green, one above the other; these are repeated till they amount to twelve rows. This style should be only adopted by those who have a good eye for color, for unless properly mingled it will have a vulgar look. It was fashionable under the first empire, fifty years ago.

EVENING DRESSES have the same varieties of colors, composed of flowers of different colors, as roses, jessamine, pinks, blue hyacinths, narcissus, lilacs, fuchsias, etc., with foliage.

BRACES are again seen; they are worn at balls, as well as on plain dresses. For the latter, the braces form a small square berthe in front, fringed with chenille and piped with either white taffetas or velvet. The braces are continued down the back with two wide, square ends, which are slashed together with hairs made of the same material. Braces are also crossed in front, and form the berthe at the back; they fill with long ends behind, and in these cases the ends are rounded. This style of braces is an excellent contrivance for trimming up an old dress. For instance, upon a gray silk, or even poplin dress, it is easy to arrange either blue or maroon velvet braces embroidered with small jet or silver beads, and edged with black lace. These braces cross in front, nearly meet again at the back, and then enlarge in two long, wide coat-tails; with this addition, the dress has an entirely new aspect. For young girls' taffetas, ribbons are used for braces in preference to velvet cut bias.

EXCEPT IN BRACES, there is nothing new in the make of

dresses. The round waist with plain waistbelt, is, of course, still fashionable; but bodies of this style are so very plain in appearance, that for most ladies they require a good deal of trimming.

The short *Senorita*, or Spanish Jacket, will be a great favorite, as it is suited to be worn either with a pointed waist, or with the plain belt and buckle.

The skirts of dresses are rather short in front, and not very full at this part; the fullness is placed at the back and sides, and all the back breadths are usually gored, so that the skirt may take the train form.

GIMP is still fashionable for spring dresses, mantles, etc., but it will be found too heavy for light summer materials.

THE CIRCULAR MANTLE, which, if well cut, is one of the most graceful out-of-door wraps worn, is still fashionable, though less so, perhaps, than the short sacques and nearly tight-fitting basques. Both sacques and basques, or paletots, have epaulets, which are usually becoming, as they give length to the shoulder.

MANY BASQUES, ETC., open to the waist with revers. In Paris, the newest style is to have the paletots, etc., open down the back, or to appear to do so.

BONNETS are very small, and have no crowns. They are close to the face at the sides, so much so that they admit no cap, only a bit of lace put on with a slight fullness. The top fits rather close to the head, and is profusely ornamented with tulle and flowers.

HATS will still be worn, but are very fast declining in popularity. We regret this, as they are generally very becoming; but with the present style of dressing the hair, it is almost impossible to wear one, whereas the bonnets are made to fit the head.

THE DOG COLLAR NECKLACE is still very popular, for it is so very becoming. The present fashion is to take a narrow band of black velvet and stud it with large pearl, gold, or steel beads, tie it close around the throat, having a small bow and long ends at the back. Pink rose-buds are sometimes used in place of the beads; if it is for evening dress, with a white toilet, this is very becoming. A head-dress made in the same way, lying in a simple band around the head, with the rose-buds attached to the long ends at the back, is also very beautiful.

THE NEWEST CRINOLINES, for evening wear, are cut with a more decided train than before, and so pointed is this train that it is called in Paris "*Magnie*." The white petticoats, which are worn over these crinolines, are gored, so as to fit closely below the waist, and, in fact, they are as much sloped as the skirts which are worn over them.

SHORT GLOVES are going out of fashion for evening wear, those with five buttons are now worn with short-sleeved dresses; the bracelets are necessarily fastened at the top of the kid.

IN DRESSING HAIR there is no precise fashion or rule, and each lady arranges her hair as best suits her face, always bearing one point in mind; and that is, that whether she has been favored or not by nature, she must always contrive, by means of frizzing and pads, to make her hair look as though its growth was superabundant. The newest styles adopted, in Paris, are the small curls arranged round the back hair, and the thick plaited coronet in front, as will be seen in our wood-cuts. It will also be noticed that the hair is worn very much higher at the back, and that the old-fashioned "*French twist*" is again becoming popular.

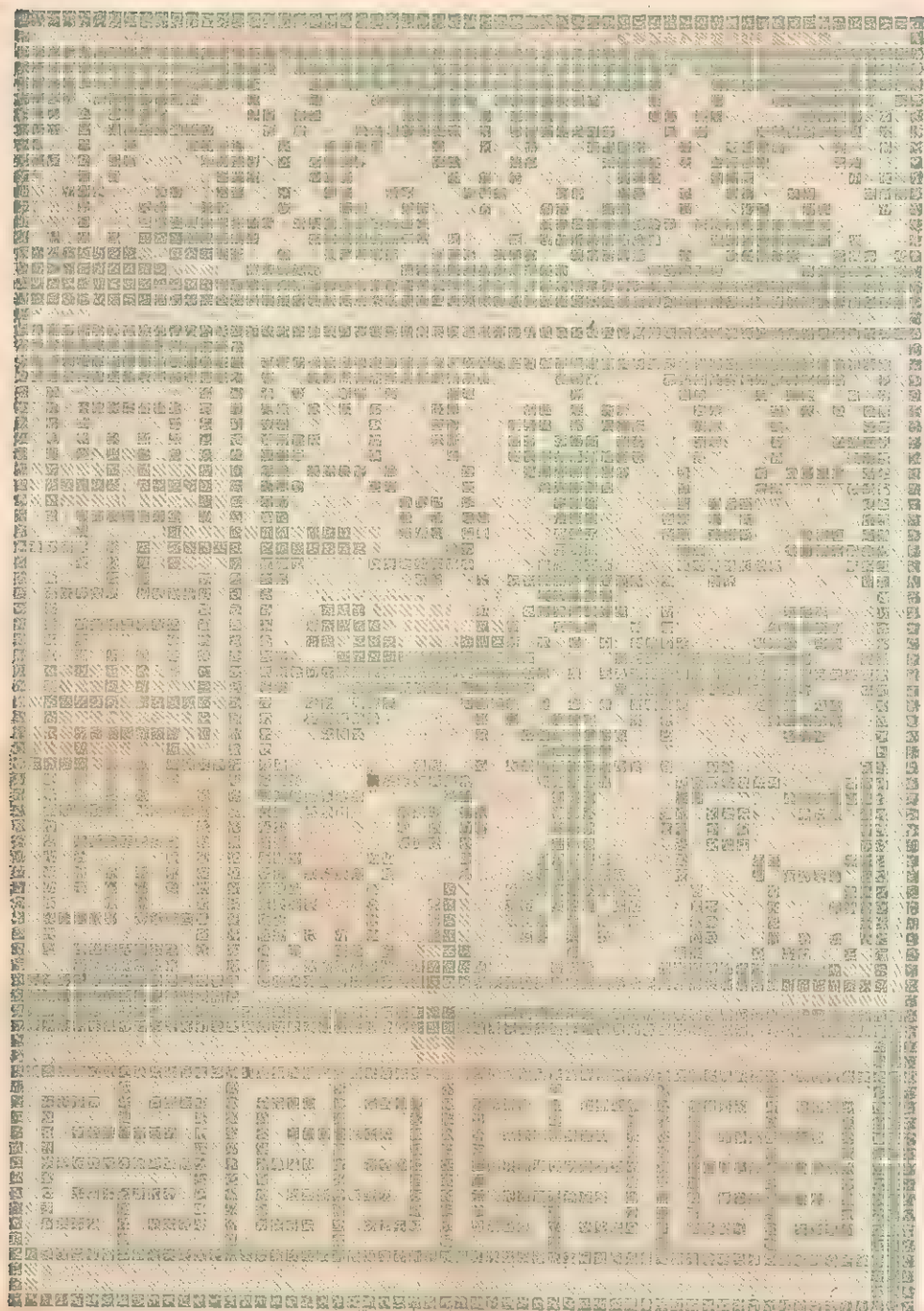
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We have nothing new to chronicle for children this month. Little girls dress so much like their mothers, that the fashion for one suits the other. Bonnets, or rather a kind of three-cornered piece, made of a pretty colored silk, are gradually taking the place of hats.

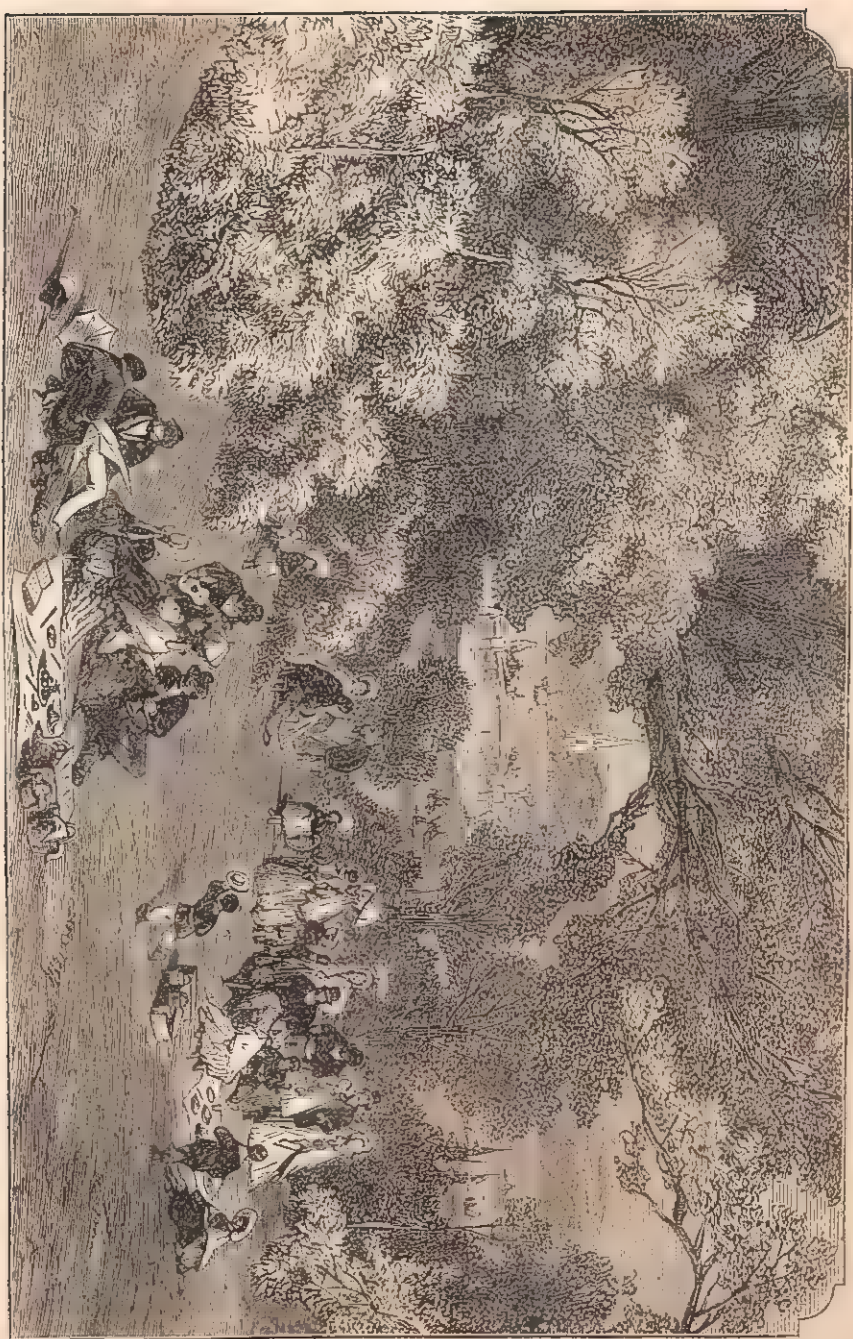




PETERSON'S MAGAZINE, JUNE, 1865.



PATTERNS IN CROCHET: TIDY AND BORDER.



THE PIC-NIC.

Gabrielle

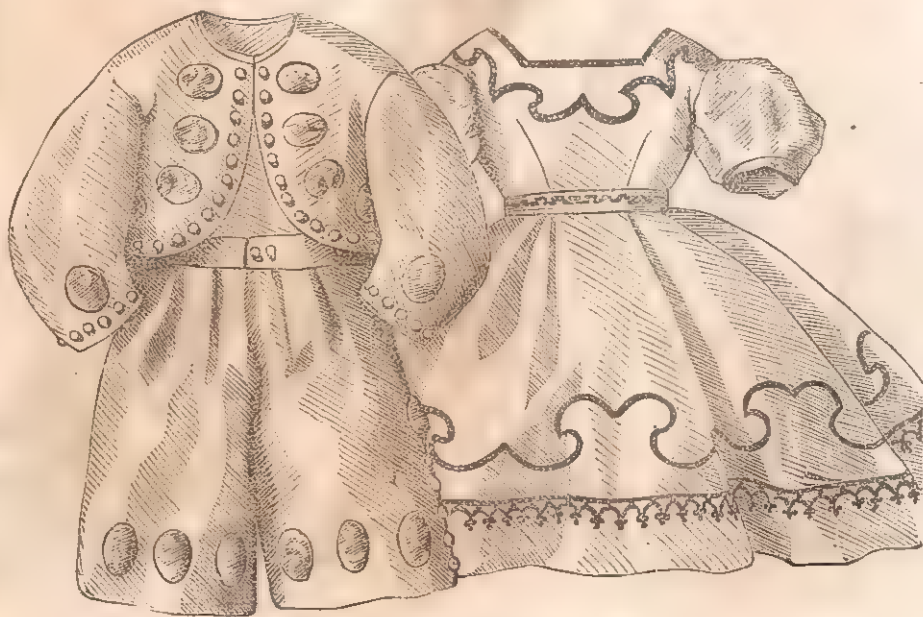
NAME FOR MARKING.



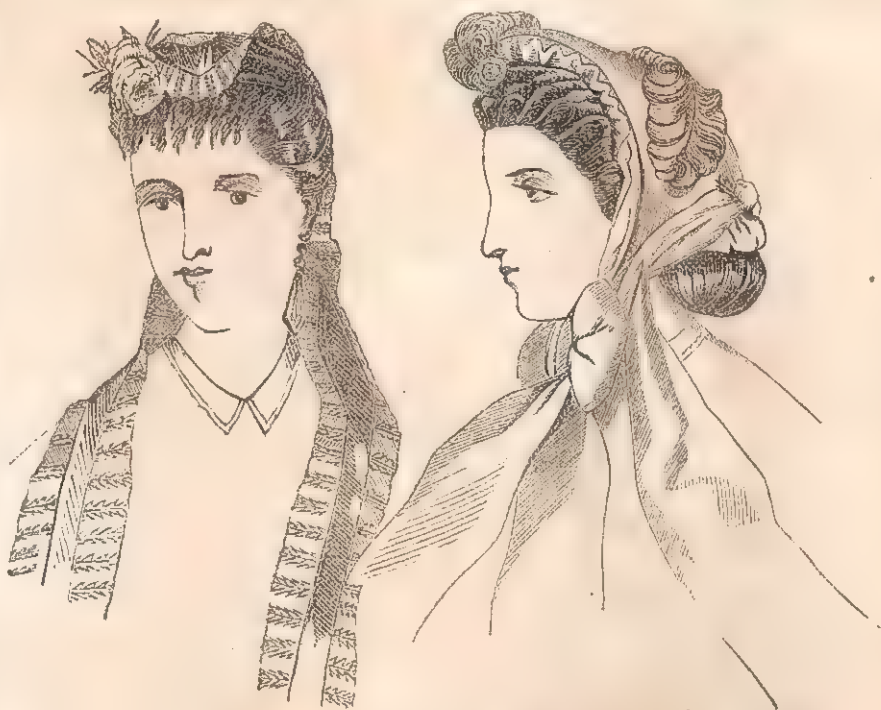
DINNER DRESS AND EVENING DRESS.



SUMMER BONNETS, AND MUSLIN BODY.



BOY'S TROUSERS: GIRL'S DRESS.



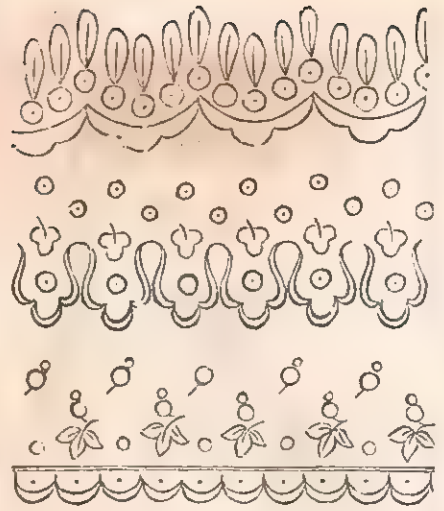
IMPERATRICE HEAD-DRESS AND CHIP BONNET.



CHILD'S COAT.



SHOE-BAG.



EDGINGS.



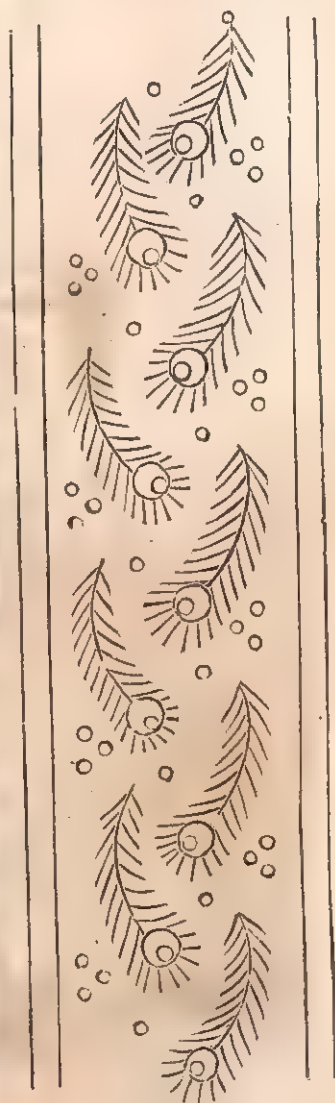
EMBROIDERY PATTERN.



NEEDLE-BOOK.



EDGINGS.



INSERTION.

Notice

NAME FOR MARKING.



YOUNG LADY'S DRESS: CHILD'S DRESS.

Caroline

NAME FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

Eyes will Watch for Thee.

WORDS BY J. H. NONES.

MUSIC BY A. H. BASSLER.

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8 va *Andante.*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

1. The sun behind the moon - turn Has cast his part - ing smile, And

f Ped. * Ped. *

'mid the gath'ring twi - light I sit and muse the while; And

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

EYES WILL WATCH FOR THEE.

as the grow - ing nightshado Falls o'er the earth and sea, The

Ped. * *f* ritard. dim.

This system contains the first three staves of music. The vocal line is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The piano accompaniment consists of two staves in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. Performance markings include 'Ped.' (pedal), a dynamic marking of '*f*' (forte), 'ritard.' (ritardando), and 'dim.' (diminuendo).

heart will count the mo - ments And eyes will watch for thee. The

tempo. Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

This system contains the next three staves of music. The vocal line continues with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a more active texture. Performance markings include 'tempo.' (return to tempo), and four instances of 'Ped.' (pedal) separated by asterisks.

heart will count the mo - ments And eyes will watch for thee.

cres. dim.

This system contains the final three staves of music. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics. The piano accompaniment features a crescendo and then a diminuendo. Performance markings include 'cres.' (crescendo) and 'dim.' (diminuendo) with dotted lines indicating the duration of these effects.

2.

With weary, weary waiting,
The soul will dream away
The dark and lonely hours
'Till shines the star of day;
Ah! wherefore art thou absent?
Come back, come back to me,
The heart will count the moments
And eyes will watch for thee.



A NEW AND SIMPLE WAY OF DRESSING THE HAIR.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 6.

A CROSS WORD, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

"Lucy, if you mean to sew this button on, I do wish you'd do it—I can't wait all day."

Tom didn't speak a bit cross, only emphatic; but I was out of temper that morning, and my head ached badly from sitting up too late the night before. Tom had gone to a supper—for the second time since our marriage—given by some of his bachelor friends, and had come home the worse for it. It had provoked me intensely. So I had followed him to bed in sullen silence, and awoke, none the better pleased after my sleep, on the morning alluded to. To make the matter worse, just as he spoke to me about his button, the knife, with which I was cutting bread for his lunch, slipped, inflicting a deep gash on my hand; and the baby awoke, and sent up her sharp, little cry from the cradle, all in one and the same moment.

"You can wait as well as I did last night, I reckon," I replied, sharply, really angry at last. "Don't hurry me—I do all I can, and more than I'm able to do, with one pair of hands."

Tom dropped his button, and turned toward me with a startled, "Why, Lucy!"

"Don't Lucy me," I retorted, throwing down the bread, and catching up the baby, while the blood streamed from my hand over her white gown. "You've done enough—you've broke my heart. I wish I had never seen you—I wish I was back with my father and mother."

I broke down with a burst of hysterical tears, and, seeing the blood on my hand, Tom came over and knelt down beside me.

"Why, Lucy," he said, his voice and eyes full of tenderness, "you've cut your hand. Why didn't you say so? Here, give me the child, while you bind it up—see how it bleeds!"

He held out his hands for the baby, but I snatched her away, and went on sobbing.

"Don't cry, Lucy," he continued, stroking the hair back from my forehead—"please don't. I know I've done wrong, dear—but I didn't

mean it. I fell in with some of the old boys, and they persuaded me against my will. But it's the last time, Lucy—the last time."

Why didn't I turn to him, then, and help and encourage him? Because my mean, tyrannous temper got the better of my woman's heart.

"Oh, yes!" I said, sneeringly, "it is easy enough to make fine promises—you told me the same thing before. How can you expect me to trust you now?"

Tom was spirited and quick-tempered—great, loving-hearted men always are. He sprang to his feet like a flash, and, before I had time to think or speak, had left the room. I tossed the child into her cradle, and rushed to the door—but it was too late—he was gone. I just caught a glimpse of him turning the corner.

I went back to the little breakfast-room. How blank and drear it looked, and what a sharp, stinging thorn there was in the very core of my heart! I loved Tom, and he loved me. We had been married only eighteen months, and this was our first quarrel. I sat down, with the babe in my arms, heedless of my morning work, and fell to thinking. All the old, happy days came back; and one day in particular, when we sat in Dunberry Wood. It was in autumn, and all the world seemed in a blaze of gold, as the sun slid down, and the squirrels chattered overhead, dropping a ripe nut, now and then, into my lap, as I sat there, with the last rose of summer in my hair, knitting a purse for Tom.

"Lucy," he had said, as I wove in the last golden stitches, "you've knit my love—my very life—up in that purse. Tell me now, before you finish it, how is it to be? Am I to leave you, and—and— Oh! I won't think of it even, Lucy, it would be too dreadful!"

"No, Tom," I answered, "you are to have the purse, and the hand that knit it, too."

Poor Tom, he cried then just like a little child—he, the bravest man in the village.

"No fault to find, only he's a *little* too wild—too fond of gay company; but you must tame him, Lucy, as your mother did me."

That was my old father's advice on our wedding day. My heart smote me dreadfully as I called it to mind that morning. Had I done my duty? Had I followed the example of my mother, who never let fall an unkind word?

But Tom would be home to dinner! The thought brought me to my feet. I did up my work briskly, and went about cooking just such a dinner as I knew he liked. The plum-pudding was done to perfection; the baby in a clean slip, and myself all smiles to receive him when the clock struck one. But he didn't come.

I put by the untasted dinner, and prepared supper, and lit a bright fire in the little parlor. He should have a pleasant welcome. But he did not come. Eight, nine, ten o'clock, and I put by the untasted supper, and baby and I went up to the nursery to watch and wait. How the little thorn in my heart pierced and rankled! Tom had broken his promise, and my unkindness was the cause! Nothing else rang in my ears through the long hours.

About two o'clock, I heard a noise below, and went to the window. There was a man on the porch, I could just see him in the dim light.

"Tom, is that you?" I asked, softly, putting out my head.

"Yes; open the door, Lucy—quick. The police is after me."

My heart sunk. The police after him! What could he have done? I ran down swiftly and unlocked the door. But as I did so, two men, wearing official badges, stepped up on the porch, and one of them laid his hand on Tom's shoulder, and said, "I arrest you, sir."

"For what?" I cried.

"For murder!"

The floor seemed sliding from beneath my feet, but I caught at the door to steady myself, and looked at Tom. At that instant, the official uncovered his lantern, and oh, my God! there was blood upon my husband's hands.

All the rest is a blank. When I came to life again, I was in bed in my own room, and kind, compassionate faces were around me. I asked for Tom. He was in prison, awaiting his trial. There had been a quarrel at the tavern, whither my cruel words had driven Tom; and Tom had struck his antagonist. The man was not dead—though they thought he was at first—but he was badly hurt about the head. But if he recovered—well, it would not go so hard with Tom.

I arose, and went down to the prison—but they would not admit me. No one was to see

my husband until after the trial. Another day crept by—a night—and then a morning came. I went down to the door, and opened it, with that vague feeling of expectation which always accompanies severe affliction, and looked out. The sun was rising—God's sun—rising grandly and brightly over the black, stone jail. The frost hung thick and sparkling over everything, even on the scrap of folded paper that lay at my feet. I stooped and picked it up idly, as we catch at a straw or twig, sometimes, without any motive, or power of volition. The superscription caught my eye—it was my own name—and my husband's writing. I tore it open, and read:

"DEAR LUCY—I have broken out of jail, and am going—well, no matter where. I didn't strike Hastings with an intention to kill him. I was intoxicated, and it was more his fault than mine; but he may die—and then—at any rate, it is better for you, Lucy, for me to go. I never was worthy of you. Now, you can go back to your father, and forget me, and be happy. You will find the bonds for what money I have in bank, in my desk; it is enough to make you and the child comfortable. Forgive and forget me, Lucy. God bless you—
you and the baby!
TOM."

That was the end! That was the reward that my cross word had purchased for me! Truly, truly, the wages of sin is death. We shall not need one pang of corporeal suffering, one spark of real fire, to perfect our torment, if we are lost. Conscience is all sufficient—remorse, that worm that never dies. It is useless for me to attempt to talk about what I suffered in the weary, weary days that followed that morning! Words could not express it, and no soul, save one that has passed through the same furnace of affliction, could begin to understand it. But I lived, for sorrow and death rarely walk in each other's steps, and nursed my babe, and did the work that my hands had to do. I did not go back to my father. I remained in Tom's home, and kept his things all about me, even to his cap hanging on the wall. Forget him? Does love ever forget?

Hastings did not die. He recovered, and made a public statement. He was more in fault, he said, than Tom was. Then he put a notice in all the papers, telling Tom to come back; but he did not come.

The winter passed away with long, long nights of bitter remorse, and tender recollections of the dear husband, whose strong arms had once been my stay and support. The spring

came—the summer—another winter. Three years went by—crept by.

My child, Tom's little baby, grew to be a fairy little thing, with fair blue eyes and golden hair, and a tongue that never wearied of its childish prattling. All day long she sat on the door-step, where the evening sunbeams slanted in, lisping to her doll, and listening, while I told her of the father who would come back to us one day. For surely he would come! Surely God's mercy would vouchsafe some compensation, some pardon for such tears, such bitter repentance as my soul had poured forth.

That third spring was peculiar somehow; the far-off sky seemed to drop down in nearer, bluer folds; the sun wore a softer radiance; the trees, the grass, the flowers, a diviner, tenderer beauty. I rose up every morning, and looked out of my little window at the kindling glories of morn, with a feeling of strange, tremulous expectation. I seemed to feel the shadow of some great event that winged its flight above me—the one prayer of my soul seemed about to be answered.

One evening—oh, that evening! A May sky, soft and blue, hung over a green, blossoming earth. The turtle cooed in the distant wood, and the robin twittered to her young brood amid the milky bloom of the orchard. God's love shone in the golden brightness of the westward-going sun. My child, little Effie, sat on the door-step, talking to her doll, and watching the birds. All at once, she clapped her dimpled hands and bounded to her feet.

"Mammy," she cried, gleefully, "pappy comin'—pappy comin'; Effie go meet him!"

The words stirred my heart to its inmost depths, and, dropping my work, I followed her out at the door. A man was coming up the garden path—his garments tattered—his step slow and uncertain. A beggar, no doubt! I called to Effie to come back, but she ran on, heedless of my command. Tom's little spaniel, that I had petted and taken care of for his sake, darted from its kennel with a peculiar cry, such

as I had never heard from it before. What did it all mean? My heart throbbed, and my knees began to tremble. Little Effie ran on, holding out both dimpled hands, her golden curls blown all about her rosy face.

"How-de-do, pappy? I's your little girl, Effie," she lisped, as she reached the man's feet.

He stooped and raised her in his arms, and then his glance rested on me. And such a glance—such a face! Pale, haggard, worn by sorrow and suffering to a mere shadow. Tom's ghost come back from the grave. Not that either, for my frantic arms grasped something, some tangible form.

"Oh, Tom!" I cried, "is it you? Speak, speak, and tell me?"

"Yes, Lucy, it's me. I couldn't bear it no longer—I'm dying, I believe—and I couldn't go without seeing you and the little one again."

My arms held him fast, tattered garments and all; his kisses fell on his poor, pale face like rain. I would never let him go again.

"Tom, Tom," I sobbed, going down on my knees before him, "oh, forgive me! forgive me!—I have suffered so much."

"It's me that must ask forgiveness, Lucy," he said, humbly, "not you—I was wrong——"

But I stopped him short.

"No, Tom, my cross word did it all," I said. "but for that we might have been happy together all these weary years——"

"Mammy, mammy," interposed Effie, twisting herself round on her father's shoulder, "don't cry no more—pappy's come back."

Yes, thank God, he had come back, poor, and tattered, and hungry—like the Prodigal, but my Tom, my husband, nevertheless. I would never speak cross words to him any more.

It is spring-time again. The sweet May sunlight steals in at my window, as I write, and I hear the turtle cooing in the distant wood. My husband is a man now, standing up proudly, his feet upon the grave of old temptations. I know that God's mercy is equal to His justice, and His love greater than either.

LOVE'S REPENTANCE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

As the sun, as he sinks
To his evening's rest,
Leaves a lingering beam
On the clouds in the West;
As that beam sheds a radiance
On valley and hill,
So the love in my bosom
Is lingering still.

The past and its treasures
In ashes now burn;
They are buried forever
In Memory's urn;
Yet still to my spirit
Hope's sun is not set;
Love's spell is on all,
And I cannot forget.

THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 347.

CHAPTER III.

NICHOLAS WAUGH paced backward and forward through his little room, his head slightly bent, looking with a furtive, amused glance at his brother and Dunn Joyce. His hands were tucked behind him under his long, green wrapper; his gray whiskers jogged monotonously as he tried to control his usual loping stride into an even pace, picking out the red and yellow bars in the carpet to keep the steps regular. You would have fancied he was trying to make Joyce think him a methodical man of business, he did so prune and straighten himself.

"When you have told us all, brother Samuel," he said, "I have a story which may be apropos. Odd, I know; maybe, too marvelous for you or Mr. Joyce to receive willingly. It has troubled me a long time how to break it to you both."

"Um! Ah!" said his brother.

Barbara's father had been in the full current of his own tale of woe when Joyce came up, and had no mind to be balked of the ending of it, or of his new auditor. He was a small man, as we said, with meek, protruding eyes, and a remnant of sandy-colored hair drawn tightly back in a queue. He went on nervously examining his oval pink finger nails as he did so.

"When you came in, Mr. Joyce, my brother and I were talking of—of the times in general, sir, so far as it concerned the money-market, and of some engagements, I may say liabilities, that I have contracted, or that has been contracted for me."

"Here it is, Joyce, in a nut-shell," said the old clergyman, affecting a brusque to-the-point air. "Samuel is in debt; was dragged into it by that partner of his, when he lived in Salem. Nothing can be done by him about it, for his income is just now——"

"*Nit*, Mr. Joyce. To be plain—nothing. Nicholas does not like to state it," with a miserable titter.

"Mrs. Waugh has a trifle," explained Nicholas; "they live on that."

"Oh!" said Dunn, his face growing longer.

"It is unpleasant in many ways," said Mrs. Waugh's husband.

Dunn's face grew vacant, but he nodded absently.

Nicholas Waugh wiped his bald forehead with a white handkerchief, as if he were sopping up water.

"These debts are goading Samuel day after day," he said; "have done so for seven years," bringing the conversation off of Mrs. Waugh with a snap in his voice. "You see how wretched he is under it."

"I see," said Joyce, glancing at Waugh's puffy little body and dropped mouth- corners, and wondering what he would do if they took his seven years pet-misery from him.

There was a short silence then; the old clergyman looking down at the other two with a triumphant smile covert on his face.

"It must be paid," he said, bringing down the forefinger of one hand against his chair, as one who settles an argument. "We wished to consult you on this matter, Mr. Joyce, as our friend, and, in fact, our only business adviser."

Dunn bowed gravely in his last century fashion.

"They—must—be—paid; but, the sole question is, how?"

"But, brother Nicholas——"

"One moment, Samuel," waving his hand. "As you were, doubtless, about to remark—how?"

Dunn's face was innocent of any suggestion of resources.

"Now, gentlemen," said Nicholas, after waiting a sufficient time for an answer, to make his triumph complete—"now, gentlemen, my story comes in. I know the how; I have the power in my hands."

"You, brother Nicholas!"

"Be calm, Samuel. Be seated also. A chair, Mr. Joyce. My story may be a fatiguing one," taking his seat before them, having placed them in line; "but it is not without its points of interest.

"You are aware, Mr. Joyce, of the extent of my yearly income?" he continued, drawing the flaps of his coat-skirts over his knees, and leaning forward. Joyce assented; that old man had been preparing this discovery for days; it was full of relish and pleasure to him; he should crack his nut in his own way; Dunn was not the man to balk him.

"My income, sir, amounts to a trifle over two hundred dollars, barely sufficient to clothe myself, and not sufficient to recompense you for the trouble an old man gives," with a stately bow.

"Don't speak of that," said Dunn, abruptly, thrusting out his freckled hand, and putting it on the other's knee.

Waugh looked into the clear blue eyes. "Yes, I see, boy," touched the hand slightly with his own, and then went on. "You will wonder how, out of this sum, I purpose to pay the debt of the old firm of Waugh & Turner? Attention, one moment, brother Samuel, seeing his eyes wander restlessly in the direction of the road where Mrs. Waugh was taking her evening constitutional, and looking for her husband.

"Yes, Nicholas, surely."

"You remember a bit of ground I bought in Hanover county, Virginia, once, when I had money to invest in whims? Bought it, Mr. Joyce, to preserve a farm grave-yard thereon, in which was buried a favorite uncle of ours—the whole purchase not amounting to much more than an acre. Last October, old business called me to that neighborhood. I visited the grave-yard, and remained several days in —; well, in fact, I was mending the fence about it—the cows were getting in. I am a bit of a geologist, you know, Mr. Joyce? The rocks that cropped out of the soil thereabouts appeared to me peculiar. You do not care for that science? I will spare you the technicalities, therefore; besides, a story I heard of one of the planters (Joe Johnston, Samuel,) aroused my attention."

Samuel Waugh had been inattentive hitherto. He started forward eagerly now, his hands on his knees. "Johnston, who found the——"

Nicholas waved his hand. "Do not anticipate me. Aroused my strictest attention to the nature of the soil; particularly to the bed and bank of a rocky little stream that crossed my patch of ground. I was not unsuccessful," rising and going toward an old mahogany escritoir. Joyce saw that his hands shook as he unlocked it, and his jaws were working with agitation. Samuel Waugh sat with his head bent forward. "Nicholas don't mean it! The Johnstons always had the devil's luck! He's not one of them."

"I mean this, Samuel," returning and taking his seat, producing, after his coat-skirts were adjusted, a little brown pill-box marked, "Two every three hours." Then he went on. "Please look at that, Mr. Joyce, and give me your opinion on it," opening the box.

Joyce took out the little yellow lump inside

and turned it over in his palm; Samuel Waugh peering over his shoulder. The sun struck on the rubbed side of it, and it emitted flashes of blue and yellow light; Joyce turned it again and again, glanced up at the tall figure before him, with its simple, eager face.

"How? Eh?" said he. "I am no judge of jewels, Mr. Waugh; "but I should call that a diamond of good water."

Samuel Waugh was dumb, stretched out his hand, and went with it to the window.

"I don't understand," said Joyce.

"It is not the first," returned the clergyman. "Several have been found in that section of Virginia, besides the one that Joe Johnston picked up. There are the strongest indications of a diamond mine. Well, brother, are you satisfied?" as Waugh brought the box back and laid it on the table, with a deep sigh of amazement.

"How much is that worth, Nicholas?" was the answer.

"I took it to a jeweler in Richmond, immediately after the discovery was made," replied the other. "Tyson & Brothers, it was; and they told me it might be valued at ten thousand, after cutting and mounting, that is."

"I would submit it to a Philadelphia expert before selling," suggested Dunn.

"I intend to do so. Brother," hesitating a little, "there will be enough to pay the debt—will you accept it from me?"

Samuel Waugh looked up, startled, the peaked little face grew fiery hot, his lips opened and shut convulsively, but he could say nothing.

"I intended," the clergyman went on to say, "to invest the money differently. For myself, I have but little use for it, only to see comfort and plenty about those I love before I die. So I built a good many castles out of that bit of stone," turning to Joyce, with a laugh, to conceal his brother's emotion.

"Samuel's cottage I turned into a cozy, wide homestead. Barbara was despatched to a school, and you back to the law." He hurried on, not heeding the flash of surprise in Dunn's face. "But a debt sweeps everything else aside, in my code, at least."

"And you mean to give this all to me for that purpose?" said Samuel Waugh, in a subdued voice.

"Of course. Your debt is mine. When brother's work along in different paths thus far through life, it is hard if they cannot join hands at the last. Besides," with a quivering laugh, "it does a crusty old bachelor good to think somebody will say over his coffin, 'He was of

use to me.' It's a lonely life, in spite of brothers or nieces—so take warning, Dunn, boy."

Dunn answered the laugh cheerfully, and then looked out of the window, at the path down which Richard and Barbara had gone together. Perhaps there was some thought in his brain, just then, for which his conscience checked him; for he tried to think what a little thing was needed to make the two happy. A trifle of money, and Dick could marry and go on in his profession, "and I could go back to the law, and forget this horrible pain," putting his great hand up to his chest. Glancing at the table, the diamond burned and flashed, mockingly. Dunn suddenly drew back, as if it had been a snake starting up before him.

"Who knows this story you have just told us?" he said, abruptly, to the clergyman.

"No one. I thought it best to keep it secret until now."

"I would continue to do so," said Dunn, his face strangely changing color.

"Well, perhaps you are right, friend Joyce. Excepting to your brother, I thought. Richard's a shrewd young fellow, you know; and I thought he might be able to give us some hints about selling it."

"Dick knows nothing about jewelry," said Dunn, coldly. "It would be better to keep your secret, Mr. Waugh."

"Well, well; as you please. I will make a journey down to the city in a week or two, and see what skill I have in driving bargains. In the meantime, brother Samuel, write to your creditors, and——"

"They are not my creditors," piped the old man querulously. "I wish you would choose your words better, Nicholas. Frank Turner signed the name of the firm to his own notes. I never saw a dollar of the money."

Joyce shuffled uneasily. "It seems hard," he said, at last, "that this money should go to pay Turner's debts. It is your's now, Mr. Waugh; and there is so much good you could do with it here, near at hand——"

"The money is not mine while there is a man living who can say my brother has defrauded him," rejoined the elder Waugh, a little haughtily. "I thought you would so heartily approve of my plan, Joyce, and you do not."

"I do so, sir. I was only thinking of Barbara." He was silent, his eyes falling on the stone that shimmered and trembled with a delicate lustre in the cool light. It seemed to him the devil's eye—such new, vile suggestions came into his thought from it.

Samuel Waugh had been fumbling for words

for half an hour. They came at last. "It might be better, brother Nicholas, not to take any women folks into our confidence—just yet, I mean. Mrs. Waugh, my wife, for instance; she is a most capable woman; a remarkable woman, I might say, but——"

The old clergyman drew his breath sharply, shuffling his papers. "If you have sense, brother Samuel, you'll hold your tongue. Not that I doubt sister Selina's capacity," with a bow; "it is extraordinary, in one or two ways."

Her husband paused, as if to solve this remark; but gave it up, and looked in his brother's face, with an earnest expression of his own wizened features, which Waugh never had seen there—almost boyish in its sudden outlet of feeling. "I have not thanked you, brother Nicholas."

They grasped each other's hands. "Tut! tut! Yes you did, with your poor old face, Samuel. It's not so young as it was, my boy—nor mine, either."

"Do you remember the box of tools, Nicholas, when we were boys, and the gardens? It was always the way—I had the lion's share."

"No such thing; many is the pummeling I gave you, and took, for our rights."

"Yes," with a half-sorrowful look; "but I always came off winner. When you thrashed me worst, you gave up the soonest. Yet I did not mean to be selfish. I don't now."

"And are you? Pooh! Going, Mr. Joyce?"

"I must close the forcing-houses," said Joyce.

"When do you intend to go down to the city about this business, Mr. Waugh?"

"Some day next week. I will consult you about the way to proceed before then. I'm a little rusty in such business. Take care of the door-mat, going down—it is apt to trip one up. Good-evening, Mr. Joyce."

Dunn replied to him without the vestige of a smile on his face, and went gravely down the stairs, shutting himself up in his own room.

A few minutes after, Samuel Waugh went home, picking his steps carefully over the dusty road, and his brother sat down to read some new translation of Provencial poetry, which had found its way in among the heavy volumes of divinity. While the stone, in its little box in a chest of drawers, burned and twinkled with red and sulphurous light, as if conscious of the evil it was to work to them all.

CHAPTER IV.

THROUGH all that night, the rain fell heavily; the wind rattling through the wide cracks in the doors and windows of the old house. Nicholas

Waugh, feeling his old bones shiver in the chilly damp, pulled a blanket over the bed, and drew his red-lasseled night-cap further over his ears, then started up to listen. "I could have sworn I heard footsteps outside, and a hand on the latch," he said. He waited a moment. "Only the wind," he muttered, "and the latch is loose;" and so turned his face to the wall, to shut out all noise, thinking it was well he had locked the door, as the wind was strong, and giving a last sleepy thought to the blazing stone in the pill-box. "I thought it would have made them all comfortable; but better to have poor Sammy out of debt—much better. So! so!" and in a few minutes was snoring.

He did not waken afterward; the wind, if it were wind that had shaken the door, did not disturb it again.

At early dawn Dunn Joyce unbolted the front-door, and, after hesitating a moment on the steps, went down across the garden into the vegetable-beds beyond; his lean face was unusually pale and haggard; the dress the same he had worn the night before. As his boots crushed the cinders on the garden-path, a face peered out from an upper-window, watching him through the foggy mist into which the rain had died.

He stalked about through the matted, wet grass and sodden bushes, stooping to clip a broken branch, or trail the Lima-beans up by their poles, where the rain had beaten them down, stopping, now and then, to lean over the low, stone wall that ran along the eastern side, and watch the moist pink forcing its way through the muddy sky.

"Dunn's early afoot!" and Dick, for the face was his, got up from the floor, where he had been kneeling, packing a valise, and going to the table, blew out the candle, then returned to the window, and looked suspiciously out. "He has not slept all night—what ails him?" the shadow of whatever shameful secret lay between the brothers coming out on his face.

There was a secret. Even old Nicholas Waugh, with his childish, unobservant way of plodding on from day to day, had stumbled over it; saw, that with all the real affection of the men for each other, their enjoyment of Dick's jokes and careless, jolly habit together, there were certain commonplace words and subjects which would unaccountably bring a sudden silence between them, bring grave, frightened faces, and a timid manner of concession, almost humility, as if each feared the other secretly.

The look was on Richard's face as he watched Dunn now; it did not leave him when they sat down to the table at breakfast; there was an

awkward constraint on both, the more apparent as they tried to be easy—to talk in an inconsequent way of the rain, the crops, and politics.

Mr. Waugh slept late that morning; the discussion of the night before had tired him as much as a hard day's work would have done.

"The rain must have troubled the poor, old fellow," said Richard, pushing his plate from him. "You heard nothing like footsteps in the night, eh, Dunn, along the lower hall?" with a furtive, suspicious scrutiny.

Joyce lifted the coffee to his lips, and drank slowly, his face was a higher color when he put it down—heated, perhaps. "The shutters creaked incessantly," he said, evasively. "Remind me to drive a nail in their catches to-morrow, Dick," without lifting his eyes from his plate."

Nolt watched him long and wistfully, drumming with his fingers on the table. "I will not be here to-morrow," he said, at last. "Swayne proposed last week that we should soon make that jaunt out to the Lebanon Valley region, for sketches; and this is as good, if not better, weather for foot-travel than we shall have later in the season."

"When do you go?"

"To-day."

Dunn's face suddenly cleared. "How long a trip do you purpose making, Dick?"

"About three weeks absence. We can find enough outlines in that time—the filling-in will be good fall work."

"To be sure! to be sure!" heartily. "I'm glad you're going, boy. You need a breath of hill-air. That comes of our Highland blood, I suppose. Sometimes I feel the weight of all this flatness on my chest. It stifles me. Fact, boy, fact!" rising, and going near to the great fire-place.

"What does he plan now?" said Dick, to himself? "He wishes only to get me out of the way."

The rain had begun again, a slow, heavy drizzle; it beat against the narrow window, ran down the panes in streams, shutting out the view of the flat, soaked fields; a sharp wind blew without.

Richard was glad of it; there was no warm, cheery lightness in his mood to-day. It seemed to him, rather, as if all his life before had been a long play-day, spent in being drifted about by circumstances; and now, a full-grown man, he was going to grapple with the future with a man's muscles, and conquer it. He had a tough Scotch character, Richard Nolt; both principles and purposes were obstinate, and long-lived.

He snuffed up the wet, hay-scented air as a mastiff might have done. A good deal of breath in this world had been wasted for him; now there was to be an end of that; he had been alone, often sullen, his pictures swamped on the walls; he would now be rich and famous; he would take the woman he loved very soon into his arms, with all her fresh-blooded life. Dick strode over the floor, feeling as if he had clutched all the work and pleasure of life into his two brawny hands this morning. As for crime—

"Why do you wish me away from here?" he said, suddenly and sharply, to his brother. "That was a sham speech of yours, Dunn, about the hill-air; you are not used to make such. Why do you wish me gone?"

Joyce looked down at him; (for Dick was a shorter man than he, square and stoutly built,) whatever ill, hiding thoughts were in Dunn's soul, the sandy face and blue eyes carried a fair enough meaning. "Why do you go?" he said, looking searchingly into the other's eyes; "tell me truly, Dick, boy. Nothing old Dunn will do shall ever hurt you."

"Yes, I will tell you," after a moment's doubt. His nerves seemed to stiffen, as he spoke, with his purpose. "I am going because I have a plan from which God himself shall not turn me back, if I live; because I have driven long enough through life. I have set my face forward—and I am not going back, though you do not bid me God speed," he added, falling into a lighter, bitter tone. The very air of melo-drama the man put on hinted at some conscious weakness.

"You will not confide your plan to me, Dick? Sketches in the Lebanon Valley must be but a small part of it."

Richard did not look at him as he replied.

"No, Dunn, I cannot. Not now."

"It is newly formed?" Joyce said, going back, in his own mind, to Barbara's visit yesterday, with a quiet, sad smile.

"Yes; that is, I've had a touch of the spur to prick me on," trying to laugh.

"I see."

After a short silence, spent in watching the rain gurgling out of the wall-spout outside, Joyce turned, drew his hand out of his pocket, and held it out to his brother.

"I do wish you God speed, Dick. Your father was kind to me; he did take the place of my own, who was dead and gone, as he promised. I remember the first time I saw you in his arms in that old house in Perth; a lean, jaundiced little chap you were, that's true. I've never

spoke a rough word to you since then; I've never crossed your path; and I won't now, Dick."

I don't think Richard Nolt had any conception of what this promise meant to the poor gardener, nor why he made it with such undue emphasis, the tears coming into his eyes, to be winked away with his yellow lashes.

"I'm sure you'll not cross my path, Dunn," he said, languidly pressing his hand. He had a scorn, which he thought manly, for any effusion of manner.

"And more, Dick," said Dunn, thinking of Barbara, and his loud, big tones, as he thought of her, growing soft and mellow with a hope not for himself. "I think I guess what good thing you're aiming for, and I mean to aid you, cost what it will. I know the way, and I made up my mind to do it last night. While you're gone I'll carry it out."

There was a queer gleam of suspicion under Richard's smile and nod. "I knew he had some plan on foot," he thought, triumphantly, "for which I must be kept out of the way. In half an hour I'll be off, Dunn," he said, aloud, "for a three weeks' stay. But who comes here?"

As he spoke, the garden-gate creaked and the latch clicked; then a woman's small figure came up the walk under an enormous cotton umbrella. Nothing was visible of her but the umbrella, from which the rain ran in small, dirty cataracts; but the skirt of a rusty bombazine gown, pinned up at each side, and disclosing a pair of thick ankles in gray hose, and solid, square feet below. But the feet snapped off each step, too pointed, down first, according to true New England gymnastic rules.

"It's Barbara's mother," said Dick, after a moment's survey.

Joyce gave an anxious glance about the room; at the boots in one corner; the porter-bottles in another; the muddy terrier with his paws on the table. "It's no place for a woman to come," he said, under his breath, going to meet her at the door, and bowing with a solemn, old-fashioned manner. "Richard? Going away? Yes, madam. In this room, Mrs. Waugh."

Dick looked up in dismay, in time to receive the onslaught of hand-shakes, and sharp little laughs, and confidential nods, which the little woman made buzzing about him.

She fastened her dripping umbrella with a jerk, and set it down. "Now you wonder, Mr. Richard," she said, "how I knew you were going to set out—but it was the merest accident. Your old woman-servant, Deb, in fact, mentioned this morning that you were packing

your valise, and had it marked for Lebanon. I remembered the pedestrian tour you told me you had planned—that charmed me, Mr. Richard; ah, yes! Our young men in Massachusetts make them every summer; but you have no White Mountains here to resort to—no! And the German Burschen, how they tramp—yes! It gives stamina to the youth of Germany in soul, such as our youth have not, a freedom of inquiry, I mean. Life in the open air stimulates that, I think. Though our young men have the Puritan basis—yes! They stand firmer upon the inner center.”

“Certainly! the inner center,” said the bewildered Dunn, when she stopped to take breath.

She was a wiry, dark-faced little woman, with vague, wandering gray eyes. Her shawl was pinned awry; her bonnet had been mashed, by a projecting limb, in at one side; and in her hand she held a torn, embroidered handkerchief by the extreme corner; the rest dangled down to her feet. To Joyce, she was but one of the uncomprehended class called women. Nolt, who had seen more of the different orders of people in the States, stood quietly stroking his whiskers as she talked. He “knew her sort well.” Born in the healthy atmosphere of Ohio or Pennsylvania, she would have made an unpretending, narrow-brained house wife and mother; but she had been one of those mediocre people in the outer circles of New England society, who are drunk for life with the fumes they have smelled afar off of Boston transcendentalism; so she went about, as her class do to-day, giving out dilutions of Margaret Fuller and Emerson. No wonder the western people think, as the boys in the back pews did of the sermon, that “by the time it reaches them, it is pretty poor stuff.”

“So, when I heard of your intention, Mr. Richard,” she went on, “I immediately thought of a friend I had in one of these hill counties, and wrote you a letter of introduction to her,” presenting a letter, which Dick took with many thanks. “She’ll be congenial, Mr. Richard—congenial. She adores art—I adore art myself. Indeed, it is a problem, to me, whether art does not breathe the Divine into the finite more immediately than nature. What do you think? But—not made up your mind, yet, Mr. Richard?—no. Wilhelm Meister says—your tour suggests the Meister, you see? Ah! charming book that! Goethe is always so human! the roots of his thought grow deep in the alluvial soil. But you’ll like her, Mr. Richard; I mean, that your natures will cohere strictly, *en rapport*. You will forgive the liberty of writing?

But I stand with you on the under granite of love for the beautiful and true—and what do forms matter? I have said to Mr. Waugh, ‘Mr. Richard is born with a mission for art;’ but Mr. Waugh is indifferent. He does not stand securely on the eternal verities; so perceives dully. Do you perceive your brother’s fitness for his vocation?” turning sharply on Joyce, who was staring sorrowfully out of the window.

“God bless me, madam!” with a start. “Vocation? Fitness? Indeed, I don’t know, madam. If it’s Dick’s selling the pictures.”

“It is written out in characters that don’t lie,” cried Mrs. Waugh, jumping up with a bounce, and seizing the snuffers. “Here,” touching Dick’s eyebrow with the prong, “observe, Mr. Joyce, if you please, here is the power of creation, and here in the very angle of incidence these—this weapon makes—is the critical faculty. Why, he that runs may read.”

“So he may, to be sure,” said Dunn, fumbling with both hands in his pockets, and putting a surreptitious handful of roasted corn in his mouth.

Dick turned over the letter. It was directed in a bold, peculiar hand; the letter, itself, he noticed, being on fine, cream-tinted, foreign paper.

“So, now that you have promised to deliver it, if you are in that part of the country,” she said, rising, “my mission is sped. How are you selling your peas? Too cheap, sir—too cheap. And I also wished to mention, that the cherries you sent over last night, make an excellent sweet pickle, with vinegar, sugar, and a suspicion of treacle. Never leave out the treacle. I would be glad to make it for you, Mr. Joyce, if—go halves! And you to furnish everything? Ah! that is liberal; to be sure, the labor is tedious. Very well. Good-by, Mr. Richard. May the fates keep your days gracious, and glad and gay. Good-morning, Mr. Joyce. Fill my pockets with gooseberries? You are kind. I will—yes!” hoisting her umbrella, and clicking off through the mud.

Dick drew a long sigh of relief. “She snaps the very air out of my nostrils,” he said, thrusting the letter carelessly, with others, in his pocket.

They heard the bang of the gate behind her; not suspecting, as they heard it, how life and death for one of them should afterward hang on this silly woman’s morning chatter.

When the rain abated, an hour after, Richard Nolt came down, his traveling-bag in hand, calling out a good-by to Dunn, as he sat whitening bits of pine to be used in budding. “I’m

off," he said, "Dunn, to make my fortune!" more heartily than he had spoken that day.

"Ho, Dick! you met fortune long ago."

"When?"

"When she made you a genius, according to even Mrs. Waugh's eyesight."

"Or snuffers," passing out with a laugh.

"What did she make me, I wonder?" said Dunn; and the poor fellow drew down his bushy brows over his work, and whittled on until the sun stood high and hot over the reeking earth, and until corn, potatoes, everything outside was suffering for want of him.

CHAPTER V.

"I do not think that cloud will bring rain, Mr. Waugh."

It was the seventh time, that evening, the old man had consulted Joyce.

"I hope not, sir—I hope not," looking anxiously out of different windows.

"I've a long journey before me to-morrow, and I'm not as supple in the joints as I once was. Barbara, you will be over in the morning to see me off?"

"Yes; but, uncle, you had better accept Mr. Joyce's offer to go with you. He is more familiar with the city than you are now, and maybe, can help you with your business, whatever it is."

"I have not reached my second childhood yet, my girl," he answered, a little pettishly; but Barbara, not heeding his ill-humor, ran up stairs to see if his preparations were completed for this important journey; and he hobbled slowly after her.

The old clergyman was as neat as a woman; his clean shirt and well-brushed Sunday suit were laid out in order, even to the satin stock, and worn kid gloves.

"I think I'm all right," he said, anxiously. "I'll rub off my shoes to-night. You did not heed my being a little hasty, puss, just now? But I've a fancy to go alone to-morrow."

"And I have a foolish uneasiness about your going," putting her arms about his neck, and drawing the gray head into her breast.

"Pish! Why, it is but an hour's ride."

"I cannot help the fancy. I feel as if some great danger waited for both of us."

"Nonsense, Barby;" patting her hand softly in his own, and looking with a vague sadness in his eyes, out from the little window, to where the sun had gone down behind the low, lonesome stretch of fields.

But he saw neither; his soul had gone back, one could see in the dulled eye, to look at fields

which were green long ago, and a sun that should never rise again. "I have waited a week so as to go to-morrow," he said. "It's an anniversary with me, Barby. Once, a long time ago, I gave up something on that day that was dear to me; and I try to keep the day, every year, by doing some little act of kindness. Not much, you know; there is so little I can do."

Barbara made no answer, only tightened her grasp of his hand, and presently began talking cheerfully of something else, as if she had forgotten it. She had not forgotten it; Barbara had a warm, affectionate heart, and it felt sick, somehow, whenever she looked at the old man that evening. She was lonesome herself, sometimes, as if she needed petting and care—but to think of his sixty years of solitude! Such cheerful, kindly years they had been, too!

Before she went away, she took his head between her hands, holding it steadily, saying,

"Good-night, uncle Nicholas. You know I love you? Barby!"

"I know, dear child," a little surprised. "You've been like a good daughter to me always," and kissed her very tenderly.

"Yes, yes! That's all true," said Barbara, to herself, going home. "But there might have been something better than I, and he lost that."

She could not help crying bitterly, thinking of him and of the sacrifices his life had been. The old man was very dear to the girl.

When she came up to their own house, her father was just going down the porch-steps, a basket in his hand, to look for eggs. The meek little man seemed faded and worn-out.

"I'll do that, father. You're tired," she cried.

"Well, yes, Barby. Can I help you, my dear?" seating himself by his wife, who was on the porch, stringing beans.

Barbara stood leaning on the step-railing, swinging the empty basket in her hand, and looking over to her uncle's windows in Dunn Joyce's house across the fields.

"Uncle Nicholas was going to be married once, wasn't he, father?" she said, at last.

"There was such talk, I believe, Barbara," whittled the old man, for he had just taken a pinch of snuff; "but it never would have done—it wouldn't have done at all."

"Why not?" sharply. "There never was a man who would have been a happier or kinder husband."

"And what sort of a provider would your uncle have made?" inquired her step-mother.

"It was a French girl," resumed her father, after waiting for Barbara to answer. "A pretty

little somebody he met in Lyons. Nicholas was very fond of her, I think. He likes to talk of France, yet; and once, twenty years after it all happened, when he was ill with a bilious fever, he used to rave all night of 'Gabrielle.' It was the only time I ever heard him name her."

"Why were they not married?" said his wife.

"Well, you see, there were but the two of us, and I was already settled with a home of my own; and the spring of the year in which Nicholas was to have gone over for her, that trouble came on your grandmother, Barbara."

"I know—she lost her reason."

"Yes. This, with other attacks besides, to which she was subject, of the most painful kind—epilepsy."

"Well, and then?"

"Why, of course, then Nicholas thought, very properly, that settled it. A mother comes before a wife, you know. There were no asylums then; and if there had been, mother needed the constant attention of one person. So Nicholas wrote to his little French girl, and told her the facts; her friends would not let her come to a house such as his must be, and told him to choose between mother or wife—and he chose. *She* said she would wait for him."

"And did she?" said Barbara, eagerly."

"Oh, no; she married a silk-mercer in Lyons, I heard, a year or two after that. I heard so, though, as I told you, I never knew Nicholas to speak of her."

"She was false then!" ejaculated Mrs. Waugh.

"There are so few betrothals founded on real affinities. Had she no *dot*? Nicholas might have paid for your mother's keep out of that."

"I don't know."

"How long did grandmother live?" asked Barbara.

"Fifteen years, about. She became quite troublesome at the last. Nicholas had a hard time with her. They lived out by the Falls; sometimes quite alone, for servants were afraid to be in the house with her. But Nicholas was as good a nurse as any woman." He was silent for a moment. "Nicholas is a good man," he said, thoughtfully.

"Don't cut those beans with a knife, you are paring them half away," said his wife, sharply, bringing him back to practical matters.

Barbara sat by her bed, half-undressed, a long time that night, looking at the lonely light in Joyce's house. Sixty years of solitary days and nights! and to go down to the grave without ever having known a wife's or a child's kiss! And yet—

There was something in this solitary life better than happiness, or love, or kisses—something that filled her eyes with tears, and her soul with an earnest, hungry longing that she might go and do likewise.

"It is worth while for him to live," she said; "but for us——"

After she laid down, she began to think which of them all would be capable of living his life. Richard? She shook her head—her face growing hot from love, or anger, she did not know which. Poor Dunn might do it; but Dunn was so stupid, he had less to lose than other men. Poor, homely Dunn! and so she fell asleep, resolving to look over all of her uncle's clothes and socks the next day—they needed mending horribly. And, perhaps, she would tell Joyce the story she had just heard. It would make him think better of the old man. He would understand it; while Dick, most probably, would call him a cursed fool.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE RIVER IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THERE is a river, drear and lone,
That flows in noiseless monotone;
Through caverns dark, by gulfs profound,
A silent river under ground.

You come upon it, miles away
From upper air or light of day;
A spectral beach, across whose strand
Steal airs as from the Silent Land.

And yet no breeze along it blows;
No blossoms shed on it their snows;
Through solid rock it winds around—
That silent river under ground.

No further shore is ever seen;
It flows the primal Night between;
Unfathomed yet its waters run,
As first they ran when Time begun.

The ghostly boatmen on it glide;
The ripples lap against the side;
The cars dip in, but still no sound—
This silent river under ground

A saintly river of the dead,
Its weird, black waters spread and spread
In shadowy gloom from that wan shore,
Forevermore, forevermore.

AN ANGEL OF MERCY.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

WARD No. —, of the military hospital at —, was a very comfortable-looking place. There were white spreads and curtains to the beds, and little tables, each with its bouquet of flowers; and everything was as clean and cheerful as possible. But each bed was patterned exactly after the others—every table was of the same dimensions—and it almost seemed as if no one bouquet had a leaf or a flower more or less than the others. Individual aches and pains would have the appearance of impertinence in so methodical a place; and it seemed as though even suffering itself must conform to the general rule, and follow a given pattern.

Monotonous as it was, though, the inmates appeared fully sensible of their comforts; and, within those white curtains, a look of placid contentment beamed on each face. With one exception—and that one was the most attractive face in the ward. Lieut. Frank Ingworth was "magnificent-looking," with a sort of Byronic curl of the lip that was pronounced "very taking." His couch was a sort of shrine, where visitors left the greater portion of their votive offerings; and it is not to be wondered at that he was a little bit spoiled, and rather fastidious.

He was holding an animated conversation with his neighbor on the left, who hailed from the same New England village; and he had commenced it by saying, "Halloo, Seffles, do you know that Bolder is going to import 'An Angel of Mercy?'"

Seffles, who was a mild-looking man, with his head tied up, seemed properly bewildered by this strange address; and evidently regarding it in the light of a conundrum, he guessed at it for a few moments, and then gave it hopelessly up.

"If he'd only import an angel as *is* an angel," grumbled Lieut. Frank, "I shouldn't complain; but I don't see any great fun in having a plain, middle-aged woman hanging round a fellow—particularly when she isn't his mother."

"What *do* you mean?" gasped Seffles.

"You've heard of Florence Nightingale, have you not?" queried his companion, as though trying to bring himself down to his comprehension.

Seffles indignantly thought he had.

"A very fine woman, I've no doubt," con-

tinued the lieutenant, magnanimously, "though not exactly *my* style. Well, ever since she inaugurated the fashion, all the old maids and elderly women in creation have taken up her trade, and follow so closely in her footsteps that the hospitals are fairly flooded with middle-aged, plain-looking angels, who don't know what else to do with themselves." Shame on you! Lieut. Frank, for speaking so slightly of those noble spirits, merely because they did not happen to be clothed in attractive habiliments. But he was suffering a great deal, that afternoon, and in a particularly bad humor. "You know," he continued, "that a rule has been passed, that no woman under thirty shall be admitted to hospital work? And thus a fellow is nicely kept from pleasant sights during a suffering imprisonment of weeks or months!"

"Well," said Seffles, placidly, "that's very sensible—these young, flighty things don't understand nursing so well."

"I tell you they *do*?" rejoined the discontented lieutenant, starting up with a vehemence that was greatly to the disadvantage of his shattered arm. "Don't tell *me* any such stuff as that! Maybe, you never had a sick headache, when you were at home, (awful things they are, too,) and had a 'young, flighty' cousin Jessie, a little, light thing, who could glide about on the tips of her toes like any tight-rope dancer, who smoothed your forehead with a little velvet palm, and murmured to you in a tone like a dying strain of music, until the wretched pain was wiled away, and fairly 'giving in.' When enter an aunt Rebecca, with shoes of forty horse power, and voice like a creaking door, who sharply tells Jessie not to make a baby of you, and gives it as her opinion that you are bilious, and want a powerful dose of something dreadful—the very mention of which sets all these little hammers going again, as though they meant to make up for lost time with a vengeance. Which is the best nurse in *that* case? I know what it is, though," he continued, with an air of profound wisdom, "they are afraid that young and pretty nurses might make trouble."

"So they would," replied Seffles, philosophically, for he had a wife and four children.

"Trouble!" repeated his companion, indig-

nantly. "I tell you, they'd do more toward getting a fellow well than all the medicines in creation! I'm fairly dying for a sight of something pretty—and it's *my* opinion, that a man who maims himself for his country, has a right to luxury as well as comfort. He won't get it, though, of course—republics are proverbially ungrateful."

It stands to reason, that a man with a shattered arm is in better condition for an argument than one with a shattered head; Seffles, therefore, withdrew from the field by closing his eyes, and indulging in a vision of his faithful Matilda, the touch of whose substantial hand would have lulled his aching head into dreamy rest.

When the portly, good-natured doctor went his nightly round, he soon discovered that Lieut. Ingworth, his most troublesome, and therefore most interesting patient, had a new crotchet in his head.

"Halloo, Bolder!" he exclaimed, as soon as the doctor was within ear-shot, "isn't there a nurse, or something, coming here? When do you expect her?"

"I expect the 'nurse, or something,' to-morrow," replied the doctor, with an amused twinkle in his eye; "and I hope that she will be treated with the respect due to her years and calling."

"Hang 'respect' and 'years!'" murmured Ingworth, when the doctor had passed on; "the same old story again! I wish I could smuggle Jessie in here somehow." And turning his face to the wall, he remained undutifully awake, principally because the doctor had ordered him to go to sleep.

The next day, a figure that seemed to have glided out of a closet, or from behind a screen, moved quietly around the ward with a woman's noiseless step; and first one pair of eyes, and then another, awoke to a startled recognition of her presence. But she seemed unconscious of everything except the work before her, which she took up as though she had been accustomed to it every day of her life. How gentle was her touch! How inexpressibly refreshing her shaking up of heated pillows! And the ready, sympathizing tears stood in her eyes, as she gazed around that scene of suffering, while other eyes were dewy with gratitude as they followed hers. She seemed to bring a soothing influence with her; and feverish patients sank to sleep, under her touch, with a blessing on their lips.

Our friend, the lieutenant, lay snugly at ease behind his curtains, and looking out, he watched her there—taking a critical inventory of her appearance and motions. She was not as bad

as he had expected, and not as good as he had desired. Her great charm lay in her figure—light, willowy, and of fair average height, there was an inexpressible grace about it; and her movement, soft, gliding, and noiseless, gave one the idea of a spiritual visitant. A loose robe of black seemed to drape itself to her form, and had evidently been fitted with a view to unimpeded motions.

The charm ended at her face, which disappointed one with its contradictions. It was partly concealed by a band of broad, black ribbon passing under the chin and over the head—whether for toothache, earache, or as an article of attire, the lieutenant was considerably puzzled to determine. The outline of her features was delicate and regular, but the complexion was dusky and colorless; and there were dark circles under her eyes that gave her a wasted appearance, either from years or suffering. A large, oblong mole on one cheek was anything but beautifying; and her hair, of a dusty brown, was drawn into a fierce little knot at the back of her head.

"No danger of her 'making trouble,'" thought the dissatisfied observer, as by some inexplicable power of attraction he found himself continually watching her. She was reading, and he held his breath to listen. Such a voice, as it distilled, like dew, on a parched and hungry soul the words: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

Frank Ingworth turned hastily aside to dash off some troublesome tears; but he perceived that the new nurse unmistakably avoided him, and, being afflicted with considerable of the old Adam, he thought proper to close his eyes and groan. A tender-hearted old lady, who saw him in this position the day before, and gazed commiseratingly on his colorless cheeks, had declared that "he looked jest like a marble statue;" and perhaps some such idea stirred the heart of Miss Jimpson—for, after a moment's hesitation, she rapidly crossed the room, and sat down beside the sufferer. He felt her hand on his brow—how much that touch was like Jessie's! and it was just such another little hand; but, alas! Jessie was in all the bloom of nineteen, while Miss Jimpson was every day of thirty-five.

Suddenly the invalid opened his eyes, and saw that his nurse's were fixed full upon him—thereby making the discovery that they were rather remarkable eyes for such a face. The next moment, however, they were cast down as usual; and he could not get another gleam from under their lids.

"Shall I read to you?" asked Miss Jimpson, sweetly, and while he was resignedly preparing himself for something "good," she drew forth a letter of "Artemus Ward's," to which she did full justice with her beautifully-modulated voice; and the appreciative gleam in the patient's eyes showed that she had made a discriminating selection. She did not linger, however, by the handsome lieutenant; but attended, with quite as much evident pleasure, to the wants of a grizzly-headed sufferer a few beds farther off.

"Blessings on that woman's head wherever she goes!" said Capt. Seffies. "I suppose, though," he continued, with a smile at his neighbor, "that she doesn't suit your fastidious taste?"

"She isn't exactly my *beau ideal*," replied the lieutenant, dryly.

"Frank," said Seffies, thoughtfully, "I pity your wife when she grows old."

"She never would grow old!" exclaimed Ingworth, enthusiastically; "or rather, I should never see it."

Hospital work is fatiguing; and by evening, Miss Jimpson looked rather exhausted. She sat resting her weary limbs for a few moments in a little room opening off the ward, which had been appropriated to her use; and Dr. Bolder was talking to her.

"Helen," said he, with some solicitude, "is not this rather an imprudent step? Are you not afraid of the consequences?"

"No," she replied, smilingly, "when I think of the silly, useless life I led—without aim and without reward—and compare it with the honorable life of labor and usefulness before me, I feel that I have passed from darkness into light."

"You are a brave girl," said the doctor, admiringly; "but what I mean is, that you have left the sanctuary of your uncle and aunt's house, against their expressed wishes, and it may not be open to receive you again."

"I don't want a 'sanctuary,'" she replied, perversely. "I don't live in the middle ages, and I haven't committed a murder, to need the 'shelter of sanctuary.'"

"Your aunt will miss you very much," continued, the doctor, thoughtfully.

"Yes," was the reply; "I paid a large portion of the expenses."

The doctor smiled in spite of himself. "She will miss you in other ways."

"Very probable. I drew desirable people to her balls and *matinees*."

The doctor gazed at her rather sorrowfully. "What a cynic you are," said he, "for a girl of—"

"Thirty-five," said Miss Jimpson, composedly. "I can trust *you*, Dr. Bolder," she continued, "do not betray me, but give me the benefit of all the aid you promised."

"Let me caution you against one of your patients," said the doctor, "the one with great brown eyes and classically pale features. He is a very dangerous fellow, and I positively forbid your falling in love with him."

"He is perfectly safe," rejoined Miss Jimpson, rather contemptuously, "for I am sure that he would 'fall in love' with no woman who was not young and beautiful. I despise such men."

And the lady broke up the conference by going to give the man whom she despised, a cooling draught that seemed more like nectar than ever.

"Doctor," said Lieut. Frank, one day, not long after Miss Jimpson's arrival, "don't you think your 'Angel of Mercy' is rather a queer individual than otherwise?"

"Slightly so," replied the doctor, with a very quizzical expression.

"Such an inexplicable mixture," continued the lieutenant, as if talking to himself, "with all the marks of age, she manages to have the effect of youth—and, somehow or other, she thrills a fellow, at times, without his understanding why. Positively, there is something in her touch that is absolutely delicious! She must have done a world of execution in her youthful days."

"So I have been told," replied the doctor, as he walked off.

The plain, elderly woman, with her drooping figure and downcast eyes, became the guardian angel of the ward. Her coming was watched for, her departure mourned over—and her presence seemed to revive like sunshine. Frank Ingworth found himself in a state of great perplexity respecting her. He knew her footstep, although it seemed to make no sound; and the most delicious moments of the day to him were those in which she sat beside his bed. Frequently, the wistful expression of those magnificent eyes would bring her from other duties; and she felt provoked for being thus attracted.

And, one night, the young lieutenant came very near death. The inflammation in his arm brought on violent fever, and Dr. Bolder held out but little hope. Partly unconscious, and while hovering on the brink between light and darkness, the sufferer felt a warm tear on his hand, and a sweet, youthful voice said, in plaintive tones,

"Is there *no* hope, doctor? Can you not save him?"

"I am afraid not," was the grave reply; "but a few hours will show. Do you remember my warning, Helen? What is this stranger to you?" "But it is *so* sad!" with a heavy sob. "He is so young to die—and so—beautiful; and, I believe, that, had he lived, he would have achieved great things."

"*Had he lived!*" They spoke of him, then, in the past tense. But a vigorous resolution took possession of the young soldier at this moment; and, lying there weak, helpless, almost dying, he made up his mind to *live*—live for this mysterious Helen, who had taken possession of his entire being, and who manifested so deep an interest in him. All his prejudices were forgotten; henceforth, to him, she was transfigured into something young and beautiful, and he would live to love and win her.

The hours wore slowly on; and all through the night-watch sat the nurse, with bowed head, and hand tightly clasped in the burning palm that closed so strongly upon it.

"He will live," said the doctor, softly; and, at that moment, the patient opened his eyes and smiled upon them. Miss Jimpson tried in vain to withdraw her hand; and, finally, her head sank wearily down on the side of the bed. Both slept, and the doctor was the only watcher.

The lieutenant had determined to live—and live he did. His recovery, however, was very slow; and Miss Jimpson became a perfect slave to all his whims. One afternoon, when no one suspected him of any evil intentions, or thought him strong enough to commit such an act of folly, he suddenly informed the lady of the intense nature of his regard for her, and besought some token of a return.

The equilibrium of Miss Jimpson's mind was well-nigh destroyed; but she replied as calmly as possible, "These are the ravings of fever; you mistake me for some other person—for some young and beautiful girl, perhaps, to whom you are pledged for life."

"I am pledged to no one!" said the sick man, vehemently; "and I could not possibly mistake you for any one else. I have almost *lived* on the touch of your hand, and your half-murmured words; and but for the hope that I have dared to cherish, I would have been dead long ago. Why did you urge the doctor to preserve my life, if you cared not to make it worth the keeping?"

A deep blush overspread Miss Jimpson's dusky cheek; and Frank wickedly enjoyed her embarrassment.

"I know, of course," he continued, more humbly, "that you came to attend to me as you

would to any other poor wretch; but I could not be with you without longing hourly for your presence, which is now indispensable to my happiness. You know nothing of me," he added, hastily, seeing that she was about to speak, "except that I am a fretful, sick man—and men never appear to advantage when they are sick. But Bolder knows all about me, of whom you can ask any questions that you like. I think you would like my mother and sister—I *know* that they would love you."

Miss Jimpson smiled rather inexplicably, as she murmured, "But *you* know nothing of me."

"I do not wish to know anything!" exclaimed the lover, impatiently.

"Have you considered the difference, on the wrong side, between twenty-six and thirty-five?" asked Helen, in a low tone.

Nine years! It came over him rather unexpectedly—but youth was common, and such women were not; so, he answered, boldly, "There is no need to 'consider' it, for I view you through glasses that would make such an assertion ridiculous; but do not trifle with me any longer, Helen; tell me in plain terms, yes, or no."

"What an everlasting tease you are!" exclaimed Capt. Siffles, fairly worried out of an unsatisfactory doze by the whispered remonstrances over his neighbor's couch. "I should think Miss Jimpson would lose all patience with you! There she goes now, as mad as hops. When she says a thing isn't good for you, why can't you act like a man, and wait until it is? You must have been an awful baby to take care of!"

"Siffles," replied Lieut. Ingworth, in answer to this friendly reproof, "how your head ever got broken, is a mystery to me. I shouldn't think even a cannon-ball would penetrate it!"

The door of Miss Jimpson's sitting-room was open, and as the restless lieutenant watched for her reappearance, Dr. Bolder bent down over her with a caressing motion, and laying his hand on her head, said, "Poor child! you look completely wearied out."

She burst into tears, and the wounded lover was half frantic to think that he could not go and comfort her. That detestable old doctor! What business had he to hold her head? Very likely, though, the old fellow intended to marry her himself—nothing more probable; and when the doctor went his rounds that night, Lieut. Ingworth's fever was so much increased that a nauseous dose, admirably calculated to put any thoughts of love out of his head, was prescribed and swallowed.

He did not hear Miss Jimpson's conversation with the doctor, or this would not have been necessary.

"What *shall* I do?" she asked, with such a face of distress. "I was not prepared for anything of *this* kind!"

"Didn't I object to receiving you?" asked the doctor, triumphantly. "Didn't I know that there would be something of this kind? And not only that, but I warned you against this very man—so you went into it with your eyes open."

"Do, please, be reasonable," she pleaded, "and get me out of this difficulty. What do you advise me to do?"

"I advise you, if you love the man, to marry him."

"Why, Dr. Bolder!" exclaimed his hearer, in unfeigned surprise. "Marry a man of whom I know so little, whom I have only met in this way?"

"There spoke the aristocrat and conventionalist," said the doctor, laughing, "not the whole-souled woman, who gave up—well, I won't say what—to become a hospital nurse. But I happen to know something of this same 'man;' and his antecedents are perfectly irreproachable. His mother and sister, who are his only near relatives, are educated, refined women; and would not suffer even by comparison with Miss—Jimpson. If I were a woman," added the old gentleman, enthusiastically, "I should not only 'fall in love' with Frank Ingworth, but I should *stay* in love with him."

"He seems to have bewitched even *you*," said his companion, in amused surprise; "and it seems to me that my father's daughter cannot go wrong in following the advice of my father's oldest friend."

"Particularly," observed the doctor, provokingly, "when it happens to be in exact accordance with her own inclinations."

Then followed a lengthy argument, which the doctor settled by saying, decidedly, "No, no!—it will do him good; but let it go on for a while until we see what turns up."

The next day, Frank Ingworth seized Miss Jimpson's hand in a very appropriating manner, as he whispered, "Mine, *forever*!" And Capt. Seffles grumbled that he monopolized Miss Jimpson entirely too much, as that lady belonged to the public, and was not by any means a private concern.

The lieutenant's eyes flashed ominously; and had he not been called to order by a very musical voice, a most edifying acknowledgment would have ensued.

The shattered arm mended rapidly; and when

the happy lover became able to walk about the ward, with his arm in a sling, and his manly figure showing to full advantage, he was a more attractive object than ever. But he was extremely troublesome; and poor Miss Jimpson had her hands full in repressing his demonstrations; for, while she remained in the hospital, she did not wish to render herself an object of comment by having the state of things made known.

One morning, however, Lieut. Ingworth received a letter from home, and became so angry at its contents, that he was dangerous to approach. Again and again he studied the exasperating words; and, finally, he confided his troubles to Dr. Bolder.

The letter was from his sister, Susan; and, after a few preliminaries, she proceeded to say: "An *awful* report has reached us respecting you, Frank; and mother has taken it so dreadfully to heart, that she cannot even write to you. She wishes me to say, that you are accused of having engaged yourself to an elderly woman, of unknown antecedents, almost old enough to be your mother; who is ugly in the extreme, and whose only merit consists in nursing you during your sickness. But you were not the only one whom she took care of—did all the other patients fall in love with her? If you had been here, old Miss Polly, with her boneset tea and 'yarbs,' would have looked upon you as a perfect windfall in the nursing line—would you have made her an offer of your hand and heart? Why, Frank, this is even worse than the shattered arm, and much too dreadful to be true. You *could* not be such a goose! Do write and tell me that it is all nonsense."

The elder lady had so far overcome her feelings as to fill up her daughter's sheet with a few curt sentences. "I cannot believe," she wrote, "that the story is a *true* one of your attaching yourself to a woman fifteen years your senior, and of a ridiculous and forbidding appearance. I desire that the moment you are able to travel, you will come to us—and in the meantime avoid, as much as possible, the person about whom these reports have arisen. No such woman would ever be received by me as a daughter."

"Isn't this enough to provoke a saint?" asked the excited lover.

"I do not know of any saint who is likely to be tried with it," replied the doctor; "but it is rather an unpleasant business. I suppose you will give up Miss Jimpson in obedience to your mother's wishes?"

"Give up Helen!" he repeated, while he fairly

glared on the tormenting questioner; "I will give up everything else first!"

"She will, probably," said the doctor, "consider it her duty to release you from the engagement. No delicate-minded woman would come between a mother and her son."

Poor fellow! he turned white, and would have fallen but for the doctor's strong arm. Having deposited his patient on the bed, Dr. Bolder went in search of Miss Jimpson. The two were closeted together for a long while; and Lieut. Ingworth was informed that in the evening he would know Miss Jimpson's decision.

That day, of course, was the longest in the year, although some distance from the twenty-first of June; but at length, Dr. Bolder whispered an invitation to the sitting-room.

Miss Jimpson was not visible; and in answer to his inquiring look, Dr. Bolder volunteered the information: "Miss Jimpson has left us."

"Gone!" exclaimed the unhappy man, with a face that rendered a glass of water necessary. "Am I never to hear from her again?"

"Not from Miss Jimpson," was the discouraging reply; "but here's Miss Helen Anvers, who has come, in her stead, to explain matters better than I can do."

And as the young lady in question entered the room by one door, Dr. Bolder disappeared by another.

"Frank!" said a voice, that could belong only to Miss Jimpson, "will you forgive me?"

In spite of his bewilderment, Lieut. Ingworth had presence of mind enough to seize the apparition before him, which was that of a girl of twenty, fresh and bright as a summer's day, with the delicate outline and violet eyes that belonged to Miss Jimpson, but minus the mole, the black ribbon band, and the tawny complexion. The dust-colored hair had changed to gold; and the light, graceful figure was set off to advantage by a well-fitting dress that matched the eyes in color.

"I only wonder that I am not more surprised at it," observed Frank, "and yet I

have had glimpses of the truth all along. Something would flash out continually, and I was constantly bewildered. But I will only ask one question—are promises made in the chrysalis state of Miss Jimpson to be considered binding in the butterfly state of Miss Helen Anvers?"

The reply was rather unintelligible, and the young lady proceeded to her explanation as rapidly as possible. It seemed that Miss Helen Anvers was rather an independent young lady of independent fortune, and becoming absolutely weary of having nothing to do, and, being her own mistress, excepting the conditional authority of an uncle and aunt, she determined to try a new mode of life.

It had been very pleasant, also, to the courted heiress to be loved in spite of the apparent absence of youth, and beauty, and wealth; and the dream might have been continued a little longer but for that troublesome letter. It would not answer to run the risk of making a breach between Frank and his nearest relatives.

People frequently have very inconvenient memories; and Capt. Seffles, to whom Frank, in a moment of weakness, confided the whole story of his hopes and fears, did not fail to remind his friend of his inconsistency, and to be amused at the recollection of the same much oftener than, in the lieutenant's opinion, was either necessary or agreeable. Dr. Bolder, also, added his mite to the general confusion, by bringing to Helen's mind her former assertion, that she "despised" the man upon whom she now bestowed so much of her time and attention, until the compilers of these "fugitive thoughts" were voted a perfect nuisance.

Mrs. Ingworth and Miss Susan were most agreeably surprised by the letter that Frank sent them in answer to their own; and a sight of the bride-elect only confirmed their pleasant impressions. Dr. Bolder, however, has firmly made up his mind to resist all applications from angels of mercy, unless they promise to "behave as such and act accordingly."

JENNIE DEAN.

BY MRS. P. C. DOLE.

Oh! bonnie, blithesome, Jennie Dean!

One long, long year ago to-day,

On yonder flower-enameled green,

I crowned thee, darling, Queen of May!

The flowers were blooming on the heath;

The winds breathed out their fragrance free,

When joyously I placed this wreath

Around thy brow so dear to me.

Although a wreath of faded flowers,

I fold it to my lonely breast,

And dream of thee in thy bright bowers—

Thy home of never-ending rest,

Where shadowy hands will lift the hair

From off thy pure, angelic brow;

And forms that shining garments wear,

Will crown thee for an angel now.

BROKEN VOWS.

BY MARY E. CLARKE.

THIS was how they parted. It was a summer's evening, and they stood in a vine-covered porch, he, tall and manly, holding her slight, drooping figure in his arms. A strong clasp it was, too, that encircled her waist with a pressure that said, "you are all mine." Bending low over her, till his lips touched hers, he said, "You will never forget me? You are my own promised wife?"

"All yours. I will never forget you," she answered.

"I may be gone years, sweet one! Will you wait for me?"

"I will wait."

And, with a passionate embrace, he left her standing, white and still, in the pale moonlight, his firm, ringing step carrying him out to a new life, new scenes, the battle with the world; her trembling feet bearing her back to the old monotony, unbroken by the sunshine that had gladdened it—the light of his love.

She was very fair and pretty, and sixteen summers only had printed their warm kisses on her lips, when she stood in the porch on that moonlight evening. Her simple dress of cheap cotton print could not hide her graceful figure, and the soft curls shaded a sweet, girlish face; but the small hands were scarred with work; the rough seal of poverty was stamped on all her surroundings.

They had been neighbors, these lovers, from the time when they were rocked in their baby cradles; and they had grown up, side by side, knowing no pleasure that was not shared between them. She was the only child of a widowed mother, the village seamstress; he boasting no higher origin than the parentage of the village schoolmaster afforded. But the monotony of life, in the obscure country town, had at last wearied the ambitious boy, and he had wrung from his father a reluctant consent to try his fortune in that world outside of his quiet home, of which he had heard much—seen nothing. He was of age, a man of fine intellectual promise, unpolished, but well-studied learning, full of hope, ambition, and courage, when he pressed his farewell kiss upon the lips of the maiden whose heart he had won. His father, a quiet, studious man, had mastered an

immense fund of book-learning; and this, sifted and refined, cleared of all useless dross, he had imparted to his only son. A brother of his mother's, a lawyer in full practice, had consented to take the young man to his office on trial, and, "if there was any stuff in him, teach him the law;" and so leaving his father's lonely home, his sweetheart's breaking heart, Coleman Lee turned his back on L—— to win a name and position in the world.

Four years rolled away. The meek widow, whose needle had known but little rest for many weary years, lay at last in the little church-yard; the old schoolmaster, who had lost his son, had taken into his lonely house the widow's child; and Coleman Lee was still far away from his village home. His letters to the fair-haired girl, whose heart he had won, were at first long and frequent; then they grew shorter, and came at longer intervals, and at last they ceased altogether, and she had learned the bitter lesson of neglect. To his father he wrote frequently, and she knew that he was rising in his profession; was admitted into the best society the city afforded; was becoming known, and earning a competent support; but no word of return to his father, or his old home, ever crept into his letters that were read with such sad hearts at L——.

From the time when Helen Montgomery had turned from the vine-wreathed porch to enter her poor home, she had made a new resolution, which, through hard striving, she had kept. She had felt, bitterly, that her education and manners were far below the standard which he would seek in his wife, after he had lived in the great world outside of L——, and she had tasked her mind to reach the ideal image she had erected for a model. For six months, her life had no change from the monotony of household drudgery, and aiding her mother in the weary routine of sewing; then she was orphaned, and the old schoolmaster opened his home for her. He had known of his son's engagement, and he easily persuaded the gentle girl to come to him in his lonely cottage. From the day when her foot first passed the threshold of her new home, a new life opened for Helen. Relieved from household work, only called upon

to superintend the labors of the tidy servant, she gave her whole heart to study. The old schoolmaster who had saved a modest income, and given up his school to a younger pedant, was only too glad to pour from his fountain of learning a stream into this young, eager mind. As the conviction of Coleman's faithlessness gained ground in Helen's mind, she grew more engrossed in her new studies; more eager to stifle the sorrow of her heart in the expanding intellect and cultivation of her mind. So the four years crept away.

It was summer again; and in the schoolmaster's little cottage there are again changes. A gentleman from New York, a man of refinement and taste, has come for a few days fishing to L—, and has persuaded the old gentleman to give him Coleman's room for a short stay. The days lengthened into weeks, the long summer drew to a close; but the visitor lingered. Then sorrow came; a lingering fever seized the feeble frame of the schoolmaster, and he sank to rest in the arms of the girl who had been his son's promised wife. Four years, and the young girl stood in the parlor of the little cottage, listening to another lover pleading for a place in her heart, the right to comfort her sorrow. In the room above lay the cold, still form of her only protector. This was how the postman found them. This was the missive he brought to the doubly bereaved girl, orphaned for the second time:

"DEAR HELEN—I am writing to ask a release from the childish engagement which has, doubtless, become irksome to you long ago. We were mere children when we parted, and doubtless you have ere this met with some one who will make your life happier than I can. For your long devotion to my father, I beg you will accept my heartfelt thanks; and under all circumstances believe me,
Ever your friend,
"COLEMAN LEE."

Two hours later, the answer was sent:

"Your father was buried this morning. I shall be married to-morrow, and sail for Europe with my husband in a week.

HELEN MONTGOMERY."

This was how they met.

Mrs. Eivorard Curtis, leader of fashion, frivolous and empty-headed, was to give a great party. Everybody was invited, and everybody came. Mrs. Curtis, it was whispered, had a new star to introduce to the world of fashion, a widow of her nephew, whose wealth and beauty were both subjects of comment and surmise.

The parlors were well filled when Coleman Lee, one of Mrs. Curtis' favorite "cards," came in.

"Now, my dear Mr. Lee," said the gay hostess, fluttering up to the grave lawyer, "I must introduce you to my niece. This is her first party since she left off her mourning. There she is now, under the center chandelier, chatting with Henry. Is she not lovely?"

Coleman looked. He saw a tall, gracefully-formed lady, dressed in clouds of soft, white lace, with diamonds sparkling on her throat and arms. Her fair hair, drooping from a jeweled comb, in rich glossy curls; her snowy complexion tinted with a faint peach-like glow on the cheeks; her large, soft eyes of the darkest blue; the regular features—all made a vision that was indeed lovely.

"So sad," continued Mrs. Curtis, "my nephew only lived a year after his marriage. Died of malarious fever in Rome, three years ago. Come, let me introduce you."

"Mrs. Curtis, allow me to introduce one of my dearest friends. Mr. Coleman Lee, Mrs. Curtis."

A tiny, white gloved-hand rested a moment on the lawyer's spotless kid glove—and so they met. No vision of the vine-covered porch crossed his mind, as he looked at the radiant woman before him; but in her ears rang the parting words, as her eyes swept his grave features and tall figure.

There was the usual amount of dancing, music, small-talk and flirting; and the gay assemblage broke up, in the "wee, wee" hours.

"Aunt Martha," and Helen drew her hostess down on a sofa. "Don't yawn; one minute before we go to bed. Who is Coleman Lee?"

"One of our most distinguished lawyers."

"Married?"

"No. Now don't breathe it, Nell, if I tell you. He had a disappointment."

"When?"

"Oh, ever so long ago. He was one of Laura Holman's most devoted admirers. You did not know her; she married old Walcombe, and went to Paris. She flirted with everybody; but we all thought Coleman Lee had won her. Certainly she encouraged him; but somehow she heard a story about some country girl he was engaged to when he came here. You don't know, perhaps, that he came from the country; but when his uncle died, and left him wealthy, of course, he gave up all his old connections. Laura, however, heard something, and refused him. He has been grave, reserved, and almost a recluse ever since. Only a week after she sent him off, his uncle died, and he heard of

the death of his father. Three such blows in one week were enough to make any one solemn for awhile; but he has surely had time to recover in four years."

"Yes, one would think so;" and the beauty sauntered up stairs to bed.

"So, this was the secret of my rejection," she murmured, as she nestled down in the soft pillows; "he loved another, and that other refused him. Perhaps he may meet a like fate again."

It was not an easy task for Helen Curtis to win the man whose love had been hers in the past years. It was difficult to meet him, for he was absorbed in his professional duties, and cared but little for society, and the first few interviews were hard to gain. Then she met him everywhere; and it was not long before she knew that, as of old, her smile was the sunshine of his life. With pitiless resolution she drew him to her side. Every aid that dress could give her wonderful beauty she called into play; all the finish of manner her travels had bestowed, she kept in graceful play for his eyes; for him she unfolded the cultivated intellect, till he was bewildered by her varied information and brilliant conversation; her rich voice poured forth its choicest songs for him; and, day by day, she folded round his heart new garlands of love and admiration. But while, at first, her aim was but to punish, as the game progressed, she, too, began to find mines of unsuspected worth and cultivation. Every interview strengthened her conviction that this man, with expanded mind and heart contracted by the blow of a disappointed love, was not the boy who had bidden her farewell on the moonlit porch eight years before.

She was sitting alone in the parlor one evening, letting her fingers stray over the ivory keys of the grand piano, bringing out little snatches of melody, rippling variations, or brilliant preludes, as only practiced fingers can produce them in idle moments. Suddenly she swept the keys with a few rich chords, and began to sing. Her voice filled the large rooms, as she

poured out the full, clear notes, till slowly chording, she sank the strain into a German song, in the minor key, a wail of forsaken love, infinitely touching as she sang it, with tender expression and pathos.

She heard the door open, a step cross the room, and knew that Coleman Lee stood beside her; but she sang on till the song was finished, then turned to face him.

Without one word to break the abrupt torrent, he told her of his love, bending down to catch the expression of the face drooping to avoid his eye. One part of the tale she had not hoped to hear. Humble in his great love, he told her of the village-girl who had won his boyish passion—of the flirt who had spurned the mad love of his early manhood. He bared his heart to her, and she read how the sin and sorrow had purified and ennobled him, and as she listened, the dream of revenge, which had filled her heart, was swept aside by his eloquence.

"Coleman," she said, as he paused, "do you remember when you and Helen were meeting one October day, years ago, how she fell and cut her forehead, and how you kissed the wound to soothe her sobs, and bound it up with your handkerchief?"

He only gazed at her in amazement.

"Do you remember?" she asked.

"Yes—but——"

"See," she said, raising the soft curls from her temple, and placing her finger on the scar, "years later you wounded her heart more sorely than the hard stone had wounded her face."

"Oh, Helen! can you forgive me?"

"Ah!" she sighed, smiling on him, "only your kiss can heal the heart-wound, as in those childish days your touch brought comfort."

Gently he wrapt her in his arms, and pressed his lips to hers. Again, as in the vine-wreathed porch, eight years before, he held her to his heart, and heard her answer his pleading with sweet words of promise; and thus the broken vows were renewed, the old sorrow forgiven and forgotten.

LINES.

BY MRS. ARMENIA KENNEDY.

He wears three gems of sterling worth,
Which monarchs seldom wear;
Sweet, pure designs by Heaven wrought,
So daintily and fair.
I do not speak of emerald stones,
Nor rings of burnished gold,

But jewels far more bright than these,
Their worth has ne'er been told;
Truth sweetly hangs upon his lips,
While hours deck his brow;
And love's rich pearls within his heart,
For me alone doth glow.

JUNE ROSES.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

A DELICIOUS summer day, such as I am so fond of writing about, so much fonder of enjoying, after my own idle, profitless fashion; the very queen of all those bright days—the one to be looked back upon as the brightest and most beautiful, however cloudless and glorious any of the succeeding train might be.

A little bay, along the picturesque Long Island shore, with lofty hills jutting out upon either side, and flinging the shadows of their summer decorations far across the sunlit water, a stretch of green lawn between, upon which the old mansion stood, with a pine woods towering up at the back, and always murmuring a solemn echo to the refrain of the waves.

In front, the broad sweep of sparkling waters, dotted with silver sails, and dazzling bright with the sunbeams, save where, at intervals, close to the shore, other cliffs, stately and vine-crowned, like those near the house, cast their pleasant shadows over the golden sheen.

A merry party collected, by appointment, that morning at the house, had been picnicing on the hill-side, dancing on the smooth turf beneath, rowing along the shadowed shore, and enjoying one of those undisturbed gala days which occasionally brighten our lives with their Eden passage.

The sweetness of the late afternoon wore out; the last hours, perhaps the pleasantest of any, when everybody was too tired for further exertion, and they sat under the trees in little groups, talking idly, and listening to the dash of the waters against the rocks, as they seemed calling to the responsive voices of the pines.

Then the glory of the sunset flamed up against the western sky, transformed every cloud and wave into rainbow-hued shallops, that sailed across sky and water, and seemed to meet in the broad distance, where the line of light lay most dazzling.

When the brightness faded arose the pleasant confusion of separation and departure. Most of the party were to row back to the hotel, that was nestled out of sight in a curve of the shore a few miles lower down; and those who were to find a way homeward by another route, stood watching them as the little boats, with their gondola-like awnings, floated out upon the

waters, and gay voices rang back other words of parting, glad as the enjoyment of the past hours.

There were, none of them, guests at the house on the hill-side, so, where a path branched off toward the main road, Katharine Hawdon paused to bear her friends' farewells and thanks for the pleasure she had afforded them.

She stood still where they had left her, even after the last of the group had disappeared, but not alone—Louis Summers was waiting to accompany her back to the house—then there must be still another parting.

He was looking silently at her as she leaned against the stiles in pleasant pensiveness, her cheeks still tinged with excitement, her eyes looking fairly black, as they always did after any prolonged excitement, either of pleasure or pain, and her fair hair breaking loose from its accustomed propriety into a thousand little ripples and curls that softened her face into a more girlish loveliness than it usually possessed.

Not a handsome face, irregular in feature and contour, but something better than that—a beautiful face from its strength and purity, and the wonderful power of expression which broke from the grand soul within.

Past the first impulsiveness of girlhood; past the wild romance and restlessness, and entering upon the serenity of womanhood, like some virgin queen moving forward to the full possession of her royalty.

I cannot tell how long Louis Summers would have stood watching her, albeit he was not a man who usually lacked words, and those, too, that fitted rightly the exact moment; but Katharine roused herself with a little start, and said,

"It had been such a pleasant day."

"Pleasant, indeed," he returned; "but it has passed so quickly."

She laughed a little.

"Poor human nature must peep out," she said; "when we can complain of nothing else, we groan because the sun won't stand still and wait for our pleasure to end."

"But if you have enjoyed it, you must be sorry to see it end," he urged.

"No," replied Katharine; "I shall have

another pleasant memory; the day will grow even brighter as one looks back upon it."

"Then you hold it is a happiness to have enjoyed, even if the enjoyment did not last."

"Indeed I do! I think I could bear great suffering better if I had been happy before it. If there was only a cold monotony before the trouble came, I should feel that I had been cheated every way."

"And yet the belief is, at least, as old as Dante, and we have his word for it that—

*'Nessun maggior dolore,
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria.'*

"Tennyson says it more sweetly," returned she.

"Sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things."

But I don't choose to pin my faith on the sleeve of either. Dante was sour and bitter; no man can be a proper judge who receives trouble in that spirit."

"But by what argument do you defend yourself for disputing my grand hearted Tennyson?"

And she laughed in the girlish way natural to her at times, that contrasted so prettily with her usual gravity which people mistook for pride.

"You know a prophet has no honor in his own country," she answered; "a live poet must share the same fate among his contemporaries, I suppose."

He did not answer; his thoughts had gone away from the idle jesting of the moment; the light in those clear, brown eyes deepened, and the voice had a lower tone as he said,

"I believe it would be only pain for me to look back, if I thought this day must end here."

There was something so changed in the tone that Katharine's gayety left her; the color fluttered uneasily across her cheek; and after one shy glance at the earnest face bent toward her own, she stood silent, her hands unconsciously pulling at the wild rose they held—those fair, slender hands, so delicate, yet possessing so much character that a true physiologist would have told from them the strength and pride, the true womanliness and gentleness which lay in her nature.

"Katharine!"

Only her name that he pronounced, but in an accent she had never before heard; and in that brief instant of confusion and bewilderment, Katharine Hawdon knew the truth, and the dream which had lain so quietly upon her soul, during the past weeks, that she had gained no perception of its depth and intensity, burst into

unforwarned maturity like the sudden unfolding of an amaryllis to the sun.

He was clasping her hands, striving to look into her downcast eyes, uttering broken words of passionate strength that thrilled her very soul; but all the while, though neither noticed it, the summer roses dropped, one after another, from her hold under the pressure of his grasp.

Beneath the waning glory of the June day they had passed into the brightness of the old world, which is still the new, and shall be so while any human hearts have power enough in their youth to open the charmed portals.

How long they stood there and talked probably neither could have told. Somewhere in your life—don't be ashamed to own it—you, too, have passed through one of those indescribable seasons—at once brief as a rainbow flash and long as eternity.

It was almost a year now since those two had first met, and been drawn toward each other, as people of kindred sympathies must be, when happily the chances of this life bring them within responsive reach.

Pleasant months during the gay winter in the city, where Katharine managed to keep herself free enough from the excitement about her, to have ample opportunity for quiet hours with such as made a deeper claim upon her life than the passing acquaintanceship of the time. Pleasant weeks since, in the quiet of that sea-girt homestead, to which he had been a daily visitor, while the subtle chain which bound them grew narrower, until it had become fettered in the consummation of the present hour.

No boy and girl love, which is usually as weak and undisciplined as it is fresh and beautiful—Louis Summers was thirty, and this was Katharine's twenty-second birthday.

Before the twilight had time to grow gray and sombre, when the sunset burned out, the moon rose up and made the scene only a softer and hotter day, and through its sweetness they walked slowly toward the old house.

"You will not go to-night?" Katharine said.

"Not if I may stay; I want to see your uncle. Ah! there he is now, walking up and down the verandah."

Katharine could not meet anybody just then; so she stole way through the shrubbery to enter the house by another door, and Summers passed on toward the piazza.

Mr. Howdon came down the steps as he approached—an elderly man, gentlemanly and proud-looking, but with a bitterness about the compressed mouth, and lines on the narrow forehead, which spoke plainly of a soured temper

and prejudices, stubborn as those of all men with a lack of breadth in their frontal developments, who must necessarily be incapable of viewing a subject upon more than one side.

"Is that you, Summers?" he called out. "I began to think you were all drowned. What has become of the rest?"

"All gone home, sir," replied Summers, as he ascended the steps and stood by the old gentleman's side.

"And where is Katharine? It is ages after the tea hour! Has she gone home with the people?"

"No—no; she has just gone into the house."

"Not very polite to leave you, I should say! Come, we will go and find her, and see if it enters into her plans to give us any tea to-night."

"I want to speak to you first," said Summers, not hesitating from any fear of the man; only from that hesitation which any proud heart feels at revealing its dearest secret.

"Well," said Mr. Hawdon, pleasantly enough; "speak then, but don't let it be a lawyer's speech, for I am hungry."

"Your niece and I have had a long conversation——"

"Bless me, I don't need to be told that. Didn't I say I had been waiting an hour and a half for my tea?"

Summers was annoyed by the commonplaces which jarred upon his mood, but he was forced to laugh nevertheless.

"To be brief, then, sir, she has given me permission to ask you if I may keep her always with me."

"The deuce she has!" cried Mr. Hawdon; but as his words and voice were alike crabbed, in good or ill-temper, it really was quite impossible to tell what sensation was uppermost in his mind.

"You have known me for a long time," pursued Summers; "my father was your friend."

"I know all you want to say, sir," interrupted Mr. Hawdon; "so it's of no use to go over it."

Summers began to look proud and stern.

"Am I to understand that you disapprove?"

"There you go," again interrupted the merciless old bachelor. "No, you are to understand no such thing! I don't know much about falling in love by experience; but I know you're a splendid fellow, and Katharine's a pearl—a pearl, sir; and if you want to be married, I say do it, and God bless you, that's all."

Summers seized his hand with a variety of insane sounding ejaculations, then darted off.

"Where the deuce are you going now?" cried his host.

"Only a moment—Katharine—I want to see—to——"

"No, you don't!" exclaimed Mr. Hawdon, resolutely catching his arm. "At this rate, I shall get no tea at all."

He pulled his guest unceremoniously into the hall, and never loosened his hold till they stood in the library, with Katharine visible in the moonlight.

"Kate," said the bachelor, "love is good, but tea is better; love is a commodity I should fancy just as good cold as hot; tea isn't—I want mine."

He stalked on into the little room where the table was spread, ordered in the urn, scolded the servant, wrinkled up his face portentously, and looked as pleased as an overgrown school-boy all the while.

Oh! the dear, beautiful June evening, with the old house sanctified by the presence of that dream; the long walk up and down the moonlit shore; a night that had such glory as perhaps no coming evening might ever possess, lighted by a moon which, perhaps, would never dazzle their eyes again—are there any human words which can describe it?

Somewhere in your life, you, too, who read, have had, or shall have, an evening like that! If the murmur of the scented wind died in a wail over a place of graves; if the moon set never to rise again; at least thank God you have known that hour! If you have yet to wait for the charmed season, for the new voice of the waters, the new glory of the night, pray that you may be worthy of the happiness if it lasts; and pray, too, that if the holier destiny of renunciation and sacrifice are to be yours, that you may be worthy to wear the crown of thorns, which somewhere in eternity shall blossom into fadeless roses.

The next morning Summers was forced to return to town; by the end of the week he would be down—only a few days of separation.

As the two stood on the verandah, uttering the last parting, they repeated those words again and again; only a few days, and neither could have assigned any reason for the chill pain they brought, a childish weakness, not in keeping with either character.

The carriage was at the door. Mr. Hawdon had gone back into the library.

"Good-by, darling," Summers whispered; "expect me on Saturday."

A servant came up the steps at that moment with a package of letters and papers in his hand fresh from the post-office.

"Any letters for Miss Hawdon?" asked Summers, quickly.

"Yes, sir, this one," and the man held up the epistle, which Summers took, and he passed on.

"At least I can make you a parting gift," he said, placing the letter in her hand. "God bless you, Katharine—my Katharine. Good-by."

He sprang into the carriage, and was driven rapidly down the avenue; Katharine stood watching until the vehicle disappeared down the high road, and then turned to enter the house, forgetful of the letter she held in her hand.

At that instant her uncle's voice sounded through the hall—sounded as she had twice before in her life heard it—harsh and broken, with terrible wrath and passion.

"Katharine! Katharine Hawdon, I say!"

She hurried through the hall, while a sudden sickening horror seemed depriving her of all strength, and the moment required to reach the library appeared endless.

Mr. Hawdon was standing in the middle of the room, grasping a letter in one hand, his face rigid and harsh with a rage which no common event could have produced.

"You have a letter, too!" he exclaimed; "so you know it!"

She looked at him in dumb astonishment, glanced at the unfamiliar superscription of the envelope she held, and cried out,

"What is it?" "What is it?"

"That—that—your—"

He could not go on; his passion actually seemed suffocating him. He hurried up and down the room gasping brokenly,

"Read—your letter—your letter; I can't tell you!"

Katharine tore open the envelope, glanced down the blotted page, and then sank slowly into a chair, not fainting, for her glazed eyes stared always at the letter, and her lips moved in a vain attempt to articulate.

He was not noticing her; he was not thinking of her, rushing up and down the room, mad with the disgrace which had come so near his own life; blind and dumb with the passion which surged through his soul, its fire increased by the recollection of past treachery, and the stern vows he had made for action, if ever again a crisis should arrive like that which had come now.

This was what Katharine Hawdon read in the letter her lover had placed in her hand as a parting gift.

It was a letter written in a prison—written

by her own brother, whom she had believed not even in the country; and, worst of all, it was the third time within the past three years that a letter, threatening sorrow and disgrace to all who bore his name, had reached that dwelling from the self-same hand.

He was in prison, arrested on a charge of forgery, and he wrote in all the abjectness of a weak nature for mercy and help. Poor, weak fool, praying for mercy and help, and nobody to show it but that blinded, thunder-stricken girl, and that pitiless-looking man.

Only a few moments of that dumb anguish, and Katharine was tugging at her uncle's arm, crying out in a voice as unlike that which had whispered under the moonlight of the past evening, as if years instead of hours had elapsed.

"Come, uncle, come! There is no time to lose; let us save him—save him!"

He shook off her hold; his passion was too great for him to note her agony.

"If it was to save my own soul I wouldn't raise a finger," he cried out. "Once I saved him by paying a gambling debt—once I forgave the forging of my own name. I swore an oath then, that if the third time came, it should find me merciless—it does!"

"Uncle, uncle! For God's sake—for my dead father's sake!"

"I swore an oath—I will keep it! No man would be more inflexible than that creature's father; cast him off as I do, the time has come."

Katharine started to her feet, the whirl and insanity left her senses, the quick, vigorous nature reasserted itself.

"Never!" she cried. "He is my brother. If shame comes to him, I bear it by his side; disgrace, imprisonment, death; I will not leave him."

"So be it," he answered, in a hard, sullen tone; "go with him, but remember, you leave me forever."

From their early childhood that man had been a father to the brother and sister; this would be no ordinary parting of relatives; it was the breaking up of home, of their lives; it was the separation between parent and children.

"You won't do this," Katharine cried; "you can't do it! Only listen to me; you shan't go. Uncle, uncle! We are your children—the legacy of a dying man; time and again you have said so! You can't cast your own son off! Uncle, uncle!"

"If he had been my son I would not have forgiven the first offence—I told you so! I have no right to screen him any longer, no more than I would to shield a murderer. I will not do it!"

"For God's love, uncle! Only this time! Mercy! mercy! Our mother pleads for her boy—your brother's child! Think how you loved him; how proud you were of him. It isn't too late; save him this once—this once!"

"Only to bring a deeper and more lasting disgrace upon us all. Let me go, Katharine! Stop pulling at my coat! Sit down, I say! Are you going mad?"

She was past speech for a few moments. He forced her into a chair, turning away from the white face and agonized eyes that stared into his own.

"Now listen to me," he said. "This man can't keep out of crime. Freed now, he would only do worse. He has taken an assumed name. Nobody knows that he is in this country. I tell you five years in prison will be mercy and not cruelty to him."

She struggled for strength, as if she battled with some invisible foe. No tears yet to humanize her agony—voice enough at last to cry,

"Five years! So young! with bad men about him! coming out utterly hardened and lost! Uncle! uncle! as you hope for God's mercy, show it to us!"

"He is nothing to you—cast him off! You are my child—I command you!"

"Never! though all the world bade me! Uncle, if a voice from heaven bade me, I wouldn't believe its truth! My brother—my brother, that I played with, that you loved so, and said his prayers at your knees!"

The horrible tension of her nerves gave way; with one sob, on which life itself seemed going out, the tears leaped from her eyes, and preserved her tottering reason.

She wept till she had no more tears left, and then she said, brokenly,

"I shall go—will you help me?"

"Never!" and the voice was like a blow on iron.

"My God! what to do—how to do it!"

"You are of age; your ten thousand dollars lie in the bank, waiting for investment—take them; bring him out of prison; be dragged down to disgrace with him. You are nothing to me; go to that forger, that thief—go!"

She rose up cold and white.

"I will go," she said. "You have shown me the way; may God show you the mercy you will not show us!"

"You are ruining your life, Katharine; neither heaven nor man can ask this sacrifice! Think of your engagement, of your love—"

"They belong to the old life," she interrupted; "the new one begins to-day."

Expostulations and pleading on either side; a stern belief in his justice upholding the man; only the thought that her brother called for help, and that it must be given at the expense of life itself, animating the woman—and thus they parted.

The evening of that day, which had dawned so brightly, found Katharine in the great city, as utterly separated from her past life, as if an earthquake had suddenly blotted the world from under her feet, but holding fast to her shattered life with only one thought, one aim—her brother!

She could think now—could see what was to be done. It was too late to obtain admittance to the prison that night. She had the address of her brother's lawyer; she drove directly to his office, only to find him gone; to spend hours in search of his home; to find herself in his presence at last; to meet with kindness and sympathy, but little hope.

Mr. Edwards knew the whole truth—the young man's real name; these were the facts:

Richard Hawdon had got himself into some difficulty at Bordeaux, where he had been sent by his uncle, after settling the former forgery; he had hurried to America with a party of reckless men; being afraid to go home, had spent a few days in wild excess, and finally, being used as an instrument by his designing companions, led to commit the forgery, and left to be given up to prompt detection, while they escaped with the spoils.

The man whose name had been forged was an acquaintance of Mr. Hawdon—a stern, hard man, who said only, that as the truth could not transpire, and no disgrace would visit the family, the best thing that could happen to the creature was imprisonment. He knew of the boy's former crimes, of his uncle's resolve on that occasion—it was his now.

To find this man was Katharine's next step. She had seen him often at his own house, and at her uncle's. She must go at once. Mr. Edwards offered to accompany her.

"Better not," she said; "let me see him alone."

He saw what looked like death in her face. He urged her to wait—to rest. She could no more have done it than if a tornado had been whirling her along.

It was growing late for a seasonable visit, but Katharine paid no attention to ordinary ceremonies. She drove to Mr. Winthrop's house, and was admitted to his presence.

I do not think she was eloquent in her pleading—soul and heart were too thoroughly racked

for that; but there was a look in her face which must have made itself felt to the dullest or most unfeeling capacity—a look which said, that while there was a chance of working, of struggling against the current, neither body or mind would give way; but when the irrevocable had come, there would be an end to the powers of both.

He argued a long while; he yielded at last when she cried, “You are not condemning a criminal to prison, you are giving a death-blow to a woman; you are not punishing the guilty, you are murdering the innocent!”

Her look and tone fairly terrified the cold, worldly man.

“Send your lawyer,” he exclaimed, “and I’ll settle it! Good God! Miss Hawdon, don’t call me a murderer!”

She tried to thank him; words were very hard to come; but the look in her eyes haunted him for weeks.

Back, late as it was, to the lawyer; once in his house, the news spoken, and for a time nature avenged itself for all it had undergone—Katharine fainted away, and the rest of the night was a blank to her.

But the next morning she was up and ready for action. She was spared that most harrowing of all visitations, the visit to the prison. She was only to sit down and be quiet, in a few hours her brother would be restored to her.

The house where the lawyer lived was in a quiet street, set back far enough to admit of a little garden in front—and Katharine went out there during her season of watching.

As she stood in the path, she looked into the street, and saw Louis Summers passing by. He was pausing at the gate; some business with Mr. Edwards called him, and not finding him at his office, he had come to the house in search of him.

When he was half way up the yard, he saw Katharine standing on the steps, whither she had retreated; and after the first look of incredulous astonishment, he darted forward, calling her name, joyfully.

She led the way into the house. Once in the parlor, and the door closed, she turned and regarded him with a look which startled him from its revelation of the sad destiny that had come upon her.

“My God, Katharine!” he exclaimed; “what is the matter—what are you doing here?”

“I think to say farewell to you; although I did not know it when I came,” she answered.

He stared at her in startled amazement.

“What is it, Katharine—what is it?”

“Shame—disgrace! They have passed so close to me, Louis Summers, that they have scorched my very soul—they separate me from you.”

When he cried out to her in a wild paroxysm of distress to speak intelligibly, she stood there and told him the whole story in a passive, stunned sort of way, that was more painful to hear than excitement could have made it. Told him everything, even to the fact that she was cast off by her uncle; that she had no one in the world left to cling to but that weak, erring brother, to whom she must be a prop instead of finding in him the support which her woman’s nature required.

Even in that moment the affairs of the world without pressed so close upon him that he had no time to spare; every moment wasted jeopardized almost a human life, and it was necessary that he should be gone.

“Katharine,” he cried, “did you think this would part us, child? Child, will you trust me till to-morrow?”

“Till the end of my life,” she answered.

“Wait here then—I must go. To-morrow, Katharine.”

A few more words of consolation, and he left her—left her with her chaotic world once more struggling into life and bloom. All was not lost; his love, his guidance were left her still.

Before the afternoon was gone, Katharine Hawdon and her brother met once more. I do not wish to describe that first interview—similar scenes have been written of times enough.

He was very penitent—the penitence of a weak nature with a fund of stolid obstinacy at the bottom. He looked worn and ill, but boyish to a degree; although he was but a year younger than Katharine.

There was not strength enough in his character for any earnest principles to take root there. He must be whatever circumstances and association made him. He was by no means a fool; a handsome young fellow, with a pretty gift of language, and glimpses enough of ability, if any one of the gleams of talent could have been sufficiently developed for any beneficial result. Incurrigibly indolent; always meaning to do better to-morrow; feeling by some mysterious mental analysis a sense of injury and wrong toward the whole world, from troubles which had risen solely from his own vicious habits—fretful—headstrong. Oh! neither time nor trouble had changed, or would change him. Katharine saw that before the first hour of their meeting was gone.

Of course, there was enough to be said on

both sides. There was the work of living before them; and the question arose, how was life to be met?

When Richard knew the truth, that his uncle had cast them off together, his anger mastered his penitence; but Katharine would not argue or listen there.

Richard wished to go away at once—anywhere—Europe. Katharine had some money left. He could find employment. Only to be gone from that fatal city, and beyond the possibility of being followed with stories of his own misconduct and guilt.

Katharine could form no plan then—she was waiting for Summers. Sitting there in their quiet room, with the twilight about them, she told her brother of this dear one, and the change he had brought into her whole existence. At first Richard was deeply indignant that she should think of anybody but him; that this man should know his secret; but he grew calm after awhile, was glad to have a firm hand to lean upon, and sat down to wait his arrival.

The twilight passed and the evening came, but Louis Summers did not arrive. When the bells pealed out midnight, Richard was asleep in his chamber, and Katharine still sat there, not expecting now, but trying to find reasons for her disappointment.

There was a vague chill at her heart, but no distrust. She grew very cold and faint—that was the reaction after all she had endured.

And while she watched and counted the strokes of the clock, feeling the chill and trembling increase, a distant village was aroused from its quiet by a terrible tumult—a railway train had met with an accident, and the dead and dying filled chambers which a little while before had been calm with the slumber of happy hearts.

But of all this Katharine could have no perception; only the chill at her heart increased, and at last she crept away to her bed to find an oblivion for the hours that must pass between then and the morning.

It came—the beautiful June morning—came and passed, and the day followed—but no tidings. Another and another came, till a week was gone, but no step sounded in the dwelling, no hope came to Katharine.

At first Richard pitied her, then his old restlessness came up—he was wild to be gone. This man had shrunk from them like the rest of the world—Katharine must make up her mind to that.

She could not go away. When she counted up the days that had elapsed, she was almost

mad; but she could not go—a little longer—another respite!

Richard was sick of confinement; he began to go out after nightfall; doubtful-looking men came to the house several times in search of him; late in the evening he would return, and Katharine saw that he had been drinking.

This would not do—she must save him at least. They made preparations to go away; not to Europe—Katharine would not hear to that; to South America, where she had a few kind friends, who would assist them.

At last Summers' name was dead between them. Richard understood, that however long their lives might endure, that name was never to be uttered again.

Katharine saw that she could wait no longer. For a season her heart and her duty had fought a hard battle—but it was over now. She would take her brother's hand, and lead him away from the temptation and guilt of his past life.

For days and days she had refused to mark the passage of time. Each morning she had clung with new tenacity to the hope of seeing a rainbow upon the gulf of her life before the day faded. Each night she had pressed eagerly forward to slumber, that she might the sooner escape the hours which must intervene before it would be possible to catch up a fresh hope, and hold a new vigil.

There was no bitterness in her soul; she did not hate or despise the man she had loved; she would not allow herself to acknowledge that he had acted weakly in shrinking from her side, after he had taken time to consider the injury that might blight his own life if he linked himself with her and hers. It was necessary for her soul's peace, nay, its safety, that the god of its worship should not be stricken down from its pedestal; and, by the strange power of her woman's nature, she kept it erect in spite of doubt, silence, everything—kept it sacred still.

This thing is possible to certain men and women; not to all, but to a few—this I know.

It seemed to Katharine that in sacrificing herself to her brother she had saved him; but justice still demanded its victim, and she must suffer for the wrongs whose consequences she had removed from his path. Her life had narrowed to the round his would have taken in the prison; she must submit to her captivity, and, perhaps, even before she stepped from this world, an angel would open the door of her dungeon and let the sunlight in upon her soul once more.

They were ready to go; Richard would not permit her to communicate even with Mr. Ed-

wards; she wrote him only a few broken lines of thanks.

It so chanced that under the name Richard had assumed, two persons sailed for Europe on the very day that Katharine and he stood upon the deck of the vessel and watched the last sight of the familiar land fade, and turned their thoughts toward the tropical shores where they sought a haven.

Two years went by in that isolation from the world of their past.

The refuge they found near the quaint, sleepy old city of Carthage was, at least, a safe one. They had not been called upon to wrestle with the loathsome ills of actual poverty; Richard had employment on the estate; Katharine taught two little children, and was companion to the commonplace old pair into whose service they had entered, and whose minds had never fatigued themselves with curiosity enough to question why and wherefore the orphans were there; content to suppose that circumstances rendered it necessary for them to earn their livelihood, and they preferred to do it as far as possible from their early home.

But Richard Hawdon had not will enough to persist in a course that would have led to reformation, and a cleansing of his soul from its diseases.

He was ashamed to go back to his native land—Katharine's influence and his retired life kept him safe from wrong which could meet with actual punishment—but he chose to fret over his thwarted youth, his broken hopes; to call himself accursed; to brood over his evil deeds, and pity himself therefor, and to believe that no mortal had ever been stricken by a series of such dire calamities as he.

He drank, by way of consolation; Katharine could not keep him from indulging in the vice, but she did keep him within a sort of limit. Fortunately, he did no harm to any one but himself, and, really, it seemed little matter by what means the deformed, thwarted life was transferred to another sphere, where, at least, the mastery of the flesh would be done away.

And Katharine lived on, and did not falter, though the heat of those tropical skies could never warm her heart into comfort, nor the voice of the scented wind bring back the joyousness of youth.

She simply lived for others, and this complete abnegation had, at least, one sort of reward, the heavy pressure of pain gradually slipped from her heart.

The odd feeling that she was enduring the captivity, from which she had saved the erring

one, never left her; but she had ceased to look forward to the time when an angel should open the door; ceased to think much of herself where this world was concerned; persistently blind to the thought of a future; living in her little round of present days, and not murmuring.

Now the end was at hand; beneath those fervid skies, Richard Hawdon's misused, cramped, listless soul was going forth to the Infinite. There was Katharine still—the same Katharine—soothing and watching, and doing much for the diseased spirit, at least, if she could not help the shattered body.

But she was not to bear that last trouble alone. Every landward wind blew nearer the sails that brought the resurrection of her hopes; the angel who should open her prison doors stood upon the threshold; but she knew it not.

For Louis Summers did come; and in that silent retreat he found Katharine walking up and down in the garden amid the freshness of evening.

She looked up and saw him standing there. Someway there was neither surprise or wonder in her mind, only the thought which had lain on her heart all that time took words and cried out,

"The prison doors are open. Louis! Louis!"

Through all she had believed in him—believed in him even at the worst; and now she heard the story of that accident which had left him, for weeks, with only a faint struggling life in his frame, met when he was hurrying for his mother to come and watch over his Katharine. Then the search when life came back; no tidings anywhere but the names of the people who had gone to Europe.

He followed—followed from one country to another—always on their track, and always too late to overtake them; and when he did, more than a year had gone, and he stood face to face with them to find strangers.

Back to America—another illness; then a weary time of vain search, joined in by Mr. Hawdon, who had grown to the full as anxious and mad as he.

Chance—so men call it—let us have faith enough for once to say, God's providence, at last threw in his way the captain of the ship, with whom the brother and sister had sailed. Since then only time enough for the tedious journey had elapsed. He came, not only to cherish Katharine, but to bring words of peace and reconciliation from the old man in his lonely home.

Katharine went to prepare Richard; she broke it all to him gently as possible. Weak

as he was, he could be raised upon his pillows and call for Summers—he must see him at once.

Then the pair stood by his bed and listened to his eager words—words of thankfulness at last; and after a time the yearning for home came up, and all his cry was,

“Home! I shall go home!”

“As soon as you are able,” Summers said.

He slept a little with that promise in his mind, clasping their two hands in his own. The purple and gold of the sunset swept in; the traces of illness seemed to fade from his face; a new peace settled over it; he looked as he had years back, in his innocent boyhood, and he woke with that dear thought on his lips.

“I am going home,” he said, rather faintly.

“Kiss me, Katy, dear. Louis, brother, raise me up.”

They raised him higher on the pillows; Summers saw the sudden perception of the truth startle Katharine, and gathered her to his side.

“I am going home!” repeated Richard, while his hands clung closer to theirs; but the great eyes wandered a little now; “going home—another trial at life.”

His head drooped suddenly; the eyes grew fixed; but the smile did not fade from his lips. He had gone home—gone to make a new trial of life, let us hope, in the land where the teachers are God’s angels, and more merciful still, the blessed saints who once knew the struggles of mortality here below.

TO LET.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

To let! our old home! where we’ve loved and we’ve played;
The altar on which our affections were laid;
Whose incense, arising, urged Heaven to bless
This precious abode of our heart’s happiness.

To let! our old home! too painful the truth;
How can I forsake thee, dear home of my youth!
The walls with love’s music are echoing yet—
Canst thou fancy I leave it without a regret?

I must turn from the dwelling—my dwelling no more;
The foot of a stranger will tread on the floor;
And careless alike if I joy or I grieve,
Make a home for himself, of the home that I leave.

Fall off to this place shall my spirit repair,
And glide through the halls, and ascend every stair;
Though fate has expelled me, I’ll haunt the dear spot,
And the hand of a stranger shall trouble me not.

One room to sad memories still sacred I hold;
For over its threshold a shadow there rolled;
And, chilled to the heart with sob-grieving breath,
We stood in the terrible presence of Death.

Close the door! love is jealous! and would not disclose
To the eye of a stranger its joys or its woes,
Where they the bright hue of a rose might discern,
I see but the shade of a funeral urn.

But this is my room, where in childhood I slept,
When out of the trundle-bed proudly I stepped;
And while my bright fancies the hours beguiled,
The heart of a woman had entered the child.

What dreams of ambition came into my head,
As I rested each night on my love-guarded bed!
How many the hopes, and how many the fears,
That mingled their rainbow-hues over the years.

Where meet the dear circle that gathered of yore,
Within the dear home that is ours no more?
I call—do they hear me? I call, but in vain;
For Death, the destroyer, has severed the chain.

They are with me in spirit—we meet as of yore,
The painful mutations of life to deplore.
Our hearts are as one, and we weep with regret,
That our home, the dear home that we love, is to let!

BY THE SEA.

BY EMMA S. STILWELL.

Alone I wander by the sea;
Its crested waves to welcome me,
Sparkle and glow,
And murmur low,
And clap white hands exultingly.

They fling their gold sands at my feet—
Such treasures bring they unto me;
Then, crowned with foam,
Afar they roam,
And come back fawning lovingly.

From fragrant bills of odorous wood,
Wafted from climes far o’er the sea,

I breathe the balm
Of a tropic calm,
And wait my ship to come to me.

Ah! waiting ships to come to me!
Will not the golden hours pass by,
And fall the night,
And visions bright,
Flit but as meteors o’er the sky?

Ah! luring waves, and sands, and shells!
I’ll turn from ye all mournfully!
But whether sad,
Or whether glad,
I’ll wait no ships to come to me.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 373.

CHAPTER VII.

MISTRESS SHORE went to the alderman's ball. Her husband had been taken out of town on some important business, and, always eager for pleasure, the young wife found her way to the festival with some of her city friends. It was a great occasion for the people, who, for the first time, began to partake somewhat of the sunshine which always follows a popular sovereign. The king was not only to grace the ball with his presence, but lead off the first dance with the mayor's wife. After that sacrifice—for the lady was by no means a Venus—the gay monarch felt at liberty to devote himself to the gayest and prettiest in the room without reserve, and his second galliard was danced with the jeweler's wife.

When Jane was led out in the presence of that thronged assembly, the wonderful beauty of her face, and the natural elegance which nature sometimes supplies even to the uneducated, seemed, for the first time, completely mated; for in his whole kingdom there was not a man who compared in physical strength and beauty with King Edward. To the supreme loveliness of the woman was now added the soft charm of modest confusion. When Jane stood, for a moment, with her hand in that of the young monarch, waiting for the music, her white eyelids drooped till their long, curling lashes swept a cheek burning with the rich scarlet of mingled pride and shyness; a smile quivered about her exquisite mouth, and her whole frame thrilled with a feeling which was half terror, half delight.

She heard whispers of admiration, and less charitable comments, sweeping through the room with breeze-like fullness. Some young lordlings, who had followed Edward from the court, were loud in their admiration, which brought the blood still more richly to her cheeks. Dancing is but a natural response to music, and, often untought, is more harmonious than art can make it. Grace of movement was one of the peculiar gifts which seemed to raise this woman out of her plebeian birth, and match

her with royalty itself. No queen ever danced with the floating lightness with which this resplendent creature swept the room. At first her eyes were downcast, and her motion timid, but as the music thrilled her, every curve of her body swayed to the fatality of motion. The drooping head rose proudly; her blue eyes were uplifted; her red lips broke apart with smiles, and you could imagine the warm breath panting through like perfume from the heart of a disturbed rose.

Edward saw all this, and smiled over it, never doubting that it was his presence which had kindled up her beauty into such marvelous perfection. When the dance was concluded, he stooped and whispered something that sent a swift rush of scarlet over her neck and face. She looked up a little frightened, and seemed about to break from him. Then he spoke gravely, if not with a voice of command, which sent the color slowly from her face, and her eyes absolutely filled with tears.

Edward led her away, not toward the dais, which was surrounded by city dignitaries, but through the heart of the crowd, and into the recess of a window, from which the citizens fell back, leaving them so far alone that no one could hear a word of the earnest talk with which he addressed her. But those who looked on saw that as his eyes kindled, and his fine countenance flushed eagerly, she turned white, and her lips trembled, as if some grievous trouble disturbed them.

"To-morrow," said the king, as he led her away, when the music rang forth a fresh challenge to the dancers, "to-morrow I shall come to the river side, disguised as a boatman, with a pair of sculls; be at the steps as the sun goes down on the bosom of the river, and quite alone; you will learn to hear how much your king loves you without trembling like a snared bird. Say, sweet bonnibel, will you come?"

"It is wrong—it is wicked," she pleaded.

"What, wrong and wicked to obey your sovereign lord, when he consents to disguise himself as a menial, for the bare pleasure of

looking on that face, unmarked by the hungry glances that devour us now? Nay, sweetheart, where is the harm in a quiet hour on the Thames?"

"Nay, there is no harm, I know that well enough; yet I dare not tell *him*," she cried, shivering, and almost in tears.

The king laughed so loud that the throng all around him smiled in company.

"Tell *him*—why no. If there is, as you so prettily say, no harm, why tell any one?"

"But—but what will her majesty, the queen, say?"

"Nothing; because I shall not tell her, sweet bonnibel!"

"But she might find out and be angry."

Again Edward laughed, and now there was a shade of sarcasm in his merriment; but he made no reply, not exactly wishing to speak out the scornful certainty which he felt that Elizabeth would be prudently blind to any folly of this kind that he might fall into.

"Come," he said, pressing the fair hand in his, "one more galliard, and then the pleasure of the evening is over. I see your city dames frowning even now, because the king chooses to be happy in his own way. Why is it that aldermen always have ill-favored spouses, I wonder? Come—come, the next ten minutes are ours at least."

Again the dance commenced, and the goldsmith's wife was still honored by the king, much to the discontent of those city dames who sat in awkward state watching them from around the dais. Now whispers, low and significant, ran from lip to lip, sounding forth praises of the king, and cold censure of the woman who kept him from those proper attentions all were hungering for.

That dance over, and Jane's triumph of the evening closed; she was left neglected among the neighbors who had escorted her to the ball, and saw, with a heavy heart, the young monarch take out first one, and then another of the proud city dames, who had drawn back so scornfully when she approached the place of honor appropriated to the authorities of London.

Edward's manner with women was always gallant and dashing, impressive. He could not have spent an hour with his own grandmother without throwing a shade of gallantry into his manner. Jane stood among the crowd and watched him as he led forth a stately dame, and, with bowed head and smiling lips, commenced another dance. Many of her own class would have shared the galliard with her; but

she declined all these attentions, and stood aside sorrowfully watching the king and the partner who had supplanted her, as in her inexperience she dreaded. One sentence Edward addressed her in passing,

"To-morrow, and at sunset."

Her heart leaped to his voice, and a bright smile answered him. She watched his tall figure as it towered above the crowd; and when he passed out, the room grew dim and dark around her. She longed to be at home—at home and alone; the music jarred on her ear; the very courtesies of those who surrounded her seemed coarse and rude.

Jane went home early. After dancing with the greatest and handsomest men of the age, she rejected all meaner partners, and left the coarser gayety which followed Edward's departure with something like contempt. On reaching home, this weak, bewildered creature went instantly to her own room, locked the door, and examined herself, with fluttering delight, in a little steel mirror which was the glory of her bedroom. The reflection thrown back upon her brought a world of smiles to her lovely mouth; the dress of blue taffety, cut square at the bosom, and edged with a narrow band of ermine, was simple and becoming; a string of pearls, taken from her husband's store with some misgiving, lay like newly-fallen hail-stones on the snow of her white and exquisitely formed neck; long hanging sleeves, lined with white, swept down from her shoulders, leaving the white arms bare. Thus much Jane could see of her own garments, and the picture, incomplete as it was, satisfied her. She turned away from the mirror smiling, and bathed in blushes.

"To-morrow," she whispered, "to-morrow I shall see him again. He will come all alone, like any common boatman, and all for me—for me!"

Jane sat down upon a low chair, and, clasping both hands over her knees, rocked herself to and fro in silent exaltation. She forgot her husband, everything, in the thoughts that had been swelling about her heart for days, and now broke all bounds.

"He loves me, and I am beautiful!" she would whisper to herself, blushing as the words stirred her lips. "This is what people mean when they talk of happiness. Now I know—now I know. Love, love! Did he speak of that, and I married?"

Here the poor woman suddenly unlocked the hands clasped over her knees, and they fell helplessly by her side.

"Oh! what will he say?—what will he do?"

she cried out piteously. "I dare not go—I will not."

Then came back a memory of those soft words, soft but impressive, almost commanding while they sued; and again she fell into a bewildering dream, half ecstasy, half terror; and so the night wore on, and at last she fell asleep from pure exhaustion.

The next day dawned, deepened, and died away in a warm crimson sunset, so beautiful, that heaven itself seemed luring that unhappy woman out to the river. Many a time that day she resolved to stay at home, and forget the gleam of forbidden glory that had dawned upon her.

"I will stay here, meekly and prayerfully, as befits a woman who has harbored sinful thoughts. When my husband comes, I must tell him all, and he will make me strong. This she said over and over again; yet in the depths of her heart lay a resolve, secret, and probably unacknowledged even by herself, to go forth on the perilous expedition proposed to her.

When the sunset came, and the Thames was red with its dying fires, the temptation which had clung around this weak woman all day, grew strong and mastered her. She went up stairs, put on a wimple of dark cloth, and a corresponding dress. It was singular, but Jane did not once look in the glass while making this simple toilet. Was she ashamed to meet her own face, or, feeling how pale that face must be, did she fear to encounter the change that was there?

She looked around her bedroom, before going out, with vague regretfulness.

"What if William should come while I am away," she thought, "and find the house empty? But he will not—he will not. Three days yet remain—I will go. Yes, yes, I will go; but not in disobedience, not with a thought of wrong to any one. I will tell the king all this; tell him how my heart aches, how ashamed I feel. He is grand, he is noble, and will see how right it is that I should go home and never see him again. This once I will meet him; but only for that—only for that. He may understand how wrong it is, and how much I love my husband."

Here the unhappy woman burst into a flood of bitter tears, and began to wring her hands, feeling in the depths of her heart what mockery was in the words she had spoken.

The twilight deepened, turning the crimson haze into a deep purple gloom before that woman left her home. A strange feeling of reluctance seized upon her; she walked over

the house sadly, and with tears in her eyes. It seemed as if she were taking a farewell, yet it had never entered her mind to desert that home, or be absent when its master returned. Still this strange, unreasoning sadness held her fast, and she left her home pale as death, and shivering with vague terror.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE day after Jane Shore left her home with so much reluctance, John Halstead, the man who had married Shore's sister, rode forth from the city against his usual habit, quite unattended. Halstead often made journeys into the country, visiting such seaports as were connected with his traffic; but he usually traveled in some state, with at least one well fed retainer riding behind him, for he was a man of note among the city merchants, and, enjoying court patronage, took some pains to back up his prosperity with becoming liberality. Now he traveled alone, and left the city in the very gray of the morning, as if afraid that his movements might be commented on. The horse he rode was a stout gray, well suited to hard toil, plainly caparisoned, and of that common appearance which challenges no curiosity. Thus, in his sad-colored clothes, with a leathern bag strapped behind his saddle, and a light battle-axe just visible at the bow, there was nothing to distinguish this man from any respectable wayfarer that pursued business or pleasure on the road. Still had you paused to examine the man well, some doubt must have arisen with regard to his calling. Within the city and its vicinity he rode heavily, with rounded shoulders, and an uncertain seat on the saddle; but when he came into the open country, and felt the fresh breezes from heath and hill blowing over him, that tall form rose erectly in its seat and unconsciously took a military air. With one hand on the haft of his battle-axe, Halstead rode forward like an officer in command of victorious troops. All the sluggish thralls of trade broke from him; his countenance cleared; his keen eye brightened, and away he went over the country with a speed that no one would have expected from the gray horse, which was, in fact, like its master, full of strength and indomitable energy.

About noon, the traveler found himself in front of a small hostelry standing by the wayside—a structure of huge cross beams, rough stone and square windows, which seemed to blink drearily at the sunshine from beneath a projecting second story, that jutted over them

like heavy brows lowering over an old man's eyes.

Halstead dismounted, and tied his horse to an iron ring fastened to a staple driven deep into one of the cross-beams which intersected the stone, leaving all the huge frame-work visible, and entered beneath the porch. The house contained but two rooms, the lowest was the tap-room and kitchen joined in one.

The walls of this room, with the huge beams that ran overhead, were black with the smoke of all the years that had followed since they were laid into place; but there was still an air of general warmth and hospitality in the aspect of the room, which promised a welcome and no mean fare. Flitches of bacon, with rounds of beef, hung drying on the walls, and cumbered the beams overhead; a noble fire was blazing in the wide-mouthed chimney; and, in a corner of the room, lay an ale-cask, upon which the master of the house sat astride, busily fitting a spigot into one end. The good wife was sweeping the hearth with a broom formed of slender twigs, gathered from the forest, and turned a face crimson with heat upon the traveler as he entered.

Halstead took a quick survey of the room; the landlord gave an extra twist of the spigot, tightening it to his satisfaction, and lifted himself lazily from the cask.

"Can I have a truss of hay, and some corn for my horse, and a mouthful of dinner for myself?" said Halstead, addressing the man.

"Hay just mown from the hillside, if ye like it fresh, fair sir; as for the rest, ye can judge for yerself how we are provided," said the landlord, with an indolent sweep of the hand, which took in the provisions on the wall and those dangling overhead. "Besides, we have hens in the stable, and plenty of newly-laid eggs to back up a rasher with at any hour of the day for guests of the better sort."

"Have you such guests in the house already?" questioned Halstead, conscious of a savory odor which steamed out from an iron pot over the fire.

The woman came forward before her husband could answer, and, looking keenly at the traveler from head to foot, addressed him in a low voice,

"Are ye expecting some one?"

"If this is Joshua Heap's hostelry, as I think—" Halstead stopped, in doubt if it were safe to go on.

The woman hesitated a moment, glanced at her husband, who stood quietly looking on; and then, with an apparently careless motion

of the hand, touched a bow of red ribbon that tied her close cap. Halstead's face brightened.

"Yes," he said, with growing confidence, "I do expect to meet a person here."

"Man or woman, layman or priest?" questioned the dame, resolved to make assurance doubly sure.

"Man or woman, it is idle to answer that; but a priest was to have waited for me here at twelve to-day."

The woman's face beamed out instantly from its enforced reserve.

"Come this way," she answered, and quickly, too; "for by that tapping on the boards overhead ye can make sure that the person ye seek is fast losing patience. Come—come."

The woman spoke eagerly, for the noise, as of a foot beating impetuously on the floor overhead, made itself distinctly audible.

"Go up! go up! I need not follow," said the woman, pointing to a flight of wooden steps, steep as a ladder, which ran up one side of the huge chimney.

Halstead mounted the steps, which creaked and shook under his firm tread till he disappeared, and the house dame heard a door close after him.

"Hark! there is a hen cackling, now. Give this worshipful traveler's horse his corn; then search for the eggs, for never in this house was such a supper set forth as shall grace our guests to-night."

"Why, dame, how ye talk; how blithe and comely ye look all at once; and such extravagance—capers roasting in the oven; rabbits stewing in the pot; new-laid eggs, and a cask of ale put upon the tap. Why, it is enough to make the water come into a king's mouth, and all for a priest that comes ambling hither on a white mule, and a tall fellow who travels on a roadster, which might belong to master or servant. Bestrew me, dame, if I know what to make of this!"

"Never trouble thy dull head about the matter, Joshua, that is the best counsel I can give thee. Only make sure that the roadster ye speak of has plenty of corn; and do not forget to throw a truss of fresh grass to the white mule, while I take charge of the rest."

The man looked uneasily toward the ale-cask, and at last fixed a wistful glance on his wife.

"Shall I first draw a can of ale, and make sure that it is worthy of such worshipful guests?" he said.

"Surely, an thou wilt, man. Our good lady forbid that I balk thy thirst on this day of all others in the year. Ye can take the quart

flagon and drain it to the bottom, so the tap prove of the best."

The obedient husband had modestly taken a pewter cup, holding a pint, from its shelf over the chimney, but gladly relinquished it for a flagon of deeper capacity, which was directly filled at the cask, and drained with more than one long and pleasurable sough of the breath, while the foam dripped over the flagon and the hand which held it in a frothy torrent, melting off into a little lake on the floor.

"The ale is fit for any king in Christendom!" exclaimed Joshua Heap, looking ruefully on the floor, as if it broke his heart to see a drop of the precious beverage wasted. "Now, dame, I will do yer will regarding the eggs, and come back anon to make another trial."

The dame laughed, shook a finger at her crafty helpmate, and went about her work again.

Meantime John Halstead had found his way into a small, low-roofed chamber over the tap-room. Two small, square windows, which overlooked the highway, had their curtains of red stuff drawn close, and this cast a warm glow over the little chamber. A bed and two or three chairs, with a small table, composed the entire furniture of the room. But a quantity of fresh rushes, and some wild flowers, had been hastily scattered over the floor, and their faint fragrance supplied a want of the sweet country air shut out by the closed windows.

A priest in a russet gown, girded loosely with a piece of rope, with the hood drawn over the wearer's face, was walking up and down the chamber. He turned sharply as Halstead entered, recognized the noble outlines of a well known face, and came forward, holding out a small, white hand from the loose sleeve that had hitherto concealed it.

"My faithful servant, my leal friend!"

Halstead knew the voice, and, dropping upon his knees, pressed his lips reverently upon the hand.

"My mistress, my queen!" he exclaimed, in a broken voice, "it terrifies me to find you here. I did not expect it; only that you would have sent a messenger."

"Rise—rise, my friend, we must waste no time in idle homage. Sweet as it is to feel the kiss of true lips on this hand, thy queen comes thus alone, and unattended, because she feared to let even her most faithful followers know that she had a friend, so able and ready to help her almost in the usurper's household. She would neither peril thee, nor her own righteous cause, by taking one unnecessary person into

her council. But, tell me, hast thou seen my lord and husband? How bears he this new calamity?"

"Nay, my mistress, I have not spoken with the king since the battle of Barnet. Edward has kept him a close prisoner; twice I saw him at the window and made a sign, which he may have understood; but even that was difficult and perilous."

"Thou sawest him then! Ah! that is some consolation. How did he look? Did imprisonment seem to tell on his health?"

"His majesty was pale, but not more so than long confinement might justify. He looked calm and meekly resigned as ever. My attempt to communicate with him, even by signs, was evidently distressing, for he motioned with his hand that I should desist, shaking his head with sorrowful meaning."

"Poor husband! saintly king!" cried the woman's voice from beneath that brown cowl. "Ah! if he could once forget the heavenly meekness, and assert the kingly nature within him, all would be well with us. Yet, methinks, I would not have him otherwise than he is, even for the great guerdon the change might bring."

"King Henry is endowed with that patient courage of which martyrs are made," answered Halstead.

"Nay, but he was born for dominion—born to be a king; and shall be so. Heaven and our Lady willing, he shall yet reign over the kingdom which is his just inheritance; that we lost the battle of Barnet was a meet punishment for herding with my old enemy. I have repented that false step in sackcloth and ashes. But all is not lost. While a possibility of success remains, who shall dare be without hope? Not Margaret of Anjou."

The Lancastrian queen flung back the friar's cowl from her head, and revealed a face beautiful in itself, and resplendent with enthusiastic feeling.

"Yes, look upon your queen," she said, with intense earnestness. "Has time conquered her?—has misfortune shorn her of strength? Nay, nay, good friend, she has still a hand to guide, and a brain to plot. Let us cease to mourn over Henry's submission; that which he lacks of kingly fire, Edward, my son, possesses."

"Where is the noble youth? Safe abroad. I trust."

"Safe abroad! Nay, nay, Edward is where a Lancastrian prince should ever be found, waiting with impatience to lead his followers on to battle. On the very day that Warwick lost to us the battle of Barnet, thy queen and

her son, with a handful of followers, landed at Weymouth."

"And your object now, my queen?"

"Is to stake all on another pitched battle. When the people see their prince leading in the van, unshackled by the alliance at which his mother still blushes, they will surely rally to his standard."

"But if he, too, should fall, or be taken prisoner?"

The grandly beautiful face of Margaret grew white as this awful possibility presented itself. She clasped her hands under the loose sleeves of her priest's gown, with a force that left them also colorless.

"But it shall not be," broke in a sharp cry from her lips. "I, too, will appear on the battle-field. Hate will find my bosom instead of his. Oh! Halstead, Halstead! he is the last jewel of my life, but I cast it upon the hazard of this coming battle. Help me; work for me as thou never didst before, for much depends on thee—everything."

"Only instruct me how to act—tell me what I can do," answered the man, always prompt in devotion to her cause. "It is useless to say that all I have, or own, is at your disposal, has been since I first had the happiness of seeing you, and will be so long as I breathe. What part shall I act in this coming struggle? If possible, oh! generous mistress, let it be in the field."

"And so it shall be. God grant us but one fair victory; then we march on London, where thou wilt have gathered our friends, who shall give our troops easy access to the city. Let us once see Edward's head crowned as his father's was at the battle of Wakefield, and there is no place of command or trust that John Halstead may not claim of his grateful queen."

Halstead's noble features were shaded for a moment. Margaret had always given him such duties in her service as revolted his knightly feeling, and threatened an ignominious death. He would gladly have died for her, sword in hand; but concealment and craft were against every principle of his nature; and even she, astute and sensitive as she was, could not fathom a tithe of the sacrifice he made for her in continuing to act as her agent in London, while less brave men fought her battles in the field.

"Point out the duties you assign to me, and I will, to the best of my poor capacity, perform them," he said, leading the queen to a seat, and kneeling before her. She fixed her large, dark eyes on his face, with a look of such earnest

gratitude, that he felt his own glance growing dim with tears.

"First," said Margaret, in that deep thrilling voice, which went straight to the listener's heart, "thou must win me an interview with my imprisoned husband, the king."

Halstead started almost from his knees. The coldness, nay, audacity of the idea took his breath away.

"My son is young," continued Queen Margaret, "and but little known to the people. Without direct or written authority from King Henry to raise troops, we shall obtain but lag-gard help. We must get that authority under Henry's own hand; but he is reluctant to shed blood, and more intent on a heavenly crown than that glorious diadem which the Plantagenet has wrested from him. I know him well; no voice but mine could win from him an authorization for raising troops in his name. Me, Henry will not refuse, even that which goes against his own wishes will be granted, if I entreat."

Halstead rested one elbow on his knee, and fell into thought even while the queen was speaking. Though one hand shaded his face, the look of doubt and trouble which settled about his mouth could not be concealed.

"Besides," said Margaret, with tears in her voice, "I will confess it to thee, my faithful servant, my woman's heart yearns to see him."

"Dear mistress, gracious lady, you shall see him, though it cost John Halstead his life! How it is to be done I cannot decide as yet; but with God's good help, this meeting shall be brought about."

Halstead arose, as he spoke, excited and thrilled with intense feeling, such as Margaret of Anjou alone had the power to inspire. He paced the room with a step so impetuous that it made all the timbers of the floor vibrate. Margaret was pleased with this impetuous devotion. Her eyes softened, and a smile came to her firm mouth, softening it into sweet, womanly beauty.

"Meantime," she said, "do not be idle in the city. Surely our house has many friends there yet."

"Hundreds," was Halstead's answer. "One victory would give us half the train hands; they never have taken heartily to the usurper."

"It must be thy duty to deal with them. but cautiously, cautiously, remember."

"Have no fear, your highness, I know the way to reach our city men. As for the apprentices—no unimportant class—there is a youth now under my control whom they have already

electd as a leader. It is to his sharp wit I must look for the means of accomplishing the most perilous visit you propose to the captive king."

"Is the lad honest, and to be trusted?" asked Margaret, anxiously.

"I will trust my head upon his good faith. Besides, he is quick of wit, and wonderful in expedients. He knows every winding of the Tower, and has made the sentinels his fast friends already."

"But canst thou trust him entirely?"

"Surely it must be so, or not at all. If wo had concealments he would discover them, and give back half service."

"Still it is perilous."

"I know it; but not so full of danger as concealment. Let the lad know that it is the queen who trusts him, and he will perish rather than betray her. Nay, every faculty will be sharpened in her behalf; believe me, your highness, I am right in this."

"Do it as you advise," answered Margaret, with the prompt decision which marked her character. "It is not among the people of this lad's class that we have ever found most treachery. Forgive your queen, John Halstead, if she seems over cautious."

"Nay," said Halstead, smiling. "It is the over boldness which constantly leads that august lady into peril, which her servants have most need to fear."

Margaret smiled.

"But we will escape the peril here, some good angel assures me of that. Surely heaven itself will smile on the efforts of a wife to gain access to the husband whose presence she pines for. Ah, good friend, when mine enemies tell you that Margaret is made up of ambition and lacks womanliness, they know little of the yearning tenderness which makes the hours days, and the days years, till I see him again. Now that an interview seems possible, my very soul trembles with dread of a disappointment."

Margaret covered her beautiful, proud features with her hands as she ceased speaking, and Halstead saw that she was weeping such passionate tears as only proud women can shed when the heart is broken up with tenderness.

"Lady, you shall not be disappointed. Give me a little time for thought."

"Let it be soon. Oh, John Halstead! let it be soon. You alone, of all men living, have witnessed my weakness."

"The weakness which springs from a woman's love is its glory," answered Halstead. "If all England could witness this grief as I do, the

usurper would not keep his throne a single day."

Margaret reached forth her hand, smiling on him through her tears.

"I trust thee, and hope everything," she said. "But I have been very selfish; thou hast ridden far, and must be travel-worn and famished. I hear the good dame preparing dinner—after thy hard ride it will be welcome. Go down and refresh thyself. Tell the dame to bring a glass of wine and a piece of bread up hither—I want nothing more."

Halstead, who was, indeed, sorely tired and half famished, descended to the tap-room, where he found a table set out with extraordinary care. A roast capon; a fine rasher of bacon; boiled eggs, flanked by a foaming tankard of beer, soon occupied his attention so completely, that he did not observe the dame when she crept up the stairs and knocked at the chamber door, carrying not only wine and bread, but a dainty little repast in her hands. There was no table in the room, but the woman knelt down before the supposed priest, who had hastily drawn the cowl over her face, and, resting the tray of food on one knee, besought the stranger to eat. There was something in the woman's manner that startled the queen. It was so deferential that scarcely a doubt remained that her own identity was discovered.

"Nay, daughter, I will but take a crust and this glass of wine," she said, in a low voice.

"Do not fear to put back that cowl and taste of the capon also. In this room, and under this roof, the Queen of England has nothing to fear," said the woman, trembling at her own boldness.

"Thou knowest me then?" answered Margaret, throwing back the cowl from her face. "Put down the tray and tell me where we have met before."

"Many times and oft, your highness; for I lived in London when King Henry brought home the bonniest bride that my poor eyes ever saw. Once I stood close by the horse that bore you through the city, and you flung me a silver sixpence. Hundreds fell among the crowd that day and were spent. I kept mine—it is in my bosom now."

Margaret smiled, and this brought an amusing glow to the dame's comely face. She sat down the tray as Margaret had commanded, and, going to a cupboard, took down an old pewter cup, which she bore to the queen, and again fell upon her knees.

"Take it," she said, "it is full of silver, with now and then a broad piece of gold. They tell

me that the bad King Edward has robbed you of everything. Take this. I and the good man are strong, and can work for more."

Tears swelled into Margaret's eyes.

"Not now," she answered, gently, "not while we can help it. But if greater need comes, this kind offer shall not be forgotten."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE DYING VOLUNTEER.

BY LEON WEST.

RAISE me, comrade, slowly—gently,
Let me rest my head on you,
For the night is fast approaching,
And my brow is wet with dew.
What! you say the sun is shining?
(Ah! how painful comes my breath!)
Is it then I'm dying, comrade?
Tell me, comrade, is this death?

True, they said my wound was mortal,
Though I might survive the day;
But these red drops oozing—oozing,
Slowly steal my life away;
And this chilling, death-like faintness
Stealing all my being o'er,
Warns me that I soon must leave you—
Leave you to return no more!

Comrade, do you not remember
When the news like lightning flew;
When the shock of Sumpter's thunder
Woke all loyal hearts and true?
Since that day we've been together,
And our hearts have been as one,
Knit by ties of truest friendship—
Ties that no'er might be undone.

Comrade, I have been an orphan,
And a wanderer alone;
Death bereft me of my kindred,
E'er my tender years had flown;

And this hour of pain and anguish
I might pass unheeded through,
And on earth be soon forgotten
If it had not been for you.

Yes, you'll miss me in the battle—
Miss me when the field is won;
And you'll miss me at the camp-fire
When the weary march is done.
But be faithful to our country,
In whose holy cause I fell;
Trusting in the Great Commander,
For He "doeth all things well."

Comrade, when my weary spirit
Leaves this frail and earthly shell,
Wrap me in that starry emblem
That we both have loved so well;
And in yonder grove of cypress,
Where the shadows gather deep,
There, amid the solemn stillness,
Lay me down in peace to sleep.

Mark the spot, that when the stranger,
Passing there with careless tread,
Seeing it, perchance may murmur
Blessings on the patriot dead.
Hark! what Heavenly strains of music
On my ear enraptured swell;
Angels wait to guide my spirit—
Farewell, comrade—fare you well!

NOTHING ELSE TO DO.

BY HARRIET B. DRIGGS.

We wandered by the streamlet's side,
To search for lingering flowers,
With tale, and song, and laugh beguiled
The sweet September hours.
We sat in bowers of leafy shade,
When days were bright and blue;
The soft and dreamy Autumn days—
We'd nothing else to do.

He sang to me, on starry nights,
Some witching serenade;
He sat beside my harp and praised
The music that I made.
I sang his songs, and kept his flowers,
And wore his favorite hue;
The country place was lone and dull—
We'd nothing else to do.

The Autumn hours passed swiftly by;
We parted as we met,
Nor deemed one thought or feeling woke,
Each might not soon forget.

For walks and talks to pass the time,
When days were long and blue,
Were surely well enough for those
Who'd nothing else to do.

Yet through the years, which swift have passed,
Since those sweet Autumn hours,
I've kept a curl of chestnut hair,
A wreath of faded flowers.
No face doth seem so bright to-day,
To memory's backward view,
As his, with whom I talked and sang,
With nothing else to do.

Beside Potomac's shore his plume
Waves in the Wintry blast;
I wonder if his heart still keeps
A record of the past?
Ah! foolish thought! The cricket chirps,
The fire burns dim and blue;
I rouse me from such idle dreams—
I've something else to do!

AFTER MANY DAYS.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

THE rays of the setting sun stole in at the western window of the little room where Alice Beresford lay dying. To the gentle invalid's bedside had come, at last, that unbidden guest, who had so long given warning of his approach—that guest which comes, sooner or later, to all homes, however securely guarded. Alice Beresford was young and lovely; but now, in the morning of life, she was passing away from the yearning clasp of those who would have held her back from death.

A widowed mother watched beside her with agonized feelings. The only remaining child of a large family, Alice was the last tie which made earth seem beautiful, or life desirable. The kind pastor was there, to speak again the holy promises and precious teachings of Jesus. He had loved Alice as his own child, as the lamb of his little flock. But as the gaze of the dying one wandered over the room, there seemed to be another whose glance she sought, whose voice she longed to hear. Alas! poor Alice!

Far away, in his dim and dusty office in the city, sat the proud lawyer, Herbert Allyn. He had just received the letter informing him of the illness of his betrothed, and remorseful thoughts of his heartless conduct were crowding heavily upon his mind. When a poor student in the village which was her home, he had won the heart of Alice, and her consent to become his bride at some future day. And she had ever been faithful, affectionate, and true; but he—ah! how had it been with him? He dared not ask himself the question. The vanities and allurements of city life, coupled with success in business, had so dazed and bewildered his mind, that, pleading business as an excuse, he had not visited, or written to Alice for several months. And yet he had not meant to be unjust or cruel; but he had flirted away the weeks of his summer vacation with the beautiful coquette, Maude Clare, always intending to go soon to see Alice,

and always postponing his visit for some new arrangement. And yet he did not love Maude Clare. He never intended that she should supplant Alice in his heart, although she was the only petted child of his patron, Judge Clare, who had helped him on the road to fortune and fame; while his betrothed had no other wealth to bring him than her own sweet self, and the wealth of her spotless heart. But reason was fully awake now after many days; the flimsy veil which had so long obscured the reality was removed, and with his usual impetuosity, and the thought uppermost in his mind that "Alice was ill—dying, perhaps"—he was soon far away from the city, on the road to the lovely village which was her home. As he neared the quiet neighborhood, the sound of the church bell struck heavily upon his ear. Had he come too late? The thought was agony.

Alas! yes. Even then they were bearing her forth, followed by the train of mourners, to her last resting-place in the cemetery behind the little chapel. It was a beautiful spot where they laid their frail burden, where the birds sang high above their heads, and the light wind strewed the ground with beautiful shadows of clouds and trees; but it brought no peace to him.

Herbert Allyn lingered long beside that grave, but his broken words of contrition and tenderness had no power to recall the spirit of Alice from that brighter land whither it had flown. Years have passed since that hour, and he is a world wise, world weary man. Maude Clare is his wife to-day, a haughty, elegant woman; but as he gazes upon her beauty, he thinks of other lips, and other eyes which have long since mouldered to dust, and of the slight girlish figure which stood under the orchard boughs in the fair September moonlight, and sang:

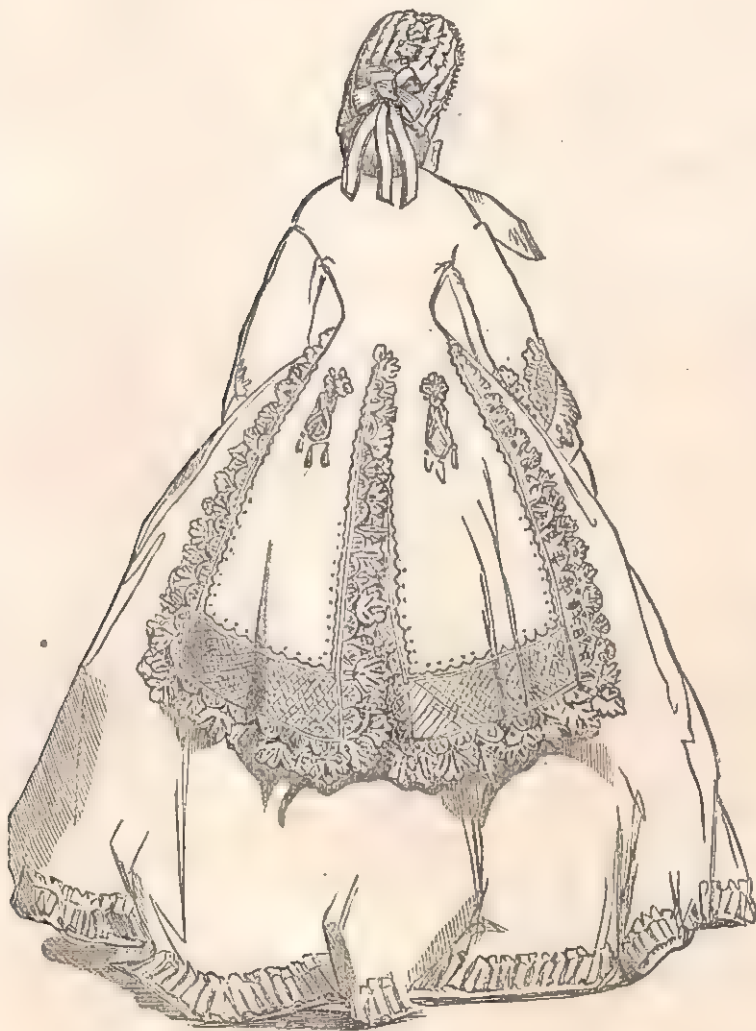
"New hopes may bloom, and days may come
Of milder, calmer beam;
But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As Love's young dream."

INSERTION.



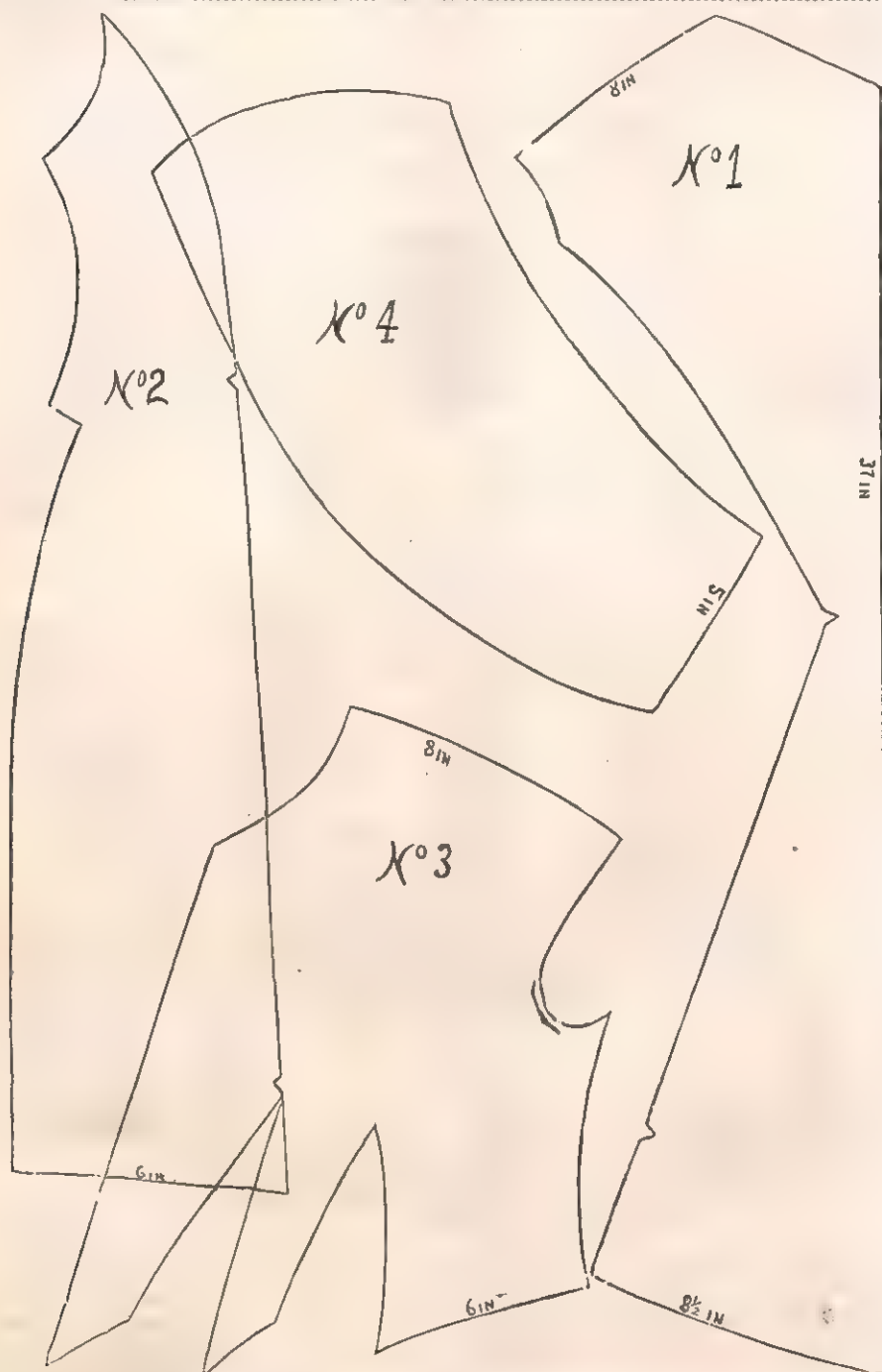
PIQUE OR MUSLIN COAT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This is not intended (as some might suppose) for out-of-door wear, it being too conspicuous for that purpose; but is designed for morning or evening toilet, for which it is very pretty and stylish.

For morning wear it should be made of the same material as the skirt. If it is made of white pique, and worn over a white pique skirt, it should be braided round the sides and up the center of the back with black worsted braid; and a ball or Tom Thumb fringe should be added round the edge. If of white alpaca, three rows of narrow blue or mauve ribbon, arranged in the same way, has a good effect. Black silk can also be used for the coat, and the newest style of trimming for this material is a band of white silk, with strips of very narrow black ribbon-velvet, sewn either slantwise or straight across



it; this band is carried all round the coat. Black white muslin, either plain or embroidered. The lace is then used for the edge. Gimp may be simplest trimming is then a narrow frill of muslin, which must be box-pleated. Another style is substituted for this trimming, if desired. to sew loops round the edge. These loops are

For evening wear the coat may be made of

composed of black ribbon-velvet an inch wide, and the same trimming should be repeated upon the white muslin skirt. Black figured net is frequently used for making a coat to be worn over a low dress for a dinner toilet. The best trimming for this net is black lace, and rows of either ribbon-velvet or ruches to correspond in color with the skirt. In all these cases there should be ornaments at the back of the waist, which should correspond with the trimming.

We give a diagram by which to cut out the coat. The pattern consists of four pieces, viz:

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. SIDE-PIECE.

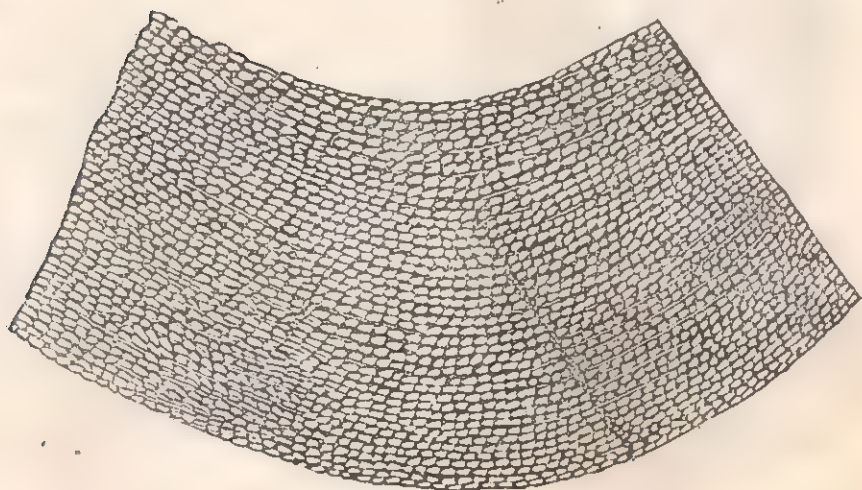
No. 4. HALF OF SLEEVE.

Before cutting out the coat in the material in which it is to be made, we should counsel first trying it in lining muslin, as the pattern of the bodice will be found large enough for a full-sized figure.

The tails may be made of any length, but the longer they are the more elegant they will look.

K N E E - C A P

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here an engraving of a knitted Knee-Cap. The materials are two ounces of 4-thread, white fleecy; two needles, No. 7.

Cast on 40 stitches, knit twelve plain rows.

12th row—Knit 18, pick up 1 stitch in the front which knit, knit 4, pick up 1, as before, knit 18.

14th row—Plain.

15th row—Knit 18, pick up 1, as before, knit 6, pick up 1, knit 18.

16th row—Plain. Continue increasing every row in the same manner by knitting 2 more between each; increase every time till you have 60 stitches; knit 24 rows without increasing.

To begin the decrease, knit 17, knit 2 together, knit 22; knit 2 together, knit 18.

Next row—Plain.

Next row—Knit 17, knit 2 together, knit 20, knit 2 together, knit 17.

Next row—Plain.

Next row—Knit 17, knit 2 together, knit 20, knit 2 together, knit 17.

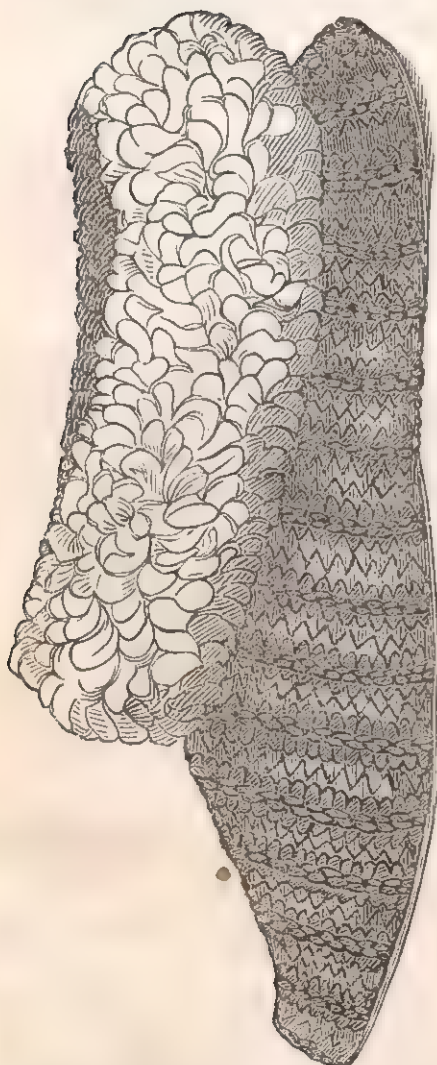
Next row—Plain.

Continue decreasing in the same way every alternate row by knitting 2 less between, till you have 40 stitches; knit 12 plain rows, and cast off your round, and the Knee-Cap is complete. If required larger, it is only necessary to knit a few more rows at the commencement and termination, say eighteen rows instead of twelve.

This is a very useful affair.

CROCHET DRESSING-SLIPPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give here an engraving of a lady's Dressing-Slipper, to be worked in crochet. The materials are $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. scarlet; $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. white double Berlin wool.

10 chain, turn.

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1st row—Miss 1 chain, 4 double, 3 double into next stitch, 4 double, 1 chain to turn.

2nd row—5 double, taken at the back of stitch, (all the shoe is worked in this manner,) 3 double into next, 5 double, 1 chain to turn.

3rd row—6 double, 3 double into next, 6 double, 1 chain to turn.

4th row—7 double, 3 double into next, 7 double, 1 chain to turn.

5th row—8 double, 3 double into next, 8 double, 1 chain to turn.

6th row—9 double, 3 double into center, 9 double, 1 chain to turn.

7th row—1 row of double crochet without increasing, 21 stitches, 1 chain to turn.

8th row—10 double, 3 double into center, 10 double, 1 chain to turn.

9th row—23 double, 1 chain to turn.

10th row—11 double, 3 double in center, 11 double, 1 chain to turn.

11th row—25 double, 1 chain to turn.

12th row—12 double, 3 double in center, 12 double, 1 chain to turn.

13th row—27 double, 1 chain to turn.

14th row—13 double, 3 double in center, 13 double, 1 chain to turn.

15th row—29 double, 1 chain to turn.

16th row—14 double, 3 double in center, 14 double, 1 chain to turn.

17th row—9 double, 1 chain to turn.

18th row—Same as last; repeat the last row 38 times more, and sew it to the other 9 stitches to correspond. For the border in white, 2 needles, No. 7. Cast on 5, knit 1, put the needle in, and pass the wool 4 times round the first and second fingers of the left-hand; draw the whole thickness through the stitch, knit the two next stitches in the same manner as the last.

2nd row—Plain knitting.

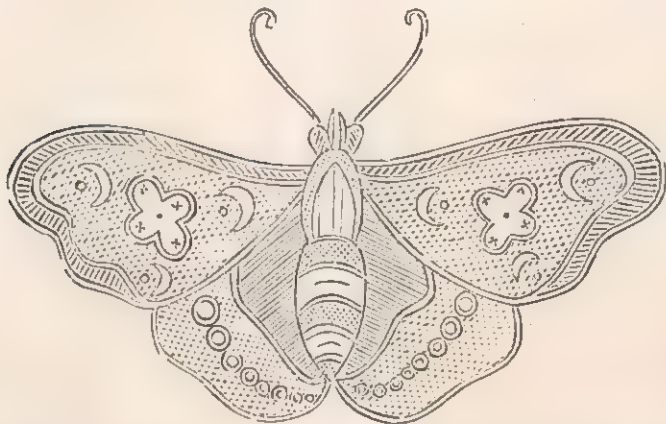
3rd row—Same as 1st.

4th row—Same as second; repeat the two last rows for 45 times more; sew the border round the top of the shoe, and a cork sole at the bottom.

A piece of round, white elastic should be run into the top row of stitches and tied to the size of the foot.

BUTTERFLY IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



BUTTERFLIES are still used, not only as ornaments in the hair, but as figures to be employed in embroidery, as on handkerchiefs, and otherwise. We give, above, a very pretty design for a butterfly in embroidery, which can be used for almost any purpose.

A SHOE-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give an engraving of a Shoe-Bag, which may be easily made, and will be found very convenient. It is made of chintz and bound with the same material. One yard and a quarter of green, and half a yard of pink, will be required. Cut two rounds of green chintz, each seven inches in diameter, for the bottom of the bag; cord one of the rounds with pink for the outside; then take a width of green chintz half a yard in length, and bind the top in pink about one inch wide; join together to form the bag; then take two pieces more of the green chintz, each about eleven inches long; sew them together, and bind the top in pink to match the other piece; this piece is for the pockets, which is to be sewn round the bag, as seen in the engraving. Gather both pieces together, and sew round the corded piece for the bottom; then turn the bag and sew on the plain round, so that the gathers come between the two rounds; run a ribbon in the top for a string to hang the bag by.

A NEEDLE-BOOK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give an engraving of a Needle-Book. The illustration is so good that hardly any description is required. Half a yard of any colored ribbon, about three inches wide, forms the staple of the work. In the engraving, the ribbon, it will be seen, is figured; but it may be plain, if preferred; and might look prettier.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT IS GOSSIP?—We are often asked, "what is gossip?" We answer, in a general way, that it is talking of persons rather than of things. Nothing shows the paucity of ideas more than this talking about the affairs of your neighbors. It is not only malicious people who originate scandal; it is narrow-minded people, ignorant people, stupid people. Persons of culture and intelligence are not so hard run for topics of conversation. They can usually find something to say about art, literature, fashion, or society. The moment people begin to talk of their neighbors, of persons rather than of things, they are apt to degenerate into scandal; for where one speaks of the virtues of an acquaintance, a dozen (alas! for human nature,) expatiate on his or her shortcomings. Nor does it make much difference whether the gossip is that of the Fifth Avenue, or of some third-rate street in some third-rate village. At bottom, men and women are very much the same, whether they live in palaces or log-cabins, whether they are princes or peasants. Society may give to well-bred persons a surface polish; but the Old Adam, if not eradicated, is the Old Adam still.

And this brings us to speak of real culture, or what we consider to be such, at least. A cultivated person, in the highest sense of the term, is not merely one who can talk of books, pictures, and other elevating subjects of human interest. To be thoroughly cultivated, the heart, as well as the intellect, should be refined and enlarged. Sometimes we see women, who, without education, yet having been born amiable, are never guilty of gossip. Again we see women, not naturally amiable, whom education has taught to talk of persons, not of things. The perfect woman, in this respect, is one who is both amiable and educated. But education does not always elevate people above the regions of gossip. A really bad heart is always malicious. The best advice we can give is the homely old adage, "mind your own business." Very few of us ever know the whole truth about anything concerning a neighbor, and to speak of his, or her conduct, is usually to run the risk of being unjust. Much less should we talk of the motives of others. Very few of us know our own motives, and to venture on discussing a neighbor's motives is always impertinence, and often a real crime.

A GOOD TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.—With the next, or July number, is a good time to subscribe, as that number begins a new volume. But we can still supply back numbers, from January inclusive, and those who wish to get the continued stories complete, especially "The Last Plantagenet," will prefer, probably, to commence with the year. All who are familiar with it, pronounce "Peterson" to be the cheapest of the magazines. The newspaper press is unanimous on this point. Says the Rockville (Ct.) Herald: "This Magazine has an enormous circulation, and is at two dollars undoubtedly the cheapest Magazine in the world." Says the Danville (Ind.) Union:—"It is the cheapest work of the kind ever published." Says the Corydon (Iowa) Monitor:—"Peterson's is the best Lady's Magazine published. The price is only two dollars a year, and we cannot for our life see why people will pay three dollars for other magazines, when Peterson fills the bill as well, and, to our notion, much better than they. Others are far ahead of Peterson in brag and bombast, but for a readable and sensible Magazine give us Peterson all the time." And such notices we might multiply without number.

HOW HAIR IS MADE GOLDEN.—It is the fashion, in Paris, to have hair the color of the Empress'. But how do the brunettes accomplish this? Thus. At the appointed hour, the candidate for golden honors enters the dressing-room, attired in a long, white dressing-gown. Her hair floats loosely over her shoulders, unsecured by comb or pin. The "artist" is there. He begins by seeing that the hair is thoroughly separated; then he, by degrees, pours over the head a phial of some "water," (which probably holds in solution corrosive sublimate, or some equally deadly poison) and he takes hair by hair and saturates it with the water, from one to the other end. This takes two hours. He allows fifteen minutes to elapse, and then he soaks the whole hair in ice-water; next he pours another phial of his "water" upon the hair, and kneads the hair with his hands; another respite of a quarter of an hour is given, which is followed by soaking the head in ice-water, which is succeeded by a new phial of "water." These processes take two hours and fifteen minutes more. The "artist" moves backward and forward the "gooses" within a few inches of the hair until the hair becomes red. This ends the operation, which lasts five hours, and leaves the lady with red hair, an intolerable headache, jangled nerves, and eighty dollars less in pocket. Felix, the fashionable hair-dresser, who invented this operation, is making more money than ever.

SKELETON LEAVES AND PHANTOM FLOWERS.—Of this book the Horticulturist says:—"It is printed on elegant paper, with carefully executed engravings, and typographical execution of great beauty. This treatise gives full and careful instruction in the art of skeletonizing leaves, commencing with the proper selection of varieties, and following up with the various processes of preparation to the phantom bouquet. There is an endless source of amusement and instruction provided here, which must be fascinating to all who pursue it. This book, and its companion, Wax-Flowers, issued in the same style by the same publishers, gives a fund of information, which, if followed, will largely increase botanical knowledge. We commend it to our readers." It also teaches how to preserve natural flowers in all their fresh beauty. The price is two dollars. It is published by J. E. Tilton & Co., No. 161 Washington street, Boston, who will send it, post-paid, for that sum. Address them, not us.

A SIMPLE WAY OF DRESSING THE HAIR.—We give, in the front of the number, two illustrations, which show the frisettes and the waved braid on which the coiffure rests. The braid is formed of a piece of hair entwined around a hair-pin. Comb over this braid the hair for the chignon, which is plaited. For the front hair, which requires two frisettes, part the hair, as seen in the illustration, on each side in two parts. The frisettes, which support the upper bandeau, must be fastened as near the forehead as possible, and the hair is combed over it. The second frisette is fastened in the long way. Comb the hair forward, and fasten the frisette behind.

THE SISTER.—This is an engraving after a late French picture, which was on an exhibition at the Central Sanitary Fair, held at Philadelphia, in June 1864. It represents, it will be seen, an elder sister, who is rocking the cradle of a younger one. The painting was considered one of rare merit; the engraving faithfully reproduces it.

LIBRARY OF AMERICAN HUMOR.—Under this title, T. B. Peterson & Brothers are issuing a new and uniform edition of "Major Jones," "The Charcoal Sketches," "Simon Suggs," "Sol. Smith," "Sam Slick," and others of the best American humorists. It has long been our opinion that there is more originality in this department of American literature than in any other, and we are, therefore, glad to see these amusing works republished in such an excellent style. Each volume is profusely illustrated, generally by Darley, and in his very best manner. The books are handsomely bound in paper covers, with appropriate designs printed in gold and colors.

THE COLOR OF PLANTS.—It is not generally known that charcoal powder, applied to the soil, darkens and enriches the flowers of the dahlia, the rose, the petunia, etc.; carbamate of soda reddens ornamental hyacinths, and superphosphate of soda alters in various ways the hue or bloom of other cultivated plants.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Croquet. The Laws and Regulations of the Game, Thoroughly Revised, with a description of the Implements, etc., etc. By John Jacques. 1 vol., 8 vo., 30 pp. Boston: A. Williams & Co.—The charming game of Croquet, long so fashionable in England, has, within a summer or two, become popular in the United States also. It is certainly the prettiest out-of-door pastime in which ladies can indulge, and the presence of gentlemen as players heightens the interest of the scene, though it does not, probably, increase its picturesqueness. The present is, altogether, the best treatise on Croquet that has been published. It is profusely illustrated with engravings, showing the different points of the game. The work ought to have a very large sale, for no new Croquet player should be without it; and everybody, with any pretension to fashion, will play Croquet this summer.

Christian's Mistake. By the author of "John Halifax." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A month or two ago we regretted that this, and other late London books, had not been republished in the United States. We had hardly expressed this regret, when we saw that the Harpers had announced the work; and now we welcome it in the daintiest of dainty bindings, and with a typography unusually choice for a novel. As a literary effort it ranks among the best of Miss Mulock's stories. The character of Christian, the young wife, married to one older than herself, who is a widow, with children, and who has a sister-in-law in the house, is very lovingly and truthfully delineated. We will not say more about the tale, lest we should anticipate the reader's curiosity.

Three Years in the Army of the Potomac. By Henry N. Blake. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Lee & Shepard.—The author of this book was a captain in the eleventh regiment of Massachusetts volunteers. He served from April, 1861, to June, 1864; was with the army of the Potomac at Yorktown, Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Mine Run, and the Wilderness; and speaks in very positive terms about all of these battles, as also of the leaders in them. We should think he was a man more emotional than logical, and apt, therefore, to be too much of a partisan to be always just. A great deal can be picked up, however, from the book.

Poems. By R. W. Emerson. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A "blue and gold" edition of the poems of the most representative man, perhaps, of New England. The prose of Emerson has, at present, more readers than his poetry; the latter is thought too occult; but future generations will probably reverse this opinion.

Travels in Central Asia. By Arminius Vambery. 1 vol., 6 ro. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this very interesting work is a member of the Hungarian Academy of Pesth, and was sent, by that body, on a scientific mission to Central Asia, in the year 1863. He went from Tchern across the Turkman desert, on the eastern shore of the Caspian, to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand, a region of country rarely traversed by Europeans, and full of subjects of interest. The book is one of unusual merit. It will not only be popular, but will be valuable to men of science also. The publishers have issued it in a very elegant style, and illustrated it freely with spirited wood engravings. The binding is chaste and beautiful.

Life of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. Edited and translated by W. L. Gage. 1 vol., 16 mo. New York and Philada: Frederick Leypoldt.—This delightful volume is printed and bound with the taste for which Mr. Leypoldt has already become celebrated. It is a translation from the German of W. A. Lampadius; an excellent, though not exhaustive, biography of the great composer. The volume also contains sketches of Mendelssohn, by Julius Benedict, Henry F. Chorley, Ludwig Bellstab, Bayard Taylor, R. S. Willis, and J. S. Dwight.

Cape Cod. By Henry D. Thoreau. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—We have always been charmed with Thoreau's books; he is so accurate an observer of nature, and writes with such unassisted simplicity. His "Cape Cod" is nowhere less entertaining and instructive than his "Walden," his "Maine Woods," or his "Excursions;" and in consequence of the character of his subject, is often even more pleasing. Much of what Thoreau says of Cape Cod reminds us of the Atlantic coast of New Jersey.

Lorrimer Littlegood. By the author of "Frank Farleigh." 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is just the book for summer reading. It is easy, sparkling, and full of fun; not so good, indeed, as "Frank Farleigh;" but better, probably, than "Lewis Arundel," or any other of the novels of this author. The edition is a handsome one, and neatly bound in cloth gilt. "Lorrimer Littlegood" is the last work Mr. Smedley wrote; it was published, for the first time, after his death.

Essays. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. 1 vol., 32 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is an edition, in "blue and gold," of Emerson's essays. "History," "Compensation," "Art," "Manners," and "Heroism," are among some of the subjects discussed. We have always regarded Emerson's essays as among the very best things of their kind in the language. They are terse and full of wit.

Uncle Silas. A Tale of Bartram-Haugh. By J. S. Le Fanu. 1 vol., 8 ro. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a novel by an English writer, who is but little known, as yet, in the United States. It is a powerful story of the sensational school, and is published in cheap style; that is, in double-column octavo, with paper covers.

The Hillyards and the Burtons. By Henry Kingsley. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a new novel by the author of "Ravenshoe," and will fully sustain, if not increase, the author's reputation. It is one of the very best fictions that has appeared this season. Emma, Oxtou, George Hillyard and his wife, old Mr. and Mrs. Benton, Joe, and Erne Hillyard, are all well-drawn characters.

Luttrell of Arran. By Charles Leear. 1 vol., 8 ro. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is Lever's new novel, and though it is not so good as "Charles O'Malley," (no one of its kind ever can be,) it is yet full of that stirring action which makes all the fictions of this author so popular.

A Group of Children, and other Poems. By D. C. Colerworthy. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Antique Book-store.—A volume of poems, mostly short and simple in character, printed and bound with much elegance.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

To Cook a Knuckle of Veal.—Procure a knuckle of veal about four pounds in weight, divide it into two distinct portions with a chopper, place the meat in a moderate-sized saucepan, covering it with a sufficiency of spring water. Throw into the latter a spoonful of salt, and let the vessel stand over a slow fire, taking care to remove the scum with a spoon, as it accumulates on the surface. Add to the liquor two ounces of clean picked rice, two blades of mace, a little whole black pepper, and a small bunch of parsley; suffer the last named to be parboiled only, and afterward taken up into a separate plate. Let the meat continue to seethe for three hours, when it will be done. Have a small saucepan at hand, chop up your parsley very finely, and prepare some melted butter in the usual form, stirring the parsley well into the same to thicken it, which serve up in a boat to table, with the meat, in a convenient sized dish. In using the broth, beat up three new laid eggs in a basin, to a fluid consistency, and pour the latter into the soup, whilst it is scalding hot; add a gill of good sherry to the liquor, stirring it thoroughly round, and serve it up in a moderate-sized basin, unaccompanied with dry toasted sippets. This latter is known as "white-broth."

Savory Fowl.—For this dish an old fowl is as good, or better, than a young one. Stew it gently in a small quantity of water till so tender that the bones slip away; then bone your fowl, putting the pieces together in shape as much as possible. The liquor in which the fowl was boiled ought to be good strong stock; if not sufficiently gelatinous, add a little isinglass or gelatine; stir in a little salt and white pepper to taste, and half a nutmeg, grated. Boil some eggs hard, and slice them; also chop some parsley. Take your mould, or a deep pie-dish, and pour in a little stock, and let it begin to cool; then dispose some of your slices of eggs, and sprinkle in some of your parsley, and lay on them the fowl as already prepared; round the sides of the mould place the remaining slices of egg, and sprinkle your parsley according to taste; then fill up with the stock, and bake for half an hour in a moderately cool oven; when quite cold, turn out, and you have a very nice and pretty dish, the eggs and parsley showing through the jelly.

Irish Stew.—Take five or six mutton chops, same quantity of beef in thick pieces, same quantity of veal and pork, six or eight good potatoes, peeled and divided in four, half a pound of onions, a dessertspoonful of white pepper, about one and a half saltspoonful of salt, a pint of good broth or gravy, flavored with ketchup. Cover all down closely, to prevent the escape of steam, and let the stewpan simmer very slowly for two hours. A slice or two of dressed ham is a great improvement; but the art is in simmering slowly as possible, and never allowing the simmer to go off. To prevent burning, stir the stew with a spoon every quarter of an hour.

Stewed Beef.—Cut the beef into pieces of a convenient size. Brown some butter in a frying-pan with a pinch of flour. Put into it a few small onions, button mushrooms, some grated nutmeg, and a bouquet of thyme, parsley, etc. Add a little broth or stock, put in the beef, and let it stew gently for two hours, then add half a pint of red wine, place some bits of toast in the dish, arrange the piece of beef, and pour the gravy over.

To Clarify Dripping.—Melt the dripping in a pan; have ready a jar sufficient to hold it, with about a pint of cold water in it, and pour the dripping in, and when quite cold, loosen round the edges with a knife and take the piece out, and the sediment will be found adhering to the bottom of it, and can easily be scraped off.

DESSERTS.

A Frothed Orange Cream.—Make a pint of cream very sweet, put it over the fire, let it just boil. Put the juice of a large orange, in which a bit of the peel has been previously steeped, into each glass, (they must be narrow and deep like jelly glasses,) and when the cream is almost cold, pour it from a teapot upon the juice, holding it as high as possible.

A Floating Island of Apples.—Bake or scald eight or nine large apples; when cold, pare them and pulp them through a sieve. Beat up this pulp with sugar, and add to it the whites of four or five eggs previously beaten up with a small quantity of rose-water. Mix this into the pulp a little at a time, and beat it until quite light. Heap it up on a dish, with a rich custard or jelly round it.

Claret Jelly.—One bottle of claret; two ounces of isinglass; three-quarters of a pound of white sugar; one-quarter of a pint of Cognac brandy; one-quarter of a pint of cherry juice; the juice of two lemons. When the wine boils, add the sugar and isinglass, and when that boils add, by degrees, the cherry juice, brandy, and lemon-juice. Stir it until nearly cold.

Lemon Pudding.—Take half a pound of fine bread-crumbs, a quarter of a pound of well-chopped suet, and a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar; add the rind of two lemons, grated, and the juice of one; or else the juice of three, and no rind; but the juice must be strained; beat up two eggs most thoroughly; mix all together, and boil for three-quarters of an hour.

Compote of Raw Oranges.—Cut the upper part of six oranges, in such a way that you can put them together again so as to appear whole. Pierce the pulp in several places with a small knife, and fill the incisions with sifted sugar and a little brandy. Replace the pieces taken off, and serve the oranges in a dessert dish.

Bread Cheesecakes.—Slice up a large French roll very thin, pour on it some boiling cream or milk. When cold, add six or eight eggs, half a pound of butter, melted, some nutmeg, a spoonful of brandy, a little sugar, and half a pound of currants. When mixed together, pour the mixture into puff-paste as other cheesecakes.

SUMMER DRINKS.

Lemon Sherbert.—Take two fine, fresh, thin-skinned lemons, remove the peel from one of them, cutting it as thin as possible. Infuse this in a tencup with a little boiling water, covering it over until cold. Cut the lemons in half, and squeeze the juice through a colander, steeping the lemons afterward in boiling water, and adding the liquor when cold to the juice through a colander. Pour in the extract of the peel, and add eight lumps of sugar with cold water and ice to make the quantity of an imperial quart. To those who are fond of spicy flavors, a few drops of infusion of vanilla, or a drop of the essential oil of cloves, will be agreeable. Some prefer the sherbert without the spice.

Ginger Wine.—This is about the best wine for a beginner to try her hand upon, not only because it is less expensive than some kinds, but also because it humors the impatience of a tyro by being ready to drink two months after it is made, whereas most wines should remain in the cask a year. To every gallon of water allow three pounds and a half of sugar, two ounces of good hot ginger, and one lemon. Peel the lemons very thin, and boil the peel and the ginger (previously well bruised) very thoroughly. Put the sugar, lemon-peel, ginger, the necessary quantity of water, and the juice of the lemons, into a cask, and set the wine to work by stirring in some good yeast, allowing from a desert to a tablespoonful per gallon. When the wine has done working, put some raisins in at the bung-hole, allowing about a quarter of a pound per gallon.

Milk Punch.—Beat up two eggs, well mix them with a quart of milk, adding sugar, nutmeg, and lemon-peel, to

taste. Boil this gently, and stir it all the time until sufficiently thick. Remove it from the fire for a very few minutes, then add to it a full quarter of a pint of rum, stirring it while you are pouring in the rum.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

PLEASING PARADOXES.—Each letter of the alphabet should be taken in turn, and a paradoxical verse be made upon it, by the players. For instance; the first one commences with A.

A.
It is in the Apple, but not in the Seed,
It is in an Act, but not in a Deed.

B.
It is in a Bonnet, but not in a Hood,
It is in a Block, but not in Wood.

C.
It is in the Center, but not in the Middle,
It is in a Conundrum, but not in the Riddle.

D.
It is in a Dress, but not in a Frock,
It is in a Door, but not in the Lock.

E.
It is in the Elbow, but not in the Arm,
It is in the Earth, though not in a Farm.

F.
It is in the Flour, but not in Bread,
It is in Fear, though not in Dread.

G.
It is in the Globe, but not in the Land,
It is in Gravel, but not in Sand.

H.
It is in the Hour, but not in the Day,
It is found in the Happy, but not in the Gay.

I.
It is in an Instrument, but not in a Tool,
It is in the Ignorant, but not in a Fool.

J.
'Tis found in June, but not in the Year,
'Tis not in Taunt, but it is in a Jeer.

K.
It is in the Knee, but not in the Leg,
'Tis not in a Barrel, but 'tis in a Keg.

L.
It is in a Laugh, but not in a Noise,
It is found in Lads, but not in Boys.

M.
'Tis found in a Magnolia, but not in a Flower,
It is found in Might, but not in Power.

N.
It is in the beginning of Nephew and end of Son,
It is found in None, yet it is in every One.

O.
It is in the Ocean, but not in the Main,
It is found in Oats, though not in Grain.

P.
'Tis always in a Pear, but not in Fruit,
'Tis found in a Plant, but not in the Root.

Q.
It is in Querness, but not in Oddness,
It is in Quietness, but not in Stillness.

R.
'Tis always in a Road, but never in a Path,
It will be found in Water, but not in a Bath.

S.
It is in a Speech, though not in a word,
It is in a Sparrow, but not in a Bird.

T.
It is in a Tavern, but not in an Inn,
It is in a Tumult, but not in a Din.

U.
It is in an Ulcer, but not in a Sore,
It's not in a Noise, but 'tis in Up roar.

V.
'Tis in the Visage, though not in the Face,
'Tis found in Vacuum, though not in Space.

W.
It is in a Window, but not in the Sash,
It is in a Whip, but not in the Lash.

X.
'Tis seen in Box, and in a Fix,
'Tis not in Number, yet 'tis in Six.

Y.
It's in the beginning of Year, and end of Day,
It's never in Decline, but always in Decay.

Z.
It is never in Flame, but always in Blaze,
It is never in Mist, but always in Haze.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—EVENING DRESS OF THIN WHITE MUSLIN OVER PINK SILK.—The high bodice has a low lining, and is cut away like a jacket in front. Pink silk sash. The tight sleeves are lined with pink.

FIG. II.—HOME DRESS OF WHITE FOULARD, with bouquets of gay flowers. Green silk Spanish jacket, embroidered in gay colors.

FIG. III.—DINNER DRESS OF LIGHT GREEN SILK, with a black silk over dress, trimmed with bands of green of a shade darker than the under-dress.

FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN.—The square body, as well as the bands which run lengthwise of the chemisette, and head-dress, are all of crimson velvet ribbon.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS AND SACQUE OF FAWN-COLORED MOHAIR, trimmed with blue.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Many dresses are trimmed up the seams. Where the dress is much gored this gives an appearance of great slenderness to the figure.

WAISTBANDS are now usually made of the same material as the dress, and are either striped with narrow velvet, or embroidered in beads. These bands can be made by any young lady of taste. Take some rich black taffetas, and cut a wide band on the cross, line it with stiff muslin, and make it pointed at one end—the end which is passed through the buckle; then embroider the right, or taffetas side with white beads, in either a *grecoque*, *fleurs-de-lys*, or palms, in short, in any design easy to trace out in white beads.

BLACK GREXADINE, IRON-BAREGE, OR GAUZE DRESSES, can be made very beautiful by braiding them in some pretty design, with straw or gold braid around the skirt, tunic, sleeves, &c. Nothing can be more stylish and yet simple.

IN LOW BODICES there is a great alteration to be remarked in the make. The newest are all cut square and exceedingly low; more than half the bodice being dispensed with in front. Chemisettes are worn underneath, and are made with rows of embroidered insertion, alternating with puffings of muslin. Sometimes a piece of ribbon to match the dress is tacked underneath the strips of insertion; the short sleeve, made of the same material as the bodice, is dispensed with. Whatever forms the square berthe is also carried at the top of the chemisette sleeve, thus giving the low bodice the effect of being only held on by shoulder-straps. To slight figures this style of make is very becoming; but those who are inclined to be stout will find that it has too *decollete* an appearance to be pleasant. Lawns and organdies, made in this way, are very beautiful.

THIS FASHION OF PASSING RIBBON through both lace and muslin loops, is also applied to dresses. Bands are made in this manner and placed upon the hems of muslin dresses. Alternate loops of Valenciennes insertion and embroidered muslin are likewise used for this purpose; they are sometimes placed in short or cross lines, which are finished at the ends with either a narrow plaiting or with lace. Either pink or blue ribbon is used when the dress is white.

THE NEWEST TRIMMING for washing dresses is white cotton gimp; it will be found useful for finishing off the cuffs and epaulets of cambric and *pique* dresses, and for children's frocks it will likewise be useful.

THE MOST POPULAR JACKETS, for summer wear, are of the Spanish style, open in front over a chemisette, and without sleeves, a white, full sleeve only being seen. Some are profusely trimmed with steel, jet, or colored beads.

WHITE PETTICOATS, elaborately ruffled and fluted, are very much worn, whilst some are braided in colored braids.

LACE NECK-TYES are now always worn with dressy outdoor toilets, and the ends are invariably very wide and rounded. Beautiful neck-tyes are made of Alençon lace, and more showy ones of Chantilly, starred with either steel or jet beads. Lace neck-tyes, worked with straw, have likewise been introduced for spring wear; they are very effective with the *sailor* collar, a shape which has long been

popular. They are tied either with a single bow, or are arranged so as to form three falling loops, (as a scarf) the loops being fastened at the top with a small brooch. Fancy neck-ties are made of Chambery gauze, embroidered with steel. The newest collars are collar and neck-tie in one; they descend as bands in front, and are both embroidered and trimmed with narrow lace; sometimes they are simply made of cambric and hem-stitched. The Cardinal collar, which has square ends, is very much worn. These ends are edged with lace.

THE FASHIONABLE CAPS are extremely becoming; the Neapolitan form is varied by dividing the single square lappet at the back, into two narrow lappets, which are ornamented their entire length with small flat bows of either ribbon or velvet. These caps are pointed on the forehead.

BONNETS.—We give, in our wood-cuts, a white chip bonnet, trimmed with feathers, and some tulle bonnets, as samples of the present style. The bonnets without crowns, and so daintily trimmed with lace and sprays of flowers, are marvelously becoming. We regret to say that the fashion will, probably, soon be changed to suit the immense scaffolding of hair, with which every fashionable lady thinks it necessary to adorn herself. The frightful bonnets, which the milliners have planned, are in the style of those worn during the Restoration. The fronts are high and wide enough to inclose a perfect forest of hair; at the top of the head the bonnet slopes, and then suddenly rises round the face. In one word, it is frightful; and it is only waste of skill and taste, on the milliners' part, to endeavor to impart anything like grace to it. Those bonnets which we have seen were made of rice straw, with the crowns trimmed round with scarlet velvet fuchsias; these flowers fell over some lace which served for curtain. The caps were *torsades* of white tulle, with red velvet fuchsias hanging over them.

COMES, made of either beads or mother-of-pearl, and used for holding on bonnets, are now added with advantage to the *fanchon* bonnet—the name given to the present crownless, cartwheel head-gear. The beads on the top of the comb should match in color, either the bonnet or its trimmings. Crystal beads, black and white beads, gold and silver beads, and beads made to imitate turquoises, are one and all frequently used.

AMONG THE VARIOUSLY SHAPED HATS, the *melon* hat and *casquette*, (cap) are the two popular ones. The best way of ornamenting a hat is to trim it round with a well-curled feather, and to place at the side a small ruby and emerald humming-bird.

VEILS are becoming so small as scarcely to conceal the face, and they are overloaded with ornament. Some veils have the edges in blonde, sewn over with gold or steel beads. Long scarf veils in plain tulle will always look more distinguished than the small ones. The hem of the scarf has a plain ribbon run into it, and is either thrown over or hangs down beside the bonnet. Invisible nets are replaced by those covered with large silver and steel beads, or crystal or gold. One likes everything that is showy, even when not real gold, and imitation jewelry is now worn in the best society.

APRONS are reappearing, at once so pretty and so convenient. May they reappear and remain the fashion for long! They are rounded at the corners, very short, very much embroidered and braided, trimmed with quillings, ruffles, or black lace, and are fastened by a deep band with a rosette behind and floating ends. They are a very pretty addition to a young girl's dress.

JEWELRY is worn by all, and how can it be otherwise! Jewels change in fashion as much as cuffs, and even more than cuffs, and are made so massive that it would take a King's ransom to pay for some of them. Large gold necklaces, formed of balls, and supporting a cross of ten inches in depth, gold chains in the hair, wide, gold bracelets all

up the arm, would be of enormous value in real gold. Steel ornaments are very effective if a good many are worn at the same time, and rock crystal is preferred by women of good taste to gilt jewelry. Steel ear-rings by themselves would not look nice, but when one comes to add a comb, a diadem, bracelets, necklace, and cross, the simple steel becomes resplendent, and well-cut steel emits rays equal to some stones. With a morning dress much ornamented with steel, a steel hook, from which depends chains holding scissors, thimble, etui, etc., is a great improvement. These hooks are called "Menageres," and give a useful look to the mistress of a house.

THE SPRING PALETOTS, which have already appeared, are decidedly short. The more dressy ones are trimmed with deep lace, which adds somewhat to their length.

THE HAIR is worn higher at the back than during the past year, and so complicated are the scaffoldings which surmount every feminine head in a ball-room, that it is jokingly remarked that those to whom nature has dealt liberally in the hair line have the best of it. For it is found to be so much easier to arrange false hair than the natural growth. The hair at the back is then worn considerably higher, and is either curled or plaited; the *chignon* a l'Anglaise, (as the French term it,) and with which we are all now so familiar, is considered bad style in Paris, where powdered heads, combs as high as the front parting, and coronet plaits with short ringlets pinned on to them, and crossing the forehead, are all to be seen in the day time. The classical Grecian style is also popular, the hair dragged off the face, and a bunch of clustering ringlets at the back of the head. Others have gone in for a series of small curls all over the forehead, and little, impertinent, twisting locks round about the ears—baby curls, just beginning life—whilst the mass of hair is gathered up on the top of the head, and there studded with flowers, or gaily insects.

A PARIS CORRESPONDENT says:—We see constantly heads powdered with a variety of sparkling dusts, but we confess we ask ourselves frequently, after a careful examination, if the effect given by frizzing the hair, or making it, by ingenious devices, look *crepe*—whether after oiling it, and then dusting it over with any of these powders—we are repaid for the trouble. We hear many around us declare that it is *most becoming*, but to our eye the diamond powder makes the hair look slightly gray, and the gold powder has all the effect of ragged scraps of gold-leaf scattered over the well *crepe* rough hair. Neither is the silver powder happier in its results.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF WHITE FOULARD, FOR A YOUNG LADY.—It is trimmed with bands of blue silk.

FIG. II.—DRESS OF STRIPED MOHAIR, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—The body has a basquine, and is trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN, braided in black.

FIG. IV.—JACKET AND PANTS OF GRAY CASHMERE, FOR A SMALL BOY.

FIG. V.—DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED FOULARD, trimmed with blue silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*Paletots*, half-tight, will be worn by little girls. The *melon* hats, and the straw caps, will be worn somewhat; but the prettiest dressed children wear tiny bonnets of the same shape as their mamma's, but trimmed with only ruffles of ribbon, with tiny rose-buds, violets, or daisies in the face.

SMALL BOYS wear the Knickerbocker costume almost entirely—that is, with pants full, and fastened just below the knee.

ALL LITTLE BOYS wear sailor collars, cut square, with a tie and floating ends of some light color. Boys of eight or twelve have stick-up collars, and cravats of narrow moire.

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BABY'S CARRIAGE AFGHAN.



THE FIRST DIP INTO SALT WATER.

Emma

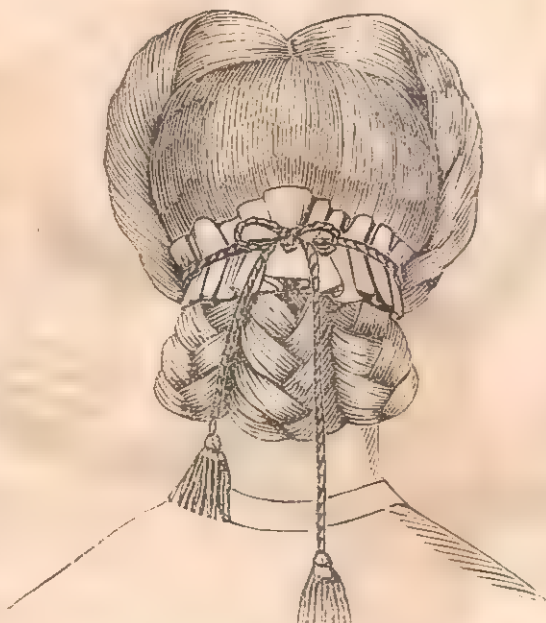
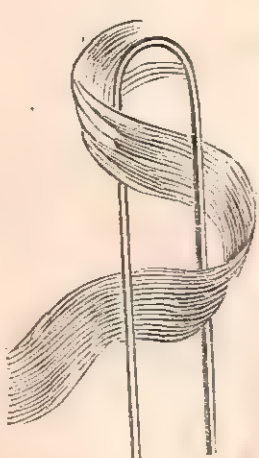
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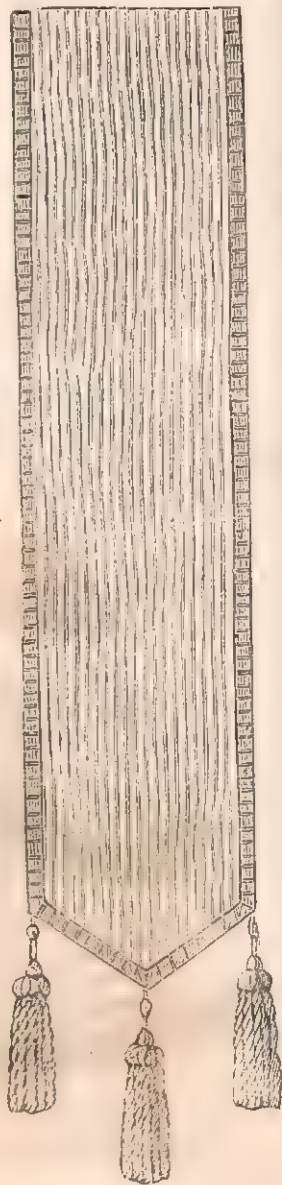
WALKING DRESS, WITH HAT.

HARRIETT

NAME FOR MARKING.



NEW FASHION OF DRESSING THE HAIR.



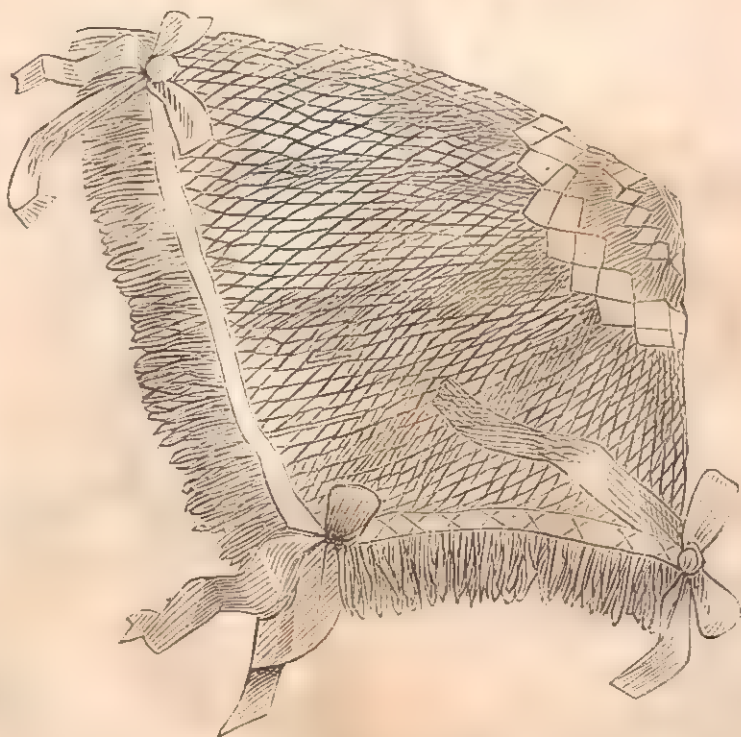
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YOUNG MISSES' DRESSES.



IN EMBROIDERY.



NETTED NIGHT-CAP.

Anna

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS.

Martha

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS, WITH HAT.

FAUST GALOP.

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PIANO. *Introduction.*



GALOP.



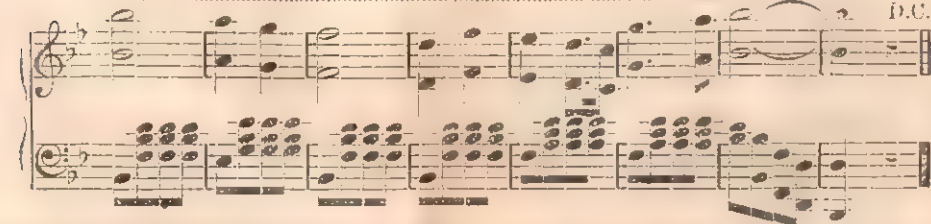
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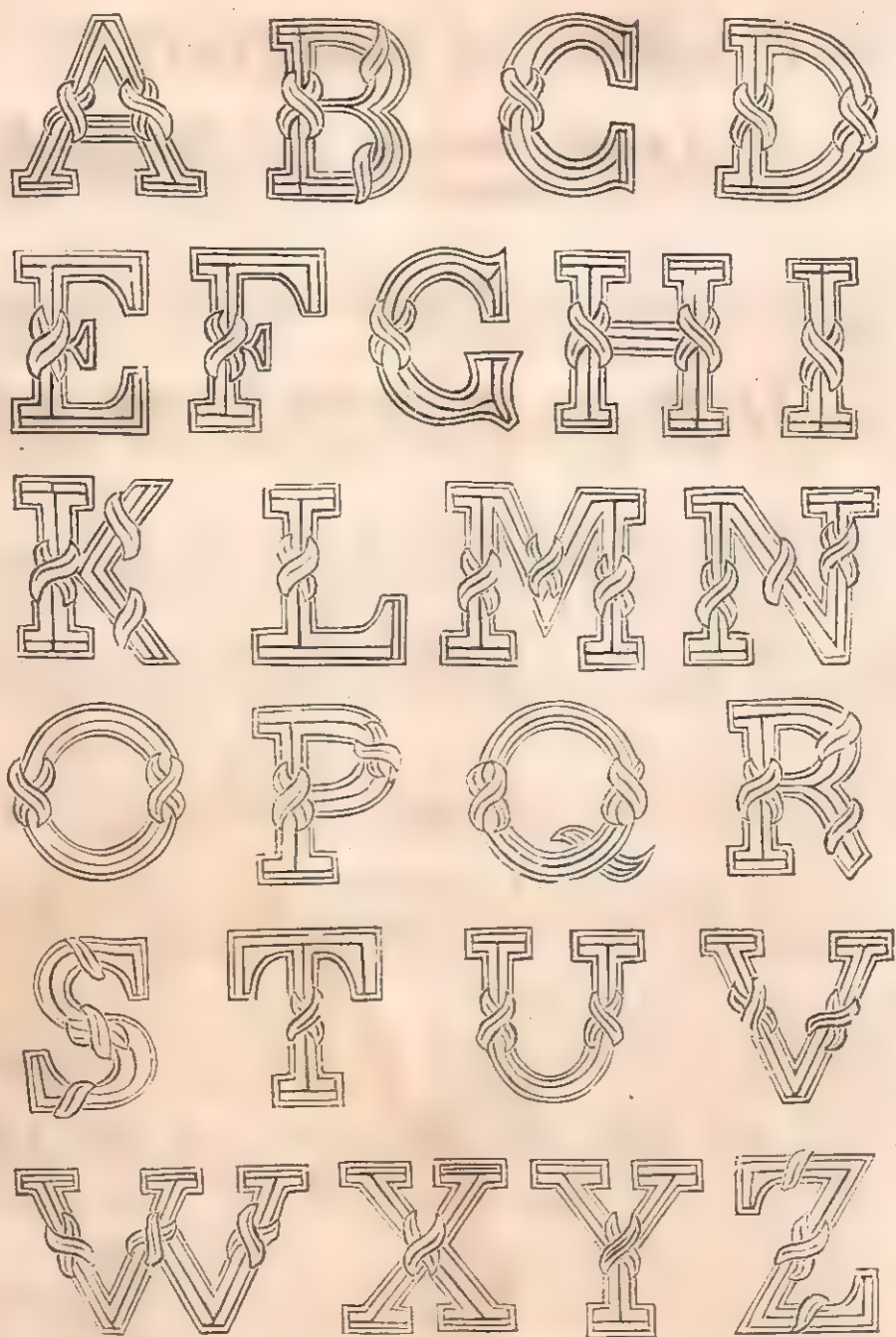


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ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1865.

No. 1.

ALWAYS BEHIND TIME.

BY MARY H. SEYMOUR.

"My child, you are late again this morning," said Mr. Forester, mildly, to his only daughter, a young girl of fourteen, who had just made her appearance at the breakfast-table. "I'm afraid you'll get into a habit of always being behind time."

The young lady made no reply, but took her seat, with something of a pout on her pretty lips.

"Laura, are you not ready yet?" called her mother, about a year after, as she stood at the foot of the stairs, waiting to go out with her daughter. "I declare, my dear," she added, as Laura at last appeared, "you are getting worse and worse. I really am afraid that your father is right, and that you will always be behind time."

The usually handsome features of Laura had just the least bit of a sulky look on them as she answered her mother.

"Goodness, mamma, what a fuss you make! I'm only five or ten minutes late. Pa and you always worry me so, with your nervousness about being behind time."

"We do it for your good, my love," said the mother, in a kind tone. "We do not, however, personally, care so much about waiting; though a child ought hardly, I should think, to detain a parent under any circumstances. If there is one bad habit in a woman worse than another, it is the habit of procrastination. You are always late, Laura, because you always put off, till the last minute, doing what you have to do. When the morning bell rings, you think 'I will lie a little while longer,' and so are never down in time for breakfast. When you are going out with me, as to-day, you keep reading your novel till almost the moment you ought to start, and then have to dress in a hurry, and be behind time, after all."

"Well, haven't I heard that, again and again," audaciously retorted Laura. "I'm tired of this

sermonizing." And she frowned, as she spoke, looking positively ugly.

When Laura was eighteen, she fell in love, and, with the consent of her parents, was engaged. A radical change seemed now to take place in her character. She was never late for Harry. If he had asked her to ride; if they were going to a concert; if it was an evening party they had promised to attend, Laura was ready, to the moment, looking as blooming and happy as it was possible. More than this, she was always attired with perfect neatness; whereas, in the old times, she had often been dressed carelessly, in consequence of her haste.

"I am glad to see such a reformation in Laura," said Mrs. Forester to her husband. "I used, sometimes, to tremble for her future."

"Let us hope for the best," replied Mr. Forester, "but do not let us be too confident. Laura is naturally indolent, and, I fear, after she is married, the old habits will come back." And he sighed.

Alas! his prediction was correct. Laura had not been married long, before she began to be as late at her husband's breakfast-table as she had been at her father's. If she had been poorer, she would have been compelled to get up, in order to prepare the meal herself; but her means now were larger than they had ever been, she had competent servants, and she had few household cares. At first, when she came down late, and found she had kept her husband waiting, she blushed with shame, and resolved never to be guilty in this way again. But this soon wore off, and, before a year, it was the exception, not the rule, for the young wife to be punctual.

Nor did it stop here. In everything she was late. She was rarely ready in time for church, for an evening visit, for the opera, for anything. She would lounge on a sofa, reading the latest novel, or sleeping till the very last minute, and

then dress in such a hurry that she was hardly even neat. Her haste often influenced her temper, making her irritable, or peevish. Her idle habits finally affected her health, and, through her health, her beauty. She became sallow in complexion. Her movements grew languid. She lost the brightness that had once been her principal charm. Her face wore, not unfrequently, a discontented, even sullen look.

For, in proportion as she disregarded her husband's comfort, and neglected her personal appearance, his affection for her began to decline. He had loved her for certain fancied excellencies, and when he found that he had been deceived, the shock was a great one to him. Harry would have made a very domestic man, if his fireside had been as pleasant as it should have been; but when he found his dinner late, his wife never ready, and his house full of discomforts, he began to be less at home.

Things went from bad to worse. Laura resented his absence as an insult, and there were often angry disputes. In her father's house, she had, as we have seen, been sometimes pettish and disrespectful; and she was no better now in her husband's.

Laura has been married five years. A more untidy house you would not wish to see. "As the mistress is, so the servant," says an old proverb. Everybody, from the cook to the coachman, is behind time. Her husband spends most of his evenings at his club, does not always dine at home, and has settled down into polite indifference toward his wife. He is not without blame; but Laura is most in fault. She has made her bed, and she must lie in it. She is not happy. How can she be? But she never thinks of reform. Her habits of indolence and procrastination are too strong for her; and she will remain their slave till the day of her death.

SILENT INFLUENCE.

BY N. F. CARTER.

In silence sunbeams warm to life

The world with all its fruits and flowers;
Clouds form above these scenes of strife,
And rain descends in gracious showers.

In silence telegraphic wires

Flash our unwritten thoughts afar;
The needle on the ocean fires

With hope the night without a star!

We live, and with a silent power,

Mould other lives to love or hate;

To form that charm the passing hour,
Or for the day of burning wait!

We may not see as others see;

We may not feel as others feel:

Yet still our life, so full and free,

Brings them eternal woe or weal!

The sunshine of the smiling face;

The darkness of a constant frown;

Our zeal to run the Heavenly race;

Our strife for honor and renown;

Our love to poor and needy shown,

The cold neglect, or open scorn;

These wield an influence all their own,

Whence endless life or death is born!

How careful, then, to make this life,

In all its might of silent power,

messenger of peace in strife,

A light in every evil hour!

Oh! blessed Saviour, light of men,

Make plain the path Thy grace has given;

Lead us therein, and ever then

Our busy life shall woo to Heaven

DIED RICH.

BY CLARENCE F. BÜHLER.

THAT in the church-yard, roofed with green,

Was all the home she here possessed;

But she has entered, like a queen,

A mansion in that region blest,

Whose smile seemed on her face to rest.

No wardrobe, rich and rare, had she;

But like that of a nun, she wore

A holy veil of sanctity.

Between her and this world, to grow

When it was fair to her no more.

No jewels she bequeathed; but left

Us golden memories to prize;

And while those wealthiest here are reft

Of all by death, she did but rise

To join her treasures in the skies.

Well might we, then, when she to these,

In whose just scales the widow's mite

Outweighs our yellow idol, rose:

Though poor she seemed to human sight—

"Died Rich," upon her tomb-stone write.

THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME XLVII., PAGE 415.

CHAPTER VI.

It was a clear, dewy morning; you drank in the morning freshness with every breath, whether in the cold air, or the flashing ripples on the river, or the chirp of the birds, or the wet gossamer glittering over the rose-bushes.

Barbara was over at Joyce's bright and early, with a face as fresh as the morning. She had helped the old man finish his anxious dressing, turned down his shirt-collar, buckled the shoes, roughened his white hair when he had flattened it down. "The clothes were so threadbare and darned; but what of that? he had the grand old face of a chevalier." So, while he stood consulting eagerly with Dunn Joyce, who looked strangely haggard and anxious this morning, she thought it was a pity the little French girl could not see him now, true gentleman that he was, it would strike a blow at her selfish, vain little heart. Or, what if her uncle could be rich and great, (and Barbara dropped her head on her hands, thinking it out,) and, going into the city, should meet the French girl poor and despised, and should take her back again to his love, as King Cophetua did the beggar girl? Bah! what idleness was this? Gabrielle was old and wrinkled now, no doubt; or fat, maybe, feeding on truffles and frogs—a rich mercer's wife. Barby's notions of the French were of the most primitive kind. Then she wondered, did Gabrielle wear specimens of her husband's wares, like women in the city?

Her reveries were interrupted suddenly.

"I'm going now, Barby," said her uncle.

She went up and straightened his coat, patting it, and talking merrily. If she, poor, awkward Barbara, were only pretty and graceful, and could take the place to the old man of the child that never had been born to him—but she could not.

She did not know how the morning sun lit up her fresh, earnest face, the curly, brown hair, and the tears shining in the dark eyes. She kissed him good-by on each side of his face; the wrinkled old cheeks flushed crimson.

"Why, why, child! where did *you* learn that little trick?" he said, softly, buttoning his coat with trembling hands.

"It was accident; but, somewhere, they do kiss each other in that fashion—not on the lips, as with us, do they not?" stooping to gather him a bunch of pinks.

"Yes, in—in France."

The old man seemed gayer and lighter after that, she noticed, for she stayed and breakfasted with him and Joyce; but she had no idea of the strange fancy which had touched him.

"It could not be," he plodded on thinking, after he had left them. "It was only an accident, as the child said. Yet what if she, being dead, should have sent that sign to show that what I do to-day pleased her? Tut! An idle fancy!"

It was idle; yet he looked up into the clear blue air, as if beyond it was a something very dear, which he gave up many years ago on that day, but which even now seem altogether lost to him; for he knew that Gabrielle was dead—she had not been happy as the silk mercer's wife, and she had soon died.

When the day had grown into noon, Nicholas Waugh came into the city; every few moments he thrust his fingers into the side pocket where the pill-box was—for he had a wholesome fear of pickpockets. He did not mean to complete the sale that day; would bring the diamond back with him, as he had told Joyce. It was too important a business to finish hastily.

About one o'clock he called at the jeweler's, and after remaining half an hour, went to a boarding-house, then standing at the corner of Tenth and Market streets, and took his dinner. Several persons, whose attention was attracted to the old man by his quaint dress and dignity of manner, testified afterward to seeing him at both of these places, and that at both he was followed by a man who kept him constantly in view, himself unseen: a tall, clumsy-looking man, the jeweler stated, with yellow hair and blue eyes, who walked indolently, and kept his hands clasped behind him. Mr. Waugh had, evidently, no idea that he was followed. During the afternoon he was observed in different streets. (the city did not so claim a million of inhabitants then, and people had time to remark and speculate upon an odd-looking stranger,) walking

leisurely from place to place, apparently tracing out old landmarks; but wherever he went, the same man followed him at the distance of a square. One of these witnesses gave evidence of meeting him near sunset in the northern part of the town, going toward the country-road, then leading up the Schuylkill, and which, in some places, was hardly more than a narrow path along the river's edge, with the wheel-marks of a few wagons in the grass. The unfortunate old man was then evidently making his way toward home, as the path to Dunn Joyce's house branched off from this road. It was long since he had visited the city, and a natural curiosity kept him wandering about until this late hour.

"It will be night long before I reach home," he said, buttoning his coat and grasping his cane more firmly, as he struck into the foot-path and glanced at the gathering fog on the river, that rose so heavily that it clogged his breath and dampened his gray hairs.

Barbara had kept a close watch for her uncle all day. From her window she could see the gate of Joyce's yard; she brought her sewing, therefore, early in the afternoon to it, in order that she might catch the first glimpse of his coming. She was restless, nervous; starting at every sound, she knew not why.

The house had been closed all day, except the kitchen, where old Deb held sway. Dunn Joyce had been gone since early morning; set out a few minutes after the old man. He had gone for cuttings, she supposed, to some of the neighboring farms.

When it grew dusk, the girl became more and more anxious; she threw down her sewing at last, and tying a sun-bonnet on her head, ran down the stairs, meeting her father in the hall.

"Going down the road, Barby, to meet your uncle? I'll walk with you. I have some business with him; but don't think yourself in the way. When we meet him, you can walk on a bit."

"Do not go out, Mr. Waugh," cried a shrill voice from the room; "I need you to roll these carpet-rag balls."

He made no reply, but hobbled off as fast as his rheumatic feet would carry him, down the steps, and behind the grape-vine trellice.

"We will hasten, my child," he said, trying to recover his dignity, and taking a pinch of snuff, "it grows late."

Barbara laughed secretly, but drawing his arm in hers, scudded off from the house.

"He said he would be here by sundown,"

she said, her brows knit uneasily as they walked up and down.

As one hour after another passed her anxiety deepened into real alarm. "He was too old to go alone," she said, at last; "something has happened to him."

"No, no, he's safe enough," querulously rejoined her companion. "But he carried valuable matter with him. It is well if it is not dropped out of a hole in his pocket, or given to the first beggar he met. Nicholas ought to remember he holds another man's property."

Barbara was devoured by curiosity at these words, but she asked no questions.

They went at last to Joyce's house and sat waiting on the stoop. It was an unusually dark night: the fog, even at that distance from the river, so thick it might be cut, she fancied. A reddish, murderous moon struggling through at long intervals only to make the darkness more palpable.

Finally, Mrs. Waugh came over, at first angry, and then alarmed; and Deb, the old cook, put on a clean apron and a scared face, and came around to the front to add her fright and ejaculations to theirs. Still, although they waited until midnight, there was no sign of either the old man or Joyce's coming.

At last, Barbara led her father home, shivering in the damp air, imagining, as he went, Nicholas in the river, with his throat cut by robbers, and, now and then, breaking out into lamentations on the loss of the valuable property which he carried. When Mrs. Waugh tried to discover what this was, however, by means of a few skillfully put questions, he silenced her by saying, "There were matters with which womenfolk should not interfere." Sometimes he turned on her with a snarling, pettish ill-humor, that drove her into a momentary subjection.

Barbara sat all night with her clothes on waiting for dawn; she could do nothing, and meanwhile she tried to content herself by believing that Mrs. Waugh's suggestions was true, that he had remained in town all night.

When the sun was up, she went vaguely across the fields which commanded a view of the house, and stood leaning on a low, worm-fence. A man got up slowly from the thick dog-fennel, on the other side, and came toward her. It was Dunn Joyce. Barbara made a step toward him, and put her hand out; his face, and what she thought she read there, terrified her beyond the power of speech.

He laughed hoarsely; his whole manner was different from the quiet, grave Dunn.

"You're out early, Barbara," he said, trying to speak gayly.

"Is he dead?" she managed to articulate. "Where did you leave him, Dunn?"

His face grew, if possible, a trifle more bloodless than it had been.

"Who? What do you come questioning me for?" he cried, almost fiercely. "What should I know of your uncle?"

Barbara was silent, trying to collect herself; Joyce, meantime, stood staring blankly at her. His appearance was that of a man under the influence of some powerful opiate that had dulled his brain, or one who had encountered some deadly terror; his face was smeared with clay, and his hair wet and matted; his hands went wandering aimlessly, fastening and opening his coat, pulling the bits of mud off that had adhered to it.

"You did not see him, then, yesterday?" she said.

There was no answer.

"Oh, Dunn, Dunn!" she cried, "try and help me," bursting into tears, and hiding her head on the fence-rail. "I have nobody to ask but you! I was sure you were with him to-night."

The sight of her tears seemed to bring him back to reason; he bent his head, looking at her sobbing, as if he were coming out of some unspeakable horror to the quiet, natural griefs of every day; but he said nothing.

"What ails you?" she said, looking up and with her usual impetuosity. "You are ill! You are wet—" putting her hand rapidly on his arm and shoulder, then pushing him from her, and looking up in his face, white and startled. "Did he fall in the river? Oh, Dunn! for God's sake—is he dead?"

He thrust her roughly from him, and turned away, his voice choking, as he said, "Is it that you are afraid of—death? What is that to this? If you and I, and all of us were dead, would it be what this is?"

There was a long silence, in which she stood looking frightened into his face; she never had seen a man suffer like this.

She put her hand out presently and took his, as it hung limp and cold. "Will you tell me what it is, Dunn?" she said, humbly. "I am sorry for you as for him. I never," her face flushing a sudden scarlet, "knew how sorry I was for you before."

One would have thought those words had brought the dead to life to see him. A strange flush of meaning transfigured his whole face and mien; then it died away, and he shrank down into—the usual quiet, dull Dunn

Joyce, but paralyzed as by the touch of some foulest crime into a mockery of his old self.

"Barbara," he said, in a low voice, drawing his hand from hers, "I think, in all God's world, there is not so wretched a man as I," and suddenly left her, going with slow, uncertain steps into the road.

CHAPTER VII.

It was about three weeks after the events recorded in our last chapter, the close of a hot, July day; a day of untempered heat, changeable, and crossed by one or two sharp thunderstorms, that left a sultrier heat when they were gone. Yet to Barbara, who had been out all day, going from one part of the city to the other, it seemed right and fitting; for a cool quiet, even in the atmosphere, would have irritated her; her nerves and muscles were strained to the point of exhaustion; her brain had that rasped, uttermost sensation, to which another touch would be intolerable. The fierceness of the heat, the thunder and wind, rested and relieved her. Yet she went from place to place with no expression on her face other than a dull stubbornness of purpose; her usual light, insouciant step fallen in a dogged, slow walk; addressing those to whom her business called her to speak with a set, artificial smile.

Her father trotted alongside of her, shaking his head doubtfully, when she stopped for a moment, giving him time to collect his thoughts, looking at every one they met with a wild, deprecating glance; and at intervals flourishing and admiring a new cane, which he carried for the first time to-day. Samuel Waugh's mind gave way greatly after his brother's loss, and never, I think, was the same afterward; not from grief—he was too selfish and puerile a man for that; but probably from the sudden breaking up of his daily habits, and the bringing of death so near and palpably home to him.

Once, during the day, Barbara met an old school-mate. "Where are you going, Barby?" she said, and "what are you doing these times?" according to school-girl fashion. The answer startled her enough.

"I'm the 'avenger of blood!'" Barbara said. "They have put me on the track of a murderer. Do you think I will find him?"

The girl looked frightened, drew back a step, then scanned Barby's face. "I think you will," she said, seeing the expression in it. They both waited a moment, the girl opened her mouth as if she would have spoken, then hurried off without offering her hand again to her old play-fellow, thinking her mad, no doubt.

But it was only this: Barby was not fitted for great emergencies, or capable of bearing heroically any deep shock either of her nerves or heart; she was totally unbinged now, and hardly likely to speak or act with ordinary discretion. She had imposed on herself the task of following up the traces of her uncle; no very difficult undertaking now; for the newspapers, according to their wont in those days, when the public mind was satisfied with the murder of one man in a season, and did not grow *annuied* without a battle a week—the newspapers, I say, had dilated upon every trifling incident of his disappearance, from the moment of his leaving Dunn Joyce's house to the arrest of the supposed murderer. The story of the diamond, and its first discovery, added an unusual flavor of romance and a zest to the whole affair. It was the one point of interest in the city; the Waughs and the Joyces were discussed at every breakfast-table for a week after the event occurred; the excitement had begun to die away a little, but no doubt the trial, which was appointed for the next week, would revive it all. So Barbara, in her efforts to trace, step by step, the evidence in the matter, found herself only too successful, her questions being met with an eager curiosity about herself, and the old man at her side.

The day, as we have said, was near its close before she had finished her gloomy work. It was not altogether gloomy, however, for sometimes she would find heart of grace, and, turning to her father, say cheerfully, "It will be right; God will help us through, I know." To which he answered nothing, or would say pettishly, "I don't know what you want, Barby;" and once, "The fellow's guilt is clear enough, I don't think you need fash yourself to fasten it on him. It's unseemly such blood-thirstiness in a young girl." She made no reply. Coming at sunset to the entrance of a narrow street lined with law-offices, she stopped and said, "There is one thing more, father. I must see him." "Who—Joyce? No, no, Barbara," tapping his cane on the pavement, "I've yielded to your whims long enough, but will have none of that. What good would it answer?" again falling into the weak, querulous tone. "It's a bold step in a girl like you, Barby." "I know," blushing deeply, putting her hand uneasily to her forehead, and speaking more to herself than him. "But it would do good. I have thought it all over. You will not forbid it, father, I am sure?" walking on as she spoke.

Waugh had been too long under a harsher petticoat government at home not to yield to

Barbara's; he followed her, therefore, grumbling as he went.

A few moments after, and the two were seated in Seaborn's office, waiting his appearance. Seaborn was then prosecuting-attorney, and had been unusually active in ferreting out testimony against the prisoner, probably out of a strict sense of duty; said testimony being altogether circumstantial, and therefore quantity being as much of an object as quality.

The office was a pleasant little place, with more of the air of a boudoir than any room in their house, Barbara thought. Her eyes wandered over the quiet tints in carpet and paper; the vines planted outside in the three feet square back-yard, covering and creeping in at the open window with a wealth of green leaves and purple blossoms. She did not know the plant, but how it would please Dunn if she could take him home a slip. Dunn! Then all that had passed came with a torrent of recollection, the more bitter for this momentary forgetfulness. Her uncle was dead. He was the one human being who understood her, who was always kind. That was all over and done with now; he was dead and cold, somewhere.

And poor old Dunn, whom they had laughed at and teased all their lives, Dunn was in prison waiting his trial for murder.

Somehow she had grown dulled to all these things, as people will; in the last few days they came fresh and new to her, wringing her heart with a real physical pain, making her blood creep cold through her veins.

"Why should I care for Dunn Joyce?" she said, shaking the thought off angrily. "It must be for Richard's sake." But even as she said it, the remembrance of Richard brought with it a loathing recollection of his selfish injustice to his elder brother. She tried to mutter over some heroic lines about being "true to Glencairn, whatever may betide;" but they did not come readily. Yet she knew she loved Dick, certainly. In every book she read the hero was handsome, and fluent, and poor, and devoted to his mistress—Dick was all of these, and far more—that suited her peculiar ideal. Had he not gone out to conquer fame and fortune for her sake? Would not any heroine reward him with fidelity equal to—

"Barby! here is Mr. Seaborn." Barby's heart was in her throat instantly; she trembled—not from embarrassment, but—this man! This pink-faced little poppinjay, with his smooth, fair hair, and blue eyes, and delicately sprigged waistcoat! Was it into his dainty, finical fingers the life of Dunn Joyce was to be placed?

He recognized Mr. Waugh by a bow, and showed his want of recognition of Barbara by another, still lower: then took a chair, glancing at the seat first to see if there were any dust upon it.

"You wished to speak to me?" he said, with a quick, critical glance over her face and figure. Every woman by nature despises a *petit-maitre*, however education has taught her to tolerate them. No education had made Barbara tolerant; she felt an unconquerable impulse to be rough and big, and plain-worded with him.

"My name is Waugh," she said. "I came to see you respecting the prisoner, Joyce."

"You have additional testimony?" in the same smooth, unvaried tone. Good points that woman had, he thought—remarkably good; free, bold outlines everywhere; genuine eyes; delicate, cleft chin; time would bring out the rest; it had no vulgar flabbiness in mind or matter to overcome.

"I have no testimony," said Barbara.

Now, there was no man in Philadelphia with finer instincts about women than John Seaborn. After his first sharp glance at Barby, there was a quiet respect in his manner that called her to herself, made her easy in hers. She forgot, she afterward said, that the man was a fop.

"Take your time, Miss Waugh. Tell me the purpose of your visit in your own way—office hours are over," seeing her hesitate for a word.

"Barby has kept me going all day," said her father, as a helping prelude to Barbara's remarks.

"I have known Dunn Joyce a great many years," interrupted Barbara. "I wanted to see into this thing for myself, and make up my own mind. I've been over it all, tracing out the testimony."

"Yes. And your verdict?" with a look that Barbara took home to interpret before she answered.

"He thinks my verdict worth respecting; he has confidence in woman's wit, maybe."

"There is a love affair under this," cogitated the unseen John Seaborn. "If the girl loves that man Joyce, she has more discernment than many of her sex are blessed with."

"It has not been with my approval Barby has moved in this matter, Mr. Seaborn," said old Waugh, snappishly, looking at Barbara and interrupting her. "Women in their place, say I."

"Have you left your place?" said Seaborn, directly addressing her.

If Barbara did not know her own heart, it spoke out of itself now, her changing color emphasizing every word.

"I knew Dunn Joyce was innocent. It all goes against him—the testimony. But he is innocent, and I want to tell him that I think it. I came to you to help me see him. Maybe I have left a woman's place; I don't know."

The lawyer was silent, looking at an unseemly white fleck in his thumb-nail; but Barbara did not heed what he did.

"They have all turned against him," she said.

Seaborn caught the whisper. "I can give you a pass," he said, slowly. "I don't know of any objection to your going. Will it be any comfort to Joyce to know your opinion? Are you—"

"I think it will," she said, as if she had answered the question to herself before. "I was Nicholas Waugh's niece. I loved him better than all of them did. I knew him better. Dunn would think it was a message from him if I said I thought he was not guilty."

"No more than that?" letting his hand fall. "I will write you a short note to Poinddexter, Miss Waugh; that will admit you. I wish every woman who comes to this office would be as explicit in stating their errand; it would be a marvelous saving of time and temper," writing as he spoke.

Coming toward her, he put the note into her hand, and then leaned his elbow on the mantelshelf, looking shrewdly down into her face.

"You had another errand here?" he said.

Barbara's face blushed scarlet. With all her outspoken courage, she was a modest girl, unused to any sort of society, particularly that of men like the one before her. Besides, it angered her that this little dandy of a lawyer, as she had called him to herself at first, should so naturally have mastered her, read her inmost thoughts; she lost command of herself, and stammered out, "What errand had I?"

"A very natural one, my dear young lady. You were a little doubtful of the evidence—not of your own conclusion about it, but of the manner in which it might impress the jury. I think you wished to find from me what chances of life your friend had—for he is your friend?"

"Yes;" and Barby's face turned pale again, wondering why her heart gave such a sudden, proud throb; when Seaborn went on to say, carelessly, how much impressed he had been by Dunn Joyce, as a simple-hearted, unselfish fellow.

"With a curious knowledge of the law," he said, "and a keen tact of seeing and adjusting the points of a case, his loudish manner masks his real self as much as an ill-fitting dress does

a woman." (Barby would have been less than a woman if she had not been conscious just then of the make of her own.) "I have visited Joyce several times," then, after a pause, he said, "but, while this is my opinion of him, Miss Waugh, I think it only fair to tell you that, at the same time I believe him guilty of this crime, and that it is my duty to do all I can to convict him. I think, too, I shall succeed."

If he talked to her in this way for the purpose of testing her, a mere analysis to gratify his whim, he was disappointed. She looked at him quietly, rising as she spoke, and tying her bonnet-strings,

"I knew you thought him guilty," she said. "I do not blame you—the evidence is strong. But you will not succeed, Mr. Seaborn—God will help us through."

"I hope so—I hope so, Miss Waugh," with a conciliatory bow to her and to Providence. "You are going? I wish I could offer you some refreshments—a glass of wine for Mr. Waugh, now. But a lawyer's chambers, you know—good-by! good-by, sir! Good evening, Miss Waugh! You have *not* left your place," with a sudden sinking of the voice; "you have only acted as a true woman should; to be faithful unto death, is one of their traits."

"I knew it was a love affair," he continued to himself, as he sorted away some papers on his table, put on his hat, and speedily forgot Barbara, and all that concerned her.

"He thinks I love Dunn Joyce," thought Barbara, going down the street. "I could not tell him it was for Richard's sake——"

But that thought died out like a thinnest vapor of fancy before the surging passions in her heart. Barby was startled at herself at the new, strange feelings that suddenly unclosed themselves.

It was well for him, far above them in safety and ease, to sneer at the truth of a woman to Dunn, bound and in prison—waiting for a death on the gallows, maybe! These were her thoughts.

The sun, going down in a cheerful, red glow, had a look of death in it to Barby; the hot air made her shiver. As they went down the broad pavements, thronged with bright-eyed women in their delicate summer dresses, her thought stole closer into that dark, narrow cell in the prison, and clung to the man there with a new feeling.

So kind as he had been to her! Going back to her childhood, she remembered little that was fresh and cheerful until she came here; and how much of the happiness of her life since then

was owing to this queer, simple-hearted Dunn? And she used to laugh at him—to think she disliked him. But he was going to die now, surely she could own the truth to herself. She wished she could die for him—looking about her at the indifferent faces of the men with a fierce impatience. Some of them were of the twelve who were to do him to death—what did they care for her wishes or her pain? Some powerful Hand seemed to hold them all, sweeping them down to this terrible fate. Then Barby stopped, going back to the lessons she learned long ago, when she was a mere baby, from the pale, gentle woman she had called mother. A Hand *did* hold her.

She walked silently for a long time by her father, her eyes fixed on the bricks over which she was going; when she looked up, her eyes were wet, and her face had caught the look of that woman just remembered, who had lain in her grave so long. "Poor father!" she said, cheerfully, patting his arm, "I have tired you so! But it will all be right, I know; God will help us through!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning the rain fell heavily, steadily, too; the sort of day when you have a little fire kindled in the snugest room of the house, and draw up to it with a pleasant remembrance of cold November days, and family gatherings, and all home comforts, that center and close around the glowing grate, and the hearth-rug, worn thread-bare for so many years by dear feet, some of whom, maybe, will press it no more forever. The kind of day that brings haunting, sad, quiet thoughts like these in its heavy mists and gray, continuous summer rain; when, if even your business calls you abroad, perforce, your tongue is less acute in its cadences, your eyes less keen for a bargain than when the sun and air are awake and watchful.

So Barbara, coming into the almost deserted streets, where the rain and she seemed to have full possession, had no fierce bitterness against the injustice of Dunn's fate or her own, in the heart throbbing warmly beneath the flannel cloak. It was all wrong; circumstances were against him, but it would be cleared at last, as surely as that the heavy clouds would break away, and the clear blue shine out up yonder sometime.

Meantime, she was going to see Dunn; his trial was coming next week, she had learned that morning. Barbara had some vague and frightful notions of a prison, and felt herself

shiver when she came near the low wall that enclosed it. But it had very much the look of any other house. Three or four boys, with uncombed hair and their trousers rolled up to their knees, were playing marbles in the shelter of the vaulted gateway; the jailer who unlocked the door to admit her, was a man she had known by sight, Jim Cutler, who used to drive a huckster's cart past their house; he had a pictorial paper in his hand that he had been reading.

Somehow Barbara took courage; it is so hard to link the idea of a horrible death with people you know, and boys and marbles.

"Joyce? Oh, yes, yes!" looking over her permit, and then going before her, through the narrow entry. "Wet weather, Miss," with another look at the paper. "Waugh? Humph!" under his breath, and a curious inspection of her from her gray, felt bonnet to her shoes, followed. Here was one of the other party; he had begun to rather like poor Dunn, with his quiet, untroublesome ways; but this was the other side. "You ben't afraid, Miss?" pausing with the door-key in his hand. "He's not at all ferocious, in general; but, perhaps, seeing one of your family——" Barbara motioned to him, angrily, to open the door. "It's none of my look out. You've half an hour," going back to tell his wife that one of the Waugh's was in to warrant that wretch, and then to his paper.

It was a large cell, with two windows instead of one; mere slits in the wall, however, through which the rain came, dropping in little puddles along the floor. There was the usual iron bedstead, the spigot in the wall, the scrawls over the wall with burnt coal—names, faces, dates. Dunn had fallen into the usual resource for hands forced to be idle, and was standing with his back to her, drawing some figures on the wall—the same Barbara's quick eye noted over and over. It was the date of his coming to that place. Hearing the door close, he turned.

"Why, Barby!" he said, holding out his hand with a sudden smile. Then he dropped it again; when she shook hands with him, it was she that did it, not he.

She did shake hands, and then sat down unbidden on the low bed. She could not speak just then; gave that kind of sob that women do who are natural as children all their lives, looking at him, meanwhile, with that keen instinct of comprehension which a woman never loses, no matter how she may suffer, and seeing by it how strangely Joyce was altered.

"The man in him has come out through the door," Senborn would have said. Something in his look and every motion cried, "I am," for

the first time in his life. He looked down at her with an assertant self-respect, a kindly, genial, cordial smile. It was Dunn, yet not Dunn.

"So you came to see me, little Barbara?" he said, after looking at her in silence for a moment with an unspeakable tenderness in his voice; "I'm glad you did. I thought I never should see you again until—till we come to that other country."

"What do you mean, Dunn?" For Barby was not used to bring in heaven or hell as ordinary topics into her thoughts.

"Nothing," with a touch of his old bashfulness. "But one comes near to such thoughts in a place like this; and I've had a good many hours considering about that next place, Barby. You know," very gently, "they say I am not very far away from it."

"Dunn!" starting to her feet.

He bent over her, watched her heaving breast, her clasped hands, the hot tears on her cheeks. "What is it? What did you come to tell?"

"If the whole world turn against you, I never will, Dunn," she cried. "I know how noble you are, and unselfish, like him that's gone."

A swift pallor came to the man's face, but he stood motionless. "I know you are innocent. Why do you not answer?" with a sudden falling of tone. "Why do you look at me in that strange way?" a terrified change on her face.

Joyce passed his hand vaguely over his forehead. "I don't know, Barby; but don't doubt me, child, for God's sake! You don't understand all that your words mean to me. Go on. Tell me all that you come to say."

Barbara stood by the open window, her clasped hands leaning on his arm, looking up into his face. He thought, as the dim light touched her brown curls and honest eyes, how much of a child she was still; how hard it was to soil her by even this contact with him, and this place to which they said he belonged. But he could not spare this little word; it would be the last. If he must go down into the pit, let him feel one little touch of her hand before he went.

"Tell me, Barby," he said, "why did you hunt out old Dunn, eh?" coaxingly. "Tell me that, and then you must go, and quickly. This is no place for you."

"I tried to find out all they could prove against you, Mr. Joyce," she hesitated; "that was only natural, you know. We have been such old friends," looking up confidently.

"Yes, old friends, Barbara," gravely.

"And when," her blood rising angrily, "I

saw how all had turned against you, that the testimony was so strong——”

“Well, then, what?” catching her hand.

“I wanted to come to you,” speaking breathlessly. “I knew then what you were to me—I never knew before.”

Dunn’s head was turned away; she waited for a long time for him to speak.

“I am nothing to you, Barbara,” he said, at last, slowly, “only a stupid old friend, in whom you have taken an interest; it is natural in a young and tender-hearted girl,” reasoning with himself more than her. “When this is all over, and I am gone, you will be sorry for me. But you will forget; and that will be better.”

He drew away from her, leaned his elbow on the deep cut in the wall that formed the window, and looked out into the rain.

There was such a conscious, utter loneliness in the ungainly figure and quaint face, that she did not heed his apparent rebuff.

“I will not forget,” she said.

He turned as if a new gleam of intelligence had come to him. “Oh! I see, Barby,” smiling kindly, but with the same look of patient loss on his face. “They tell me that to lovers all are dear that come near to the beloved. And so, Barby, poor, little Barby, came to find me when no one else came, and stood by me, and was my friend; for Richard’s sake, you know. I was Richard’s brother, she remembered that.”

“Richard?” said Barbara, slowly.

She wondered if she had done wrong to forget him so long; he was her knight, her ideal, some day to be a hero. But Dunn was her friend, and he had been in such perilous danger, that was her excuse.

She did not see Joyce, meantime, watching her with bated breath. It was time to send her away. He had felt the touch of the little hand, and had heard the last word. And the hand had been that of Richard’s plighted wife, held out because he was the brother of the man she loved! Well, had he not known this before?

The jailer tapped on the door. “Time’s nearly up!” he called.

“Good-by, Barbara. It would be better for Richard and Richard’s wife to forget me.”

“Do you wish me to be that?” looking up full in his eyes.

“What?”

“Richard’s wife!”

He drew his breath strongly two or three times. “If you love him—yes. Love will overlook all things.”

“What do you mean? Do you think that this which has fallen upon you would make me

shrink from Richard if I loved him? If you were guilty——”

“If I were guilty, what then?” almost fiercely.

“Is there no pity for a man who is driven to the crime of which they accuse me? No love to be gratified which might tempt him?—no passion to drive him? A sudden impulse, a lifted hand, or a stroke, and the deed is done. Is the brother to turn away, and even the woman who loved him? Merciful God! this is the mercy of men!”

After this outburst, the cell was silent as death. He had buried his face in his hands.

Barbara broke the silence. “You are guilty, then?” the words shivering out from her shut teeth.

He dropped his hands, and stared in her face.

“I understand it all,” she said. “You wish me to know that you did this, that it was an accident unforeseen?”

Barby herself, not knowing her own heart, did not know how it was wrung, how like an agonized cry her words sounded.

“Do you mean more than that?” she cried, when he did not reply. “Do you want me to think some passion drove you to kill the poor old man for the sake of the diamond he carried? You told me once of some one who should come to me guilty and ask for mercy; was it yourself you meant? No one knew of that diamond but you and my father.”

He had listened to her with his very lips bloodless. Once he muttered something about “cruel,” and then no more. He said now,

“No; no one knew of the diamond but your father and me. And the diamond was found on me. That is the point they make. It is hard not to believe me guilty.”

“In spite of it, I did not. I will not, if you will but speak one word. Say you are innocent, that you know nothing of this murder.”

She had touched him to the quick now. He paced up and down the room, his breath coming quick. The jailer’s step was heard without.

“Only one word,” she said, wringing her hands, “that you know nothing of it.”

He stopped, as if to speak to her, then turned.

The door opened. “It’s only a word—will you speak it, Dunn?”

“No, Barbara.”

“Half-hour is over, Miss.”

“Good-by.” She held out her hand.

But he only bowed over it, and watched her in silence as she left the room. Then he turned to the window, looking out again, and said, “I’ve done a good deal for you, Dick. I can give up no more than that. Old Dunn’s work is nearly ended, I think.” (TO BE CONTINUED.)

GUY HILLIARD'S SKELETON.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

VIOLET HEATH was an only daughter, and a belle. Pretty, highly accomplished, and very sprightly withal, she reigned supreme in Reads-ville, the pleasant, little country town where her father resided, queen of fashion, as well as queen of hearts. All the young men admired her; and, as a natural consequence, all the female population envied and strove to imitate her. If she wore a blue hat, with a white feather, every girl in Readsville must have the same thing, without regard to age or complexion. If she robed herself in white, white at once became the prevailing color. Still, it so turned out, that after all their trouble, the Readsville girls never succeeded in looking like Violet; she was purely original, with an air and style of her own that it was just impossible to imitate. Every one admitted that she was beautiful, yet it was a difficult matter to determine what constituted her chief charm. At one time, all the feminine critics declared it to be the effect produced by a blue watered silk; but just when this belief began to be credited, out sprang Violet in a corn-colored *moire antique*, looking fairer than ever before. Whether her chief charm consisted in her fair, dimpled face, or deep blue eyes, looking like half-blown forget-me-nots bathed in dew; or in her curling, crinkling, golden tresses, or mischievous, rosy mouth; or in her half tender, half taunting air and manner, no one could say; but it was generally agreed upon that she was quite a beauty.

Violet was uniformly kind to her many suitors, making her denials, when necessary, so sweetly, that the rejected ones felt almost as much favored as the accepted. And when Guy Hilliard came to take charge of the village school, although he was a young man of fine appearance and excellent character, it was a long while before the little village beauty vouchsafed to him the least sign of preference. But perseverance and patience, as they generally do, succeeded at last; and, in due course of time, one tender, moonlit eve, under a honeysuckle arbor, in the old squire's garden, the young man plead his cause in true lover-like fashion, and was transported into the third heaven of bliss by being accepted. The old squire made no objections; and, after a

proper lapse of time, the young couple were united amid a bewildering profusion of laeas and white flowers; and the poor, love-lorn swains of Readsville were left to console themselves as they could.

Everybody was surprised to see what a loving, exemplary wife Violet made. She had been so gay as a girl, so full of mischief, so petted and flattered, that some of the Readsville wise-aces shook their heads and hinted that Guy Hilliard might repent his bargain; but, on the contrary, he rejoiced over it anew every day, regarding it as the best transaction of his life.

They had a cozy little cottage on the outskirts of the town, all embowered in eglantine, with great shade trees, and a flower-garden-in-front; and the young schoolmaster must have regarded it as the sweetest, happiest spot on earth, judging from the briskness of his step and the brightness of his face, as he returned of evenings from his school-house. Violet was always at the gate to meet him, robed in some pretty, fresh apparel, her curls looped back with roses, and her blue eyes full of tenderness, ready to lead him to the tidy, well-ordered parlor and waiting supper-table. No wonder Guy was happy—he would have been a monster if he had not been so. But after awhile, as if fortune was bent upon running his cup over, something else came to make him still happier. A small, dimpled, crowing babe, with eyes like its mother, and rings of hair that looked like spun gold. Violet was in raptures, and Guy could scarcely wait for night to come in his eagerness to get home. What a happy couple, every one said, even the wiseaces, in spite of their prophecies.

But there never was a paradise, perhaps, that the serpent did not enter in some form or other. It even came to this perfect little home, trailing its slimy ugliness amid the blooming flowers. It was after this wise: One evening, Guy chanced to come home a trifle earlier than usual, and Violet and baby were not at the gate to meet him, as was their custom—but he hurried on, eager to surprise them by being so early. Just as he reached the outer enclosure of the garden, he heard the cottage door open, and saw a man, a real, living man, young and very distin-

guished-looking, come out and pause on the porch for a moment to talk with Violet—his Violet. He saw her plainly laughing and chatting, and tossing her ringlets; and then the stranger bowed himself out, and left the premises by a side path.

"Don't fail to come," called Violet after him; "I shall expect you."

Guy Hilliard looked on in amazement. Violet was dressed, as he had never seen her before, in a magnificent blue silk robe, all covered with laces and roses. What did it mean? Who was that man that she urged to come again so cordially? A sharp, swift pang of jealousy and mistrust wrung his heart—mistrust of the woman he held a thousand times dearer than his own life; and he hurried on to the cottage, his brow, for the first time since his marriage, looking lowering and moody. Violet was nowhere to be seen below—so he went up to her chamber. The door was closed, but he heard the babe wailing within.

"Violet, Violet," he called.

"Yes, dear," came the pleasant answer, "in one moment; as soon as I get my frock on."

He waited impatiently until she came out, and then he scanned her face with keen, anxious eyes. She looked flurried and confused, and ran back almost immediately to put the blue robe, which she had thrown on the bed, into the wardrobe. Guy followed her into the chamber.

"Have you been out, Violet?" he asked, making a great effort to appear unconcerned.

"Out? Oh, no!" she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Nothing; only I saw you putting away your dress; and you've got baby all rigged out in her finery."

Violet blushed, and averted her face.

"Oh, yes!" she said, catching up the little mass of embroidery, "I've been fixing the sleeves of her slip, you know; but, come, let's go down and look after supper."

He followed her down with a weary step and a heavier heart than had ever lain in his bosom before. But he determined to say nothing; he would not question her, but wait and see for himself what it all meant. Violet bustled about, making herself unusually pleasant; but somehow a gloom hung over the whilom happy home, which all her gayety could not dispel. Long after she retired with her babe, her young husband sat on the porch, with his head bowed in his hands, and his soul tortured by a nameless fear.

The next afternoon he returned home at the

usual hour, and found Violet and the babe awaiting him at the gate, her face all brightness and tenderness. His heart began to lighten—she was true to him. What a fool he had been; he was glad he had not let her know it. Laughing and playing with baby, they proceeded to the cottage; and Guy went running up stairs for his dressing-gown with his old, buoyant alacrity. On the topmost step he picked up a glove—a gentleman's glove—but not his. A trifle, truly; but it awakened the old jealous pang with redoubled pain. Still he did not question his wife, but kept up a silent, cunning watch on all her movements. The next evening, and the next, he came early; and in both instances, concealing himself in the shrubbery, he saw the tall, fine-looking stranger leaving his house, and Violet flitting about in the azure robe she had never worn for him. Suspense became torture; he could bear it no longer, he must know the worst. Had the wiseness of Readsville prophesied the truth after all? He approached his wife, at twilight, as she sat in a low chair, hushing her baby to sleep.

"Violet," he said, gently, but very seriously, "I'm afraid we are getting to have a skeleton in our closet."

She looked up inquiringly.

"A skeleton, dear—how so?"

"Haven't you secrets from your husband, Violet?" he asked, solemnly.

She blushed deeply, and dropped her eyes; and her voice was faint and irresolute, as she replied, "Oh, no, Guy! What makes you think I have?"

"Because," he answered, gravely, "I have seen a young man—a stranger—leaving my house every evening during the past week; and yet you have not even alluded to such a visitor to me. What does it mean, Violet?"

She averted her face; it wore a troubled, anxious look, yet there was a dancing, mischievous sparkle in her blue eyes.

"Violet," he went on, seeing that she did not reply, "you can't tell how this thing has troubled me. Can't you trust me, Violet—me, your husband? Explain it all, I entreat you, and end my torturing doubt."

She looked up, her eyes full of tears.

"You doubt me, Guy?" she said, mournfully.

"I don't want to doubt you, Violet—God knows I would sooner die; but it is strange, to say the least, that you should have such a visitor every evening, yet never mention it to your husband. But I believe you can make it all clear and satisfactory; do so, Violet, and let us be happy again."

Still she said nothing.

"Violet, won't you speak?"

She shook her head sadly.

"No, Guy, I have nothing to say."

He started to his feet, white with excitement.

"Nothing to say, Violet? Will you not tell me who that man is, and what he wanted?"

She shook her head slowly, repeating, "I have nothing to say."

Then he rushed from her presence, down the stairs, out into the open air, his head throbbing as if it would burst.

"Oh, God!" he moaned, sinking down on the turf, "how shall I ever endure it! My wife—my darling wife—my Violet, that I loved so much; can it be true—is she false to me?"

But no one answered him; only the little birds chirped and cooed amid the green leaves, making him envy their happiness. He remained there, wrapt in solemn thought, until the stars came out. He would not be rash; he would bear with her to the very last. Perhaps she would change her mind, and tell him the whole truth. He was ready and willing to forgive her, and love her all the same, no matter how deeply she might have erred. He arose and returned to the cottage. Violet looked a little pale, and was a trifle more serious than usual—that was all. She did not even allude to the matter. The night passed—another evening came.

He dismissed his school at noon, and came home, concealing himself in the shrubbery. Hours went by, and at last, instead of seeing the stranger coming, as he had expected, he saw him leaving the house. He had been there the entire afternoon, in his cottage, with his wife. His face grew white with anger, and he cleared the hedge at a bound. He would overtake him—force him into an explanation. But the stranger was too quick for him; he had crossed the lawn, and was out of sight in the wood beyond, before Guy could overtake him.

He turned back, aggravated and disappointed, and made his way to the house. His head burned and throbbed, and a strange feeling filled his heart; he had never felt so before, or looked so either; for the little servant-girl, chancing to meet him in the yard, shrieked, and ran out of his way. He was a desperate man—almost a dangerous one—Guy Hilliard, the good-natured, quiet, well-disposed young schoolmaster. Truly, jealousy is as strong as death, as cruel as the grave.

Violet looked up quietly from the little frock she was embroidering, as he entered.

"You are early this evening, dear," she said, pleasantly.

He made her no answer. Her gentleness seemed to increase his wrath; she was so artful, so cunning and treacherous—and he had loved and trusted her so.

"Violet," he said, hoarsely, throwing himself on a chair, "you see that I am almost insane. I cannot bear this suspense any longer—I will not bear it. As your husband, I demand an explanation. I saw that man leaving the house again a few minutes ago—and he has been here for hours. Violet, I want to know what it means?"

She bent lower over her work, but made no answer.

"Violet," he went on, his agitation increasing at a fearful rate, "I cannot live with you, if you persist in keeping this secret from me. My wife must have no skeletons in her closet. I have borne it as long as I can—as long as I will. I command you now to tell me all, to make everything clear, or from henceforth our lives are divided."

Violet was very pale, and her fingers trembled nervously as she stitched away at her embroidery; still, that little, dancing, mischievous sparkle lit her eyes.

"Violet, will you explain?" urged her excited husband.

"No, sir; I have no explanations to make."

He rose to his feet white and stern. "Then you are no wife of mine. I cast you off—wash my hands of you. You can go back to your father, and tell him that you have blighted and blasted my life, and broken my heart."

She rose, also, and gathered up her babe. "I will go, Guy," she replied, quietly.

He stood still where she left him, listening to her light footsteps ascending the stairs. Was he awake—in his senses; was it a reality? Was she leaving him—his Violet—the mother of his babe—the only woman he had ever loved? He was on the point of rushing after her and imploring her forgiveness; but that stinging pain came back to his heart and held him back. She was false to him—let her go. At that instant, he heard her voice calling softly from the head of the stairs,

"Guy, Guy, will you come up here, please? I want you a moment."

He went up. She met him in the passage. "Bear with me, Guy," she said, humbly, "I will go directly; but I have something to show you first."

She led the way to a small room just beyond their chamber, the same little sparkle burning

in her eyes. Guy followed with a fierce, impatient stride. She threw open the door, and there, supported against the wall, was a portrait of herself, with the babe in her arms, as large as life. Her golden hair fell back from her smooth brow in shining ringlets, and her azure robe, sweeping off from the shoulders in clouds of misty lace, fell to the floor in gorgeous folds. Never was anything so perfect or so lovely. And the babe, a mass of white embroidery, with a round, dimpled, laughing face, and chubby hands peeping out. Guy stared at the beautiful creation in utter astonishment; then forgetting his wrath, his jealousy, everything in his joy, he exclaimed,

"Oh, Violet! where did you get it? It is yourself over again, and the loveliest thing I ever saw."

"To-day is your birthday, Guy," she replied, softly, "and that is my present. I heard you say once that you would sooner have a portrait of me and baby than anything else in the world; so I coaxed the money out of father, and engaged an artist to paint it secretly, that I might give you a surprise. But he had to work hard to get it done against to-day."

Poor Guy! the truth flashed on him like lightning. That was the secret; he had seen the artist going and coming, and had doubted his wife while she was working to please and gratify him. His face turned all manner of colors, and he stood in silence looking heartily ashamed of himself.

"I am done now, Guy," Violet said, the mischievous dimples deepening about her pretty mouth; "I will go."

"Oh, Violet!" he burst out, "forgive me—forgive me; I have been a great fool, I know—but forgive me, Violet."

Holding her babe with one arm, she put the other round his broad shoulders and drew him close to her side. He bent his head to kiss her; but the babe gave a gleeful spring, and buried both fat fists in his heavy whiskers.

"That's right, baby," laughed Violet, "pull 'em hard, he deserves it;" but, she added the moment after, her eyes overflowing with tears, "Yes, Guy, I forgive you; but you must never doubt me again."

"Never again, Violet," he answered, tenderly. "You have cured me completely; we shall never have another skeleton."

WILL YOU LOVE ME THEN AS NOW?

BY EMILY J. BROWN.

Now, my brow is free from sorrow;
Now, my steps are light and fast;
And my hair like Autumn sunshine—
But this will not always last.
When these locks by Time are silvered;
When deep wrinkles trace my brow;
When my steps are slow and feeble—
Will you love me then as now?
That your love is true and changeless;
That your heart is mine alone;
Is the vow you often utter,
And to me 'tis sweet, I own.

But, when years have borne us onward,
Will you then recall that vow?
When these eyes have lost their lustre—
Will you love me then as now?

Ah! my heart is wildly pleading,
That you never could deceive;
And the earnest love I bear you,
Fain would cause me to believe
That, though Time should lay his finger
Deep with sorrow on my brow,
Yet your heart will know no changes—
You will love me then as now.

FRANK.

BY OLIVE C. FERRISS.

"The angels will come to-night," he said,
With a light in his shining eyes;
"And I shall go ere the morning red
Blushes over the Eastern skies."
Oh, watcher! that listens with bated breath,
Say, hear'st thou the rustle of wings?
And knowest thou when the dark angel, Death,
The drearyful summons brings?

As far in the East a gleaming we see,
The light of the early dawn;
But thou, watcher! what is the day to thee,
With thy beautiful idol gone?
Fold the cold hands, and close the dead eyes;
Kiss him, and lay him to rest;
There's a beautiful home for us all in the skies,
And our Father, who reigns, knoweth best.

THE ASHES OF LIFE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

SHE sat by the fire, casting in letter after letter, watching each one as it burned away; throwing in another, and another—silent, impassive; till all had died in smoke and ashes. The ghost of the past was with her as she sat there. Hopes that had once been bright, dreams that for awhile had seemed realities, flashed up again for a moment, as each old letter burst into flame, and then went out forever. After all had been destroyed, she still sat there, late into the night, vaguely looking at the embers. When, at last, she rose, it was to begin a new life. Her old one was gone, never to return; it lay there a heap of ashes.

Esther Rivers had come back, that day, to the home she had left ten years before—yes! she must call it home now, for she had no other place of refuge. It stood there, in that valley among the hills, a mansion surrounded by spacious grounds, as old-fashioned and picturesque as possible, but so solitary, so neglected, that one would have needed to be either very happy, or very miserable, to have tolerated existence there for any length of time. In those long, long years of her married life, she had only visited the spot once—that was before all the glare and freshness had worn off from her dream—and even then the stillness and gloom had oppressed her; but this day, as the carriage drove up to the gates, this stillness and gloom had become almost intolerable.

Such a hard, bitter face it was, as she looked at the fire this night; a face written over with the dark history of those past years, yet beautiful in spite of its gloom and bitterness, and young still, though the freshness and glow, which youth should have had, were gone wholly out of it.

Her reception had been as strange as her coming back. She had entered the darkened hall, passed through the sitting-room toward where she was certain to find her aunt, opened the door and entered.

Yes, everything looked as she had expected; nothing in the cold rigidity of the place had changed, even to the figure that sat near the open window knitting mechanically, yet as assiduously as if a human fate were being woven in the web.

"Is that you, Esther? I heard the carriage!

I can't come to you, for I am blinder than ever, and the room is dark."

The voice was not even fretful; there would have been a humanity in that somewhat refreshing: just cold, as if a stone image, or something entirely beyond the reach of sympathy with this world, had spoken.

"I have come, aunt," answered Esther, walking toward her. "How do you do—will you kiss me?"

"How do you do, Esther; but I shan't kiss you, for you know I never kiss anybody. You are at home now, you know what to do with yourself; there's your room just as it used to be; here's mine when you want to see me. Make yourself comfortable in your own way; don't expect me to listen to any complaints; you have chosen for yourself—first to marry, then to leave your husband."

She ceased suddenly; she had spoken without the slightest change of voice; her fingers, which had paused a little, resumed their task as vigorously as ever.

"I am not likely to trouble you with complaints!" exclaimed Esther, proudly.

"So much the better—there's an end of it! I dare say your husband was as bad as possible—he wouldn't be a man if he wasn't. I dare say you were as stubborn and passionate as a devil—you wouldn't be a woman otherwise. Take off your things, go to your room to do it, though; when you come down, we'll have tea. We needn't say a word more; just think we've droned on together for the past years as we shall do for those to come, and we'll get on very well."

"Get on very well," replied Esther, mechanically; this was what her life had reached at last.

She left the room, and took her way up the broad staircase toward the chamber which she occupied during her brief residence in the house in the old times, and where we have just seen her bring a package of letters.

Ten years before she had left that old house a bride, after a residence of six months there; she was only eighteen then. She was but little more than sixteen when her father brought her back from the foreign lands, where they had sojourned since her childhood, and where every luxury and indulgence, and the influence of

those legendary climes, had fostered the romance and enthusiasm of her nature with passionate blossom.

Once more settled in this country, Mr. Grant collected about him a large circle of acquaintance, and Esther's dream life went on, petted and courted till the world seemed every day a brighter fairy land.

The change came suddenly, in less than a year's season of roses. Mr. Grant died after a brief illness, and—it is an ordinary tale—the orphan found herself alone with a bare pittance left from the fortune which had been hers from her earliest remembrance.

She came to pass the summer with her father's sister—Thankful Grant—recognized far and wide as the oddest specimen of spinsterhood known to mortals.

Some bitter disappointment had overtaken her youth, and for more than thirty years she had lived by herself in that old house, cold as an iceberg, stern as a sea-beaten cliff; asking no sympathy—giving none; and so hard even in her charities, of which she was lavish enough, that favors from her were worse than blows from most people.

By the time autumn arrived, before the strength of her youth had yielded to the Greenland which had taken the place of her fairy realm, Clancy Rivers sought her out and asked her to be his wife.

He had known her during the previous winter, had conceived for her one of his fierce passions, which he called love, and believed such; and believed, too, that the latest was always the real love, which was to be eternal, and he had determined to win her.

He was not thirty then, a brilliant man of the world who had seen everything, experienced everything, and still retained a specious sort of enthusiasm, which made him particularly fascinating to a girl like Esther.

She had admired him even during those gay months; thought of him often since. When he came into the desolate old house with his love story, she believed that the dream of her girlhood was realized, the true knight had come to lead her forth to happiness.

Thankful Grant offered no opposition; there was a brief courtship; Clancy's passion was a sinroom that swept everything before it; and, ere the first snows fell, Esther left the lonely dwelling a bride.

I have told you ten years had passed, and now she had returned; and a gulf, which no human power could ever bridge, yawned between her and the life she had left.

I should need a volume to give the details of that time; nor would there be a novel syllable in the whole story—old as humanity, bitter as experience always is.

The gloss wore rapidly off the dream. Esther woke to find herself a woman; her power gone—a lonely, neglected woman in her husband's house.

Clancy Rivers was a man to have done all things courteously and in good order; he would have preserved every semblance of decorum in his home; and if Esther had been meek and patient, they might have dragged on as so many others have done. But she was neither; she rebelled, she struggled fiercely, she wearied him with her tears, and hardened him with her reproaches, till he grew too careless to keep up the mask of decency and good-breeding.

He was a born pleasure-seeker, to whom excitement was a necessity. I am not going to gratify you by condemning him utterly. There was good in the man, and yet had enough he was—dissolute, sensual; but he had too much refinement to descend to the hideous nakedness of vice. He always kept the roses wreathed about his cup, the gay draperies before his skeletons—neither better nor worse than half of us, after all. If you are free enough from stain to fling a stone at him, do it. I shall tell my story without comment.

Then Esther dried her tears and curbed her tongue.

"You have heard my last complaint," she said; "you shall never again find me alone so that you need dread to come home."

She kept her word—she opened her house to the world. Rivers never opposed her; he asked only to be left in peace. He knew Esther well enough to be certain that he was safe to trust her.

She rushed into every species of dissipation; she flirted outrageously, but somehow even scandal would not assail her. She found her coquetties so intolerable, that before she had fairly chained one admirer she wanted a new victim under her chariot-wheels.

The years went on; the worldly farce, with its unvarying round of aimless pleasure, grew more dull than a funeral pageant; the blackest period of life had overtaken Esther—she had no faith left in any human being.

The time had come when jealousy even was out of the question—the crowning wrong between man and woman stood between her husband and her.

Yet she did not grow patient; the bitterness of death was in her soul—but it howled curses

instead of prayers; and between the husband and wife had grown that passionate bitterness which is like hate in seeming, works crueler pangs, deals sharper blows than even hate can do.

I shall not linger over these details; the ten years passed, the final tempest came, and then the pair stood gazing at each other over the impassable gulf.

Clancy Rivers had gone wild over a French woman, famous from the production of several books, full of beautiful theories and bad morality, which she carried into her daily life—gone too mad to keep up even the semblance of respectability. There was no folly too insane for him to perpetrate. In her box at the opera Esther had only to look across the house and see her rival, face to face, with her husband beside her; everywhere she turned, fresh stories filled her ears.

There was one terrible scene between them, and then she prepared to leave his house; but I believe that passion had more to do with her resolve than conscience; and I believe it is always so in such cases; yet how can one expect human nature to bear on to the end, since nine times out of ten death only can bring it.

So it was that Esther went up into her room, took out all the letters that had ever passed between her husband and herself, and burnt them, as we have seen. That night she slept quietly, for the first time in weeks, the long, dreamless sleep of exhaustion, only to wake feeling faint and strange—to wake knowing that the new era had begun, so cold and dreary, that it seemed almost worse than the delirious agony of the past.

She had not thought it would be so; she had believed that when she had once broken every tie which connected her with her old life, a sort of rest would come—but it could not be; she had taken with her into her solitude all her thwarted dreams, her dead hopes, her passionate resentments; and they kept her from the light which we say, and try to think, may be reached at last.

Esther's weeks settled into the most unvarying monotony. She rose early, walked in the grounds, breakfasted with her aunt, read to her if she desired—but the books might have been Sanscrit for all Esther understood; spent hours over needle-work, dined the evening and half the night in her chamber, and then to bed. Sometimes she passed whole days without stirring from the house; then a sort of insanity would take possession of her, and, be the weather what it might, she was forced to rush forth.

The fiercest tempest was less intolerable to her than the brightness of the chief of those midsummer days. Nobody marveled concerning her actions, except Hannah; and she rather shrank from her with a vague fear that her brain was touched, when she saw her rowing up the river in a terrible thunder-storm, or starting on a mad gallop without pity for herself or her horse.

The summer and the autumn passed; she had not the vague hope of change to uphold her, as it will do, in midst of keen suffering. Her life was ended; she had no place in the world, and yet death forgot or refused to take her.

The slender form grew more thin, the great eyes more hollow and sombre; but she could not even be ill, and, believe me, there is a state of mind when illness, severe enough to render thought impossible, is a boon for which one could bless God's angels.

She held no communication with the world she had left. Sometimes she went to the village church; but the service was meaningless, the prayers without efficacy. Of such resources as she had she gave freely. She had refused to accept a settlement from her husband, but she had no pleasure in giving. The material troubles she could alleviate, hunger and cold, seemed so petty, compared to her own anguish, she felt a sort of contempt to hear them murmured over.

There was not a shadow of change, even a new form of suffering would have been a blessing. Oh! be thankful if you cannot understand those terrible words.

The spring found her sunk in a sort of dumb apathy, broken rarely by fierce struggles; she was growing too numb and weak to call those mental tempests up.

The June roses blossomed again, clung brightly about the walls of the old house, and sent their fragrance through desolate chambers. The odor of the blossoms fairly turned Esther faint and sick. On days when she had energy enough to feel acutely, she hated them as if they had been living things.

Does it all sound unusual to you? Never say that of any description of suffering; none could be imagined by any human mind which has not been experienced by some human being.

It was the close of a June day. Esther had been far up the river in her skiff, drifting along among the mountain shadows, trying to weary herself physically, and at last she rowed her boat toward the shore just above the house.

As she stepped on the bank, she saw a man standing there—she heard her name pronounced.

"Mrs Rivers? Surely it is Mrs. Rivers?"

She had not been thus addressed in months—the words stung her like a blow. Her first impulse was to pass on without response.

"I trust you have not forgotten me," he continued; "I am Arthur Vance."

She paused then, and forced herself to speak a few commonplace words of greeting.

"I was too much surprised to see you here to remember you at first," she said.

"Oh, you know my profession of artist leads me into all sorts of out-of-the-way nooks," he replied.

She asked no question; she had not fairly looked at him yet—he belonged to the old life.

"I have been here for several days," he went on, "and I have found such lovely studies. I heard you were living near the old farm-house, where I have taken up my quarters. I have been wondering if I might attempt the liberty of calling."

"I don't receive visitors," she replied, coldly.

"Don't speak so harshly!" he exclaimed, with a boyish impetuosity that made her ashamed of her rudeness. "You used to talk to me about my pictures, and come to my studio sometimes. I fairly thought we were friends. Excuse me if I am not polite. You know I am not a man of the world; I can't help saying what I think and feel, and this place is very lonely. You can't imagine what a charity it would be to let me come and see you sometimes."

Just that speech brought him clearly to her remembrance—she had half forgotten him. The last winter she had spent in town he had made his reputation by the production of several beautiful pictures. She herself had helped to bring the young man into notice, just because it was her caprice for the moment. She had received him at her house, started him in society, and then forgotten him in the sudden sweep of sword and pestilence across her soul.

She remembered now how he had pleased her with his frank, impulsive manners; he had been truthful, loyal, a faithful student. She recollected often thinking him so different from men in general, and wondering whether it was because circumstances had not yet developed his worse qualities, or whether there were men in the world born like women to be dupes and sufferers.

While she was recalling these things, Vance stood before her talking eagerly of the beautiful scenery, the work he meant to do, the pleasure he had in meeting her, and adding, with a sort of child-like manner at times natural to him,

"Now, please, you won't be stately, and put

me off at arm's length! I always want some impetus to make me work; to know that you will look over my sketches, and talk about them with me, will be a great inducement."

She looked at him, fairly marveling to hear any human being speak in a voice so ringing and true; to see any man's face wear such an impress of honesty and determination.

He was not absolutely a handsome man, but his face lighted up beautifully; his gray eyes were full of genius and sensibility; his smile, somewhat rare, was a pleasant thing to see; and though in his summer blouse, with his portfolio slung over his arm, he appeared a thorough gentleman. He looked very unlike the flock of men who had helped to make up her old surroundings.

It was that very difference which made her receive his advances civilly. If he had been brilliant and stylish, talked the jaded nothings of a man of the world, she would have left him indifferently, and never thought of him again; as it was, she said,

"If you choose to call on me, I will introduce you to my aunt, but you will find very little to repay you for your trouble."

"Oh, dear me!" he exclaimed; "I wish I might go now; but I suppose this blouse is not a presentable costume."

Esther fairly laughed.

"Since you take that ground to beg for an invitation, I must ask you to walk home with me—you shall have your tea at least."

"Oh, thank you! Now I recognize you! It was always your frankness and pleasant way which helped to make you so unlike the women of your world."

"It is not my world," she answered, abruptly.

He looked at her with a quick glance of pity.

"No," he said, "you ought to have belonged to our world—I mean, it always seemed to me you ought to have been a writer, or an artist—"

She checked him with a bitter smile; his words recalled her old dreams, her girlish fancies.

"Talk to me of your sketches," she said, "of yourself; there is nothing left of me to talk about."

An ordinary woman would have used such words to invite sympathy; Vance understood what they meant from her lips, he was not to speak of her in any way. He was silent for a moment, and when he spoke again, it was to make some remark concerning the picturesqueness of the old house they were approaching.

Esther led the way into the hall, and to the

room where she was certain to find her taciturn relative.

The old lady's ear caught the quick step, and she stared hard with her purblind gaze at the unusual sight of a visitor.

"Aunt," said Esther, "let me present Mr. Arthur Vance to you; he is an artist whom I used to know, and asks occasionally to infect himself with our dullness while he remains in this neighborhood."

"How do you do, sir?" returned Miss Grant. "If you choose to shake hands with a blind old woman, come and do it. I knew your father long before you were born; he was an honest man, and that's saying a great deal. I don't suppose you can be like him, for two honest men would be too much to expect of one family."

Vance laughed a little at the oddity of the speech, shook the cold hand she extended, and said,

"I hope you will try to believe a little good of me for my father's sake."

"I never believe anything," returned Miss Grant. "Just now I want my tea, and so do you, I dare say."

"Indeed I do," returned Vance. "I assure you a day's hard sketching gives a man a very unromantic appetite."

"So much the better; I hate romance! Why didn't you turn pedlar instead of artist?"

"On account of the difference in the pack I should have had to carry," he replied, laughing again.

"How old are you?" demanded the unsuspicious spinster.

"Twenty-eight," he said, quietly, as if the question had been the most ordinary one in the world.

"Twenty-eight, and you can laugh like that? So could your father. Well, it would be odd if you turned out a decent man, too!"

"Then you will at least like my laugh?"

"Yes; mine sounds like thorns crackling under a dinner-pot; and Esther's——"

"Oh, never mind mine, aunt!" she interrupted.

"But I do mind it," retorted Miss Thankful; "it sounds like a wind out of an open grave—the only consolation is, I don't hear it very often."

"Shall I ring for the tea, aunt?"

"No; Jane Flint has been punctual for ten years—we'll see if she gives in at the end."

But, true to the moment, Jane at that instant appeared with the tea-tray, and the meal was made ready.

As a general thing, Thankful Grant hated to

be helped in any manner, doing everything for herself that her glazed sight would permit; but Vance contrived to pull the table toward her and make her comfortable in a variety of small ways, without calling forth a reproof from her lips.

He talked a great deal, and he talked easily and well; he made Esther converse more than she had done in a year; and if Miss Thankful did not speak much, she at least listened without sign of disapproval, or any frosty sarcasm, such as she was wont to nip people's eloquence with.

He spent the evening with them, and did not remember to go until Jane Flint appeared to accompany Miss Grant to her room.

"Good-night," said the old woman; "you'll always find our tea-table ready at the same hour, and you'll be welcome at it just as often or as seldom as you choose to come."

"I only hope I shan't make you repent your invitation," he answered.

"Good-night, Mrs. Rivers."

She could not hear that name without a shudder.

"May I come to-morrow afternoon and row you up the river?"

She assented, walked to the outer door with him, and stood looking absently into the troubled moonlight. Many times Arthur Vance turned to watch that still form; but she did not see him, her thoughts had gone away into their chill vacancy. He passed on, but even into sleep the mournful beauty of those eyes haunted him, and the sad undertone of that voice repeated itself through all his dreams.

I do not know if you have gained any idea of Arthur Vance, as he appears to me, from the little description I have given on the few words he has spoken.

He had not made his genius an excuse for yielding to every temptation which offered itself; he had not, while professing to be an earnest student of nature, rendered his soul blind to her mysteries by a life of sensual indolence, and, though young still, he had already begun to reap his reward.

He was true and honest; his friendships had not been the caprice of an hour; loyal to men, faithful to women, and conscious that the real awakening for his heart had not arrived, he kept it pure, instead of blackening the altar with incense burned to every new priestess that an impassioned fancy might have erected there.

During that previous winter, Esther Rivers had been a new revelation of womanhood to his mind. He saw her as she really was, very

unlike the cold, worldly woman which the world believed her. He recognized the impetuous, passionate nature which had known such glowing dreams in early youth; he saw what a disappointment and wreck her life had become; he understood the wild utterance that burned, at times, in her eyes, and he pitied her as only a pure-minded man can pity a struggling, desperate woman.

The time came when he found that other thoughts had stolen into his mind; then he put himself sternly beyond the reach of her influence. He felt that in her, warped and distorted as her nature had become, he had found the nearest likeness he should ever find to his ideal; but beyond those feelings, and the bitterness of their pain, he was not conscious of having wandered.

Then came the final catastrophe at which the whole world wondered for a brief season. He knew that she had broken loose from the yoke when it galled too harshly to be longer borne; but nothing farther concerning her reached his ears.

When he came to the valley he was unaware of her presence; but the mention of her name had forced his interest into new action; and that chance meeting, that glance into her desolate life, that pale, worn face, with such promises of unrealizable happiness still in it, had torn his very soul with pity, mingled with such adoration as had made him instinctively bend the knee before some Mater Dolorosa of the old masters.

Through the late glory of the following afternoon they were floating down the beautiful river, and Arthur Vance's musical voice had taken Esther's soul farther beyond her troubles than it had done during the length of that blossomless year.

There was not the most distant allusion to her desolation. He understood that what she needed was to be roused out of herself, and he talked on every imaginative subject that could touch the old buried enthusiasm, and appealed so frankly for sympathy in his own pursuits, that she could but listen and grow calm.

While they were sitting with Miss Grant that evening, he said suddenly,

"Have you no piano here, Mrs. Rivers?"

"There is one in the drawing-room," she answered, "but it must be dreadfully out of tune—I have not opened it since I came."

"There's a tuning key in that drawer," said Thankful, "if Mr. Vance knows how to use it; only, if you drum, don't do it loud for me to hear."

Vance promised not to disturb her, found the key, and insisted upon Esther's showing him the piano at once.

"I am starved for music," he said; "I have not played in weeks—fragments of 'the songs without words' have haunted me all day."

He knew her love of music, and he felt certain that it would be of service to her; she needed some shock to break the apathetic spell which had seized her faculties—the old inspiration might do that.

Esther led the way to the drawing-room—in perfect order, thanks to Jane Flint, though never used, a degree more old-fashioned in its decorations than the usual sitting-room. The only modern thing in the apartment was the piano, which Esther had sent out a few years before when she thought of visiting the place.

"Now go away, please," said Vance; "I am not going to torture your ears with the tuning process."

Esther left the room and wandered out of the house, walking for a long time in sight of the moonlit river. As she approached the dwelling a delicious harmony made her pause. Vance was playing a strain from Beethoven, a wild, spiritual rondo, from one of the symphonies which sounds as if some spirit, newly freed and still oppressed by this earth's troubles, were questioning and receiving consolation from a mighty archangel.

The chord was struck—down on her knees sank Esther Rivers, and tears, that refreshed her as no tears had done for months, rushed from her eyes. When she grew calm, she stole into the house and entered the drawing-room. Vance had put out the lamp; but the moonlight crept in through the bay window, and in that delicious gloom he drew the hidden life from the cold, white keys, till Esther's pulses rose and throbbed in new harmony.

For a long time he neither noticed or addressed her. At length he turned from the instrument, saying gently,

"Has it done you good?"

"Thank you," she answered; "I understand now."

"And to-morrow will you try for yourself?" he continued. "Will you sing to me then?"

She bowed her head.

"I must go now," he said; "I hope I have not disturbed Miss Grant."

"Miss Grant is here," said a voice from the door.

They turned—there she stood upright and grim.

"You must be the devil," she said; "I

haven't listened to anybody's music in twenty years."

With those words she turned about, summoned Jane Flint in a voice like an iron trumpet's, and betook herself to bed.

The days dreamed by; summer deepened to its fullest prime. There are no words to paint the charmed afternoons with their golden haze; the glory of the purple nights; the broad splendor of the harvest moon; the weird melodies the river sang as it hurried away under the blossom-twined cliffs.

Day after day Arthur Vance lingered in the valley, wandering with Esther among the hills, talking to her while he sketched, reading sweet poets when he paused to rest; at evening teaching the piano to talk inspiringly to her heart, making her sing in her rich contralto voice, till her own pain was hushed under the harmony, and his soul floated all unaware farther into the charmed world.

Had there been a touch of consciousness in either mind at that season, I should despise both, but as it was, the sympathy which bound them had no sex; it was the free communion of two kindred natures that had put earth aside, as may happen for a brief season, and met without restraint or earthly shadow in the beautiful realm to which they had strayed.

She did not think even when, his lips hesitating one day over that name which always brought her a pang, she said,

"Call me Esther—they all do here."

From that time he addressed her thus, and the word came like a blessing in his low tones; but neither wakened.

One evening he had not come at the usual hour, Esther wandered up and down the long piazza, sat a brief space at the piano, playing snatches of melodies she had caught from him, oppressed by a vague restlessness which was not pain. Oh! as unlike the Esther of the past years as if her soul had reached its resurrection morn, and stood, too bewildered and entranced to think, upon the shore of the Infinite.

A step roused her; Thankful Grant stood by the piano peering into her face with her dim eyes.

"I am going to bed," were her first words; "my back aches so I know it will rain in just three days; I shall keep my bed till it's over."

"Can I do anything for you, aunt?" Esther asked.

"Nothing but let me alone; my back's mine, and I'm my backs—if it wants to ache, it must and shall."

Esther's hands strayed idly over the keys.

"Humph!" said Thankful, suddenly. "Esther Grant!"

"Well?"

"Have you made up your mind to get a divorce?"

Esther started to her feet, looking like the ghost of the woman who had sat there an instant before.

"What do you mean? How dare you?" she exclaimed.

"Then don't play any more Beethoven, and show your painter the way home; now I'll take my back and go."

She passed straight out of the room, and Esther sank slowly into her seat, hiding her face in her clasped hands; those words had been the lightning flash that showed her soul where it stood.

A voice called,

"Esther, Esther!"

There was a power and a passion in the tone which tore her very heart-strings. She looked up—in the door-way stood Arthur Vance; one glance at his face was enough—he had, also, heard her aunt's words.

"Esther, Esther!" he repeated, in a whisper that made her dizzy and faint; but through all her confusion and blindness she could see him kneeling at her feet, hear him utter her name.

Esther knew that Arthur Vance was uttering passionate words of love, that the flood-gates had been swept aside, and the mighty torrent, whose gathering force she had not even suspected, was sweeping down upon her soul.

After those first instants of bewilderment and fright there was a season—she could never tell whether it lasted moments or hours—during which the whole material world reeled out of sight, and no sound or thought save that man's voice could reach her.

Suddenly back upon her mind rushed the words her aunt had spoken; she tore her hands from Arthur's clasp and pushed him aside.

He looked into her eyes with a reproach which cut her to the heart, and yet filled her with a momentary thrill of irritation that she should feel such pain.

"You won't send me from you, Esther?" he pleaded; "you cannot be so cruel to yourself and me?"

"Go away," she said, hoarsely; "I can't think—I can't talk. Go."

"Only answer me, Esther; you do love me—say that you do."

"God help me!" she muttered, "and I never knew it."

"Esther, Esther! my love! my darling!"

While that passionate cry dazzled her senses again, she felt Vance's arms clasped anew about her, and his lips raining kisses on her forehead and hands.

Once more she struggled away; her face grew ashen, and her voice was sharp with shame and remorse, as she cried out,

"Arthur Vance, I am another man's wife."

"Don't speak such cruel words! In the sight of God you are already free—man's law will make you equally so before the world. Oh, Esther, let us be happy! Have pity on yourself as well as me; remember the past—think of all you have suffered—do not reject the happiness which opens before us now."

Those solemn words of the marriage service rushed to her lips, not from any direct volition of her own, but as if some unseen influence had uttered them through her,

"What God hath joined, let not man put asunder."

"It is not you who have done it, Esther; that man has wrought all the sin; but his acts leave you free as though he had never cast his shadow across your path. The sin, the crime would have been in continuing the wife of him who had broken every vow, and rendered that marriage void and null. But his wrong doing has no right to wreck your whole life. You are more widely separated than if death itself had parted you; free to choose your own course—free to claim the happiness which every human being has a right to expect."

"I cannot think," she moaned, "all the old landmarks are swept away! God help me! I have no guide, nowhere to cling!"

"Take my hand, Esther; trust yourself to me, I will not lead you astray. This great love could not misguide; believe in it, cling to it, Esther, and it shall be a light to show us across these mists into a new world, where the sunshine shall never fade."

Then she listened to his earnest pleading until the doubts and shame which had racked her were dulled for a space. He was telling her of the future which lay before them; he opened his manly heart, and revealed the treasure of love hidden there. He employed every argument which his eloquence could furnish to prove to her that in the sight of God and man she had a right to hold herself free; every sophistry, but truth to him then, with which the world has sanctioned the breaking of the most holy covenant, and claimed for truth as Vance did.

Verily there was reason, there was a show of right under it all; heaven itself could not

demand the sacrifice of a whole life to a bond which had no longer, from the man's sin, anything sacred in its hold. It was now only a broken shackle, which galled her heart, and held her a prisoner from her own weakness, since, with a single effort, she might wrench it away, sweep every trace of the past aside, and pass into a future as completely separated from it as if she had entered a new world.

But it was not these arguments which moved her most; she listened and tried to believe, when he told her that God gives every human being a right to be happy, that the blind superstition which could make her still cling to the wreck from which every hope, every living thing had gone down, was madder, more fanatical than the frenzy which makes the Indian woman cast herself upon the funeral pyre of her husband—it was not any of these things which most deeply touched and swayed her.

But when he talked of her as his wife; painted their future as it should pass honored and blessed by the world's sanction, and made so beautiful by their love, it seemed as if heaven opened to her sight, and she had but to extend her hand and be lifted forever into its glory.

It had grown very late; the house was so still that it seemed as if they were solitary in the world; the full radiance of the moon lay about them like a promise of bliss; and still Arthur Vance talked with all the power and strength of a man whose whole soul is in his words.

And it was—every argument was truth to him—the language wherein he could describe his love, only too weak to express its depth and purity. Esther was torn and weak with emotion; a thousand diverse thoughts tugged at her soul and made her powerless.

"Only go away to-night," she pleaded; "I cannot talk; give me time to think—only a little time."

He saw how pale and faint she was, and took pity on her; he turned to go—at the door he paused. Once more that mighty love surged up and swept every reflection before it. He caught her again in his arms; he pressed his lips upon hers till his kisses seemed to reach her very soul, and become a thrall which she could never again cast aside.

She dragged herself wearily away from him, so weak and faint that she could hardly walk, tottered across the room, and disappeared before he could speak.

She was unconscious how she reached her chamber, whether the hours that intervened had been wasted in insensibility; but when the

early summer dawn struggled into the sky, she was lying on her bed gazing straight before her, every sense stupified, every limb rigid, as if she had just been roused from a cataleptic trance.

Then a dull, cold pain stirred at her heart, like a numbed snake uncoiling itself, grew sharper, and extended, till every fibre of her frame responded with physical agony to the suffering in her soul.

Through the closed blinds gleams of daylight shot in and troubled her with their curious glances. She shrouded her face in the counterpane, and tried to sleep; but there was no eastern drug which could have lulled her to repose then.

How long before Hannah knocked at the door she could not tell; she had just sense and strength enough left to answer that she was unwell, and should not leave her room that day. Then she was left to herself once more.

Without sleep which could bring forgetfulness, or any tangible thought to steady her mind upon, the forenoon dragged away. Later, she heard steps on the verandah; every nerve was so overstrung that her hearing was acute to absolute pain; she knew that Vance had come; she heard his voice in parley with Hannah—then his retreating steps.

More hours of mad restlessness; then her soul fixed upon one word Arthur had spoken, and held to it as if it had been an anchor in the storm. His wife! his wife!—only that; but it was a spell which, after a time, deadened pain, and raised a magic circle against chaotic thought.

Her last bodily strength gave way, and she sank slowly to sleep with those words upon her lips.

The sun was setting when she awoke. Hannah had entered the room and was bending over the bed; she had opened the shutters, and the dull red of evening, precursor of a storm, shot across the chamber.

"Are you better?" asked the girl.

Esther looked at her wonderingly; she could not recall her dreams, but it seemed as if her soul had been absent from this world, and it was with a struggle that it returned.

She rose from the bed and began to dress.

"I shall bring you some tea and something to eat," said the girl. "Miss Grant's in bed, too; she won't get up, though there ain't much the matter."

By the time Esther was ready, the girl returned with her tea and such edibles as she deemed might please a sick fancy.

It was already twilight when Esther de-

scended the stairs and entered the drawing-room. Hannah had only lighted the lamps in the hall, and they cast just radiance enough through the apartment to make a pleasant gloom. Esther lay down upon the sofa, and the girl left her to herself—lay there listening to the rising swell of the wind, and the beat of the rain upon the trees.

For a long time there was no other sound; at last the outer door opened; the rush and whirl in her mind began again, and the physical pain responded to it as before.

Arthur Vance had entered the drawing-room and stood looking vaguely about in the gloom. He saw her, and hurried toward the couch; she put up her hands as if in sudden fear.

"You are not afraid of me, Esther?" he said. "You are ill—I have killed you! Let me sit by you; I won't distress you by word or look—at least accept my companionship in your loneliness."

He drew a chair close to the couch and sat down, talking kindly and gently, but not a word that could agitate her; and at last a delicious feeling of rest crept over her.

Hours after, when his influence had so calmed her that she could bear, without more than a passing trouble, what he wished to say, he whispered softly,

"We will not think—we will not question! For a few days let us be quiet here, away in this charmed land where the world cannot reach us."

She let him go, and rested upon those words; they had a peace in their meaning which carried her away into quiet dreams, and preserved her physical force, so that it could bear up against the shock which might otherwise have proved dangerous, so completely had it shaken the innermost depths of her being.

The next day he came, and there were long, peaceful hours which bore Esther on toward strength, though the foundation was, in a measure, upon a false security—for she was giving herself more and more to the plea that he urged; not, if she had argued the matter, so much from faith in the doctrine of which he strove to make her a votary, as from the great love that had so unconsciously grown up in her heart.

And it was love; not the affection a young girl gives, and which is half from that necessity of loving that belongs to extreme youth, half made up of dreams and ideal imaginings, but the love of a soul matured by suffering; the love of a heart womanly and pure in spite of all thwarting influences, which recognized its likeness in the man beloved, and sprang courage.

ously forward to grasp its long-delayed happiness.

What wonder if she snatched at this promise of peace, and cried to herself that she had a right to claim it?

Think what her life had been! Remember how the dream of her youth had been torn away, not dispelled slowly, so that her eyes could become accustomed to the dull gray of the actual, and able to trace a path through its mists, but rudely, without warning, leaving her stone blind, with every heart-chord torn and strained; every good feeling shocked by fiendish treachery; every delicate sense wounded and bleeding; vice and sin bared to her shrinking gaze, and ruthlessly forced upon it, till the last trust in humanity died out, and she flung herself down among the ashes of her ruined offerings, and called upon the desecrated altars to crush her.

Recollect the long, terrible year of loneliness which had followed; not a break to let a ray of blue sky through; not a single breath of Eden wind to bring strength on its fragrant breath. And now the contrast. The old life, with its clouds from spent tempests, its ruins, its pale corpses, its charnel-house odors, not alone securely shut out, but hurled resolutely into the past, to be as much beyond all possibility of contact as that life which we sometimes fancy was ours before this sphere claimed us.

Was it strange that she faltered? Was it to be wondered at that she caught at new creeds which have a great show of reason in them; strained after new doctrines which, if this world were several hundred years nearer the millennium, might become as feasible and right as they are beautiful and freedom giving?

So the days passed, and on the third Arthur Vance said,

"See, Esther, the storm is over, the rainbow is out; it is a sign that we may come back to the lower world and find peace."

She began to tremble.

"Don't make me think, Arthur! I have been at rest; you will bring all the blackness back—don't make me think!"

"Let me think for you, darling; trust yourself in my hands."

Many women would have done this blindly, childishly; and, perhaps, afterward, if shame had come, reproached him with having led them on—but not Esther. As in the future, if she accepted her new life, she would bear bravely a full share of the blame, if blame there were; so in the contemplation of that act she must exercise her own judgment, and stretch out her hand half way to meet his.

"If I believed what I asked wrong, I would tear my heart out sooner than urge it upon you," he said; "but you are mine by that love which binds our souls; the acts necessary to free you from your trammels are no more in reality than a law process would be to enable you to procure any other property belonging to you—and what you claim is your freedom, your life."

It was strange, but his very arguments brought up in stronger force the beliefs which had been with her always.

"What God hath joined let not man put asunder," she repeated.

"But the bond is broken, Esther, and not by your act—you are free from sin. You do not consider that man your husband?"

"No, no!"

"You would not, under any circumstances, believe it right for you to return and live with him as his wife, after he has by his sins annulled your marriage?"

"God is my witness that I could not!"

"Then you are free! There are superstitions, dead scruples that make you hesitate, without force in the eyes of every liberal-minded man."

She was trying to recall a passage in the old, old Book, but it would not come clearly to mind; God help her, in her tempest of the past years she had forgotten too much to seek its counsels with an understanding heart.

Then all recollection of the words faded under the spell of his voice, for he had ceased to argue. He was telling her of the life that should be theirs, the sweet haven of rest, and the new day; there was his stronghold, more potent far than all the worldly arguments or metaphysical creeds that he could repeat.

"We would travel, Esther; not among the ruins of the old world—we are sick of men and the sight of their follies! Such journeys into the far West—only think of the broad prairies; and, farther on, the life-giving wind of the mountains! Then I could turn my years of study to account—with you by my side, what pictures I should paint."

"And every picture would be a part of our lives," she murmured.

He saw her color come and go; her eyelids droop; her lips part in a smile, which brought the old beauty back to her face, and he hurried on.

"And the tropical scenery that you love so much, oh, we will find that out first! Don't you remember that description we were reading of that old Chilian city? We shall have one of

those picturesque houses at the foot of the hills with the sea in front—just us two in the world alone! Think of the long, golden days; the nights with such moonlight as they saw in Eden, sharing every pleasure, every task, our lives growing always more closely into one, till even death could not separate us, but needing either must claim both."

Could she think—was reflection possible? She only leaned nearer him till there was no sight in all the world but his face, no sound but the music of his voice.

"You will go with me, Esther? Think, every day wasted is so much happiness lost; eternity itself can never give back an hour of neglected bliss! You will go, darling!"

The scent of the tropical wind seemed dizzing her brain; she heard the wave of the palm-trees whispering peace and rest; the low rush of the silver sea bade her come; and, in the midst of those entrancing sights and sounds, that face bent nearer hers and made the heaven more real.

"Come, Esther, come!"

The very words the blessed palms and the silver sea had uttered,

"Come, Esther, come!"

Away over the molten billows into the new world, the fadeless Eden, and stronger in reality than if she had yielded to the force of human philosophy, because she yielded to the might of love and the soul which had grown the mightier part of her soul; she folded her hands in his with only one conscious thought, one overwhelming desire to be gone—at once; not a moment left for fear or doubt—away into the shadow of the palm-trees, and within reach of the syren voice of the silver sea.

The sun had set, the twilight had floated on; that glory which is neither of night or day rested on all things, and through its peace they wandered back to the old house among the cedars.

All that evening the spell lasted, grew more strong with every word he uttered, every strain that he played; and distinctly through all, so blending with his words and his music, that each seemed to grow out of the other; she heard the Southern utterance of the palms and the voice of the sea, passionate with the fervor of the Southern skies.

He was gone; Esther was alone in her chamber. The moon had been shut out; the lamps were lighted on the table—it seemed to bring her back from the world where she had been lost, down into the finite again.

She was on her bended knees before the table,

and the open Bible was spread out before her. As if some unseen agency guided, her hands turned the very pages that held such counsels as might befit the strait wherein she found herself.

It was a changed face now which bent over the sacred volume—a white, anguish-stricken face, that the angels near must have pitied and pleaded for indeed!

Up through the stillness went a low sob, which bore a breaking heart on its tone, and Esther, groveling upon the floor, tugging at her bosom in blind agony, as if to tear out that crushed heart which murmured so.

The spasm passed; tears came, but not freely; perhaps prayers, though she was unconscious of it; only the angels must have watched her still, or she could not have escaped even with life from that crisis.

It was almost daylight, and Esther sat at her table with the letter to Arthur complete under her hand. There were no tears now, no struggles, they belonged to the life that had died that night.

I shall not give you her letter. It was thus it ended:

"If I obtained my freedom only to marry the man I loved, how would my sin be less than his? I should only be trying to give a lawful covering, which should show fair to the world and shield my guilt.

"I have told you that I cannot argue upon this point. I do not even say that to those who can believe, divorce may be not pardonable in the sight of God as it is in the eyes of men; for myself, I can only cling to the one way open to me.

"That I have loved you I need not repeat; that this world can only be a night of waiting until I stand by your side in eternity you know as well as I; but so it must remain. Life is forever—the suspense here a brief one; for the sake of a little happiness, I cannot cloud the bliss which may be ours beyond this shore, in some existence which our souls must reach at length.

"I am calm—calmer than I have been in years! Arthur, farewell! Once more let me write the words—lover, friend—farewell!"

If she had given up the whole world for him, she could not have offered so great a proof of her love as in this utter self-abnegation. It was over—the final sacrifice was made.

In the gray of the early morning, Thankful Grant was awakened by a cold hand laid upon her arm, and a voice like that of the dead, crying,

"Wake up! wake up!"

There Esther stood prepared for her journey. It needed but a few words to tell her story.

"I am going away at once; when he is gone, I will come back to you. Try to love me a little; let us do what we can to reach toward the light together. Good-by."

And through the early morning Esther was driven swiftly away, and once more she left the ruins of a world behind her.

A week after, she was settled in the outskirts of a quiet town, the guest of an old governess who had known and loved her during her childish days.

That she was not more wretched than ever before I shall not say; nor did the consciousness of having done her duty always uphold her. Often she cried out,

"If I have erred, after all; wrecked his life who loved me, and so sinned doubly! Surely, my part in this world is done, and yet death will not take me."

Everything gone—destroyed—burned away; sitting among the ashes of life and waiting for them to freeze her last heart-throbs under their coldness.

The autumn came and found her there; no news from without had broken the seclusion; but now came a brief letter from Thankful Grant. Arthur Vance had sailed for Europe; she could return, and that seemed the only course left to her.

The two friends had driven into the town, and Esther was to wait at the hotel while her hostess transacted some business.

As they drove through the usually quiet streets, it was evident some wild excitement prevailed; and when they reached the inn, the crowd was so great that they could hardly gain admittance.

The answers came fast enough in response to their questions. There had been a railway accident just below the village; several of the sufferers—several who would never suffer any more—had been brought to the house.

"I shall go in, Esther," said her friend; "I may be of some use—drive on to the other hotel."

"I shall go in, too. Why should I shrink more than you from suffering?"

They entered the house, and the landlady and physicians were glad of such help as Miss Ransom was sure to give.

They passed the room where the mutilated forms were lying, an hour before, full of life and the eager plans of a journey; they ascended to the chambers where the injured persons had been carried; you know what Esther found there.

"The most good you can do is here," said the surgeon, pausing before a door; "the poor fellow is entirely unconscious—I doubt if he will ever recover his senses again. Miss Ransom, if you will go in there Mrs. Haven will show you what to do; and if this lady will follow me, I will take advantage of her offer and get her to remain with another unfortunate until the nurses arrive."

Esther followed him into the chamber to which he led the way.

"You have just to bathe her head and keep her quiet," he whispered; "she is only suffering from severe bruises and fright. If she can get asleep without fever setting in she will soon be up again."

He went away to more pressing duties, and Esther walked toward the bed where the stranger lay.

"Who is there?" called a voice sharp with pain and excitement. "I thought I was to be left alone here to die. Are you the nurse?"

"I am going to stay with you until the nurse comes," replied Esther; "you must be quiet and try to sleep."

The woman started up on her pillow and looked at her, gave one shiver that was like mortal terror, and remained silent. The light fell full upon her face—the pale, delicate face, about which the golden hair had broken loose and was drooping in rich masses; the face that Esther knew so well, which she had seen many times smiling, scornful, defiant, which now looked at her with such sickening dread; the face of the woman for whom Clancy Rivers had forgotten the last instincts of honor and faith.

For moments they remained looking into each other's eyes with that fascinated stare; then the injured woman cried out,

"You had better not come here; I know you, Mrs. Rivers."

"And you are Nathalie Vigne," returned Esther.

Both voices sounded fairly cold; there was no scene—no outbreak of emotion.

"Go away!" exclaimed the sufferer, at length. "I wonder you don't spring at my throat and tear me in pieces."

Before Esther could speak, or in any way collect her thoughts, the excitement brought back Nathalie Vigne's terrible nervous spasms; and at the sight of her rolling in delirious agony upon her pillow, tearing her long, fair hair, and uttering broken cries, Esther could only remember that she beheld a human being who must be helped, unless she would have the danger of the crisis on her head.

For an hour she was working over the unconscious creature. Even in the exigency of the time Esther could but feel a nameless thrill as her hands touched the writhing form, or slipped away from the golden curls as if they had been serpents.

When Nathalie recovered her senses, and the spasmodic writhings ceased, she was so weak that she could not utter a syllable, and the opiates she had swallowed took a speedy effect; but she was perfectly conscious, recognizing Esther, and watching her always with a wondering stare out of those childish, blue eyes, which had wrought ruin and shame wherever she turned.

She slept, and then Esther stole away to the room where she had left Miss Ransom. Her friend started up when she entered and motioned her to turn back.

"Don't come here," she whispered; "don't."

"Hush!" returned Esther; "I know already. Go into the other room—to her; I shall stay here."

Miss Ransom went out; Esther approached the bed and looked down upon her husband. His eyes were closed; the face was not injured; the deep, labored breathing, the strained muscles told the whole—the injury was upon the brain.

It was a strange meeting, a strange vigil to keep; you will wonder what her thoughts were—very few, quiet enough.

She was not even remembering the past as she sat there performing such simple duties as were necessary; just stunned and passive, with only energy sufficient to do what lay before her.

After a time, there was a consultation of the surgeons, and she learned that if the sufferer finally recovered, it would be with his mind so shattered that, for the remainder of his life, it would be weak as that of an ailing child.

Then she made arrangements to stay there and nurse him, settling all inquiries, heedless of the looks of wonder, by the words,

"He is my husband—I am Mrs. Rivers."

In the night Miss Ransom came to her; Nathalie Vigne would not rest until she had seen her; every moment of excitement was endangering her life—there could be no hesitation.

Esther found her sitting up in bed, her eyes blazing with fever, all her old beauty heightened into something absolutely terrible by bodily and mental pain.

"I don't know if I am dying," she cried out; "I am not afraid of that, any way; but I must speak to you—I can't lie here with your curse on my soul."

"You do not," replied Esther; "you may believe that."

"But you hate me; you must long to kill me."

"I never felt that toward the Nathalie Vigne of old times," she answered. "I think you were very little in my mind; the fact that my husband could wrong me was all I could remember—what did I care about the woman?"

"Then you did not love him?—he said you were ice!"

"Perhaps so," returned Esther; "the wrong must have been partly mine."

"You know he is here—that he is injured, too. They wouldn't let me go to him."

"I left his room to come to you," said Esther.

"I can't understand it," cried the provincial, tossing aloft her white arms. "I have written books—I thought I knew human nature: There you sit, talking quietly to me—you, the injured wife—I, a woman the world calls lost and reckless! You ought to be cursing me, and I overwhelmed with shame. How is this?—what does it mean?"

"I can't answer you," replied Esther; "I am not good either—I have been wicked in my thoughts, at least. I feel that this hour must be meant as a warning to you, as a means of expiation to me."

"What do you mean? Are you going to live with your husband after this? Suppose I won't give him up—he loves me?"

"He will never know either you or me again."

"Is he dead—my God, dead?"

"No; but if he lives, his mind will never be restored."

Nathalie Vigne cowered down among the pillows and was silent for a time. Suddenly she started up again, flung out her arms, crying,

"It don't answer! I really believed my wrong was right. I said love was above human law—it don't answer! All my beauty, all my talent has only made me a fiend! I thought my new doctrines were to work good, but eternity itself can't make amends for the harm I have done."

"They will tell you it is never too late," said Esther.

"But do you believe it, do you?" she shrieked.

"If you can pardon and believe, maybe I can find pardon."

"You have mine," answered Esther.

"Can you pray?" exclaimed Nathalie: "not as men pray, with their lips; but pray, and put your soul in it?"

"I can now," said Esther; "but it is only lately."

"I won't make a Methodist tract of myself," she cried. "If I thought I was dying, I wouldn't

do it at all; you know what I mean—it don't sound wicked to you. I wouldn't repent from fright. But I would like to hear you pray."

Esther knelt by the bed-side and prayed as she had done on the night she left her aunt's house, not for Nathalie Vigne's sins—what had she to do with them? but that they might both have light, and patience, and submission.

Before it ended, Nathalie was weeping tears which cooled her fever and her soul.

"You shall decide! Do you want me to take care of him?" at last said Nathalie.

"No," said Esther; "he was my husband. If I have sinned, this must be my expiation."

"Be it so," replied Nathalie; "and mine must be to go away from him forever; because, look you, if he was blind, maimed, hideous, idiotic, I should love him still. I'll go back to France; at least I can burn the books I have written. I'll spend my fortune to buy them up."

"You ought to sleep now," Esther said.

"Yes; and I can, perhaps. In a few days I shall be able to go away; will you come and see me before then?"

"If you wish to see me."

"And—I don't know how to ask it——"

"You want to see him before you go."

"Yes, I do."

"You shall! Good-night. What is it?"

"My mother used to kiss me here, on my forehead; nobody's lips have touched that place since. Would it make you shudder to kiss me there?"

Esther bent over and kissed her. Nathalie gave a long sigh of relief, as if the touch had, in some measure, purified her heart.

"Good-night, now," she whispered, "I shall sleep."

For days there was no perceptible change in Clancy Rivers' condition; but during that time Nathalie Vigne was so much worse as to occasion great alarm. She did not die, however.

She rose from her bed at last, was able to travel; and the moment she could she went away.

The morning of her departure Esther fulfilled her promise. She took her into the chamber where Rivers was lying.

It was a strange scene, but a brief one; and long before Clancy Rivers could be moved, Nathalie was back in her native land, carrying her old energy into her new purpose; and when she had done an act she felt to be right, it seemed to her as if the kiss Esther had pressed upon her forehead was throbbing there anew.

It was late in the autumn when Esther once more returned to the old house among the cedars; and the man who had been her husband was with her.

"Have you found your work?" was all Thankful Grant asked.

"It was too plainly shown for me to mistake," she answered.

Thankful had a stony wonder in her eyes for many a day as she watched Esther; but it softened at last into a feeling which made her old age more human than the past had been.

Clancy Rivers was like a child—he was troubled with no memories. His fancies were usually playful and bright, and it always pleased him to have Esther near.

I am not going to tell you she was content. Often the struggle was almost as hard as in the old years; but she grew patient—ah! that means so much!

Arthur Vance did not return to America—he had no place here. He worked diligently, and his fame grew; but it was years before he could thoroughly convince himself that Esther had acted rightly. Perhaps Nathalie Vigne did more to change his mind and take away the morbid bitterness which tinged his whole life, than any other influence could have done. In that case she worked some good after all.

AT THE SOUTH.

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON

I STAND beneath soft Southern skies
And Southern airs about me blow;
A Southern river gently glides
Beneath me with its silvery flow.

A Southern city's graceful spires,
From masses of dark foliage rise;
And Nature spreads ten thousand charms,
Where'er I turn my ravished eyes,

But, oh! these balmy Southern airs,
So laden with the sounds of strife:
These fields where fratricidal hands
Were raised against the nation's life.

War's sombre clouds close darkly round;
We smart beneath the avenging rod;
But victory and peace must come,
Since right is right, and God is God.

A CLERICAL DILEMMA.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

THERE is a great deal of expression in a carpet-bag; taken in connection with a visit, it marks, with wonderful exactness, the number of days to be spent abroad; and every one who saw the Rev. Miles Shoresdale enter the cars, on a certain Saturday afternoon in June, bag in hand, knew as well as he did, that the time fixed for his return was the following Monday.

The appearance of the gentleman who carried it was youthful and prepossessing in the extreme. It was only a year since the Rev. had been attached to his name; and in that time he had received considerable adulation; but though unmarried, he was not spoiled. He had not yet overcome a nervous uneasiness at officiating in a new place; and this unexpected invitation to Blaseford, a flourishing town in a neighboring State, was particularly exciting. The beautiful little church there was rectorless; but many candidates had tried their hand at it, and found themselves "unequal to the situation;" and the vestry had the unenviable reputation of being particularly hard to get along with.

The young clergyman grew more nervous as he neared the station at which he was to get out, and wondered by what outward token he and Mr. Bettleton were to recognize each other. This was the name subscribed to the letter of invitation, "Erasmus Bettleton;" and as Mr. Shoresdale was to become the guest of the senior church-warden, during his sojourn at Blaseford, he naturally felt some anxiety to identify his host.

Arrived at the railroad station, he walked up and down to no purpose, until a bright idea suddenly struck him, and he concluded to examine some of the numerous vehicles that were drawn up at the side of the depot. A comfortable buggy, with a comfortable-looking man in undisturbed possession of it, attracted his attention; and, by a sort of animal magnetism, the two gentlemen saluted each other by their respective titles.

Yes, this was Mr. Bettleton; but quite a different-looking personage from what the visitor expected; and Mr. Bettleton was making the same mental comment respecting Mr. Shoresdale. But the two were soon on the very best of conversational terms. The young clergyman's

first impressions of his field of labor were decidedly pleasant. Blaseford was a very pretty place, and seemed redolent of wealth and comfort.

Mr. Shoresdale had just removed his traveling-duster, and disembarrassed himself of his bag, when tea was announced; and, on entering the dining-room, his host introduced him, with a flourish, to Mrs. Bettleton—a nervous-looking lady in a black silk dress. So Mr. Bettleton was stout and rosy, Mrs. Bettleton was pale and angular; and housewifely anxiety sat upon her brow during the entire meal.

The quantity and variety of viands were perfectly bewildering. All sorts of cakes that could be baked, or fried, or griddled, seemed to be there; all pickles that ever were invented, sour and sweet, large and small; every sort of preserve that the fertile mind of woman could devise—sweet-cake, with and without fruit, iced and otherwise, from soft gingerbread up to "black plum;" oysters, chicken, tongue, and everything of the meat kind admissible on the tea-table; strawberries and cream, custards and jellies, and everything to drink, hot and cold, that could be manufactured without alcohol—all this to entertain one young clergyman who had never been guilty of eating to excess, and who would have been far more acceptably fed with a plate of strawberries, a slice of home-made bread, and a glass of milk, with a few of the superfluities converted into a vase of flowers for the center of the table.

But not a flower was visible; Mr. Bettleton was one of those men who, without knowing it, sacrifice their wives' very life-blood to their fondness for the table. Poor Mrs. Bettleton's mind and soul were fried, and stewed, and roasted into various pet dishes relished by her lord and master; and if the person for whom this was done ever contrasted her altered looks with those of the bright girl whose youthful bloom had charmed him in years gone by, it was only, perhaps, to think that love was a boyish dream too bright to last.

Therefore, Mrs. Bettleton entertained her clerical visitor in the only way that she knew how; and Mr. Shoresdale left the festive board with an unsatisfied feeling, while his hostess remarked confidentially to a friend that she was

always glad when such visits were over—clergy-men were said to be so fond of good eating that it made a perfect slave of her.

Conversation did not flourish. Soon after supper—it could not be called tea—was disposed of, Mrs. Bettleton mysteriously disappeared, and the junior church-warden, with two of the vestry, came in.

The five men immediately drew their chairs together and entered into a regular “talk.” Mr. Shoresdale was quite confounded by the disclosures with which he was favored respecting the parish: this person’s “meanness,” and that one’s “touchiness,” and another one’s “queerness,” were vividly represented.

He modestly expressed his sense of inability to cope with all these difficulties, and would, if possible, have been excused from the ordeal that awaited him on the morrow; but his apprehensions were overruled, and the church-wardens and vestrymen seemed anxious to do away with all unfavorable impressions.

“There is only one thing,” said Mr. Bettleton, who sat thoughtfully embracing his knees, “and that has proved a stumbling-block to many of the clergy.”

Mr. Shoresdale inquired, with some trepidation, the nature of the “stumbling-block.”

“It is a dog,” replied the senior church-warden, solemnly.

“A dog?” echoed his amazed questioner.

“Oh, yes!” said one of the vestrymen, with a laugh, “that everlasting dog of old Pinford’s, a remarkable quadruped, Mr. Shoresdale, and, unfortunately, much more fond of going to church than his master.”

“The truth is,” observed Mr. Bettleton, confidentially, “that dog is one of the greatest pests that we have. The old judge, his master, who, by-the-way, gave us the ground on which the church stands; got huffed about something or other, and never came to service afterward; but the dog has a queer fashion of getting into church, no one knows how, and presenting himself most unexpectedly in the pulpit or chancel, to the great amusement of the congregation. It is only once in awhile that he makes his appearance, but he is sure to do it on any extra occasion. Why, it was only last week that he preceded a wedding-party up the aisle, furiously barking his disapprobation, till the bride was ready to faint from mortification, and the bridegroom looked anything but ‘happy.’”

“But why is not the animal chained up during service?” asked the astonished clergyman.

“It has been tried,” was the reply, “and didn’t work well; for, as Judge Pinford lives

just over the way, the dog’s unearthly howls spoiled the whole service. Some people maliciously say that old Pinford sends the dog to church as his representative.”

The young clergyman was quite petrified by the absurd nature of the trial in store for him; and as the visitors rose to depart, one of them said kindly,

“Keep a good heart, Mr. Shoresdale—perhaps the enemy won’t show himself, after all, and we will try to be on the watch for him.”

Mr. Bettleton declared that he never heard anything to beat the conduct of that dog—who was a good enough dog in the main, and not a bit vicious, but just *possessed* to go to church; and, likely as not, the first notice he’d give of his being there, would be to pop his head over the pulpit. “But forewarned, you know, is forearmed,” he added, encouragingly, “and, perhaps, between this and service-time, you can invent some plan of dealing with him.”

All night long, canine visions were passing through Mr. Shoresdale’s mind, and disturbing his dreams; and he lay awake wondering what manner of dog this was, and what plan would be most effectual with this annoyance.

Mrs. Bettleton’s breakfast was on the plan of the supper, and the conversation was in the same proportion. Mr. Shoresdale found his own society more agreeable than that of his new acquaintances, and retired to his apartment until the time came to start for church.

It was quite an old-fashioned edifice, and the pulpit was perched up over the reading-desk. The young clergyman had almost succeeded in casting off his embarrassment, and all fear of man, as he entered the chancel, arrayed in priestly vestments, and proceeded to the duties of his sacred office. A large and attentive congregation were gathered around him; and as his rich, youthful voice led the words of prayer, all involuntarily joined in the responses, and entered into the service with heartfelt zeal.

The church-wardens nodded at each other, and the vestrymen exchanged significant looks of approval; while Mr. Shoresdale endeavored to forget that critical eyes were bent upon him, and almost lost sight of the trial he had dreaded.

Even clergymen are not insensible to the presence of an attentive listener; and a very sweet face among the congregation (it was just in front of the chancel,) attracted Mr. Shoresdale’s notice from the first. It was a girl’s face, earnest, rapt, with a truthful, steady gaze that never wavered; and the little, cottage bonnet of plain straw, with its simple white ribbon, seemed just suited to the wearer. Mr. Shores-

dale blamed himself for noticing even the diminutive Prayer Book, with its cover of brown and gold, clasped by a pair of small, daintily-gloved hands; and the young girl looked smaller and slighter from being alone in the large, square pew.

The service had proceeded uninterruptedly to the second lesson, that was being read with reverent impressiveness, when a sort of movement among the congregation disturbed the reader, and directed his attention to the fact that looks of amusement and suppressed smiles were becoming general, sadly interfering with the reverence due to the sanctuary.

He glanced round about him for the cause of this unseemly conduct, but nothing was visible, and he endeavored to proceed as usual; when, perceiving that all eyes had a decided upward tendency, he, too, gazed up at the pulpit, and encountered a pair of wild orbs set in a brown head, that surmounted a smooth, chocolate-colored body securely poised on four legs.

His redoubtable enemy had the start of him, and had taken possession of the pulpit; and the benign expression of countenance with which the dog regarded the amused congregation was so indescribably ludicrous, that Mr. Shoresdale felt his gravity rapidly deserting him, and could only control himself by a powerful effort. How that wretched dog had quietly attained his present elevated position was a perfect puzzle to him; but there he was, and what he would next do to distinguish himself remained to be seen.

The service went on, and the dog remained quietly gazing over the pulpit until the psalm was given out, when he coolly descended and crossed the chancel. The young clergyman's heart beat quickly at this profanation of the holy place; but after a moment's hesitation, his dogship trotted down and stood in the aisle.

Mr. Bettleton, who had been in a state of great nervous agitation respecting the dignity of his office as senior church-warden, felt that the time had now arrived for distinguishing himself; and leaving his pew in a dignified manner, he confronted the intruder, and, with a majestic wave of his hand, advanced toward the church door. The dog stood perfectly still, and gazed after him as though his conduct were altogether inexplicable. The poor church-warden heard an audible tittering, and felt utterly powerless to assert himself.

He maintained his station by the door, apparently in the hope that his antagonist would see the folly of his ways and consent to be ushered into the street; but the case seemed rather hopeless, when, after waiting a suitable time to avoid

interfering with the proceedings of his elder, the junior church-warden, who sported a most formidable bat and cane—which articles he caught up instinctively from the window where they had rested—sallied out in full force, and pointing the cane at the obstinate quadruped, the latter started off on a trot down the aisle.

His pursuer, however, in his zeal, got in advance of him, when the animal suddenly veered around and trotted leisurely back to the chancel. Poor Mr. Silbert was made painfully aware of his defeat and ridiculous position by certain unpleasant sounds which reached him from the adjoining pews; and he remained standing in the aisle and gazing wildly after his tormentor, who, after some consideration, curled himself up at Mr. Shoresdale's feet, and remained perfectly quiet during the remainder of the service.

It would cause less disturbance to let him alone than to attempt to dislodge him, and profanation though it was, the dog was left unmolested; while, during the whole transaction, the young clergyman's manner had betrayed no consciousness of interruption, and the Blaesford people behaved much better in consequence.

Mr. Shoresdale had glanced at the occupant of the square pew once or twice during the strange occurrence, and was struck by the painful embarrassment of her face, with its deepening color, and the total absence of anything like a smile, or even a look of amusement. It was the only grave face in the congregation, and the circumstance gave him pleasure, although somewhat puzzled to account for it.

The dreaded trial had passed off better than the clergyman expected; and when the congregation began to disperse, the dog arose, shook himself, and walked quietly out of the vestry door. Mr. Shoresdale had decided upon a measure that presented itself to him in a favorable point of view; and declining all invitations to dinner, he excused himself to Mr. Bettleton for a short time, and bent his steps toward Judge Pinford's.

Surprised whispers were circulated respecting this movement, but sensible people said it was the best thing that could be done; and, followed by good wishes, the young clergyman crossed the lawn, and found himself in front of a comfortable-looking dwelling, the door of which stood hospitably open.

The sound of voices fell on his ear, and arrested the hand he had just laid upon the bell. Soft, sweet tones, that could only belong to the face in the cottage bonnet, were remonstrating; and the words, "Oh, father! I never felt so mortified! and I do think Don ought

to be sent away, if he cannot be kept out of church," reached him in connection with the reply,

"It's a good test of a man's mettle; and if this young fellow behaved as well as you say, he's the very rector for Blascford; and rector he shall be as sure as my name's John Pinford."

"But is it not rather a hard ordeal for a stranger?" asked Mr. Shoresdale, walking in with a smile. "We read of trials by fire and trials by water, to prove people's worth or virtue—but I never yet heard of a trial by a dog."

The eccentric judge burst into a loud laugh; and then instantly calming himself, he addressed his visitor with respect, and even elegance; while the young lady, with a frightened look of surprise, glided out of the room.

Mr. Shoresdale experienced a momentary embarrassment when confronted with the formidable judge; but, remembering the authority of his office, he gathered courage, and entered upon his mission.

"You are probably surprised at my visit," he began, "and may even consider it ill-timed; but I cannot feel that I am as much out of place here as your dog is in the house of God; and I have come to represent to you the impropriety, not to say wickedness, of such a profanation, and to request that, for the future, you will take measures to prevent it. Think of the feelings of a clergyman, a stranger, subjected to this species of annoyance. I do not speak from interested motives, for I never expect to see the place again; but I speak for the sake of my successors, and all whose sense of reverence will lead them to mourn such needless profanation of the sanctuary."

The judge looked uneasy, and, to quote a popular but impossible performance, "turned all manner of colors."

"Mr. Shoresdale," said he, frankly extending his hand, "I respect your boldness in the performance of duty, and I quite agree with you that the church is no place for a dog. It is unjust, though, to accuse me of sending him there, for he goes entirely of his own accord; and if I try to stop him, as I have done, however unwilling people are to believe it, he makes such a terrible racket that there is no standing it. I don't profess to be anything but a wicked man," he continued, encouragingly, as though he were rather proud of it, "and therefore it didn't, I suppose, make me as unhappy as it should have done. I think, too, that it has really done some good."

"I am quite at a loss to imagine in what light such a singular proceeding could possibly be

regarded as a benefit," observed Mr. Shoresdale, who was very much mystified by his strange companion.

"I think," replied the judge, with great equanimity, "that it has probably saved Blascford from an incompetent rector. A clergyman, in my opinion, should be equal to any emergency, however unexpected; and if he cannot see an inoffensive-looking dog occupy his pulpit for a few moments without losing his presence of mind, he is scarcely fitted for the position to which he aspires. I have seen queer sights," continued the old man, with a chuckle of enjoyment at the recollection, "all produced by Don's quiet entrance into church—and I have then weighed the candidates in the balance and found them wanting. One young fellow of about your age," with a sort of arithmetical glance at his visitor, "but without the sense in his whole body that you have in your little finger, came flying wildly out in his surplice, with the white drapery floating around him like extensive wings, in mortal terror of poor Don, who evidently looked upon him as some strange bird, the like of which he had never before seen. Another called out audibly to 'put that dog out!' and got most of the congregation enlisted in the exciting occupation; while a third went into the chase himself—and a fine one Dan led him. I have seen some rare fun, I assure you," added the old reprobate, encouraged by the smile which the young clergyman vainly tried to suppress at this ludicrous account of his clerical brethren, "and I leave you to judge whether any of these men would have been fit to take charge of any church, let alone of one that needs what they call 'building up.'"

Mr. Shoresdale was silent, scarcely knowing how to deal with this singular specimen of humanity; and the old gentleman went on with great urbanity.

"When Jennie came in fairly crying this morning, and told me how well you had behaved, and how Don was conquered by it into perfect quietness, I felt really sorry that he should have gone, and made up my mind at once to send him away. I said to myself, 'that is the man for us!' and now I hope you will be elected rector of St. Luke's, and go right to work and convert that old sinner, John Pinford."

It was in vain to talk solemnly and reprov- ingly to the "old sinner;" a few words in season might work a miracle with him, but Mr. Shoresdale did not feel that the season had yet arrived; and after renewed expressions of approbation from the judge, an urgent invitation to stay to dinner, and many warm wishes for his instal-

ment as rector, the young clergyman took his departure with the feeling that his mission had not been altogether in vain.

Mrs. Bettleton presided at a meal that surpassed the former ones in every possible respect in which a dinner can show its superiority to a breakfast or tea; and she always looked at the end of every repast, as though she were saying to herself, "so much over."

Between services, Mr. Bettleton entertained his guest with an account of all the favorable opinions that he had gathered respecting him; and Mr. Shoresdale could not but perceive that it was the intention of the chief men of the place to elevate him to the vacant seat of honor.

But never did man work harder to accomplish his object than Judge Pinford: an idea once lodged in his brain took such firm possession, and threw out roots and tendrils in so many directions, that only the rending asunder of

soul and body could possibly dislodge it. He made liberal propositions toward the salary; he refuted, with an unanswerable sneer, all insinuations on the score of the candidate's youth; he even presented the church with a pretty cottage, to be used as a perpetual rectory; and carried all opposition so effectually, that, in due time, the Rev. Miles Shoresdale was installed rector of St. Luke's.

On the young clergyman's second visit to Blaseford, he took up his quarters at Judge Pinford's, by special invitation; and so well did he improve his opportunities, that, after awhile, Miss Jennie took up her quarters at the rectory.

The old judge became one of the pillars of the church; and as to Dan, who had brought about such a wonderful revolution in the order of things, he attached himself devotedly to Mr. Shoresdale, and became so obedient to his slightest glance, that he never again ventured inside of the church.

THE TRYST.

BY EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

The willow dips her fingers
Into the shining brook;
She starts and shrinks, then lingers
With long and steadfast look.

What is it upward smiling,
Under the moon's pale light?
What is it downward gilding,
So softly and so white?

Oh! not the downward drifting
Of silver-maple leaves;
And not the golden sifting
Of grain from Autumn sheaves;

But a tender little face
The willow bends to weep;
And a little form of grace—
It seemeth but asleep.

The happy knight stands smiling
Where the river turns away;
He saith, "My love is willing,
I chafe at her delay:

And, lo! what little white barque
Is this that comes this way?
It beareth nor sail nor mark,
Nor floats with streamers gay.

Nay, now, this is no white boat,
A drift upon the brook;
But 'tis something strange afloat—
I tremble as I look.

'Tis my love with silent feet;
My love with whiten'd look;
And thus, ah, woe! we meet,
To tryst beside the brook.

ALONE.

BY EMILY SANBORN.

ALL else of her in death has faded,
Except this precious tress;
This golden curl the fair brow shaded,
We loved so to caress.
Blue eyes are closed in dreamless slumbers;
White hands, they folded lie;
And silent now the harp's sweet numbers—
Flushed is its minstrelsy.

Only a few short months ago,
With flowers in Summer bloom;
Now, cold and white the Winter snow,
And dreariness and gloom.

We walk alone the silent halls;
No footstep echoes near;
Deep sorrow all our sweet hope pulls—
And darkness resteth here.

No voice in music-tones to glide,
Glad wishes to repeat;
No gentle form is by our side,
No answering smile we meet.
Remembering her—her trust, her prayer,
Our sinking faith should rise;
A brightness, as of Summer, wear—
She dwells in Paradise.

MARRYING FOR LOVE, AND MARRYING FOR MONEY.

BY FRANCES LEE.

SIXTY years ago there was no prettier girl in the whole Bay State than Polly Howland. None prettier, none more self-willed, and none more capable, as you will presently see.

"It is no use talking, Polly, your father will never consent to your marrying a poor stick like that Almon Curtis. I think myself you might do better." Speaking thus, the mother looked with fond admiration at the comely figure and handsome face of her daughter; but she sighed, for it had not been so many years since she was young, that she had not yet lost a sympathetic remembrance concerning the ins and outs of a maiden's heart.

Polly was spinning on a great wheel, which buzzed away like a giant bumble-bee, as she stepped briskly back and forth, drawing out and running up the rolls of white wool. Now, in spite of all which it is fashionable to say, at the present writing, about the gracefulness and becomingness to the youthful figure of this old time accomplishment, I am persuaded it was a noisy, greasy employment, in every way much more useful than ornamental; nevertheless, at that period one could not be respected without a thorough acquaintance with it; at least not in the part of the Bay State of which I am treating; and so Polly, of course, was equal to the best in this sort of knowledge.

And thus, as I said, she was making noise enough upon the great wheel to drown the sound of a million mosquitoes, a whole summer of flies, and two modern pianos. But for all the noise Polly was making, she heard her mother well enough as one might know, although she did not at first reply, by the twisting of her red lips and the fire in her black eyes.

Presently the spindle was full, and as she took down the hand-reel from its peg behind the collar-door, she said, "Almon Curtis is as likely as any young man in town."

"I know that, and so does your father. It is nothing against his character or respectability. But he is as poor as a June shad, and your father says he always will be. He thinks Almon lacks energy and stability," returned the mother, anxiously, in her earnestness stopping her weaving, which occupation, by-the-way, is worse, in each particular, than spinning; and, for my

part, I am heartily glad they have both gone out of style.

"All the more need of his getting a go-ahead wife then," remarked Polly, tying up a knot. She looked, as she spoke, fully equal to the holding of Bunker Hill, and the storming of the Heights and the Plains of Saratoga in her own person; let alone the storming and holding of one inefficient young man, and the conveying him safely through the world.

Then she hung up the reel and began to spin with such a whiz and whirr, that all the bees of Hymettus and Hybla together could not have drowned her. So there was no place for farther words, but plenty of opportunity for thinking.

"I am sorry Polly and her father are so much alike in being set in their own way," thought Mrs. Howland. "Now I could give up and let her marry Almon, seeing she is so determined; but Mr. Howland never will consent after he has once refused; and Polly is all dear father, not a drop of my blood in her veins seemingly, so I am afraid we shall have trouble."

Meanwhile Polly's eyes were growing blacker and more resolute, and she poised her slender figure like a Zenobia-in-triumph, as she stepped lightly back and forth, keeping time to the droning monotone of the whirling wheel.

"Father may consent or not, just as he pleases," she thought. "I have given my word to Almon, and I shall not come back of it. I hope I am old enough to know my own mind. Marrying is something which concerns only the parties themselves, and father has no right to dictate. Anyhow, I think I shall take the liberty of pleasing myself in the matter," thought she, fiercely.

Resolving was doing with Polly; and upon the very next Sunday her bans were read in the meeting-house.

"Polly, you don't know how to prize a good home, and you don't deserve one," said Mr. Howland, nervously, when the family were sitting, afterward, about the round cherry table, eating their supper from the same platter, as fashion then required.

Mrs. Howland wiped her eyes with her linsy-woolsey apron; but Missy Polly conde-

sended to make no reply; and her father, taking a drink of cider from the family tankard, went on,

"You've always had a good home, and so you do not know how to prize it, I say; but I do. I was put afloat to shift for myself, as it were, when I was only a little shaver. At the place where I was bound out, I was fed on samp-porridge which used to fairly rope if I dropped any of it from my spoon; and cuffs were a good deal plentier than coats; so I know what a good home is, and what it is to want one, too. I am afraid, Polly, daughter, you will find out some day. I have always meant to do well by you, Polly; I've never charged a penny for your board since you came of age, any more than when you were a child, and I have provided for you just the same. You and mother have had the butter money, and what the eggs brought in; besides all the time to yourself after you got the work out of the way, and your stint spinning done. The old man hasn't been hard with you, Polly, daughter—no he hasn't; and if you ever come to want for a home, you will always find one ready for you here; but I don't and I shan't give my consent for your marrying with Almon Curtis; and if you prefer him to me, you must keep away with him. You needn't expect a penny, either, nor the value of a penny from me, for you won't get it. Not a penny nor a farthing."

Polly's heart had softened a little during the former part of her father's remarks, but it grew harder than the nether millstone at the last words. "Very well. Almon and I can take care of ourselves without help from anybody," she said, and went on eating her pork and potato as cool as frozen apple-sauce.

The supper dishes had been washed and put away for two hours, when Polly went into the cow-yard with a wooden pail upon her arm to do the nightly milking, (another feminine accomplishment of the old times, which is, I opine, more charming in poetry than in prose.) She had hardly seated herself on a three-legged stool before one of the sleepy-eyed cows, when a pine cone flew toward her from the shadow of the forest which crept up close behind the yard.

Quick as lightning, without turning her head, Polly threw a tiny stream of milk toward a narrow lane on the opposite side which led to the cows' pasture and a brook, and then kept on milking as though nothing had happened.

This material telegraphing meant, however, that Almon Curtis was waiting among the pine trees, and that Polly Howland would presently meet him in the lane.

So, as soon as the Puritan Sabbath was well over, in the early twilight, while the mother frogs were croaking their little ones to sleep, and the turkeys were tucking their heads under their wings for the night, in their airy bed-chamber up in the apple-tree, Almon and Polly, seated upon a log for divan in the cow-lane, began to make love in their way; which way was, I dare say, very much like yours, after all, my young Master and Miss.

Perhaps Mr. Howland did not enjoy the sight as he sat in his porch smoking his evening pipe; but he made no remark when Polly came in, her hair damp with dew, and her eyes shining with something brighter than dew or diamonds, either; nor afterward, during the two weeks which came before the three-times-crying of the marriage bans. Not until upon the third Sunday; then he said, "Well, Polly, so you are off to-morrow, I suppose."

Now he did not suppose any such thing, and was fairly staggered when Polly replied, "To-night, father."

"To-night, hey? Where are you going to-night?"

"Home," answered Polly, proudly as a queen with a hundred palaces.

"Well, well, Polly, child, when you get tired of the new home, come back to the old one, you will be always welcome here; but mind, don't you never bring back anybody with you."

"I never will," answered Polly, more proudly yet.

The mother, poor heart, upon this, rather than break into a fit of crying, bustled up and brought out a large wooden tray, hollowed from a huge oak-tree trunk, with a blue and white woven counterpane, saying, "These belong to Polly; her grandmother willed them to her, you know, father."

"Very well, let her have them," returned the father, yearning over his daughter in spite of himself. But his old stubborn heart would not relent; and at nightfall Polly went from her father's door never to come back again.

She met Almon at the minister's, and in fifteen minutes they were as wholly one flesh as ever Adam and Eve were. In fifteen more they were well on their way toward their new home, with their sole outfit and entire household stuff along; namely: one wooden tray, and one woollen bed-spread.

This was the bride's portion; the bridegroom's consisted of several acres of wild woodland a few miles away. But what are a few miles to youth, and health, and love? It seemed to them but a few steps for the love they had; and long

before moon-setting they had reached it, and made ready a couch of fragrant hemlock boughs.

Polly leaned up the tray by way of bed-head, and spread over all the counterpane; and thus their home was founded and their housekeeping commenced.

You must imagine for yourselves how thrift, and energy, and industry, wrought comfort, and finally wealth, out of poverty; and how this new Adam and Eve in the wilderness, went on from this simple beginning growing to be prosperous and respected house and land-holders. Indeed, Almon Curtis even became, so the legend saith, "a tavern-keeper;" and when I have said that, I have said everything to one who understands caste in the locality and at the date of my story.

Polly never felt the need of depending upon her father for a home again. On the other hand she made one for him in his old age, when, having lost property and heart, he was at last glad to take up with a poor stick like Almon Curtis.

Now, my dear young girls, Polly did very foolishly in marrying without the entailment of a brown-stone front, and a few thousand at least in continental currency—and you must never do so. And you are not to think that because she came out prosperously, and was blessed in her disobedient fool-hardiness, that you would be. No, indeed, my child! You have not a tithe of the energy, and strength, and capacity which gave her success, in spite of indiscreetness—success which she had no right to expect, and which not one in fifty would have had.

And even Mrs. Curtis herself, in after years, did not approve of such lack of worldly wisdom, as you will presently see.

When her daughter, Molly, grew to be as red-lipped and round-checked, as slender and as graceful as the young Polly had been in her time, she also had the weakness—inherited, perhaps—to fall in love with a penniless youth, and the fortune to be opposed in her affection by her parents. Now Molly had heard the story of the early loves of Almon and Polly, and

taking courage by their triumph, boldly resolved to follow their example.

But it seems she was a fainter impression of the same die, and so her project miserably failed. The elopement was to take place upon a certain night; but before the night came her father and mother had somehow discovered it.

So upon that night Molly Curtis was sent up stairs to sleep in a room within theirs, and Molly Bliss, a girl who was helping about the spinning, was directed to sleep in her bed, upon the ground floor, with young Master Elijah Curtis.

Some time in the middle of the dark hours, as Molly Bliss says—for I have the story second hand from Molly Bliss herself—she was awakened by the sound of the window, at the bed's foot, being carefully raised by some one without. Understanding at once whom it was, she did not speak or move, even when Job Whin's voice said, softly, "Molly! Molly!"

"Molly! Molly!" called the anxious lover again—but there was no voice or sound. Then he touched the bed, minded thus to awaken the sleeping beauty.

But alack and alas! his hand fell instead upon the foot of the boy Elijah, and anon there was a howl from the infant, terrible. "Be still! Get away! Let my foot be! Yo-o-o-oh!" he screamed, with a sleepy kick.

The window dropped instantly, and cut off in its falling the hopes of Job Whin. He was evidently lacking in pluck and vim—let alone father and mother Curtis to discover if he had had the elements of prosperity in him—and probably the faint heart did not deserve the fair lady.

Afterward Molly, for the pleasure of her parents, married "a man of good property," much older than herself; but the marriage proved, as it ought, an unhappy one; and, finally, she came back poor and desolate, to be taken care of, with grandsire Howland, by Almon and Polly.

Thus you see, my dears, that love is better than money, but that a union of both is best of all.

NOT DEAD, BUT GONE BEFORE.

BY NETTIE STEWART.

REED from the toils and sorrows of earth,
Thy spirit has winged its flight
Across the dark valley and shadow of death,
To the beautiful fields of light.

To the beautiful fields of light and life,
On the banks of that flowing river:
Where sorrow and death no more shall come,
But bliss forever and ever.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM VOLUME XLVII., PAGE 441.

CHAPTER IX.

"THUS I have your consent, sire!"

"Ay, and my prayers for thy safe deliverance of the place afterward," answered the king, with a laugh that rang loud and clear through the apartment in which he stood. "I do not think the old lodge has been inhabited since our father's time. I once had a fancy to make it useful for a double purpose, and spent some gold on the embellishment of certain rooms that never found an occupant; for just then I happened to chance on that encounter in the woods with my Lady Bess; and, on my honor as a king, she drove all the rest of womankind out of my head for a whole year; so all my trouble went for naught. But what has aroused this sudden fancy, Dickon? Is not Braynard Castle large enough for thee and our lady mother?"

"Ay, truly it is," answered the young prince, in his calm, grave way. "But of late I have taken to studies which might not altogether please her highness, and which otherwise make seclusion necessary."

"What, has her Grace of Bedford infected thee with her mania for the occult sciences? If so, there must be more in them than I trow of."

Duke Richard smiled and shook his head.

"Nay," he said, "I cannot pretend to a taste for the noble science which contents itself with thrusting pins into waxen images, while praying that each stab may inflict pain on some unhappy wretch hundreds of miles away. All the glory of such studies I leave to the queen's mother without envy of the results. The lore I pursue is that which teaches men how to rule their fellow men."

"There is little need of study to teach thee how to govern and yet seem to obey," answered the king.

"If this be true, it is only that the glory of our house may shine the brighter," said the young man.

"In all that pertains to statecraft," said the king, cheerfully, the honor of fifty royal houses might safely be trusted to thy discretion. While

Edward Plantagenet is king, he needs no wiser counsel than may be gathered from thy young lips."

Richard smiled one of those clear, cold smiles, that charm a heart without warming it.

"Then I have leave to possess myself of the old hunting lodge?" he said; so conscious of his own ability, that even the king's praise did not flatter him.

"Ay, it is a royal and most brotherly promise. Moreover, Richard, thou shalt invite us to be a guest when the hawks are in their prime, and we weary of the state our Lady Bessie will have about her."

The young duke seemed little pleased by this genial self-invitation. The blood rushed to his brow in a crimson cloud, and he lifted one shoulder restively. But those signs of discontent passed away, and the cold smile came back to his lips.

"It is a double favor you offer, sire," he said; and bending low, the strange young man passed out of the chamber, leaving Edward alone.

"It is a strange youth, so brave, so secret, and yet gentle withal," thought the reckless monarch, falling into a reverie. "In the council-chamber he shames our wisest gray-beards; but there is no warmth in him. No youth—no enthusiasm! Neither beauty, wine; no wassal has charms for him! I sometimes wonder if he ever felt such temptations as make my life a tangled web of joy and discontent. Has he no conscience, or too much? Now I wonder what he wants of that little hunting lodge. It is a lovely spot, and I lavished costly things upon it with little return, so far as my pleasure was concerned. What if some mystery lies buried under this request. He was less at ease than usual, and once absolutely blushed red—a thing I never witnessed before. But no, no! the lad is far removed from human frailty. His keen wit serves as an armor to the young heart. Still we may chance to visit him in this sylvan retreat, if it is only to see how restively he will give up those huge Italian tomes he loves so well."

A knock at the door, and the entrance of a man in a hunting garb, disturbed this reverie.

"My liege, the hounds are unkenned, and a finer day never blessed the earth."

Edward sprang up eagerly, drew on his gauntlet-gloves with a quickness that made the seed-pearls which embroidered them rattle again, and tossing the velvet cap to his brow, shook its white feather till it fluttered over his shoulder like a dash of sea-foam.

"What, ha! and we have been dreaming a bright half-hour away! Go forward and hold my stirrup, man: I will be in the saddle before the hounds can clear their throats."

With a light, joyous tread, and a gesture which bespoke the zest with which this man enjoyed every species of pleasure, Edward descended to the court, mounted the milk-white horse that had been pawing the stones for half an hour, impatient for a rider, and dashed away, followed by a cavalcade of noblemen, which made the very sunshine glisten brighter as it passed.

Many a beautiful court-lady hastened to her enshement as the lordly train swept toward the great entrance to the Tower; and many a noble gentleman bent to his saddle-bow in homage to the loveliness that looked down upon him. The queen came out upon her balcony—twined with massive wreaths of sculptured stone—and stood with the sunshine glistening through her long, golden hair, to see her lord pass to the hunt; a tiny rainbow fired up from the jewels on her hand, as she waved him a graceful adieu, receiving back a dozen kisses, wafted from the royal hand. These were followed by a radiant smile, and a doffing of the plumed cap, prompted by that easy homage which Edward was always willing to bestow on beautiful womanhood wherever he found it.

Just before the cavalcade reached the gate John Halstead came through, and stood respectfully aside, cap in hand, watching keenly to catch the king's eye, but making no other effort to attract attention.

Edward's quick observation soon fell upon him, and, obeying a motion of the royal hand, the horse swerved out of line.

"Ride on—ride on, but slowly! We have a word for this good citizen," cried the king, waving his hand. "Well, now, my prince of merchants, what success? Will the city churls disburse as their king wishes; by that black brow we should judge not."

"My liege," answered Halstead, in a voice that quivered either with passion or fear, "when your highness first came back to London, the city merchants were ready to pour all they

possessed into the royal treasury, without much question of the security offered for their gold: but now——"

"Well, what now? What has the king done that seems ungracious, that they hesitate, as thy face implies? Why, has not the queen, in giving England a male heir, doubled the security of our throne? Have not I, their liege lord, drank of their atrocious beer, and danced with their wives and daughters till no swine-herd was ever half so weary? What is the meaning of this hesitation? If there is a secret, let it out, or this glorious day will be wasted."

Halstead's face was pale, and he looked down with unusual gravity.

"Sire, I fear me that it is this very drinking of beer and condescension toward the wives and daughters that has done the mischief."

"Ha!" exclaimed the king.

Halstead lifted his clear, gray eyes and fixed them in a stern glance on the monarch's handsome face; a cloud of crimson swept over it, and the bold, blue eyes fell.

"Since the court-gallants who follow the example your highness has condescended to give them in visiting the city, one of the most respected of our city merchants has come back from a journey, taken on this very business, to find his home empty."

"Empty! Well, what then? How is the king or his courtiers responsible for that?" questioned Edward, shaking off his momentary confusion, and turning his half quailing eyes on Halstead.

"It is thought," answered the merchant, reading more in the king's face than pleased him, "it is thought that this pretty dame has been lured away from her home by some person connected with the court."

"And if it be so," answered the king, angrily, "what is that to the king? Is he expected to keep all the unruly passions of his nobles in order, or guard every man's hearth, lest a comely wife should chance to stray from it? Tush! tush! man, this is a question for the nearest magistrate—surely not for the king."

"Save as it threatens to thwart his wishes, and make all negotiations for a loyal loan unpopular, if not impossible," answered Halstead.

"But why?" cried Edward, with a forced laugh; "why unpopular? Surely these churls do not accuse their king; and, lacking that unheard of audacity, how can the fact of a city dame's flight from her husband effect the monied interests of a nation? Answer me that, John Halstead."

"Sire, I do not give reasons, but state facts.

This matter has exasperated the whole community; the honor of our order has been invaded. There is not a merchant of the city who does not consider the disgrace that has fallen on William Shore as his own."

"And they persist in holding their king responsible, the churls! hildings! rascals! one and all? Has the monarch's condescension worked so badly? Hark ye, John Halstead, there has been something too much of this; the King of England wants money, and will have it. These paltry excuses are little better than treason—go back and tell them as much; by free will or force the money must be forthcoming, and that right speedily."

Halstead shook his head, but remained silent. Edward had put his horse in motion and rode forward angrily; but all at once he wheeled around and came close to the merchant again.

"Halstead, thou wast once a lent friend to the house of York, ever ready to serve it, and quick to comprehend its wants. I tell thee, man, it is now in sore strait for means to raise fresh troops; for this scum of Lancaster must be swept from the land before Edward is altogether a monarch. Thou art better bred than most of thy class, hast a tongue to persuade, and wit to control. Go among these disaffected men and convince them, as thou mayest in all truth, that Edward, ay, and his courtiers, are, doubtless, free of all blame regarding them and theirs. As for this sad affair of the goldsmith's wife—if noble or page of our court has lured her away, he shall be punished with disgrace and imprisonment. What more comprehensive promise can they ask? To this we pledge ourselves on the honor of a king!"

Halstead's face lighted up; but a close observer might have seen that the expression was one of angry scorn rather than satisfaction. Edward had, during the whole conversation, avoided looking directly in that stern face, and did not pause to scrutinize it now; and when Halstead bent unusually low, he took it for consent, and, putting spurs to his horse, rode swiftly after his train, which had drawn up and was waiting for him outside the portal.

Edward was a good deal disturbed when he rejoined his followers; a look of baffled anger darkened his eyes, and bent his brow. All the bright animal spirit that had led him to the chase was swept away, and he rode on moodily enough, reigning in his generous horse furiously one moment, and goading him to a sharp speed the next. A little distance from the Tower, the cavalcade passed several buildings with some grounds behind them, and balconies in front,

under which the street ran; behind a lattice, which opened into one of these balconies, there was a flutter of garments, a gleam of floating hair, and an eager hand fluttering like a bird about the window, which was at length pushed open far enough to reveal a lovely face peeping through bright with eager smiles.

Edward looked up, and for an instant his brow cleared. He neither waved his hand, nor lifted the plumed cap from his head; but a glance of brilliant recognition was lifted to the balcony, and, putting spurs to his horse, he dashed on with the old sportsman's spirit, crying out, "On, gentlemen, on! we lose the prime of the day!"

As the train swept out of sight, the window was forced more completely open, and Jane Shore stepped out; her dress of damascene silk rustling to the eager motion, and her rich hair held back with a narrow band of gold. She leaned over the stone railing, and, shading her eyes with one hand, gazed eagerly after the king. That moment John Halstead, who had mounted his horse at the Tower gate, rode slowly along the road; but she was so occupied that his horse was drawn up under the very balcony before it could force her attention from the royal cavalcade. When it was entirely out of sight, and nothing but a cloud of dust remained in the distance, she dropped the hand from over her eyes and saw the citizen just below her. With a cry as if she had been shot, the woman darted through the casement, closed it in shuddering haste, and fell upon the floor, burying her face in the lustrous silk of her dress, which, at the moment, filled her soul with loathing.

During a few minutes John Halstead sat upon his horse, hesitating whether he should seek the wretched woman and satisfy himself of the king's falsehood, or pass on, leaving her to the destiny which was sure, sooner or later, to overtake her. A little reflection convinced him that nothing but evil to the cause, sanctified by the devotion of his life, could spring from an interview which promised nothing but pain. With a heavy sigh, which ended almost in a groan, he cast one glance at the window, and rode away, filled with a bitter sense of wrong, and more intense hatred of the Plantagenets than had even entered his heart before. From that hour his devotion to Margaret of Anjou was intensified, and a keen sense of personal injury stimulated every breath of his life and faculty of his mind for her, and against the family that he honestly regarded as usurpers. On his way through the city, Halstead passed

his brother-in-law's house, and, fastening his horse to the door-post, went in, heavy-hearted enough; for, instead of consolation, he brought a certainty of disgrace, which, up to this moment, William Shore had refused to accept. His wife was young, he said, and subject to wild, affectionate impulses, which might have taken her from home on some errand worthy of her kind heart—for, say what they would, she was a kind-hearted a creature as ever lived. It might be that her mother was sick and had sent for her suddenly—so suddenly that she had no time to leave a message; as for writing, Jane was not much given to that, though she had learned a good use of the pen with her young foster-sister, Maud Chichester.

With this wild hope, Shore had left his dreary home and gone down to Barnet. With a heart full of anxious pain, he entered the farm-house, and found the old couple sitting sadly together, quite alone. They knew nothing of Jane's departure from home, and that gentle-hearted man had no wish to distress them with a knowledge of his own desolation. They were stricken and sad enough already, for the young lady, whom they revered as a mistress, and loved as a child of their own hearth, had left them secretly, and at night, without a word of explanation, of thanks, or farewell. Like a shadow she had disappeared, leaving no trace behind: and in their helpless old age, they could only draw closer together, and mourn over the darkness that had fallen upon them with her departure.

Worse than all this, another bereavement had followed close upon the first. The very morning after Maud Chichester left them, the boy, Albert, left the house in search of flowers, which he had often gathered from a brook that cut the rich green of the battle-field with vivid diamond flashes, discernible even from the threshold of the farm-house. The lad crept down through the grass, shaking the dew away with each movement of his feet, following the track of some other person who had evidently passed in that direction before daybreak. With the instinct of a dog, he kept these tracks in sight till they brought him under the clump of larch trees, where Maud and the young Yorkist officer had sat and talked, not many days before, while he gathered violets for them in the hollow. Here he found the grass beaten down and trampled by horses' hoofs. More than one horse there must have been, for two of the tallest larch trees were almost girdled by the halters which had been tightened around them.

A small dog, which had accompanied Maud from the burning tower, followed Albert, and

the two, with like instinct, searched these tracks with anxious bewilderment. The footsteps had been traced directly from the farm-house; but none returned there, nor did they lead in any direction from the larch trees. A strange sadness crept over the face of the idiot boy as he went down into the hollow and began to gather flowers from the margin of the brook; while the dog raced up and down the bank, smelling around the hoof-tracks, and sometimes rooting with his nose in the trampled grass. The tumult which he made seemed to frighten the idiot boy, for he sat down on the bank, and let the wild blossoms rest in the cap he had cast on the grass beside him, without an attempt to disturb their fragrance. Usually he would set there for hours together, turning these delicate gems of the soil into bouquets and graceful wreaths with unconscious taste that no artist could have surpassed. When no one cared for these simple treasures at home, he would spend hours together twining them into a thousand fairy forms, which were cast to the waters of the brook with a low laugh, musical as the waves themselves gave forth, as they sparkled and drifted away with the garlands he loved to twine for them.

Now the lad sat quite silent with tears stealing, one by one, down his cheeks. There had been heavy rains that week, and the waters stole over their natural margin, and went sailing through the grass and ferns like an infant carrying its grief into sleep. This deepened the sadness that fell on the idiot boy. Since the young mistress had been under his father's roof, he had refused a single flower to the brook, reserving all that he gathered for her; but some subtle instinct told him that it was useless now. Twine the garlands cunningly as he might, she would never, under that roof, brighten his day with thankful smiles, or thrill his innocent heart with gratitude sweeter than the music of the brook when the sunshine was brightest upon it.

The idiot boy had been seated on that bank a full hour, with the quiet tears stealing down his face, when the dog came slowly down the bank, and, crouching at his feet, looked into those innocent eyes, and began to whine piteously. A more perfect mind would not have understood the dog half so well as this half-witted lad. The eager prayer in that dumb creature's eyes brought a glow of kindred intelligence into his own.

"Ay, ay, Wasp," he said, mournfully, wiping the tears from his eyes with both hands, "we will go, thou and I. It is our secret, and no one shall steal it from us; they think us lack-

witted, Wasp, but we know how to hold our tongues—thou best of all, Wasp. No one ever gets a word out of thee. Wait a little, good dog, while I make these into a garland, such as made her smile so. Nay, nay, an thou wag thy tail so naughtily against the grass, I can do naught, for I shall think thee angry."

Wasp gave out a low bark, and, creeping a little way off, expressed his pleasure by beating the sable brush of his tail on the grass, without disturbing the dainty work of the idiot boy, who wove the yellow butter-cups and purple violets together in harmonious masses, broke up the monotony with golden-eyed daisies and opening clover, and wove pale primroses and clustering thorn-blossoms with the delicate green spray of young fern leaves. Naturally, as God formed the blossoms in their birth, this garland grew into exquisite beauty under the witting's fingers. When it was done, and the lad held it up with a look of innocent satisfaction, feeling to his innermost heart how beautiful it was, without the reason to understand why, the dog gave a joyous bark, and tore up the bank, looking behind him, expecting to be followed.

"Ay, ay, I am coming, Wasp—I am coming," cried the idiot; and, with the garland in his hand, he followed the dog, who, guided by the hoof-tracks, led him farther and farther away from his home at every step.

The night found these two helpless creatures far away from the battle-field of Barnet—far away from the farm-house, beyond whose smoke they had never wandered before; but the dog, sharp, vigilant, and dauntless, took the lead ably, and the witting followed in silent wonder. The garland of wild flowers withered to a mass of sodden leaves in his hand; this brought the tears to his eyes more than once; but directly they were drawn back by some new burst of sunshine, or mass of flowering shrubs that awoke hope in his simple heart.

Mutually impelled by want of food, the idiot and his dog stopped at a cotter's hut, and with their hungry eyes begged for food. Bread and milk were given them, and the two helpless creatures passed on their way; the boy silent as the dog, for, as his companion could not speak, he had resolved to be dumb. Thus, guided only by an instinct of love, these innocent creatures went forth into the world, searching for the gentle, young creature who had been to them as a divinity.

When William Shore heard of this second bereavement from the old people, a new hope swelled in his heart, and he thanked God for it.

For some reason, unknown to every one, perhaps, Maud Chichester had left the farm-house, taking the idiot boy with her. Doubtless she had sent for his wife, charging her to secrecy. What more likely? Most probably she had fled for shelter to Margaret of Anjou. Devoted as her family had ever been to the Red Rose, it was but natural that she should escape to its queenly representative, and needing a female companion, had secured one in his wife. At any rate, he would go home and wait in patience, neither by word or look betraying to his neighbors the agony of suspense that wrung his heart.

With this false hope the good man went back to London, and shut himself up in the solitary home which had once been made so happy with the presence of that beloved one. The secret of his wife's absence he strove to keep from all the world; but it had gone forth far more broadly than he knew of—and the wrongs he had not yet believed possible, were already commented upon and deeply resented by his friends.

Shore seldom went abroad in these days, but kept at home, hoping to hear some news of his wife. So long as no tidings reached him of Maud Chichester, his faith was strong that Jane was with that young lady, carried away from her home by the intense love which sprang from their mutual foster-mother. But as day after day crept on bringing no intelligence, his heart sickened under this prolonged suspense, and a new dread seized upon him. The last trace to be discovered of his wife, took her to the banks of the Thames. What if she were under its waves? The very idea struck him with chills of horror. He could not endure it for a moment. Some one had seen her standing by the water-stairs, with a boat lying close to the wall. This forbade the thought that she had met with a violent death; on the contrary, it strengthened his belief that she had gone to meet Maud Chichester, who had, it was more than probable, sailed for France; and it was to seek the vessel which carried her away, that his wife had gone down to the water-steps.

Thus reasoning with himself, hoping against hope, John Halstead found his brother-in-law on the day of his visit to the Tower. Shore received him with a quick brightening of the eye. Always keenly expectant, he fancied that every person who sought him must have some news of her; but this very force of anxiety was sure to keep him silent. He watched for intelligence, but seldom asked for it, save by that sad yearning look which was enough to break the beholder's heart.

The two men met in silence, each wringing the hand of the other in mute sympathy.

"Thou has news—something that I ought to hear?" said Shore; "but not of her; do not say it is of her, with that pale face and those eyes. Sit down! Sit down!"

The man was trembling all over; even his very lips were white and quivering. He believed that his wife was dead, and strove to put off the awful tidings, giving himself one moment more of uncertainty.

Halstead sat down and lifted a hand wearily to his forehead. Had he, indeed, come to tell of her death, his look would have been far less painful. Shore sat gazing on him like a criminal waiting for judgment. His dark eyes, usually so benign in their expression, blackened like midnight with terrible apprehension; beads of perspiration stood thick on his white forehead, which grew cold and marble-like under the black masses of his hair.

"Now tell me that she is dead."

His voice was so husky that the utterance was like a prolonged groan.

"Nay, my brother, I have no such merciful tidings. God help us, that I should say this!"

"No such merciful tidings! Man, man, speak out! Can you not see how I suffer? Is she maimed, gone mad—what thing is there on this earth more terrible than my wife's death?"

Halstead hesitated; he felt in all its force how terrible was the news he brought, and how much more terrible than death. Up to this moment he had never understood how impossible it sometimes is for a pure, good man to comprehend sin in its absolute significance. While the whole community had been giving a just interpretation to the absence of Jane Shore from her home, her husband had never once suspected the possibility of her willing degradation. When Halstead looked into those dark, questioning eyes, and saw the innocent trust there, he felt as if his own more worldly knowledge were a crime to be ashamed of; his keen eyes fell abashed, and his voice faltered as he replied,

"Is not willing dishonor more terrible?"

"Willing dishonor—my wife——" said Shore, in a low, questioning voice. "But that is impossible. She was gay and bird-like as a child, and as innocent of all wrong. What, my Jane! Thou dost not know her, brother-in-law, as I do, or this black thought could never find place in that heart."

He spoke almost calmly. The thing suggested to him seemed so impossible, that he received it with gentle incredulity, nothing more.

A pitying smile crept over Halstead's lip. Another man might have felt contempt for the gentle faith which resisted all ideas of sin in a beloved object so persistently. But there was nothing despicable in all this to a man like John Halstead; he understood the sublime purity which refused to mingle itself with evil thoughts; and he felt like an executioner while resolving to tell the truth.

"William," he said, "I saw your wife to-day with my own eyes."

"Saw her—you? Where—when? In that case she will be home soon and find the house in disorder." He started up, and, going to the door, called out, "Sarah! Sarah! come hither! Stir about, and see that everything is in readiness. The mistress is coming home!"

Halstead followed his friend, and drew him back with gentle violence.

"Hush, William! Do not name her under this roof. God help thee, brother, for thy wife can never darken thy home again."

For a whole minute Shore looked into the pitying face of John Halstead, then his eyes fell, a crimson flush settled around them, and falling upon a seat, he covered his face with both hands, and moaned aloud. At length he looked up; but in those few moments his face had changed so painfully, that it seemed ten years older.

"Thou hast seen her?" he said, in a low, hoarse voice. "Where, and how?"

"She was in the balcony of a house which seemed built for the residence of some noble of the court, rustling in silken attire, and gleaming with gold."

"Was she alone?"

This question was uttered in a whisper. The wretched husband had no strength to speak aloud.

"At the moment, ay; but just before, King Edward, with a train of courtiers, passed under the balcony."

"King Edward!"

These words broke through his hoarseness like the cry which follows a sharp blow; and Shore began to tremble from head to foot with a passion of anger so awful, that Halstead stood appalled; for on this earth there is nothing more terrible than a tempest of angry grief in a good man.

"The king!" he cried out, wringing his hands till they grew pale and cold under the torture. "Pray for me, brother, for I shall kill him."

The words were wicked; but there was no evil passion in his heart. A fierce, wild, excited wrath beamed in his eyes, and froze his

features into marble. He might have killed his enemy that moment, as the law executes a criminal from a sense of eternal justice, but not out of revenge. There was murder in his spirit but not in his thought. Yet Edward Plantagenet, powerful and brave as he was, might have trembled to meet the whirl of wrath that uttered itself in a single sentence.

Shore walked to the entrance of his dwelling, and was lifting the latch when Halstead seized him by the arm.

"Brother—brother William, come back. Such words are treason!"

Shore turned his white face and almost smiled.

"Treason is the only law by which tyrants can be reached," he said.

"So I have long reasoned," answered Halstead, drawing the wretched man back to his seat. "The man who fails to put down a tyrant, having the power, neglects a solemn duty."

"It was but a little while ago that I took up arms for this bad man," said Shore, with a shudder of the whole person.

"And he rewards thee with dishonor."

"I was wounded," added Shore, baring his arm, which an arrow had pierced, "and did not care to speak of it, even to her."

"Do not speak of her."

"No, no—my poor, lost lamb! we must not speak of her now."

"Let us turn our thoughts to hunting down this prowling wolf who infests the throne of England. The true king still lives."

"Not now—not now," replied Shore, faintly, "my head swims, my heart aches, my, my——"

Slowly his face bent downward, and, covering it with both hands, he remained motionless with great drops of grief gathering between his fingers.

After awhile Halstead touched his arm.

"Be comforted, my brother. This man has outraged God's laws, and trampled down our rights too long. Turn thy thoughts from this wretched woman."

"Nay," answered Shore, dropping his hands, "she was ever sweet and gentle-hearted; blithe as a bird, and innocent as the flowers. I loved her better than myself—better than the whole world. She has been lured away. Deal gently with her name, good brother, for my sake."

"For thy sake I would do anything," was the prompt response. "But calm this agitation—thy limbs tremble even yet."

"I shall be calm anon; the more, that this poor woman, who was once my wife, will have need of me. Sooner or later this will surely come."

"And you would help her?"

"Help her—surely. Why not? Has her sin released my soul from its marriage vow?"

"Some men would think so!"

"Poor soul! poor soul! She will be very unhappy—God help her!"

"God help thee, rather, my generous-hearted friend," cried Halstead.

"Nay," answered Shore, with a heart-broken smile, "I have far less need! Think of her gentle heart burdened with shame. She was not bold nor forward, my poor wife. So young, too. Those who flout her will not think of that. But thou and my sister wilt remember these things, and be merciful."

"But this king!" cried Halstead; a flash of fire broke through the tender gloom which had settled in those eyes. Shore reached forth his hand, clenching that of his brother.

"Show me any way to reach him short of sin, and I will tread it to the end," he said.

"Is it sin to put down a usurper?"

"No!"

"A man who has reached the throne through seas of blood?"

"No—no!"

"Who first outraged his father's friend, the noble Warwick, forcing him into revolt, and then triumphed coarsely in his death?"

"Go on—go on!"

"Who holds in unjust imprisonment one sainted monarch, King Henry; and is even now mustering soldiers to drive Queen Margaret and her princely son from the shores of England? Is it a sin to choose between the right and the wrong?"

Shore lifted a hand to his head.

"Leave me a little while, for I am ill," he pleaded. "My mind listens, but this poor heart turns back to her—this is so sudden. Leave me—leave me another day; repeat all that thou hast said, and I will strive to listen calmly; but now I suffer—I suffer."

Halstead wrung the trembling hand held out to him, and went away heavy-hearted enough. When he was gone, Shore arose and went up to his wife's chamber. All the little articles of dress, put aside in the careless security of domestic life, were just as she had left them. Over a little steel mirror, one of the rare luxuries seldom enjoyed by a woman of her class, hung a chain of gold, rich with the delicate workmanship of Venice. Lying across the bed was her taffety robe, bordered with jennet fur, and looped with gold cord, just as she had taken it off, as too gay for the secret expedition on which she went. A pair of pretty high-heeled

shoes, with crimson rosettes at the instep, stood near the bed; and some roses had withered and cast their leaves from a jar on the window-sill.

All these things Shore regarded with a shrinking heart from the couch on which he had seated himself. Then he fell upon his knees and buried his face in the pillow her head had pressed for the last time. Murmurs of prayer, and broken exclamations of anguish broke through his sobs, and filled the room with such grief as can only be wrung from the heart of a good man.

After this paroxysm of sorrow had passed, he arose, took up the silken robe, and folded it ten-

derly, as if it had been a living thing. He took down the chain, his own gift on the wedding-day, and, opening a large oaken chest, laid them in it with other articles belonging to his wife. The pretty shoes, which seemed scarcely cold from the impress of her feet, he held in his hands till the rosettes floated together in a fluttering mass of crimson under the tears that filled his eyes and fell heavily upon them.

He closed the massive lid of the chest, fastened the brazen hasp, and went heavily away, as a man leaves the grave of a woman he has loved.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHE'S WAITING AT THE GATE FOR ME.

BY A. ALPHONSO DAYTON.

She waited at the gate for me,
And I remember well
How softly round her beauteous brow
The gentle moonbeams fell;
When sparkling dew-drops used to fall,
In soft and trembling showers,
She waited at the gate for me,
Amid the fragrant flowers;
So young, so fair,
She waited there—
She waited at the gate for me,
In the purple shade of the linden tree—
For me, for me.

She waited at the gate for me,
When purple shadows spread
Their long lines down the shaven lawn,
And mingled with the red;
The evening zephyrs wooed the flush
That crept upon her brow,
While waiting there beside the gate,

Where stately lindens bow;
The trembling bars
Of silvery stars
Played round her head in childish glee,
As she waited at the gate for me—
For me, for me.

She's waiting at the gate for me,
In Heaven's celestial clime,
Where angels sing their songs of praise
In sweetest, softest rhymes;
The gate is pearl, the path is gold,
And rubies goni the way;
And she that waits to meet me there
Will not have long to stay;
She's waiting now,
And on her brow
Is a crown all gemmed with light,
And she's waiting now in that land so bright
For me, for me.

HOME AND THEE.

BY F. H. STAUFFER.

A half the night as a picket,
Upon my dreary beat,
Watching for the deadly foe-man
Amid the rain and sleet;
The wild-cat's cry is echoed
By owl in the tree;
And I lean upon my rifle
And think of home and thee!

The moon is lost in darkness;
No stars are in the sky;
The fires are flickering vaguely
Where the encampments lie.
Oh! I love the brooding stillness,
Though danger there may be;
It adds a holy blessedness
To thoughts of home and thee!

Across my face a sabre-cut
Has left an ugly seam;
My comrades laid me down for dead
Beside a purpled stream.
But life came slowly back again
I strain'd my eyes to see
The war-worn battle-flag once more,
And thought of home and thee!

Thoughts of home since then are precious;
Thoughts of thee are sweet;
And so my heart is longing for
The time when we shall meet!
May God guard me in the battles
For the flag of the free!
My life I give to my country—
My thoughts to home and thee!

BASQUINE FOR A LITTLE GIRL

BY EMILY H. MAY.



We are frequently asked to send paper-patterns for children's dresses. We cannot do this, but we can do what is just as good, we can give diagrams from which they may be enlarged. One of these we give now, accompanied with an engraving of the dress itself, which is a Basquine for a little girl ten or twelve years old. The pattern is composed of seven pieces, viz:

No. 1. HALF OF FRONT.

No. 2. HALF OF BACK.

No. 3. SIDE-PIECE.

No. 4. THE SLEEVE.

No. 5. THE *revers* OR LAPELS OF FRONT.

No. 6. THE *revers* OF BACK.

No. 7. The small, straight *revers*, which is placed at the side of the sleeve and carried as far as the elbow.

The three *revers* can be easily distinguished from each other, and adjusted to the places they are intended to occupy in the Basquine by fitting them to the different pin marks and notches, which will be found in the corresponding pieces

of paper. That intended for the back is the largest.

The Basquine may be made in either black *gros grain* or *glace* silk, according to taste, with the *revers* of the same material. The trimming represented in our engraving is a ruche of black lace, ornamented at regular distances with small steel drops; but there are many other trimmings which would also be suitable.

The *revers* might be made of white *glace*, which would impart a more dressy appearance to the small garment. The Basquine might also be edged with a thick silk cord, beaded with jet and aiguillettes added on the shoulders. Narrow black ribbon velvet, edged with white, might also be used for trimming.

For summer wear this Basquine would look well, made of white *pique*, with colored *revers*.

If black *gros grain* of three-quarters width is selected for the material, three yards and a half will be found sufficient.

On the next page we give the diagram.

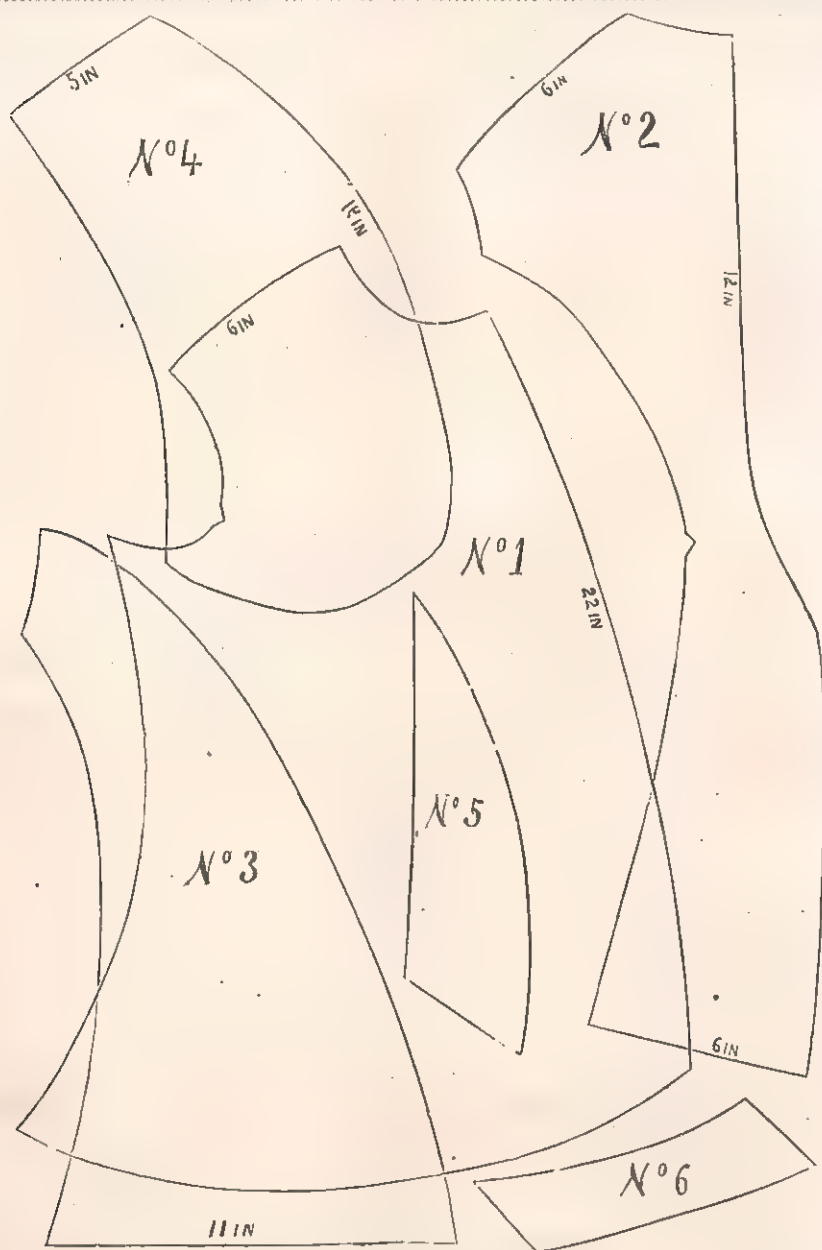


DIAGRAM OF BASQUINE FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

A BOOK-MARKER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number we give a Book-Marker, with white sarsnet, with a button-hole edge of Marker, made of royal blue moire antique, lined magenta silk and tassels of gold cord.

SHETLAND CRAVAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—A skein each of white and colored Shetland wool, and a pair of knitting pins, No. 14, Bell Gauge measured in the circle of it.

THE ENDS.—Commence with the colored wool, and cast on 54 stitches loosely, and with one pin; at the end tie on the white wool, leaving the colored. They are changed every two rows, and therefore left when not in use.

1st row—Work with the white wool, (knit every 2 stitches together 3 times;) then (make 1 and knit 1 plain 5 times;) make 1, then (knit 2 together 3 times;) knit 1 plain; repeat from the beginning of the row to the end.

2nd row—White, slip the first stitch, and knit the rest of the row all plain.

3rd and 4th rows—Use the colored wool, and knit both rows plain, slipping the first stitch.

These 4 rows form the pattern, and are repeated until six inches are worked; the number of stitches should now be reduced to 49 before the center is made. The decreasing row is as follows: knit 3 plain and then 2 together alternately; at the end knit 4 plain; then knit one row plain.

CENTER PATTERN.—This should all be worked in one color.

1st row—Slip 1, knit 1 *, make 1, knit 3 together, make 1, knit 3. Repeat from *. At the end knit 2 instead of 3.

2nd row—Slip 1, knit the rest plain.

3rd row—Slip 1, *, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1. Repeat from * to the end.

4th row—Same as the 2nd row.

5th row—Knit 2 together, *, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 3 together. Repeat from * to the last 2 stitches, then knit 2 together.

6th row—Same as the 2nd row.

7th row—Slip 1, *, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 1, repeat from * to the end.

8th row—Same as the 2nd row.

These 8 rows form the pattern, and are repeated for about half a yard; then leave the stitches on an extra pin, and work the other end.

Cast on 54 stitches, and repeat as before, working to the center. This end is then attached by threading a sewing needle with the wool, and placing the pins with the end and center close together; pass the needle into the first stitch of the center, then through the first stitch of the end, and back again into the first stitch of the center, continuing the same until they are joined.

THE BORDER.—Every two rows of this border are to be worked alternately with the colored and white wool.

Commence by casting on 8 stitches.

1st row—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 3 plain.

2nd row—Knit 2, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

3rd row—Slip 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit the rest plain.

4th row—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

5th row—Same as the 3rd row.

6th row—Knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 3, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

7th row—Same as 3rd row.

8th row—Knit 2, (make 1 and knit 2 together, twice,) make 1, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

9th row—Same as 3rd row.

10th row—Knit 1, knit 2 together, (make 1

and knit 2 together, twice,) knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 2, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

11th row—Same as 3rd row.

12th row—Knit 1, knit 2 together, (make 1 and knit 2 together, twice,) knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

13th row—Same as 3rd row.

14th row—Knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1,

15th row—Same as 3rd row.

16th row—Knit 1, knit 2 together, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1, make 1, knit 2 together, knit 1.

Repeat from the first row until the required length is made. Sew it to the Cravat.

BABY'S CARRIAGE AFGHAN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give, printed in colors, a pattern for this beautiful affair.

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of scarlet single zephyr; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of white single zephyr; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of black single zephyr; long bone hook for Princess Royal Stitch.

Begin with the scarlet wool, make a ch of 24 stitches, work (in Princess Royal Stitch,) 8 rows; join the black wool, and work 1 row; join the white wool, and work 2 rows; black, 1 row, 8 rows of scarlet, making in all 20 rows, which completes a square block. Then tie on the white wool, and work 16 stitches; drop the white wool, tie on the black, and work 1 stitch; drop the black wool, and tie on the scarlet, and work 2 stitches; drop the scarlet wool, tie on another black thread, and work 1 stitch; drop the black,

tie on another white wool, and work 10 stitches, (thus you have five threads going.) On the return row work 10 stitches white, dropping the thread as before, 1 black, 2 scarlet, 1 black, 10 white, observing always to drop the thread of one color before taking up the next. Proceed in this way until you have worked 20 rows, which completes the block. Then join the scarlet wool and proceed as in the first block—nine blocks to every stripe, and nine stripes for the whole Affghan. Arrange the stripes as seen in the design, and crochet them together with 1 row of black, and 1 row all round; tie on a fringe of black, scarlet and white wool, either all round, or only at the end, as the taste may suggest. The Affghan will be perfectly square, and the fringe all round is generally preferred.

A NEW FASHION OF DRESSING THE HAIR

BY EMILY H. MAY.

IN the front of the number, we give three illustrations: a new fashion for dressing the hair.

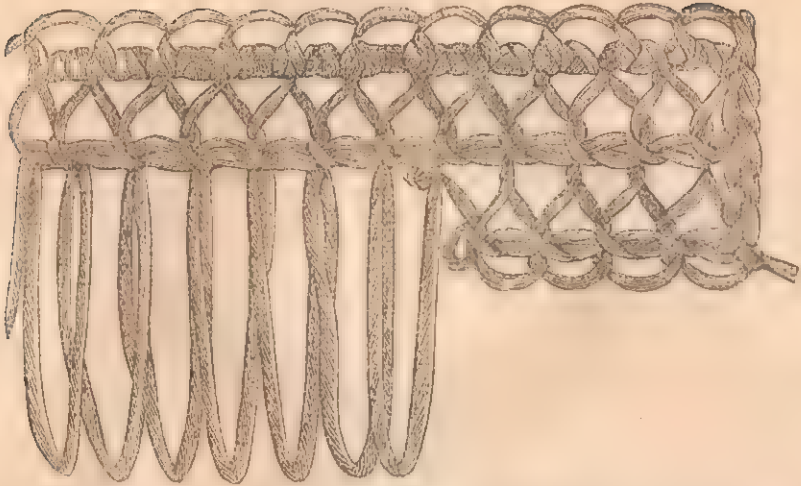
Three pins, similar to crimping pins, made of pliable wire. The hair is braided in and out, as shown in the diagrams. The trimming is a box-plaiting of ribbon, with a cord and tassel to correspond in color. One advantage in wearing the hair in this way is, that the second day the waterfall will be waved by the use of the pins the day before.

EDGING.



KNITTED FRINGE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In thick, fleecy, or double German wool, this will be found a rich trimming for anti-macassars, knitted shawls, etc.; with fine steel pins and boar's-head cotton of a middle quality, it is suitable for trimming doyleys, the sleeves of children's print frocks, and other articles.

The size of the pins used must depend upon the material with which you intend knitting. No. 10 pins would be suitable for single Berlin wool; No. 8 for double wool.

Cast on six stitches, put the wool round the pin, and purl two stitches together. Repeat this throughout the row; every row is the same until you have knitted the length you require; then cast off four stitches, draw out the other pin, and unravel the fringe. If you prefer a double heading, cast on eight stitches instead of six, work in the same manner as before directed, cast off four stitches and unravel.

NEW FASHION FOR THE HAIR.



LADY'S CRAVAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER



This little Cravat may be made of velvet, sarsnet, or satin. It should be lined, and edged with a quilling of ribbon to match. The embroidery, which is worked in point *Russe*, should be very brilliant in color. The edge, for instance, might be of maize filoselle, the crosses alternately green and black, or red and white; the little pattern between the medallions green

and black alternately; the dots are small gold beads. The Cravat should be cut absolutely on the cross. The length of the lappets is five inches.

The width at the widest part should be three inches, and the band round the throat should be one inch and a half in width—the length, of course, fitting the throat.

EDGING.

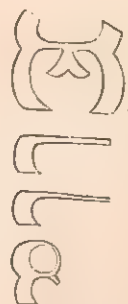
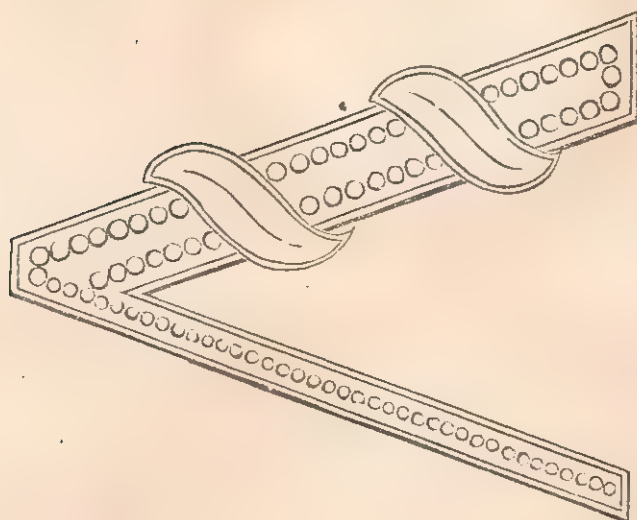


VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY

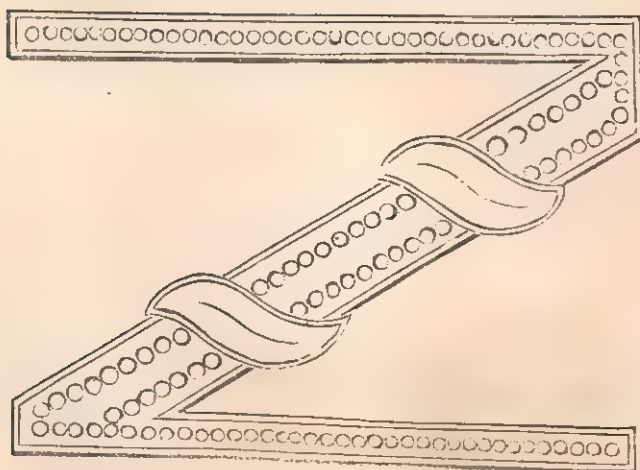
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



NAME FOR MARKING.



NAME



INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



EDGING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BALLS AND PARTIES IN FRANCE.—In some respects, the etiquette at balls and other dancing parties is different, in France, from what it is in England and the United States. Something of this arises from the fact that fewer young girls go to parties in France. A late French writer says:—"A modest girl will wear a simple dress; her demeanor will be calm, utterly devoid of airs and affectation. She will, perhaps, manifest timidity on entering the room and saluting her hostess; but blushes are preferable to boldness. She will speak little, and not giggle at all; she will listen attentively to the music, and will dance quietly and modestly; she will not accept, still less will she lay herself out for, attentions on the part of young men; she will not give them her fan, her memorandum card, or her handkerchief to hold; she will partake of refreshments with great discretion. When dancing, she will not lift her dress too high, nor look her partner full in the face. If he utter a few lull-room commonplaces, she is to reply politely but briefly, without bluntness or embarrassment. When all is over, she is to thank him with a curtsy. If, by mistake, she has promised the same quadrille to two partners, she is bound to do her utmost to prevent any misunderstanding between them, by refraining from dancing with either of them, and perhaps even by renouncing dancing for the whole of the rest of the evening."

These are excellent rules and not inapplicable in America. Equally sensible are some points of etiquette, in France, relating to the behavior of gentlemen at balls. A French young gentleman asking a lady, will request not the *pleasure*, but the *honor* of dancing with her. If she is under the care of a chaperon, he will treat the chaperon with exactly the same respect as he would her mother. Dancers, in France, never take off their gloves, nor venture to squeeze their partner's hand, nor press their own against her side in a gallop, and especially a waltz. The moment she wishes to interrupt that dance, they drop their arm instantly. If they are dancing with a single lady, their respectful reserve becomes still more marked. The dance over, they offer their arm to conduct her to her place, where, bowing lowly, they thank her for the honor she has done them, and retire. A young lady should never be seen to converse intimately with her partner. It is uncivil, even blamable, on the part of the gentleman, to attempt to establish anything like familiar intercourse. At a ball it is not allowable for the same partners to dance too frequently together.

At French balls, it is allowable to ask a lady to dance without being formally introduced to her—which has both more convenience and more common sense than our custom. In good society, *nobody* ought to be supposed to be invited who is not fit company for the other guests. Any gentleman, therefore, present should be supposed to be an eligible, or at least a permissible partner for any lady.

POCKET-HANDKERCHIEFS partake highly of the fantastic and fanciful. For afternoon out-door toilets, the handkerchief is of unbleached cambric, trimmed with Valenciennes, even on without any fullness. At the four corners of the handkerchief there are small Valenciennes patterns inserted, and the cambric cut away. A butterfly, a bee, a jockey's cap, and a peacock, etc., are the general ones. The peacock, when worked in exquisitely fine Valenciennes lace, is beautiful. But the initials form the most distinguished patterns.

HATS AGAINST BONNETS.—The attempt to make hats unfashionable has not succeeded. There are, indeed, more bonnets worn; but many ladies still prefer hats: in fact look better in them. The hats are so various that it would be difficult to indicate which form is preferred. Some ladies wear hats more like the high-crowned black hats worn by men; the crown is not quite so high, and the brim is broader—these are the only differences; we have engraved one of these hats. Very little trimming is added; a flower is usually placed at the side, and appears to fasten a scarf, which is twisted round the top of the brim and falls on the shoulders. These hats are made of either black or white sewed-straw, and the color of the veil corresponds with that of the hat. The *toquet*, with brim turned up at the sides, and forming a point both at the back and front, is very becoming to the generality of faces; a long feather is worn round these *toquets*, and forms the sole ornament to them. The *jardiniere* hats are also worn. These have round brims, which are turned down and bound with velvet, to which is added either a gauze or lace veil. These hats are worn alike by young girls and their mothers, and especially by those who are not sufficiently youthful to adopt any of the faster forms.

LADIES' RIDING HATS AND HARRIS.—In Paris, the high-crowned, or *mun's* hat, has quite superseded the Spanish, or *poke-pie*, or, indeed, any other shape, for ladies when on horseback. These tall, black hats are trimmed with a rosette of black lace, and two long streamers of the same at the back; there is a short black veil in front, and this veil is rounded off at the corners, and fits the face as a mask. The hair is worn in one large bow or boss at the back, well padded with a huge frizzette, and kept neat by means of a very fine invisible net made either of hair or fine silk to match the hair. The size of this "back hair" is, in many instances, wonderfully large. In the rest of the riding costume there is nothing novel from last season; the habits are long, and the bodices are made with swallow-tail busques at the back; the small linen collars, the deep cuffs, and the bright neck-ties, have been worn for many seasons, and are not likely to be superseded. But the divers shaped fancy hats, ornamented with peacock's, pheasant's, ostrich, Muscovy duck, and other brilliantly metallic plumage, which gleamed and glistened on the heads of the fair riders last season, have all disappeared to make room for the more severe and orthodox *mun's* hat.

"CHEAPEST IN THE WORLD."—The Plattville (Wis.) Witness says, in a late notice:—"Peterson's is, without question, the cheapest Magazine in the world. It is still being offered at the old price of two dollars per year to single subscribers, and to clubs at the rate of four copies for six dollars, and six copies for nine dollars. Nothing but an immense circulation could justify such low rates in these expensive times. Though low in price, the Magazine keeps up to the old standard of merit; indeed, we think rather goes beyond." And the Lockport (N. Y.) Union says:—"No lady, about to subscribe for a magazine, should fail to examine Peterson's, and, having examined it, she will conclude with us it is the best Magazine, for the money, that is published."

LACE VEILS are, for the present, put aside; fancy veils are worn in preference, and these are worked over with pearls, crystal drops, and beads, and every part of the design is put in relief by means of spangles of some description.

GOLD SPANGLES are quite the rage. Full dress bonnets are worked over with them, and these are worn with gold tiara for cap. Deep gold waistbands, which have been so frequently abandoned, are once more in vogue. They produce a good effect, particularly over rich, light silk dresses, which are made with high bedices; over mauve moire and willow-green silks they look especially well. These gold waistbands have only one defect, they are exceedingly costly, and it is useless buying the cheap ones, which look very speedily like a band of copper round the waist.

TWO ELEGANT EDITIONS OF ENOCH ARDEN, have been published in Boston, by Messrs. J. E. Tilton. The "Artists' Edition," superbly illustrated by Mr. Hammatt Billings on nearly every page; the price of which is \$1.50. And the "Cambridge Edition," also illustrated with vignettes, including "Aylmer's Field," "Sea Dreams," "The Captain," and all of Tennyson's late poems. Price \$1.50. Both will, probably, be found at all the principal bookstores, or will be sent by mail by the publisher, on receipt of the price.

"THE QUEEN OF THE MONTHLIES."—The Edenburg (Pa.) Alleghenian calls this Magazine "the Queen of the Monthlies," and says it ably sustains its reputation.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of Julius Caesar. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this elegantly printed volume we have the first instalment of Louis Napoleon's history of the first Cesar. The book opens with a graphic sketch of the Roman republic, discusses its laws, its conquests, and the changes in its constitution, and closes with the consulship of Cesar and Bibulus, just before Cesar took command in Gaul. Another volume will soon follow, the whole work being understood to be finished. Of course, this history attracts universal attention. Any book, written by an emperor, especially on so engrossing a theme, would awaken public interest. But, in this case, curiosity is heightened by the evident parallel which Napoleon the Third runs between the first Cesars and the Bonapartes, not to say by the similarity which he infers between the condition of Rome in the first century of our era and that of France in the nineteenth. In England, as a general rule, the critics assail the book, while in France the press is practically silent about it; hence an impartial judgment, if one can be looked for at all, can only be had in the United States. We have not the space to go into the subject in these pages, nor do we suppose our readers would thank us if we did. But the book is certainly well written.

St. Phillip's. By the author of "Rutledge." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—This is very much better than "Rutledge," and incomparably more so than "Frank Warrington," or "The Sutherlands." It is difficult, indeed, to believe that the same person who wrote "St. Phillip's" could have written either of the other two. In no other case can we recall such a mental growth as between the earlier fictions of this author and the one now before us. "Rutledge" was, at best, only a feeble echo of "Jane Eyre." "Frank Warrington," and "The Sutherlands" were simply stupid. But "St. Phillip's" would do no discredit to the author of "Christian's Mistake." The characters are drawn from real life, and not from books; and the plot is at once original and effective. We hope the author of this excellent story will write often, if she writes in the same conscientious and meritorious manner. The volume is neatly printed.

Kate Keenely. By the author of "Wondrous Strange." 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A very nice old-fashioned love-story, by an English author, printed in double column, octavo, and bound in paper.

Mary Brandegee. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—If there is anybody who wishes a sensation novel, in its most pungent form, here they have it. Miss Bradden is nothing to the author of "Mary Brandegee." People are smothered with chloroform and poisoned with arsenic; the heroine is incurably in love three times in one year; elopements, marriages, and suits for divorce, keep up a continuous scandal through the pages. Never was a dish more highly peppered. With all these faults, however, the book exhibits a certain kind of smartness. There is plot enough for half a dozen fictions. The sketches of life in Virginia, such as it was before the rebellion, are spirited, and so are those of the "fast" set in New York, which set, we are sorry to say, has survived the rebellion. If the author curbs the extravagances and improves the morals of her novels, she may become a writer of merit, and win general approbation.

The Presbyterian Historical Almanac for 1864. By Joseph M. Wilson. 1 vol., 8 vo. Philada: Joseph M. Wilson.—We have here the sixth volume of this excellent publication, containing some four hundred and fifty pages. It is embellished with several mezzotint engravings of eminent divines in the Presbyterian church. It may be regarded as a perfect store-house of facts pertaining to the large and influential denomination which adopts the theological tenets of Calvin.

The Vicar of Wakefield. By Oliver Goldsmith. 1 vol., 24 mo. New York: Frank H. Dodd.—Mr. Dodd has begun the publication of what he calls a "Pocket Series of Favorite Standard Authors;" and "The Vicar of Wakefield" is the first of the series. The volume is printed at the Cambridge University Press, on fine tinted paper, with new type and initial letters. The copy before us is bound in vellum cloth, with gilt top. It is an edition that will recommend itself to every person of taste.

The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson. By the author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Very handsomely printed on cream-colored paper. "Praying Everywhere," "Intolerance," "Living to One's Self," "Patience," and "No Temple in Heaven," are among the most interesting of the essays, though all are in the best manner of this popular writer.

Skirmishes and Sketches. By Gail Hamilton. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A collection of the shorter essays of this popular writer. "Child-Power," "Doubtful Arguments," "Christ as a Preacher," "A Court Crime," "Language," and "Mob Patriotism," are the titles of some of the articles, of which, in all, there are about thirty, each written with the mingled humor, eloquence, spirit, and dogmatism, which characterize Gail Hamilton.

The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1 vol., 24 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—An edition in "blue and gold," of the best prose work of Holmes; and one of the very best books in prose that has been written on this side of the Atlantic.

Life in Heaven. By the author of "Heaven our Home," and "Meet for Heaven." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Roberts Brothers.—Very neatly printed on laid paper. The author is a favorite in the religious world; and this new work will be, as it deserves, extensively read.

Historical View of the American Revolution. By G. W. Greene. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Mr. Greene is peculiarly fitted by his historical studies, for writing a work of this character; and the result is a volume of rare merit, which we cordially commend to the public.

Lovers and Thinkers. A novel. By Hervey Gordon. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—A very neatly printed volume, by a new candidate for public favor, who writes, we incline to think, under an assumed name.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS, ETC.

Minced Fowl.—Take the remains of a cold roast fowl, and cut off all the white meat, which mince finely, without any skin or bone; but put the bone, skin, and etceteras into a stewpan with an onion, a blade of mace, and a handful of sweet herbs tied up; add nearly a pint of water; let it stew for an hour, and then strain and pour off the gravy, putting in a teaspoonful of Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire sauce. Take two hard-boiled eggs, and chop them small; mix them with the fowl; add salt, pepper, and mace, according to taste; put in the gravy; also half a tablespoonful of very finely minced lemon-peel, and one tablespoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of flour, made into a smooth paste with a little cold water, and let the whole just boil. Serve with sippets of toasted bread. Some persons prefer Cayenne to common white pepper.

Veal-Cake.—This is a pretty, tasty dish for supper or breakfast, and uses up any cold veal which you may not care to mince. Take away the brown outside of your cold roast veal, and cut the white meat into thin slices; have also a few thin slices of cold ham, and two hard-boiled eggs, which also slice, and two dessertspoonfuls of finely-chopped parsley. Take an earthenware mould, and lay veal, ham, eggs, and parsley in alternate layers, with a little pepper between each, and a sprinkling of lemon on the veal. When the mould seems full, fill up with strong stock, and bake for half an hour. Turn out when cold. If a proper shape be not at hand, the veal-cake looks very pretty made in a plain pie-dish. When turned out, garnish with a few sprigs of fresh parsley.

Fish-Cake.—Put the bones of the fish, with the head and fins, into a stewpan, with about a pint of water; add pepper and salt to taste; one good-sized onion, a handful of sweet herbs if you like, and stew all slowly for about two hours. Then mince fine the clear meat of the fish, mixing it well with bread-crumbs and cold, mashed potatoes, and a small quantity of fine-chopped parsley; season with salt and pepper to taste, and make the whole into a cake, with an egg well beaten up. Brush it over lightly with white of egg, and strew with bread-crumbs, and fry of a rich amber brown. Strain the gravy made from the bones, etc., and pour it over; stir gently for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour. Serve very hot, with garnish of parsley and lemon slices.

Fish-Cake Again.—Carefully remove the bones and skin from any fish that is left from dinner, and put it into warm water for a short time. After taking it out press it dry, and beat it in a mortar to a fine paste with an equal quantity of mashed potatoes; season to taste. Then make up the mass into round, flat cakes, and fry them in butter or lard till they are of a fine golden-brown color. Be sure they do not burn. Cod-fish is excellent recooked after this fashion.

Hashed Beef or Mutton.—Slice and brown one large onion with a small piece of butter in an iron saucepan; then add one teaspoonful of moist sugar, which also brown well. Mix in a small cup a dessertspoonful of flour with a little water. Pour this into the saucepan, mix well, and add a breakfast-cupful of good plain beef or veal gravy, stirring occasionally. Cut your cold beef or mutton into thin slices, pepper it, and put into the saucepan with a bunch of sage. Let the whole stew until it boils. Serve up garnished with pieces of toast, as is the English custom.

Salt Fish-Cake.—Carefully take away all the bones, chop up the remains of yesterday's parsnips and potatoes; mix all together with the cold egg-sauce; put the whole in a pie-dish, and place it in the oven for half an hour. Look at it occasionally during the baking, and if it seems to get too

dry, put a little fresh butter on the top. The plain, cold cod-fish, treated in the same way, substituting oyster-sauce for egg-sauce, eats excellent.

SUMMER DRINKS.

The Best Raspberry Vinegar.—Fill a large bowl with fresh-gathered raspberries picked from their stalks, and cover the fruit with the best white wine vinegar. Let it steep for eight days, and then strain off the liquor carefully. Fill the bowl again with fresh fruit, and pour the liquor over it. Four days afterward, change the fruit, and let the infusion stand for four days longer. Then strain the vinegar carefully through a jelly-bag until quite clear, and weigh the juice against its own weight in lump sugar. Boil it up for a few minutes with the sugar, removing the scum, and bottle it when cold. This syrup, mixed with water and lumps of ice or soda-water, is very refreshing. A delicious syrup (closely analogous to what the French call *groseille*), may be made by squeezing the juice out of fresh, ripe currants (dry-gathered and picked from the stalks) into a bowl, and letting it stand until it stiffens. Then pass it through a tammy, and boil it up with an equal weight of powdered sugar. Let it stand for a day and bottle it, corking it up carefully. Strawberry vinegar, which makes an excellent sherbet, is made by steeping the fruit in the best white wine vinegar and renewing the fruit every day for four days, repeating the operation three times. Then strain the syrup, and boil it up with its weight of sugar. Let it stand a few days, and then bottle it.

Vino Tonic.—This is a very delicious beverage, and is prepared in the following manner:—Steep the rinds of six oranges and six lemons in a gallon of good brandy, closely stopp'd. Boil one pound and a half of loaf-sugar in two gallons of water for a quarter of an hour. Clarify it with the whites of ten eggs, and when it is cold, having added the juice of twenty-four oranges and five lemons to the gallon of brandy, mix the whole together and strain off the rinds. Put the liquor into a cask well stopp'd, and at the end of six weeks bottle it. It will then be fit for use, but will improve by keeping.

Milk Punch to Keep.—Parse six oranges and six lemons, as thin as possible, and grate them afterward to extract the flavor. Soak the peel for twenty-four hours in a bottle of rum or brandy closely stopp'd. Squeeze the fruit on two pounds of sugar, and add to it four quarts of water and one of new milk, boiling hot. Stir into it the rum, and run it through a jelly-bag until quite clear, then bottle and cork it closely immediately.

Milk Punch.—Put as much lemon-peel, pared very thin, as you can into a bottle, and fill it with good brandy. Cork, and let it stand six days; then pour out the liquid, and add two pounds and a quarter of loaf-sugar, two quarts of water, two quarts of new milk scalding hot, having had a little spice boiled in it, one pint of lemon-juice, and four quarts of brandy. When quite cold, strain, clear, and bottle.

Bottled Lemonade.—Dissolve half a pound of loaf-sugar in one quart of water, and boil it over a slow fire; two drachms of acetic acid; four ounces of tartaric acid; when cold, add two pennyworth of essence of lemon. Put one sixth of the above into each bottle filled with water, and add thirty grains of carbonate of soda; cork it immediately, and it will be fit for use.

Soda Water in Bottles.—Dissolve one ounce of carbonate of soda in one gallon of water; put it into bottles in the quantity of a tumblerful or half a pint to each; having the cork ready, drop into each bottle half a drachm of tartaric or citric acid in crystals; cork and wire it immediately, and it will be ready for use at any time.

Lemonade.—Take a quart of boiling water, and add to it five ounces of lump sugar, the yellow rind of a lemon rubbed off with a bit of sugar, and the juice of three lemons. Stir all together and let it stand till cool. Two ounces of

cream of tartar may be used instead of the lemons, water being poured upon it.

JELLIES, PRESERVES, ETC.

To Preserve Pine-apples.—Select ripe plines free from blemishes; do not break them or remove the leaves; put them in a large boiler or pan filled with water, and cover them tightly down. Boil them until they are sufficiently tender to run a skewer through them with ease, then take them up, and let them get perfectly cold. Peel them when cold, and cut them in slices. The slices should be one-fourth of an inch thick. Take out the cores, weigh the fruit, and allow the same weight of the best sugar, granulated sugar. Spread a little on the bottom of the preserving jars, put in a layer of fruit, then a layer of sugar, until it is all in. Let them remain until all the sugar is dissolved, then drain off the syrup, and strain it. Set the jar in cold water; let it remain till the water boils, then take it off; in the water in which it was heated, put the syrup to heat at the same time as the fruit, only in a separate vessel, and pour it when boiling on to the fruit, put the pan on the fire again with the jar of preserve in it, and let it remain until the water boils. Cork the jar well, and paste white paper over it; wet the paper with white of egg, press the edges down, then cover with another paper, likewise wetted with white of egg on both sides, and keep it in a cool place. Small jars are the best for this preserve.

Red-Currant Jelly.—Gather the fruit when perfectly ripe, and on a dry day; strip the currants carefully from the stalks, put them into a jar, which place in a saucepan of cold water, over a clear fire, until the juice flows from them freely; then turn them into a fine hair-sieve, and let them drain well, but without pressure. Weigh the juice, and to each pound allow ten ounces of loaf-sugar. Boil the juice fast for thirteen minutes, then remove it from the fire; add the sugar, keeping it stirred till it is quite dissolved. Give the jelly eight minutes more of quick boiling, and pour it into moulds. Be sure to clear off the scum both before and after the sugar is added, or the jelly will not be clear. N. B.—The currants which remain in the sieve make a excellent jam, boiled with equal quantities of sugar for eight minutes.

Blackberry Jelly.—Gather the fruit when perfectly ripe, and in very dry weather. Put the blackberries into a jar, and place the jar in hot water, keeping it boiling until the juice is extracted from the fruit. Pass it through a fine sieve or jelly-bag without much pressure. For every pint of juice add fourteen ounces of sugar, and boil in a clean preserving-pan about five-and-twenty minutes, carefully taking off the scum as it rises to the surface. Place it hot in small jars and cover it down with thin tissue-paper dipped in brandy, and brown paper over it. Keep it in a cool, dry place.

Gooseberry Fool.—Wash and pick one quart of gooseberries; put them into a stone jar, and having covered it, let it stand in a saucepan of boiling water until the gooseberries are quite tender, and then pulp them through a horse-hair sieve. Beat up the yolks of two eggs and the white of one. To these add, by degrees, a small quantity of milk and a little pounded sugar. After this, put in the pulped fruit, whisk it all up, and add gradually half a pint of cream (or milk, if cream be not plentiful,) and sugar to taste.

To Preserve Fruit.—Pick off the stems and put the fruit into bottles; fill them quite to the top. Put the corks in loosely, and set them upright in a pan of water; place this on the fire till it nearly boils; let it stand afterward for a quarter of an hour. Pour boiling water into each bottle, leaving an inch unfilled; cork tight, and allow them to cool. Pack them away with the bottles placed horizontally, to keep the corks moist. Fruit that is not quite ripe preserves best.

To Preserve Strawberries Whole.—The strawberries must be gathered on a dry day, before they are very ripe, and their stalks left on. They should be placed separately on a dish, and twice their weight of pounded lump sugar strewed over them. Next, a few ripe scarlet strawberries crushed are put in a jar, with an equal weight of pounded lump sugar. They are covered closely down, and allowed to stand in a saucepan of boiling water until quite soft, and until all the syrup has come out of them. They should then be strained through muslin into a preserving-pan, boiled, and well skimmed, and, when cold, the whole strawberries are put in and placed over the fire until they are milk-warm, when they should be removed and allowed to get quite cold. Again they must be put on the fire and made a little hotter than the last time, letting them cool afterward, and this process should be repeated until they look clear, but they must never be allowed to boil, as that would cause the stalks to fall off. When cold, they may be placed in jars or glasses, with the stalks downward, filled up with the syrup. Papers dipped in brandy must be put over them, and they should be closely tied down.

Preserved Red-Currants in Bunches.—Gather the finest bunches on a dry, warm day, and having brushed off the dust and insects with a feather, tie them to spools of wood six inches long; put their weight of sugar into a pan with as much water as will dissolve it, and boil it five minutes, skimming it well. Take the pan off the fire, and lay in it the sticks with care, and let the fruit boil up ten minutes slowly. Take off the pan, and, when cool, disengage the bunches, and place them in glasses or pots. Add to the syrup half a pint of good currant jelly of the same color as the fruit; boil it up, skimming it well till quite clear, and pour it, when cool, over the fruit, covering it well. When cold, put brandy paper over, and paste white paper over the glasses. Set them in a cool, dry room, and they will be excellent in three months.

Current Fritters.—Make a light batter, with half a pound of fine flour, half a pint of milk, and two fresh eggs, sugar according to taste, part of a nutmeg grated. When ready prepared, take a small teaspoonful of the same, and place the contents into a frying-pan, with scalding fresh butter; place as many separate fritters in the pan as it will hold, and add the quantity of currants over them, according to fancy. When sufficiently done, strew sugar over them to your taste, and serve them up quite hot. N. B.—Quince or apple marmalade should be mixed up with the batter, if such fruits should be deemed preferable to currants.

To Preserve Magnum Bonum Plums.—Prick them with a needle to prevent bursting; simmer them very gently in thin syrup, put into a China bowl, and, when cold, pour the syrup over. Let them lie three days, then make a syrup of three pounds of sugar to five pounds of fruit, with no more water than hangs to large lumps of the sugar dipped quickly and instantly brought out. Boil the plums in this fresh syrup, after draining them from the first; do them very gently till they are clear, and the syrup adheres to them; put them one by one into small pots, and pour the liquor over them.

Rhubarb Marmalade.—Peel five oranges, taking away the white rind and pips from them; put the pulp into the stewpan, with the peel cut very small; add five pounds rhubarb, cut small, (as for tarts,) and four pounds of loaf-sugar; boil the whole two hours, and the fruit half an hour before adding the sugar. Three lemons instead of five oranges will make an agreeable change.

Rhubarb Preserve.—To every six pounds rhubarb add six pounds of sugar and a quarter of a pound of bruised ginger; the rhubarb to be cut into pieces two inches long, and put into a stone jar, with the sugar in layers, till the sugar is dissolved; take the juice, or syrup, and boil it with the ginger for half an hour, then add the rhubarb, and boil another half-hour.

DESSERTS AND CAKES.

Good Children's Cake.—Rub a quarter of a pound of butter, or good, fresh, clean beef dripping, into two pounds of flour; add half a pound of pounded sugar, one pound of currants, well washed and dried, half an ounce of caraway-seed, a quarter of an ounce of pudding-spice or allspice, and mix all thoroughly. Make warm a pint of new milk, but do not let it get hot; stir into it three tablespoonfuls of good yeast, and with this liquid make up your dough lightly, and knead it well. Line your cake-tins with buttered paper, and put in the dough; let it remain in a warm place to rise for an hour and a quarter, or more, if necessary, and then bake in a well heated oven. This quantity will make two moderately-sized cakes; thus divided, they will take from an hour and a half to two hours baking. N. B.—Let the paper inside your tins be about six inches higher than the top of the tin itself.

Ice Pudding.—Boil one pint and a half of new milk with one teaspoonful of isinglass. Beat five eggs and mix them with the milk as you would for custards. Take a tin mould with a cover, oiled, not buttered, and line it with candied fruits, such as plums, greenapples, etc. Then pour the custard in very gradually, so that the fruit will remain at the bottom. Put on the cover, and bury the mould in ice for the whole day, only turning out the pudding at the moment it is wanted.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—DINNER DRESS OF BLUE SILK, the skirt trimmed with lace in an entirely new style. Hair dressed with blue flowers.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF WHITE SILK, trimmed with scarlet ribbon. Hair dressed with scarlet flowers and green leaves.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS, PETTICOAT, BASQUE, AND JACKET OF GRAY ALPACA, trimmed with black velvet and crimson buttons. The skirt is looped high up above the petticoat.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF MAIZE-COLORED FOU-LARD SILK, with square coat basque, trimmed with brown silk.

FIG. V.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF MAUVE SILK.—Over dress of fine white alpaca, trimmed with a band of mauve silk and white goat's hair.

FIG. VI.—WALKING DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED FOU-LARD SILK, trimmed with heavy green and white cord. The front of the basque has green silk lapels heavily embroidered.

FIG. VII.—SNEW-IT JACKET AND JACKET OF GRAY CASHMERE, trimmed with silver hanging buttons.

FIG. VIII.—HEAD-DRESS IN THE GREEK STYLE.—The short, loose curls are confined by bands of ribbon.

FIG. IX.—BONNET OF WHITE CHIFF, with a swallow on the back, and trimmed with white ribbon, ornamented with snowflakes.

FIG. X.—HAT OF BELGIAN STRAW, trimmed with wild flowers.

FIG. XI.—HAT OF SPLIT STRAW, trimmed with blue velvet and feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Waists, unfortunately, are becoming shorter and shorter. These fearful times of the Empire, and since so laughed at, are returning with all their ridiculous fashions. Hair is dressed upon the summit of the head, and waists are made under the arms, so that even the prettiest, the cuttiest, become ugly, and one must have inherent taste to be able to look graceful with such fashions. Beauties and the *lions* of society leave off crinoline entirely during the day time, and only put it on to go out walking or for a ball. Ladies receive without crinoline, and the dresses open both before and behind over white or red silk petticoats, or striped cashmere of a thousand hues. The thousand hues are made to harmonize with the dress. Thus one in Havana brown would have a petticoat "a mille

raies" in blue and white. If the dress is trimmed with blue ribbon the sash is also blue, and blue ribbons are passed through the hair. Dresses opening behind are also worn out walking, but then they must be buttoned up behind, and only left open in front.

STRAW CORDS are very much used to trim evening dresses, and fine straw cord is mingled with the loops of ribbon which decorates the front of shoes.

SMALL SLEEVELESS JACKETS are in high favor among young ladies. Those made of black silk are trimmed round with silk of the same color as the skirt with which they are worn. This band of colored silk is about two inches wide, is laid on flat, and then worked over with either steel or gold beads in various devices—stars, lattice-work, diamonds, grecques, etc., according to fancy. These jackets are worn over white Garibaldi jackets with full sleeves closed at the wrist.

FOR SILK DRESSES cable cord is much used. Black and white cord is frequently used for black dresses. The skirt is usually scalloped around the edge and the cord sewn on, following the undulations of the dress. Sometimes it is carried up the seams, but then it is put on plain around the skirt.

SASHES are still much worn with thin dresses. The ribbon used is very wide, or else silk planked, or trimmed with blonde, etc.

WHITE MUSLIN PETTICOATS will be embroidered with black wool in satin-stitch, instead of being braided as last year. White foulard petticoats, trimmed with black velvet, are much used for house wear.

STEEL is profusely used for bonnets, mantles, and dresses. Many of the new gimps and braids are heavily decorated with steel, and these are profusely used to ornament dresses with. Steel beads are studded all over bonnets, parasols, etc.

LACE JACKETS, studded with steel, will be worn over low-necked dresses.

OLD BASQUINES can be modernized by cutting them shorter, especially in front, and by making the sleeves narrow. Some of the new basquines are spangled with steel in the form of small birds.

THE SCARF MANTLE is much worn by young ladies: it is both graceful and original, and is high on the shoulders as a pelerine, but pointed at the back; it opens in front where it crosses as a Marie Antoinette fichu, the long ends being pointed and falling at the sides of the skirt. The scarf is ruffled round with a thick notched out taffetas ruche.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Nothing is so elegant for children's dress as white. Since English embroidery has gone out of fashion, it is replaced with *pique* braided; and for dresses of lighter material with insertions of satin-stitch, Valenciennes, and guipure. To keep children's frocks clean in the house, they wear small aprons made of very fine Holland, braided with either cord or blue worsted braid. The aprons are made low, and the sleeves cut short. Besides being useful they are very coquettish-looking.

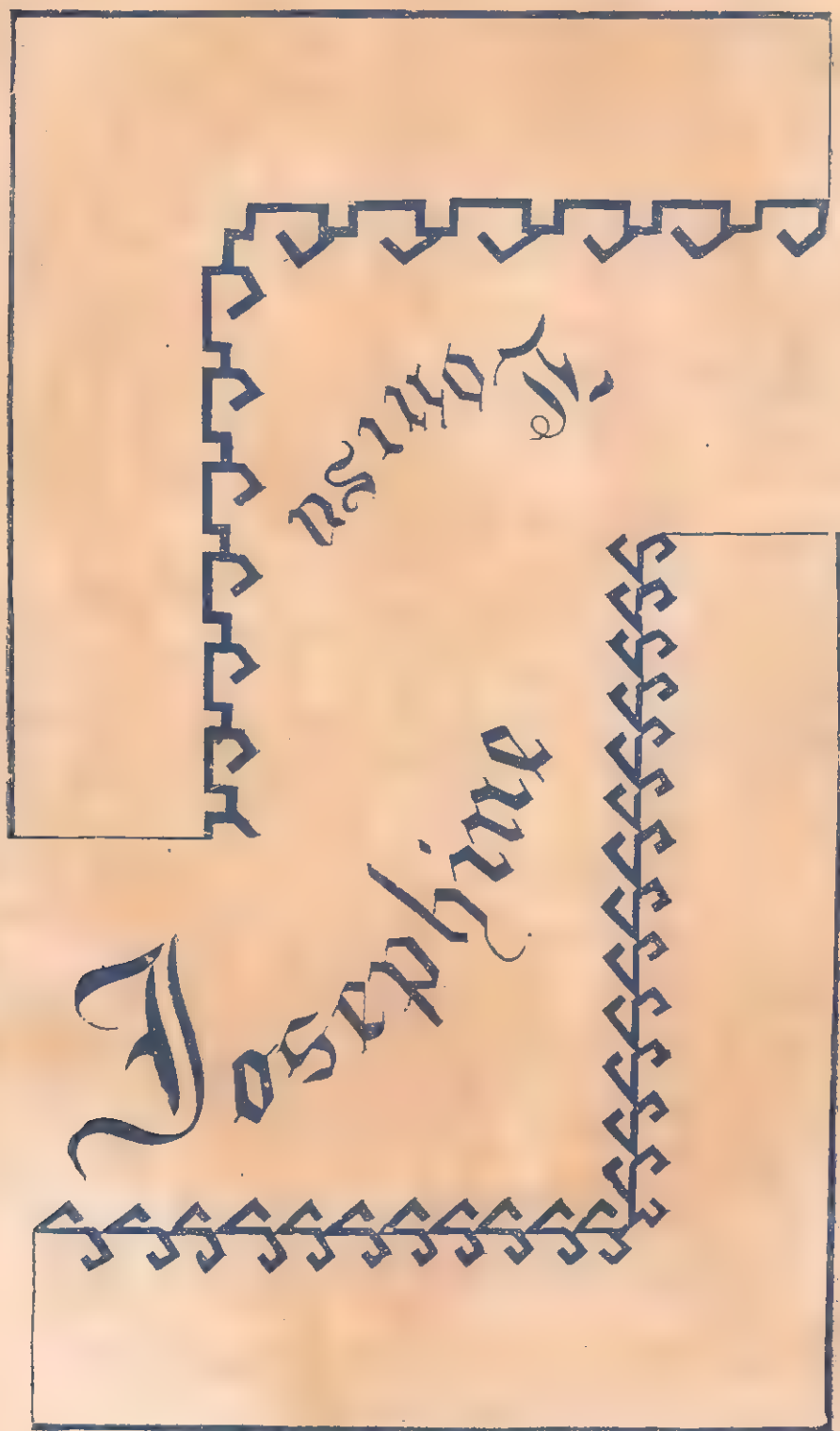
IN PARIS, white alpaca will be the popular material for little children's dresses during the spring. The frocks will be trimmed with several rows of either colored ruches or narrow ribbon velvet, either violet or blue, and small steel buttons will be placed at intervals between the ruches or upon the velvet. Paletots to correspond. White *pique* frocks and basquines will likewise be ornamented with colored trimmings and steel.

SMALL SAILOR JACKETS made of soft, white flannel, striped with blue or purple and fastened with metal buttons, are very novel coverings for children. These sailor jackets have the advantage of being easily cleaned, an important consideration where children are concerned.



LES MODES PARISIENNES

1877.



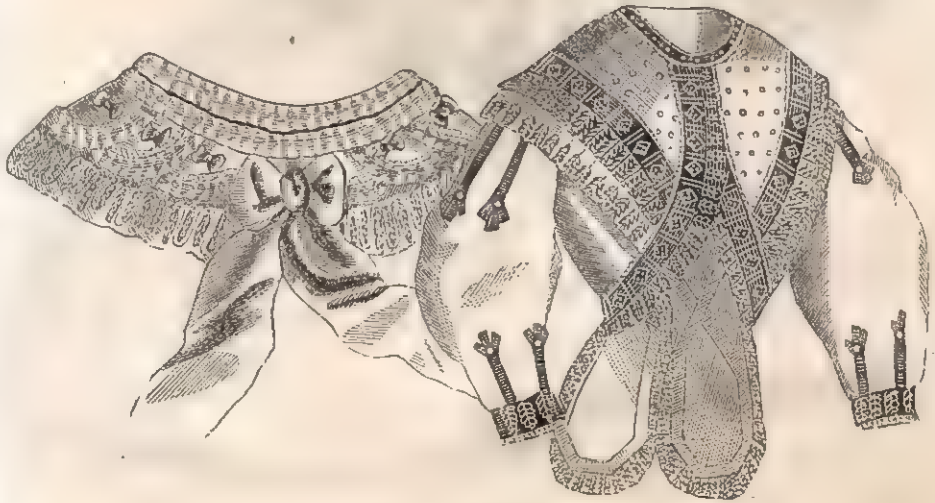
HANDKERCHIEF BORDER—IN SATIN STITCH



A BORN COQUETTE.



NEW STYLES OF HEAD-DRESSES.



BERTHE AND BODY.

Caroline

NAME FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

Emma

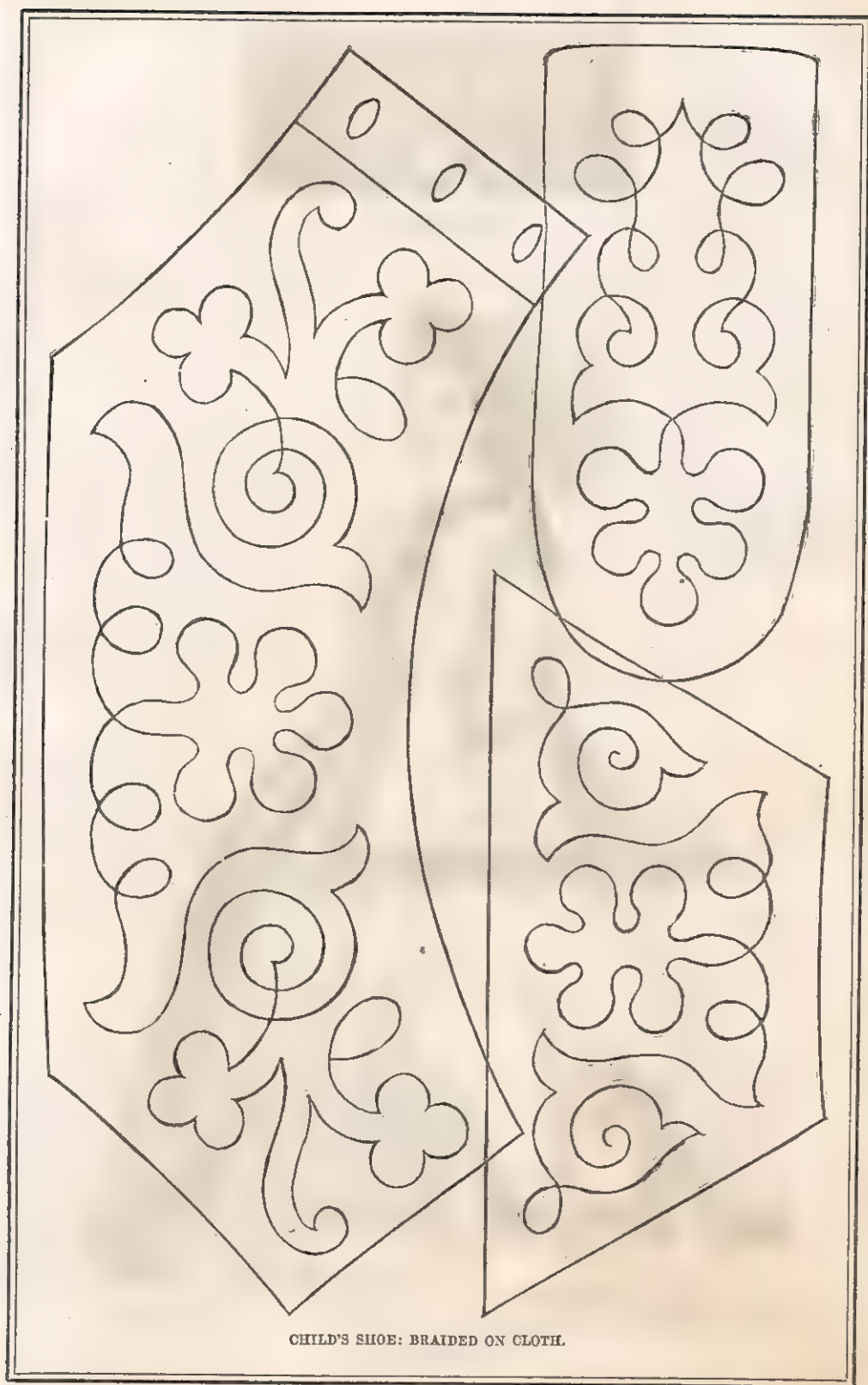
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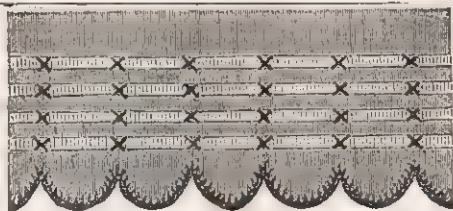
WALKING DRESS, WITH HAT.



COLLAR AND CUFF IN EMBROIDERY: SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL: HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



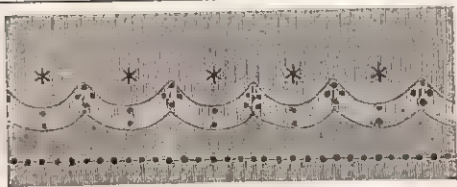
CHILD'S SHOE: BRAIDED ON CLOTH.



BRAID TRIMMING.



WALKING DRESS.



BRAID AND POINT RUSSE TRIMMING.



BALL DRESS.

RACE-HORSE GALOP.

ARRANGED BY

SEP. WINNER.

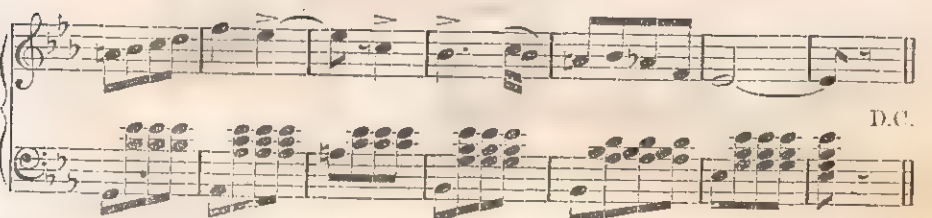
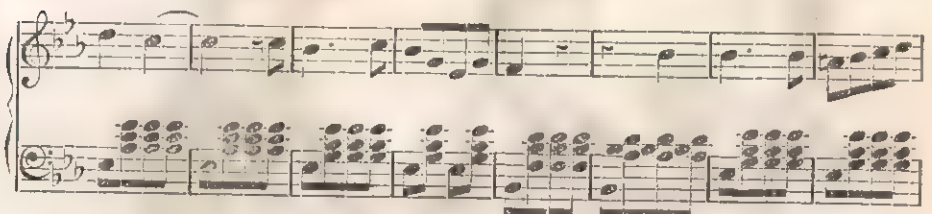
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Allegro. *Sev.* GALOP.

PIANO. INTRODUCTION.

The musical score is written for piano on grand staves. It begins with a piano introduction marked 'Allegro.' and 'Sev.' (Semi-Allegro). The introduction is in 2/4 time and key of B-flat major. The galop section follows, also in 2/4 time and key of B-flat major. The score is characterized by a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, often beamed together, creating a rhythmic and energetic feel. The piece concludes with a final chord marked 'fz' (forzando).

RACE-HORSE GALOP.





LACE CAP.



HEAD-DRESS



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 2.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

BY EMILY J. MACKINTOSH.

"BEAUTY and the Beast! Minnie Stokes for Beauty—who'll be the Beast?" and Mrs. Lovejoy looked at the group of eager children before her for an answer.

Minnie had already stepped from the ranks; and now there sprang to her side a boy, some three years her senior, who said,

"I'll do, I guess, Mrs. Lovejoy!"

"You'll do," was the laughing response. "Stand over there, both of you;" and the young couple joined the ranks of performers, whose position was assigned them.

"What are you doing?" cried a merry voice at the door; and in a moment the new comer was the center of a group composed of all the children in the room.

"Now, Lou, see how you've bothered me. I shall never get these children sorted again in the world."

"But what is it all?"

"My Clara is going to have a tableau party, and we are taking the fairy tales to illustrate. I've found parts for some of the children, and sent them off to that end of the room."

"Well, sort them out again; come, I'll help you;" and, catching up the book, the merry girl called name after name from those written.

"Beauty and the Beast; Beauty, Minnie Stokes; Beast, Herman Wood. Oh, Fan!" she whispered, "how could you?"

"Chose it himself, my dear," was the answer. "A good joke I call it!" and Mrs. Lovejoy took up her list again.

But Lou's pitiful eyes, resting on the children, did not mirror any of her cousin's mirth. Minnie and Herman were standing in one of the window-niches, talking earnestly, unconscious of the soft blue eyes bent so lovingly upon them.

Minnie was a beautiful child of twelve years, with brown curls and dark eyes, perfect in form and feature. Herman had the face of an angel,

with the figure of a Caliban. He had been a tall, well-developed boy for five years of his life, when a terrible fall had ruined his form. His spine was injured, curving till he was almost hump-backed; his hip was crooked, causing him to limp; and the whole figure was twisted out of shape and almost the semblance of humanity. The face was lovely, blonde, waving hair, large blue eyes, delicate features, and an expression of perfect good-humor were its leading points of beauty.

Minnie, the pet of the whole town of Danville, was the warmest champion and friend of the crippled child of the minister, Godfrey Wood. She was the only one who knew how false was the content the unselfish boy professed to his sorrowing friends. She alone knew how every jest he made upon his own deformity was a sword-thrust to his sensitive spirit; and now, as they stood in the window, she was pleading with him to relinquish the part he had chosen. But he was obstinate; the character would keep him at her side, and he had determined to take it.

At last all were provided, and the rehearsals and dresses were the main business of all the little folks who were counted in Clara Lovejoy's circle of friends. The birthday party was a brilliant success. Never had Minnie looked lovelier than when she knelt over the expiring beast, whose false head and shaggy-coated figure her tender little heart longed to hide from the curious eyes looking at them. As is often the case, the names of the performers clung to them, and for many weeks Minnie's heart swelled painfully at hearing Herman called Beauty's Beast; but at last the tableaux and names faded away in new interests among the young folks of Danville.

Years glided by, and Herman Wood was of age. He had followed in his father's footsteps;

and Danville was waiting to hear his first sermon, before he left them for the new home and duties to which he had been "called."

Minnie, an heiress and a belle, beautiful beyond even the promise of her childhood, was most anxious to hear the first effort of her old friend. Years of study and humble seeking for the will of the Master he had chosen, had set their seal upon the pure, spiritual face of the young clergyman, and, as he stood up to face the friends of his life, there was a hushed awe went round the church. The full white robes concealed the misshapen figure, and only the fair face spoke to them of the boy they had watched grow from childhood to youthful manhood.

Slowly they dispersed, each wondering at the eloquence and piety of the young devotee; and the next day Herman Wood went out from amongst them on his Master's service.

In one of the largest houses in Danville, Minnie Stokes sat reading a love-letter. Her rich beauty was fully developed, and every decoration wealth could give her was at her command. From the jeweled band that held her clustering curls, to the dainty slipper that covered her tiny foot, her dress was exquisite and costly. She had been dressing for a large party when the letter was brought to her. With it was a bouquet, which she was implored to carry, if the answer to the suit was a favorable one.

She was offered all that had constituted her world. Her suitor had wealth, talent, and beauty; he adored her, could match her in worldly position, and give her a home as luxurious as the one she had lived in from childhood.

"I wonder if I care for him," she said, letting the letter lie open before her. "I have not thought much of love. My life has been useless and aimless; and now when I was thinking I might be better, when Herman had made me think; here is a new life of ease and luxury offered me. I wonder if I care enough for Rudolph Haines to be his wife; he is very handsome, very devoted; and every winter, when I have been at aunt Jane's, he has made the time pass very pleasantly. I did not think he would follow me here to my quiet country home. I am very happy; I was going to try to be very good—and somehow this letter perplexes me."

You will see that she was not very much in love with the writer, yet he had been a pleasant companion in her gay city winters.

"I am to carry this bouquet, if I love him!" she mused. For nearly an hour she sat over the letter thinking deeply; then she rose, took

the bouquet in her hand, walked down stairs, and deliberately thrust the flowers into the kitchen fire to the cook's utter consternation.

Rudolph Haines felt a keen pang when he saw Minnie saunter into the brilliant drawing-room, leaning on her father's arm, empty handed; but he was not a man to drop after firing one shot; and, to Minnie's surprise, he was as devoted as ever.

It was an odd life the young girl led after this evening. She was in constant correspondence with Herman, and held fast to her resolve to be good; but while every letter spurred her on to higher aims and new efforts, every interview with Rudolph drew her back to the gay world again.

Rich, beautiful, and courted, it was no wonder that the attractions offered her tempted by their false glitter; and while her charities and kindly care of many pensioners were her peace-offerings to her resolution of goodness, her dress was as rich, her voice as gay, and her step as ready for the waltz as ever.

Godfrey Wood died, and the vestry unanimously voted to "call" his son to Danville. For one year he had been absent, and there was not a heart in his congregation but felt a pang, as he rose to speak, on the first Sunday after his return. The pallid face, hollow eyes, and weary droop of the mouth, told a tale of illness and suffering that went to every heart there. As he spoke, the color came slowly back to his hollow cheeks, and the fire to his eyes; while his stirring words of exhortation told of a spirit unquenched by physical suffering, a mind devoted to one cause and one work.

With pitiful eyes the congregation watched the drooping figure of their beloved pastor as it daily grew weaker; while over Minnie's bright life a pall seemed suddenly to fall.

Die! Everybody spoke of his death as a certain and not far distant event. Die! Her friend, her counsellor, her guide to every pure and holy aspiration of her life. She turned sick over the possibility; and then, sparing herself no maiden pang, she read her own heart truly. He had never spoken to her of love, never given her more than a friend's interest; and she knew that, unasked and unsought, she had given the deformed minister the love Rudolph Haines vainly sought to win.

Poor, deformed, and sickly, he had won what her handsome suitor would have given all his wealth to gain.

It was late one summer afternoon, and Minnie was dreaming away the twilight in her own room, when she saw a figure in deep mourning

coming slowly up the garden-walk. It was no new sight, for the old minister's widow, Herman's mother, was a frequent and welcome visitor at Mr. Stokes' house. Everybody was out, and Minnie called the old lady to her own room, took off her bonnet, found her the easiest chair, and then sat down on a stool at her feet for a long chat. Motherless herself, the young girl was very fond of Herman's only surviving parent.

"Minnie," said the old lady, stroking back the clustering curls, and looking into the fair face raised to hers, "I have come to make a strange request to-day. I want you to go away to your aunt Jane's until after you are married."

"Go away! Married!" cried the astonished girl.

"You are engaged to Rudolph Haines, are you not? You will be his wife soon?"

"Never!"

"I was mistaken, then. Still, I implore you, take your lovely face, for a time, from Danville. Perhaps, after awhile—oh! Minnie, Minnie, spare me my only son!"

"Tell me what you mean? Quick! Tell me?"

"Do you not see how he loves you? Do you not see that he is dying of hopeless love?"

"He never told me——"

"No—no; how could he? He, the dwarfed, deformed, poor parson; you——"

"I, so unworthy of his noble heart, his holy affection!"

"Minnie—Minnie, do not mock me," and the aged hands grew tremulous.

"Mother!" she whispered; "may I call you mother?"

"Well," said Mrs. Lovejoy, as she took off her bonnet, "I never expected to see Herman Wood look as he did this morning when he stood at the altar with Minnie! He is a new man; and she looked lovely! He is horribly deformed, though; so, after all, as it was years ago, she is still Beauty to his——"

"Hush! cousin;" and Lou's soft hand stopped the word on Mrs. Lovejoy's lips. "She has chosen well."

But the merry laugh, long stilled, rang out at the parsonage as Herman said, caressing his wife's curls,

"You know, Beauty, the Beast was dying when the fair lady promised to marry him. Unfortunately the promise has wrought no transformation to-day."

Tenderly the little hand fell on the disfiguring hump as Minnie whispered,

"My dear husband, has not God made a perfect soul even in this poor, suffering body? Ah, my darling, believe me, no beauty could be, to me, so lovely as the holy life I have seen led by one tried in the furnace of affliction as you have been."

And so the sorry jest passed by, and the minister's wife followed humbly in the paths her husband trod in his Master's service

TO MARY.

BY FANNY WILD.

How sad are birds and flowers!
How long are passing hours
Since thou hast left these bowers,
My dear, dead Mary!

How gently Nature weeps,
And sad, sweet vigil keeps
O'er where she gently sleeps,
My angel Mary.

How sad the willows wave
Above the verdant grave,
Like sentries sad, but brave,
Where sleeps my Mary.
The flowers, with dewy eye,

Will bend as if to sigh,
Then slowly fade and die
Above my Mary.

The breezes whispering sigh,
For spirits in the sky,
That never more shall die
With happy Mary.

And love will linger yet,
And mem'ry ne'er forget
The hapless sun that set
On dying Mary.

But in the world of light,
Where ne'er is grief or night,
We'll meet as angels bright,
So happy, Mary.

I'll see thy sunny smile,
So peerless, free of guile,
Thy pure, angelic wile,
My own pure Mary.

We'll wander in the shade,
By deathless branches made,
And sit 'neath Heaven's arcade,
Forever, Mary.

And sweeter joy and love
E'er swell our hearts above,
With God and angels, dove,
Angelic Mary.

A PART OF THE MISSION OF HARPER'S FERRY.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

PART I.

THE ties which bind the different parts of our country are living, warm, flashy ones. There is not a meagre little village, holding on amid the rocks of New England, whose outlook is not toward the West—the outlook of youth, enterprise; that of imagination, sympathy, pride, yearning, following after. These cords link house to house, room to room. They bound a maiden's bower, full and delicately neat as its occupant, that sanctified a home in New Hampshire, to the attic-chamber of the principal of the Alton Academy in Illinois. Day by day, month by month, Frances Osborne sat quietly at her sewing-machine, or her writing-desk; and never a half-hour passed that thoughts of her brother were not rousing her love, coloring her ambition, firing her pride. She possessed the capacity of an entire and passionate projection of her whole being into that of another.

For one golden round of seasons did she thus guard her brother's distant steps by longings and love, when a letter came that he had joined a regiment of Illinois volunteers. To how many hearts have such letters come in these latter days; and how for many will there be no need for one to make vocal the silence that followed its reading?

Out in the dashing western township, James Osborne had been chosen captain of a company.

"The schoolmaster! a white-faced book-worm," said one of two or three boat-hands among its members. "What can the fellows be thinking of? Whar is he from, anyhow?"

"From New Hampshire," answered another.

"What, a Yankee! a Yankee, did you say?" was the rejoinder, with an expression of intense disgust.

But young Osborne's quiet, self-reliant authority, and active, elastic, though slight *physique*, soon altered the feelings of the roughest of his command to hearty respect and love. Perhaps the absence of that assumption and bombast, in which they themselves so much indulged, impressed them as much as anything else.

Six or eight months after its formation, the regiment found itself in Virginia the night before the battle of Fredericksburg. Walking

through the encampment, Capt. Osborne came upon some of his men holding a prayer-meeting. It was a wild, picturesque scene. The vivid, leaping firelight lit up the lank, awkward, uncouth figure of a boatman swaying back and forth on his knees, as he prayed in a shrill, droning kind of chant, while his companions kneeled and stood around, leaning on their muskets.

The men were praying for their captain—James stepped into the circle and knelt down. Nothing could have more won upon their simple hearts. Presently wild excitement began to take possession of them, and the desire seized James to see whether he could be lifted on the wave of feeling as they rode. Educated in the most coldly intellectual of creeds, there was no place in his mind whereon he could meet them sympathetically; and his refinement of thought and habit shrank fastidiously from such a garniture of sacred emotions; still, quietly seating himself on a log, he proceeded, on the eve of his first battle, to make this psychological experiment.

The result was not satisfying, only confusing and indefinite. He stole away from the shrill voice, now raised in exhortation, and lay down in his tent with his sister's hand almost palpably on his brow.

The next day drew to its bloody close. Toward sunset James Osborne received his death-wound in a struggle with a Georgia cracker. The man threw him from him, rifled his pockets, and went off. Osborne was stunned at first. When he recovered, he sat up and gazed about him. The battle was over. The slashed and battered dead lay around. A stream of blood was dyeing the bright green of the marsh grass at his side a deep crimson. It was his own. He examined his wound. A small one, but the blood was leaping forth in steady little jets. He tore some strips from his shirt and tried to staunch it. In vain. There was no help for him. He was alone, and must die.

He gave way to a paroxysm of rage and anguish. A North American Indian, a character in a novel, and now and then some heroic character out of a novel, may resign himself quietly to exchange warm life, with all its ambitions,

passions, and work, for the coldness and silence of death; but I doubt if any ordinary young man can do so. James Osborne certainly could not. He threw himself back, gnashed his teeth, tore up great handfuls of grass and earth, uttering, meanwhile, between his closed teeth, shuddering roars like those of a beast.

One of the bodies near him moved with a groan. It was Sam Birnie, the exhorter of the night before.

"Is that you, Sam?" he said. "Where are you hurt?"

"My leg, sir," answered Sam, pointing to the bleeding, shattered mass struck by a spent ball. "I'm afeared I can't turn over, sir."

"Don't try, then," said Osborne. "Here, reach out your hand. You may get through it yet, and this will be of some value to a little girl I know—my sister," and he handed him a pocket diary.

"Is it all up with you, captain?" asked the private.

"I believe so," answered Osborne; and he laid his head back in the black, foul, ill-smelling ooze of the marsh, thickened now with blood. On the shoulder of his gentle, delicately-reared sister had that head been pillowed not long before. He thought of that as he lay there; thought of the home of his childhood, where this moment her sweet voice might be singing, of his own rooms in Illinois, adorned with many elegancies and luxuries, the more prized because they had not come in on the tide of abundant wealth, but were the providing of thoughtful love. He thought of the care bestowed upon his childhood, his education, of the aspirations of his father for him, of his own self-culture, his purposes and dreams. And this, this was the end of all!

Rapidly did these earthly thoughts troop through his soul, as he lay and looked at the serene September sky, and watched the gray mist gather between him and it. He knew what that meant well. Slowly his life-blood welled away.

Suddenly a horse, a few yards off, lifted his long neck and head with a moan and a hoarse cry of agony, and then left them fall heavily, almost a human look of appeal in its eye. Osborne raised himself, drew a pistol from the belt of a dead Confederate near, and, steadying his hand, took good aim at the head of the poor animal and put it beyond pain.

Presently, attracted, perhaps, by the report of the pistol, a man jumped down the bank. It was the chaplain of the regiment, Mr. Agnew, a young man who, for the last five years, had

been trying, in a weakly way, the trade of minister in a small town in western New York. They say the war opens a career for ministers and doctors of that stamp. Maybe it does; but what sort of a career? Found incompetent to break the daily bread of life to mouths surrounded with every aid, and comfort, and instruction, Mr. Agnew yet had dared to thrust himself in the way of men who walked in paths leading to such goals as he saw around him now.

"Captain, where are you wounded?" said he, bending over Osborne tenderly.

"Here, in my side," returned the captain. "I don't believe you could have done me any good, even if you had been here before. Anyway, you can't now."

Agnew saw the truth of this, and knelt down by him in silence. Osborne raised his eyes to his with a look so earnest, so grasping, the appeal of a soul standing on the brink of eternity for some word of help, that the young man's gaze fell, and a thrill of genuine, healthy humility shot through his spirit. Yet this was his accredited business, part of what he had come to Virginia to do.

His individuality sank, it proved utterly inadequate to the demand, the need of the hour; and he naturally fell back upon the organization to which he belonged. Almost involuntarily he fumbled for his Prayer-Book.

James understood the movement. "No, no. I've got past that," said he. "Man, in a few moments I shall see my Maker. Can't you pray? Yet—where's your book? It may be better than any words of yours. There's a prayer for the dying, isn't there? Read that if you don't know it."

"Captain," almost roared Sam Birnie, a sob gurgling in his throat, "if the parson 'll lift me up a bit, I'll pray for you."

Young Agnew raised and partly turned him, carefully supporting the leg. A strong shudder ran through the gigantic frame as the mangled member was touched. Leaning on his elbow, Sam poured forth a prayer in the familiar, but strong phraseology of his sect, that seemed to pierce the heavens. It was a soul dying to its consciously present God for another soul. As Sam went on, he rose to the language of the old prophets, his tone and manner gained majesty. "Oh! Lord, hear! oh! Lord, forgive! oh! Lord, hearken and do! for thine own sake, oh, Lord!" rang out from that battle-field from amid the unceasing undercurrent of moans and cries, and the deadening roll of ambulances already commencing. When he stopped, the chaplain knelt on with uncovered head. And

Christ came down to the side of poor James Osborne; came with feet and hands bleeding like his; came, and brought peace.

PART II.

It is useless to go back to that quiet, tastefully-ordered home amid the lichen-covered rocks of New Hampshire, and realize the falling of the thunderbolt when James Osborne's name was read in the list of killed at Fredericksburg; useless to go to the sister's room and see the life crushed out of every pursuit and joy; to see the books studied for the absent one; the daily journal perused for his eye; the needle-work begun for him; the ingenious and deftly-wrought ornament—all laid aside in grief and horror. Neither will it be necessary to explain how, after months had brought calmness and some strength, Frances Osborne was found in one of the Virginia hospitals, a watchful, reliable nurse.

Standing by one of the cots in the ward to which she was assigned, the first morning of her coming, was a tall, dark-eyed girl, whose wonderful beauty drew her instant attention. Juliet Soule had been a belle in Charleston; then passed two years abroad, gay and admired; came home after the war broke out, still unmarried, wearied of the round of society, without aim or object in life, discontented and morbid. She wanted occupation, an object. A mighty struggle was going on. Might not her heart and mind here find room to live? Indolence and want of enthusiasm long held her back; but she at length almost angrily questioned herself, "Should she keep aloof from the great conflict of the age, the grand opportunity of her lifetime?" An insignificant share was that of a nurse; but it was, at least, a part in the vast whole, a post near the center of influence, impossible but that she must feel its throbs. Then she thought of the poetical talent God had given her, and visions started up of being the Bard of the War, as she remembered Mrs. Browning chanting hymns of liberty to the Italian patriots, becoming identified with their struggle, making her English voice dear as a home-born one to heroes daring death.

She was in New York. Finding it difficult just then to cross the lines to the Confederate hospitals, she came to Harper's Ferry for the present.

The two girls soon became intimate. They were very different. Frances was a New Englander, with a highly vitalized brain and system, finely-strung nerves, acute intellect, trained to

walk in paths where few women outside of New England tread, a daring speculator in thought, though not in action. There is no abandonment, no enthusiasm in her voice. It is cautious, reserved, rather too thin and high. Her fine, clearly-cut profile is very sweet; so are the mild hazel eyes; and every outline is pure and graceful. Juliet's character, faults and virtues, throbs in every lineament of her face, moulded for happiness, even ecstasy in life, health, nature's gratified desires, nay, passions. But written there is the tale of unrest, inquiry, self-analyzing, rare among Southerners.

Another nature was here in Harper's Ferry, approaching in a dim way the problem of its existence. A young Quadroon girl was seeking whether, through the door of personal liberty, she could gain a higher freedom, without which she were still a slave. She rather disappointed Frances. Contact with a half-roused nature is not inspiring. The spectacle of a whole race in the like condition, an inexorable hand upon their possibilities of anything better, has a melancholy interest; but the individuals, except in rare cases, are not attractive. We fancy floating from the mournful, appealing eye the question, "Why, why is it so?" or, "How long, oh, Lord! how long?" But the dark problem of their condition does not, generally, present itself to them with the trenchant, incisive edges that it does to our disciplined intellects. Personal, physical, immediate, in no other light is its outline often defined, even when, like Diana, they have climbed to the window-ledge, and can see the sunlight and the free rolling meadows stretching away, while they feel the thrill of the masterful Anglo-Saxon blood. Whatever Diana's thoughts, they did not influence her daily demeanor. She had the complete secretiveness of a subject-race—that instinctive muttering of one personality to another—"Hands off!"

Juliet Soule and Frances Osborne worked faithfully together—the lower, selfish motive answering, for the nonce, as well as the higher—among the cots where the maimed suffering fellows lay, bearing their trouble cheerfully enough. Many a story, pulsating with hope or sad with disappointment, was poured into Frances's gentle ear. Sometimes tales of daring and adventure, and wild contrasts, simply told, as by men who, loving such things, had had no time to reflect on the tragic element in them. Even the most commonplace lives were lit up by the scarlet flame of the danger through which they had lately come, or softened into something like beauty by the helplessness and

suffering in which they lay. It was a strange gathering—not the least striking figure in the group, that of the graceful Carolinian administering broth to some Green Mountain boy.

Now and again a ludicrous vein cropped out—the love-making of the captain, the same Mr. Agnew, who had formerly belonged to James Osborne's regiment, to Juliet Soule. Poor, flimsy young man! he was incapable of comprehending her; and he never perceived that the attentions and flatteries suited to a drawing-room had roused the winks of the men, and made the doctor and nurses laugh heartily. One soft June evening he drew Juliet out in the moonlight, and pictured in dainty and flowing language the "rural parish" to which he would woo her, with its rose-covered rectory, the abode of "simple eloquence and refinement," modeling it (as he had never seen it he could do that as he pleased) after those charming English homes that live before our delighted eyes in our best English novels. Juliet quietly refused it—and he was simpleton enough to be very angry. His airs of offended consequence afforded excessive amusement for many days.

About a week after poor Mr. Agnew's disappointment, Frances Osborne heard him expostulating with Juliet at the outer door, saying, stiffly, "My dear young lady, it is no fit thing for you to do. I take the right to speak which my cloth gives me—considerations of propriety, etc."

Juliet was habited in the dress of the Gray Sisters, the hood drawn over her head. At the door was a wagon, in which sat a faithful and well-known orderly. "Whither bound, Juliet?" asked Frances.

"Down to the river-side, where the fight was to-day," answered she. "Lieut. Bronson has not come in. No," she continued, "he is not my lover, nor any kin to me. But I promised his mother in New York that if I could ever do anything for him, I would. I may save him; and if not, there are those who would give years of life to look upon his dead face."

Frances knew that well, but she said, "Can't you send?"

"Send! You, so thorough-going, self-reliant a girl, tell me to send! Don't you know it wouldn't be half so sure. This dress protects me—I run no risk."

She got into the wagon and drove off. The New England girl would have had to be strong-minded to do this. The unconscious Southern girl did it readily.

There had been a "brisk little scurry" that day, in which the regiment at that post had

been engaged. For hours those at the hospital had listened to the rattle of musketry, the far-piercing yell of charging, for which the Southern troops are distinguished, then the pause by which they knew the quiet, deadly work of steel to steel.

Arriving on the field, Juliet commenced her search among heaps of the dead and dying, human arms and legs, rags of flesh, dead horses; the earth slippery with blood, the billows of smoke surging about her. She shook from head to foot. She had overrated her strength in coming hither. She went from one body to another, lowering her lantern to the face of every one who bore any resemblance to Lieut. Bronson, turning them over when they lay, as they frequently did, on their faces. A party of Confederates was on the ground, carrying off the wounded. She went up to the litters and scrutinized each pale, anguish-struck face. The men looked at her with reverence. "It's her brother she's after," said they, "if she is a nun."

As she toiled on there flashed upon her a remembrance of dancing the Lancers with Percy Bronson, in New York, the winter before. Again she heard his gay laugh, his thoughtless words. Just then she came to a heap of bodies, in which, partly under a dead horse, she discovered the object of her quest. His hair was dabbled with blood; his smooth cheek terribly gashed, smeared, and blackened with powder and dirt. He was not dead, but would have breathed only a few minutes longer. It required all Juliet's strength, added to that of her attendant, to extricate him. They placed him tenderly in the wagon.

"We might bring off another, Miss," said the orderly. "There's room. I don't see any of our men hereabouts, leastways, none alive. Here's a fellow looks as if he might live—he's tother side, though."

"No matter, I'll take him," said Miss Soule—and he was put in the wagon.

When Juliet returned to the hospital, her dilated eyes wore a look of horror that they were not to lose for weeks. What was frivolous in her nature was crushed out in that night.

The next day the Federals were allowed to bring off the field the rest of the wounded. The beds were full again, and the work of attendance became trying.

PART III.

THE Confederate, Droyer by name, whom Juliet had rescued, was placed in one of the beds under Frances Osborne's peculiar charge.

He was a cross-grained, ignorant fellow. One day he drew from beneath his pillow, and showed her a pencil-case, which she at once recognized as her brother's. "This I took from a Yankee chap that I finished at Fredericksburgh," he said. "Here's his name on it."

Frances stood as if petrified. "You—killed—him—did you?" said she, sternly.

"Well, I reckon," returned the man. "But not till he had slashed these three fingers off, confound him! The last stroke I gave him was for that."

Frances stood looking at him; her eyes dilating, her face growing whiter every instant. He it was who had quenched the light of those eyes, so dear to her; who had made it impossible for her ever again to hear that voice; who had cut short that career of proud promise, widowed her heart, made the world for her little else than a place of longing and waiting. He lay there before her, almost boasting of it. And she—

"Was he any kin to you, Miss?" said Droyer, peering into her blanched face.

Frances turned quickly and walked out of the room, straight out of the house, up the hill, out of the village. When alone, on the hill-side, she turned into a grove of maples and sat down on the moss.

The fire-hot, bubbling flood of hate and rage, thirst for revenge, took possession of her soul; and as the lava-flood licks up all before it, so did that. Grief was obliterated. It fused every thing into its own substance. It spirited up the wildest, most diabolical images. God's vengeance it was that she longed for. She was no Spanish senorita, to plunge a knife into the heart of the man who had injured her.

Strange sounds were they that crept among the laurels on the Virginia hill-side, like those of a blast of agony.

She began to quail before herself. Her hate had taken on an existence quite distinct from that of its miserable object down in the hospital yonder. It was a deadly monster; she cowered before him. The instinct of self-preservation impelled her to resist him. She knew that if she admitted him into her spirit to reign there, to animate it with his hideous life and power, to coat it with his horrid slaver, he would make her akin to the evil ones. Already she felt his rapid, foul fingers shaping and coloring her soul, breathing into it an evil, fetid, laidly strength.

Then her eyesight, cleared and sharpened by the sympathy with the malign and debased already working within her, there was given to

her a look into the world of hate. No other element was needed, not sin, not remorse, not banishment from all good, to make her see it a world of misery, whose mighty activity was born of corruption, horrible, loathsome. And to share this she had a capacity. She stood at the entrance of the road thither.

The powers of light and darkness were battling for this woman's soul. She knew it with a strange insensibility as to the result; indeed, with a sort of clutching at the serpent-coils tightening about her.

It was singular, this power of self-introspection in the midst of tumult and torture. No other temperament than one like hers could have exercised it.

She rose and wandered on, she knew not whither. She had been led down here from the mountains of New England to meet the crisis of her life. Many others had met their last crisis here—just here, in this hollow, circled by peaks which cut the sky. In sight was the guard-house, where John Brown was confined. Behind the Virginia Heights was a huge burial-pit, the end of much human flesh and bones—and what beside?

Milroy's men had cut their way, not through, when the Confederates stormed the place in June. Many brave fellows had been buried where they fell. Amid broken wagon-wheels, fragments of soldiers' jackets, canteens, with whiskey dried in the bottom, her eye caught a ghastly sight—a man's hand sticking out of the ground. The rain last night had washed away some of the few inches of earth. She stooped over it, discolored, dirty, bruised. She thought of the face so near. Had he a sister, perhaps? She thought of another nameless grave, like this it might be. And then, sick and reeling, she looked up at the pitiless blue sky, and heard the oriole singing in the maple-tops, saw the sunbeams glancing on the crimson moccasin-flower, and the crimson stains beside it, and, to her tortured brain, that cold, repulsive object seemed to fit in well with all she saw and heard. It was this world's gift to its human denizens. With her delicate hands she loosened the earth around, and scooped it away, that the hand might find a resting-place beneath; and then went on, contending feebly. Words of prayer issued mechanically from her lips, but not from her heart. The agonized longing for aid refused to take the shape of prayer—and no help came; no help, except the recollection of her look into the world of hate.

This soul was to be driven, not led to the light. Still she ceased not the struggle. Her

grasp loosened not from the eternal laws of right and wrong.

At four that day, the surgeon had appointed to operate upon this man Droyer's leg. She took out her watch. It wanted but twenty minutes of the hour. She turned and walked straight toward the hospital, looking neither to the right nor left.

"Ah! Miss Osborne," said Dr. Walker, as she entered the ward, "I was wondering where you were. You're pretty steady to-day?"

She did not answer. Dr. Walker gazed at her curiously. She looked like a sleep-walker. She assumed her post at the bedside with a hate and loathing, an unutterable horror and shrinking. She held the very right hand which had let out the young life of her brother. But her eye was alert, her comprehension of the surgeon's wants instant, her hand most tender. And all the while her soul was the football of fiends.

The operation was finished, the bandages were adjusted, and the patient composed to rest. About an hour after he called to Frances, "Look here, Miss, I believe this is bleeding again." She turned down the sheet. The blood was streaming from the artery. She knew what to do. Placing her thumb on the orifice, she called to the orderly at the door to go instantly for Dr. Walker.

Dr. Walker was not to be found. He had ridden over to another post.

"I don't see what else you can do but go after him then," said Miss Osborne, "and bring him or some other doctor back with you."

The man grumbled something about "cursed old secesh, not worth such a darned sight of trouble;" but the strangely steady eyes of Miss Osborne never moved, and she soon heard the clatter of his horse's hoofs as he galloped down the street. She listened to it as far as she could hear it—speculated on how long she should have to stand there. If she moved her thumb before some one came who could take up the artery, Droyer would bleed to death. She stood, her eyes fixed on the wall behind his head. What did she see painted on the air between? Her dead brother's face, his smile.

A low curse escaped the wretch before her, and her eye fell on his face, sensual, brutish, malignant. "Let me have him!" screamed the tempter in her ear. "He is fit for me; he belongs to me—don't you hear? Take away your hand. Let me have him."

Ah! this would be an exquisite revenge; and so easy withal—a simple movement, nay, a mere ceasing of effort. Her muscles were rigid now; her spine almost refused to sustain her;

her strength was well-nigh exhausted. Surely, she has done more than could be expected of her. A glare, as of a reflection from the pit, came into her eyes. And then a look of affright. "Oh, God, help me!" she murmured.

Droyer looked up at her. "Oh, Miss! you won't give it up, will you?" he whined. "Yer can hold on a bit longer, can't yer?"

He received no answer.

And still there came no help to the soul clutching with the grasp of desperation to the eternal truth of love—none save the vision of the abode of hate.

Frances stood two hours by that cot, Droyer ever and anon raising abject glances of fear and entreaty to her face.

The surgeon hurried in at last. He took up the artery, replaced the bandage. Then he turned to Miss Osborne who stood by a window. The sleep-walking expression had disappeared. Yes, her will had held firm. The powers of evil had retired, baffled.

"So," said the doctor, "you've stood here two hours. Well, you've saved his life. Heigh-ho!" he continued, as he glanced round on the evidences of care, the jelly, the tumbler of cool drink, "it seems strange that this worthless rebel should be so tended, while many of our poor boys— A coarse, low-minded fellow, I should think. Wonder how many better men he has sent to their account? I don't like his mouth, or the way he wets his lips. He could be cruel when he was roused. Hey—what! Hysterics, or a fainting fit? No, *you* won't faint. Here, drink this," and he put his brandy-flask to her lips.

When next morning came, and Frances Osborne resumed her duties, none would have suspected that she had passed through the battle of her life the day before. Only Diana divined it by the magnetism of a sympathetic temperament.

Diana was watching, cat-like, these daughters of freedom, on whose shining but undefined possession she had laid her hand, especially the Yankee girl, from that far land where the snow lay nearly all the year. She had early discovered that neither was happy, and this bewildered and disappointed her. There was no certainty among these Northern folks, she thought, in this life of liberty. Down in the Sea Islands, for massa's folks, there was the certainty of home, love, luxury, varied enjoyment and occupation, service more or less faithful; for her the sure rendering of that service, interwoven with many pleasures if with some privations. But before the ruling, macerated

nature that had come forth from its trial, stern, sharp, not attractive or endearing, Diana shrank, puzzled and appalled. Yet it was to Frances that she made the prayer that she would take her home with her—for now Frances was going home. Harper's Ferry had accomplished its mission for her. And—a compliment to her own New England—Juliet Soule, too, wished to accompany her. Frances smiled as she thought of making her appearance, in her matter-of-fact home, with two such overpowering adjuncts.

"I want to begin to live really, earnestly," Juliet said to Frances, as they sat together beneath the sandstone ledges, "and I think that, near you, I could learn to do it."

"I have nothing for you, Juliet," replied Frances, shivering; "and Brandon is no sphere for you."

"I want to try it," said Juliet. "Is there no one who would take me in?"

"Why, yes," replied Frances, "if you really wish it, there is the minister of the parish, Mr. Bullit."

"Is there anything I could do there?" asked Juliet.

"Yes," returned Frances, "you could teach his three grandchildren. A governess like you, with your brilliant accomplishments and talents, would be invaluable to them."

Teach three country children among the "Green Mountains!" Was this what now appeared on the magic curtain for the brilliant Juliet Soule? However, she accepted it with a smile. "It will be healthy for me for awhile," she said. "And Diana shall go with us. I don't subscribe to your New England creed of self-help. My energies are more valuable than hers; and so, if I can, I may use hers for the lower purposes of life, and leave mine free for the higher."

"But, Juliet," resumed Frances, "I thought—ah! here comes destiny in the shape I surmised for it," and she looked up the path to Lieut. Bronson coming down, now a very hand-

some figure of an invalid officer, pale, and limping slightly. As he neared them, she rose and sped lightly away. Juliet sat amazed; but the lieutenant soon gave her the result of his cogitations during his weeks of painful tossing on his cot. Every soft touch on his fevered brow he had taken for tenderness, all care and kindness for the assiduity, the anxiety of affection. What else had sent her out to seek him? And then he began not to want this affection. "Of course, it was very good in her to come after me," he muttered. "I'd have been underground now if she hadn't, and, of course, I'm very grateful to her; but, hung it! it places a fellow in a deuced unpleasant position. I wish to heaven two of them had come, and, as I couldn't marry both, I shouldn't have been expected to marry either."

At last he had magnanimously determined to sacrifice himself. And never was a poor wight more surprised than when rejected.

"Why, I thought that you——" he began.

"You thought that I loved you, and, therefore, you made me the offer you have!" exclaimed Juliet, reading his thoughts. "And now you feel relieved, and yet nettled. But what sort of a love did you offer me in return for one which, as you deemed, sent my woman's feet out among the blood, and bared to my woman's eyes the sights of a battle-field? Ah! well, from that place of horrors I came back a woman—the morbid, discontented girl was laid to rest that night. As for you, my friend, you have made a mistake. Never mind. Tell your mother, when you see her, that Juliet Soule kept her promise."

And, rising, Juliet took her way up the mountain-path, found Frances Osborne in her room, and, twining her arm about her waist, said, "Come, my sister, let us go. We are done here. And Diana can come, too. She also has learned to enter on a new path."

And Frances turned, replying, "Arise, let us go hence!"

ROSES.

BY JENNIE R. ALLEN.

White roses, all in flower,
Glimmer like tufted snow;
And the petals fall in a silver shower,
On the grassy turf below.
In the flush of the Summer's sweetest hour
They bud, and bloom, and go.
There's a rose of yellow hue
That opens its buds of gold,
As if on the battle-field it grew,

Where the sulphurous vapors rolled;
And it drank them all till its cup of dew
Was as full as it could hold.
Ah! here is the crimson rose,
As red as blood can be;
And the turf is blushing where it grows,
With leaves from the fading tree;
They are falling every day, like those
Who are dying for you and me.

THE RECTOR OF ST. MARK'S.

BY MRS. MARY L. DENISON.

THE rector of St. Mark's came of a proud family. He was in all respects unexceptional as a man and a Christian. He had a large fortune—was thirty-one, and unmarried. Find me three better requisites for popularity. I forgot to say that he was handsome—not effeminately so, with small, pretty features, but tall, commanding in his movements, impressive in his gestures, and rather majestic than otherwise.

St. Mark's was indebted to him for its splendid window, and rare and chaste communion-service. Poor widows, and men who dined on the homeliest, twice a week at least pressed to their lips the costliest cups of silver, in which the amber wine sparkled in a hollow of gold. The rector loved his church, and petted it; it was in his thoughts and affections to the exclusion of human love, many believed; and it was generally understood that the rector of St. Mark's was not a marrying man. Notwithstanding his church was composed almost entirely of young people, and the elite of Wilkham attended upon his ministry. Devoted and God-fearing, he was pure-minded, and, as many a good old lady said, "too saintly for this world."

Whether the wide array of beauty presented on Sabbath and feast days ever quickened his pulses, or reddened his cheek, is not known to the writer; but that he was unaffectedly retiring, and, in appearance, somewhat shy when brought into contact with the women of his flock, is on record. At all events, his study was his chief attraction. There he had ancient and honorable books, bought at foreign sales—blue, black, and yellow; some of them rarely illuminated, some of them mutilated, but all of them precious beyond compare to the student, who had taken literature to his heart as his only love. Here of mornings, in that study of his, in the most elegant of elegant silk dressing-gown—for his tastes were a trifle luxurious—he sat and read, and studied, and wrote, utterly oblivious of the fact that many a pair of rosy lips were discussing his merits; and many a pair of laughing eyes pensively falling in meditation upon the pastor, more than upon the duties he inculcated.

There were some beautiful girls in the parish—

and not a few were wealthy. Among them they contrived to get up rural gatherings in summer, and societies in winter; but the rector, to redeem his solemn promise, made his appearance at picnics, invariably, about fifteen minutes before they closed; and at societies in time to recite prayers. It was too provoking—but what was to be done? The rector's thoughts were evidently in the moon, or some other planet out of reach.

The poor loved him. To his honor and credit as a minister of the church, let it be recorded, that the eyes of many a toiling woman brightened at his approaching footsteps—for he was a humble man, without any show of humility. He looked upon every man as his brother—every woman as his sister; and he knew how to address them in the universal language of love. The little children did not fear to present him flowers, or to prattle with him of their innocent joys, and tell him their griefs. His Sabbath-school was flourishing—he, himself, played the organ for the children's chants, and enjoyed that hour with keenest zest.

There was one house in Wilkham which had been without an inhabitant for five years. Old Col. Montgomery had owned it; and it was thought, universally, that he was a very rich man. But when he died, the house and all his possessions went to his creditors. He had ventured in unsafe speculations, and left his family beggars.

Rumors became rife that this imposing old mansion, with its green-house and splendid orchard, and rich acres so long exclusively but carelessly kept, had found a purchaser. Hitherto the price had seemed beyond even wealthy men, who would not invest their money in what seemed useless splendor; but the Warringtons were immensely rich—so report said—and had but just returned from a tour on the Continent. Mrs. Warrington was an invalid, and the place seemed exactly fitted to her needs.

The town took a new lease of life. A host of workmen began to invade the old place. Gardeners dug and painters painted; a porch went up here, a bay-window was thrown out there: the sound of hammers, the thud of axes, the songs of the carpenters, sounded in every

part of the premises; and at last came furniture and servants—and all things were ready. Some who gaped with eyes wonder-wide around the great gates, reported marvelous stories of the furniture. There were plush sets and velvet sets; there were blue hangings and crimson and gold. There were carpets that seemed woven in fairy looms, and boxes that hid more splendors than could be told. Indeed, the stately Dr. Mervin was not above going with a friend of his, who was intimate with the family, and inspecting these wonders. After that the rumors grew stronger. Much of the furniture was imported from Paris, it was said. Certain people, with peculiar ideas, shook their heads at that; and the word aristocrat began to be used freely by the gossips. Before long it was known that the Warrington family consisted of six persons—some said three, others two daughters, a son, and the *mere* and *pere*. The daughters, particularly the eldest, were miracles of beauty and style—fresh from the leading cities of the old world, how could it be otherwise. The best families began brushing up their houses and themselves. To be sure, Wilkham was a small place, but it held stately people—families of note; some whose coats-of-arms and family-trees hung up in conspicuous places, and told the story of stability and age.

At length it was whispered one day that "the folks" had come. Nobody had seen them, for they arrived in the night. The grocer, who had bought a new stock, and had all his shelves painted, told the news. Yes, there were some indications of life stirring. The garden-gate was open once; a child's voice was heard in some remote part of the grounds; now and then a curtain was drawn aside; now and then a servant passed by now and then the faint, sweet notes of music floated out from the grand parlor; once or twice a lady in black, supported by a lady in white, walked up and down the front piazza. Baskets were carried up the back avenue, and boxes and barrels came in express wagons to the same depot.

By-and-by it was known that one of the best pews in St. Mark's had been bought by Mr. Warrington, a large, stately man—some would say fat; and that in the course of a Sunday or two the family might be expected to make their *debut* in the critical St. Mark's congregation. I dare not say how many milliners, and dress-makers, and magazines were consulted before this important event took place: human nature will stoop to such vanities in the midst of the most solemn realities. It is certain that a better attendance had never been seen in that

handsome little church; and the rector's calm, dark eye seldom rested on an empty seat after the Warringtons came.

"And you have really met them before," said Mrs. Wilkinson, attending carefully to the rector's tea as she spoke—for he had called in, and had not the nerve to refuse their earnest entreaties that he would remain, at least till that meal was served.

"I met them in Liverpool," was his reply.

"And are they really—well, I suppose I must say—as aristocratic or exclusive as is reported?"

"They are a somewhat proud family," replied the rector, quietly. "I believe Mr. Warrington came into a large fortune at his father's death."

"And is Miss Helen so *very* beautiful?" lisped a pretty pink and white young lady of eighteen.

"I don't know that I am a judge of beauty," replied the rector, a little disconcerted; "but you will probably see her on Sunday;" and he adroitly changed the conversation.

The young girls were prepared to find in Miss Helen a rival, and had made up their minds either to hate or adore her. The young gentlemen said nothing, but, perhaps, they thought all the harder, particularly when the Warringtons came quietly into church the following Lord's Day—father, mother, son—aged ten—grandmother, and two young girls, who looked to be nearly the same age.

Helen Warrington was magnificent. Coal-black eyes and hair, a rich color on cheek and lip, a toilet that was faultless, and an air at once dignified and graceful. She captured, I dare not say how many hearts, in her victorious walk up the church-aisle. The other was slenderer, almost drooping in figure, dressed neatly, but not richly, in half-mourning, her face as fair as an artist's dream, with fitting color, modest brow, pale as marble, and soft waves of rare chestnut-brown flowing away from the straight white line that parted them. Could she be a sister? If so, why dressed in half mourning? Besides, there was no resemblance to that brilliant, overpowering girl, whose languid eyes seemed to see nothing, but whose furtive glances under those long, night-black lashes, took in everything. She might be a cousin; she might be a more distant and a poor relation; and I am afraid dinner-tables heard longer discussions concerning the Warringtons that day than the sermon or its eloquent author elicited.

Helen Warrington remembered the rector, and wondered if he yet bore any recollection of her, and the day they met. Helen had made a great

many mistakes; a few on the Continent, which, at times, she bitterly regretted. Her ambition had been boundless; and she had allowed a good many glittering fish to escape her net; or rather, I should say, had thrown them away. Nothing less than a title, and a fortune—two concomitants rarely found together when love is in question—would satisfy her—and these she never secured.

She had returned to America disappointed, unhappy—and twenty-four. Yes, that was her age, in spite of her extreme youthful appearance—not a very advanced one with such beauty as hers; but she angrily called herself old when she thought of it. The rector of St. Mark's was rich—he was eminently handsome. Before the service was quite over, she had determined that she would captivate him. Strange plans for holy time; but church, to her, was only another kind of show-house. She was no Christian, and had rather made her boast of it, claiming, at times, to be a free thinker.

All this while the girl at her side, who wore a plainer dress, and used a Prayer-Book guiltless of gilding—what did she think about?

Ah! all her heart went into each response—and now and then a bright glittering drop fell on the white leaves over which her head was bowed; and had any one taken the pains to look closely, he would have seen the heaving bosom, the trembling fingers. What meant this unusual emotion?

And Helen went home, sure in her mind of the rector. Not that she craved, particularly, the honor of being the minister's wife—she had few graces that would enable her to adorn that office; but it would give her a leading position, and, besides, a handsome husband and unlimited wealth. It was too late now to be very particular as to choice; and though she would have preferred a rising politician, or a general, or some other brilliant lord of her heart, still she could not afford to wait. Hence she set herself to work with all the energy she possessed to secure the handsome rector of St. Mark's.

Of course, he came there—it was his duty. Mrs. Warrington had a feeble hold on life, though some physicians had said that she might live to be gray. Perhaps Helen's beauty attracted him—it was so said among the angry Wilkham belles, who felt far more disposed to hate than adore her.

One day the rector had made a call of unusual length. It was summer. The windows were all open, giving entrancing views of meadow, field, and hill. Myriad flowers sent their fragrance in with the sweet music of singing birds. The

rector held a sprig of mignonette in his hand. He was unconsciously comparing it with a gaudy crimson tulip, flecked with yellow spots, that held no perfume.

Helen sat near. She was mistress of every attitude; knew how to dispose of folds with a touch; how to display her foot; how to perfectly pose her white hands. A rich and cloud-like muslin enveloped her beautiful figure. She was in full dress, for it was after dinner, and she could bear a great many ornaments without seeming overloaded.

The rector of St. Mark's was about leaving.

"By-the-way," he said, carelessly, "I notice a young lady with you at church—a relative, perhaps."

"Oh! a person we employ in the family out of pity!" responded Helen, with a slight, supercilious smile. "She's a very useful girl, but quite dull—not a person of refinement by any means; but I believe," and her smile grew more winning, "a staunch Episcopalian. She always attends church with us—in the sight of God we are all equal;" and after this immense concession to the rights of a fellow creature, she considered herself worthy of canonization. Seldom, indeed, was God in her thoughts or on her lips.

The rector of St. Mark's bowed and departed; and she puzzled herself wondering if she had made a step forward in his good graces.

"At all events, he'll never trouble himself about her again, I imagine;" and, self-complacent and hopeful, she resigned herself to the French romance nearly finished.

The rector walked slowly through the grounds out into the road. Strangely enough, he was thinking about the young girl so contemptuously designated as her by Helen Warrington.

"Every time I see her," he murmured to himself, "I think I must have known her—and still, where—when? Not certainly abroad—not here, I know."

He found himself passing the church-yard. The central path was nearer to his home, and he often cut across. He had gone but half-way when he thought he heard a low voice.

"It is about here old Col. Montgomery lies buried," he said to himself; "and well that he erected this noble monument during his lifetime. Ah! Miss—Miss, I beg your pardon."

"Montgomery," replied a low, sweet voice, and tears trembled on the soft lashes—for it was Helen Warrington's companion who stood there half hidden by the long, drooping branches of the willow that sentinelled the old colonel's monument.

"Is it possible? Montgomery? A relative,

perhaps;" his words were broken in upon with a wail of anguish.

"Oh! my dear old grandfather, if I could only lie down beside you and mother. It is so hard," she murmured, a moment after, leaning head and hand upon the cold white marble, "to come back to my old home a stranger and a dependent—oh! it is so hard!"

A sudden light broke upon the rector. His face illuminated suddenly.

"What!" he exclaimed, in his extreme surprise, "is this little Maggie Rose, the medal-scholar of St. Mark's; the child of eleven years, who, seven summers ago, came up to my study to bid me farewell? Is it possible?"

"Yes, I am Maggie; but, oh! everything—even I am so changed!"

The rector gazed sadly upon his once little favorite. The mystery was solved. Hers were those clear brown eyes; hers was the oval face, and low, white brow, that he had said once, looking at her, he should want in his wife, if ever wife should bless him. Crowding upon him came the sweetest recollections of all his ministerial career. He saw her tripping into his study, always a welcome little visitor, with the first cherries, or peaches, or plums, that had ripened on the old place. He heard again her innocent confidences—his heart beat with strange, new, wild throbs, as every incident came before him, fresh as if of yesterday.

Ah! Helen Warrington, from that moment your doom was sealed—and so, cold, proud, but good rector of St. Mark's, was yours.

He saw she had not lost, but rather gained, in the peculiar and artless beauty he had so admired. He found her, after a longer acquaintance, rich in nature's graces, and not

poor in the gifts of intellect. Now was he doomed to feel all the tormenting doubts and transports of love; for Maggie, dependent as she was, and reading the signs of her determination and her passion in Helen Warrington's face, rigidly pursued the line of duty she had marked out for herself. More than one saw that the stately rector of St. Mark's was not like himself, and the fact was attributed, as usual, to the wrong cause. The rector was miserable, fearing he knew not what, and his fears drove him to a bold and decisive action. He called upon Helen and requested to see her dependent. She was sent for—Helen blandly remaining.

"Miss Warrington," said the rector, and there was a bright spot of crimson on either cheek, "may I ask the favor of a few moments alone with Miss Montgomery?"

With a pang like death, and a face as colorless, Miss Helen, feeling the shock of a sudden revelation, arose, and, with the step and air of a princess, left the room only to fall miserably helpless upon her couch in her own apartment—to rave the language of hate, and deplore her lost love.

Need I say more than simply this: that the rector of St. Mark's thought himself the happiest man this side eternity, when Maggie's low, sweet voice said, "Yes," and Maggie's little hand laid in his; when, all her scruples overcome, she was the promised wife of one who seemed as far above other men as the stars are above the earth?

Helen Warrington married a rich tobaccoist, one year from the time that the rector brought his beautiful wife to the pleasant rectory of St. Mark's.

AUTUMN WINDS.

BY LEON WEST.

Moan, ye saddened winds of Autumn,
O'er the green forsaken heath;
Down upon the forest's bottom
Cast the Summer's verdant wreath;
Faded now, and brown, and sere—
Parting gift of Spring-time dear.

Moan in sadness o'er the flowers,
Eblighted by your frosty breath;
Seek the song-birds in their bowers,
Tell them of the Summer's death;
Bid them haste, nor loiter here,
For the Winter's drawing near.

Stir the wavelets on the river,
Moving with majestic flow,
While the cold, pale moonbeams quiver

In the gloomy depths below;
And the stars, with twinkling light,
Keep their vigils through the night.

Sigh o'er hopes once fondly cherished,
Hopes of loved ones "gone before;"
Hopes that, like the leaves, have perished,
Here to live again no more!
And the split, crushed and broken,
Heeds your wail of grief unspoken.

Moan, ye saddened winds of Autumn!
Dying Nature sinks to rest;
But the spirit-germ will blossom
In the garden of the blest;
And the heart, overwhelmed with grief,
In the thought finds sweet relief.

THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.

CHAPTER IX.

CRIMINAL trials excited more interest then than now. It may be that the liberal draughts of blood, poured out by the Americans of late, have dulled their relish for lesser horrors; but it is certain that only in the English papers now, do we find the small, sickening minutiae that accompany crime and make it grimly pathetic or absurd. In the times of which we write, however, every trifling circumstance was seized on with avidity by the press, and I am able, therefore, to be certain of the correctness of all that I relate. The report of the trial is too voluminous for these pages. I will condense it as much as is practicable, divesting it of technicalities, which would only cloud its meaning to a general reader.

"The streets," says a journal of the day, in its inflated account of the trial, "the streets were filled at an early hour in those squares through which the accused must pass to reach the scene of trial. Not an unwholesome nor unnatural curiosity drew the people out to see the man who, for the glitter of a costly bauble, could so dog, and so imbue his hands in the life-blood of an old man—a man who for years had slept beneath his roof, and dipped his hand in the same dish with him. If we prejudge the case, we but express the thought of the community—our fault must be pardoned. The public are already in possession of every particular accessible to us regarding the prisoner. We were informed, however, by a person having frequent intercourse with him in his business, that his temper has been at all times morose and sour; and that he was noted among his neighbors for the contrast in character to his brother, Richard Nolt, a young man favorably known among us as a promising artist. We sincerely hope this occurrence may make no change in his prospects, whatever may be its termination. The accused, Joyce, has every chance for a mercy that tempers justice in his trial, as Judge C— will preside, than whom a more honorable and discerning man never wore a spotless ermine."

Judge C— was, in fact, a miser and a glutton, one of the few men who have not done honor to his bench in this district. Abstract

those two traits, and you had a mere soulless pulp remaining, saturated with a few legal maxims, probably. He had been elevated to his position by family influence, and for a term or two, perhaps, tried honestly to do his duty. After that, the routine of the courts became nothing but hum-drum work to him, to be shuffled over; the gist and zest of the day lay in the discovery, after court, of the best dinner procurable at the lowest rates. So much for Joyce's judge; his counsel (appointed for him, for he refused to employ any,) was Philip Mottar, a young lawyer of limited capacity, who had hung about the courts for a long time without a case; this was his first, and I believe he gave all his energies to it; but, unfortunately, they could accomplish but little. The journal we have quoted putted him on the shoulder, in its report, as a "worthy and eloquent young orator." Seaborn it approached with that half-jovial, half-deferential air, which journalists use to men who do not want their aid, as "that consummate limb of the law well known to all our readers."

Mottar would have given one of his fingers for such a notice. Mottar was, perhaps, the most nervous man in the court-room that day, glancing over the massed faces at the reporter's bench, then back to his papers. "It was such a stroke of good luck—this case! But there was no hope of gaining it. Joyce was guilty, if ever a man was; look at his blood-thirsty eye! But if he could gain it, what a certain notoriety it would bring! and then briefs, and then, an assured income: and then—Matty and he could marry—at last."

So Mottar's thoughts went off to a certain little house out Hoy's Lane, which he and Matty passed in their walks every Sunday evening; and he had already rented the house, and papered it, and was building a bow-window and pantry out at the left side when the case was called.

Certainly, Mottar was more nervous than his client, when he also took his place and glanced over the wall of faces on every side turned to him with an eager curiosity. His dress, even, was more composed and neat than usual; he

was well-shaved, moved with a certain self-reliance, lightness; his step was more assured than ever before. The deeper Dunn Joyce sank in the mire of public obloquy, the more men averted true human recognition from him, the firmer he seemed to stand on his own ground of self-respect and right. When he plead, "Not guilty," in a clear voice, there was a quiet truth in the answer, as if God had asked him the question. Yet, was this the defiant assumption of innocence? Many who believed him innocent at first, as the trial went on, and proof grew strong against him, thought that it was, and gave up his cause. Seaborn's opening speech was skillfully and neatly suited to its exact purpose. He could not contravene Dunn's honest air and look, so seized on them to convert to his own aims.

"I do not claim this to be an act of premeditated villainy," he said; "the character previously borne by the prisoner, which can be proved by responsible witnesses, forbids this. And let me say here, gentlemen of the jury, that I urge upon you a deference to all the weight of testimony which can be brought in proof of that character. God forbid that we should sully the record of a whole life, because the blot of one foul crime has fallen on it." He proceeded in the same vein, doubtless in accordance with his own honest conviction, to render futile any evidence which might be adduced in Joyce's favor as to integrity of previous life; sketched him as a man whom circumstances and simplicity of habit in thought had kept free from temptation; belonging to a nation whose thrift was proverbial—a thrift which strengthened with age, and which, when opportunity offered, was a strong provocation to crime. With a consummate skill he hinted at the existence beneath this outside honesty, of the one fatal weakness, the break, through which he could be drawn into guilt. "Many men," he said, "go through life with some such plan, undiscovered; wear as honest and kindly a front as this man bore, ay, and bears now," (for Dunn's quiet blue eyes were turned full upon him,) "the opportunity never comes; the temptation is never offered; and they go down to the grave respected and honored; as this man would have done. But He, who knows the secrets of hearts, suffered him to be tried as by fire. If he could not bear such trial, let us be merciful. It is my duty here to bring home the vengeance of the law to the culprit; but let us remember we, too, are men, and be merciful in judging, while we are stern in punishment. Not your heart nor mine, per-

haps, could bear its weakness unveiled. The only difference between the prisoner and those who condemn him, may be that he has been tempted, and we have gone free."

"Seaborn was just and temperate," the jury thought; they were quiet, middle-aged men, he had noted, temperate arguments would be the most effective. Besides, there was no use in trying to make Joyce out a full-blooded scoundrel; the mass of an audience always came to a tolerably just conclusion about a prisoner from his looks by a sort of instinct, was Seaborn's experience, unless some glamour was thrown before their eyes. Dunn faced them all, boldly enough; the sun shining in through the uncurtained windows full on the dock, and the man standing there. He did stand, most of the time, as if to rest his brawny limbs; once or twice taking up the sprigs of herbs near him, and smelling them, as if they put him in mind of home. No, it would never do to call it premeditated crime; there was not, perhaps, a homelier, or more ungainly man in the crowded court-room than Joyce; but there was not one to whom a beggar would come so readily, or a mother trust her child. Besides, Seaborn spoke his own belief about Joyce, and, therefore, carried the jury with him; Mottar, pleading for him, thought him guilty; and more, thought, like all shallow-eyed people, that depravity of character must underlie all guilt. So Mottar's speeches had as much effect, that day, as so much water dropping within hearing.

"An honest man," Seaborn summed up his preamble, "unless a great and peculiar temptation was thrown in his way. It was so thrown. The glitter of a large and apparently costly jewel was the bait used by Satan this time. The old man was going to throw it away on a purpose which Joyce thought foolish. To what end he intended to apply it we know not; perhaps one which, in his morbid fancy, justified his crime. There have been such cases. It might be a curious psychological study, the slow working of the poison in this man's mind"—at these words the prisoner was observed to start and fix his eyes on Seaborn, following him with a strangely eager attention. The lawyer's keen eye perceived it, and, keeping his eye furtively turned on Joyce, he went on—"how, day after day, the theft seemed to him more feasible and light—a thing without which his own future was impossible now to forecast or to accomplish. Look!" suddenly pointing to the prisoner, "his own face attests the truth of my conjecture!" for Joyce was leaning slightly forward, his head resting on his hands, making.

unconsciously, a gesture of assent to each pause which Seaborn made. "I do not say that the full crime he committed was contemplated by the guilty man at first," he continued; "it may have been the diamond alone that he coveted, without any defined idea of how it was to be gained. Murder may not have been in his thought——"

"No! Before God, no!" muttered Joyce, sinking back on his bench, and burying his face in his hands.

Seaborn was silent; he, as well as the jury, had heard the words; they exchanged quick and significant glances—but the shrewd lawyer did not diminish their effect by a word of his own. Before one witness had been brought forward, there was not a jurymen present who did not hold a strong presumption of Joyce's guilt. Seaborn, they thought, was a clever dog, thus to elicit the truth from the lips even of the prisoner, though they had been prejudiced against him at first—for it was one of Seaborn's affected eccentricities to appear in full dress whenever he conducted a criminal trial. Many of our readers may remember how, even in old age, his appearance was that of a *petit maitre* in the court-room. The old Quakers, who formed the present jury, were not likely to be prepossessed by his fair, waving hair, delicate laced ruffles, and flashing rings; yet they had begun to alter their opinion of him now already.

"I will now bring forward the testimony," Seaborn proceeded, in a rapid, business-like manner, "in consideration of which Dunn Joyce now stands before you, indicted for murder in the first degree. We expect to prove, that a month before the murder, an old man, then an inmate of Joyce's house, became possessed of a diamond, which the prisoner pronounced to be of value; that he revealed the fact of his possession of it only to his brother and Joyce; that when, some time after, he came to the city to dispose of the stone, he was dogged during the whole day by the accused; was overtaken by him at nightfall, some distance from the city, and there foully murdered. The evidence we mean to exhibit in this case has been assumed by the daily prints to be entirely circumstantial; on the contrary, we will prove the fact of the murder by an eye-witness."

He sat down. Joyce had not lost a word of the harangue; but he heard it without the movement of a muscle in his face until the mention of the eye-witness was made; he looked up, as if astounded, at Seaborn, then bent his head again thoughtfully.

The witnesses for the prosecution were called in rapid succession, each telling a straightforward story in a few words, that, linked together, made the history of Joyce's guilt complete. Mottar asked a few questions in cross-examination, with but little sense or purpose in them. The silence became profound in the court-room as the evidence went on, nearing the climax slowly. Seaborn had his witnesses well arranged; he understood, what few lawyers do, the adjusting of the testimony until it closes around the prisoner without a flaw, holding him fast, in a death-grip, we may say, in reality.

First came one or two old parishioners of Nicholas Waugh, who, unconscious that they were doing it, sketched the simple character of the old man—his gentleness, credulity, obstinate little whims. These men testified to the time he came to live with Joyce—the confidence that existed between them.

Next called was Samuel Waugh, who appeared carrying a cane in his hands, clasped behind him, his head, as usual, down on his breast, his queue shaking, and his thin lips moving nervously. The importance of the occasion, and the amount of sorrow lawfully expected by the public from him, had made him, in a manner, drunk, and quite removed his ordinary timidity. He had his story ready, committed to memory; and went over it glibly, unless a question interrupted him; they always threw him entirely off his balance, and it required an interval of sneezes and coughs to bring him back again. He told the conversation on the night when Nicholas Waugh first showed him the diamond, which he remembered accurately enough.

"How do you know that your brother confided the secret to you two alone?"

"Because he told me on the day he started that no one knew it but myself and Joyce."

"You say," said one of the jurors, "that he lived with Joyce—what was there, then, to prevent the prisoner's taking the diamond when your brother was asleep in his own house?"

"No one knew it was there but us; if he took it there, discovery was certain," with a cunning laugh.

"Oh, I see," said the man.

"A robbery on the highway would naturally be thrown upon professional thieves," suggested Seaborn; "particularly as Mr. Waugh had offered the jewel publicly for sale during the day. You say the money was to be given to you, Mr. Waugh?"

"Yes; in fact, it was a small liability of Waugh & Turner's that——"

"That will do—we understood; it was to pay a debt of yours. If it had not been appropriated in this way, was there any chance of Joyce's obtaining possession of any of it?"

"Every chance in the world," his eyes snapping with a petty venom. "Every chance; in fact, Nicholas mentioned to me his previous intention of helping Joyce on a bit, if I had not needed the money."

"That is sufficient. Mr. Mottar, have you any questions to ask?"

"Only this: had you cause to suspect any unkind feeling between your brother and the prisoner?"

Waugh half shut his small eyes, considering. "I thought, that day, that Joyce, seeing the diamond, seemed distraught, envious, jealous. I've no doubt in my mind you've got the man," in a confidential tone to the jury. He was called to order and sent down.

Dunn Joyce followed him with his big, calm eyes, as he sat down, blew his nose, glanced around, shuffling, with a self-complacent smile, to see if there were any approving glances. This man had been his neighbor so long! He had often tried to do him little acts of kindness—he was Barbara's father.

"Well, well!" said poor Dunn. It was all over now; the act that brought him into that dock had been done of his own free will; he could bear its results as they came as best he might. He looked over at an old green desk, chipped and blotted more than the others—that used to be old Judge L——'s, his friend and patron. He remembered how he used to haunt the courtz, when a boy in the office, always receiving a friendly nod from the lawyers, who knew him from the judge to be "the canny Scotch chap that was going to be a better counsellor than the whole of you."

"And I might have been," said Dunn, with an unconscious self-recognition, glancing around at the circle of shrewd, cultured faces about him, and then back to his own coarse jean clothes, and thinking of his habits, more rough and boorish than his clothes. "There's Billy Sampson, and Joe Myers," finding some familiar faces. "Billy's the best marine lawyer in the courts, they say; he's married to that pretty girl in Penn's Row, and I'm here, in the dock. 'To be hung by the neck until you are dead'—'by the neck until you are dead,'" going over the words again and again mechanically; "and may God have mercy on your soul."

"I wonder where Dick is," he muttered, after

a long pause. "I wonder if he'll ever know I did it for him—for Dick!"

When he roused himself from the sort of stupor into which he had fallen, they were hearing the evidence of people who had seen the old man on the day of the murder, and had noticed Dunn following him. "At a distance," they all said, "keeping carefully out of sight."

Next, Maria Forsyth was sworn. "Am a silversmith and jeweler by trade. Deceased came to my shop on the morning of the murder; and after some explanation, offered me a diamond for sale, or a stone which he supposed to be one. I declined to purchase, assuring him, when pressed for a reason, that the stone was, in reality, of but trifling value, being one of those bits of composite easily mistaken by the ignorant for stones of value. The old gentleman seemed a good deal troubled. It made me sorry I had told him. Felt as if I had been rough, some way, without intending it. Asked him to go to an eating-house and have a bit of lunch with me; but he refused, and went out down toward High street. A few moments after, it might be five, the prisoner came up to me where I was standing at the door, and asked for the true time. When I had given it to him, he said, nodding to the old man who had gone a good way down the street, 'Did you make a trade with him?' I said, 'No, his wares did not suit me;' a moment after he started off, walking hastily toward High street."

"What was his expression while talking to you?"

"That of a man in a great trepidation of mind, pale and red by turns, with a quick way of glancing furtively about, as if afraid of being watched."

Cross-examined by one of the jurors. "The conversation between Mr. Waugh and myself was not overheard by any one. Am not aware that he offered the stone for sale to any other jeweler that day; but think he did not, as I was the first to whom he brought it, and he seemed satisfied with my decision, saying he must go home as he came. Thought the prisoner's manner strange; was more agitated than Mr. Waugh; more disappointed, apparently, at not finding the jewel of as much worth as he had supposed."

Jane Sayers sworn. "Am a laundress. Have a small house on the road running up the Schuylkill; it is a wagon road; it is not much frequented after the business part of the day is over. Was at home on the evening of the twenty-sixth of June; was taking in my clothes off the line to sprinkle, when I saw the old

gentleman go by. Think it was the one who is missing from the description. (Witness then described the deceased, identifying the man she had seen with Nicholas Waugh.) It was just before sundown when he passed, going out the road. I noticed him because travelers are scarce out that road, and he was odd-looking. About five minutes after the prisoner passed, walking rapidly, and looking up and down the road, as if he was afraid of being followed. I do not remember that any other persons went by; cannot be sure of that, for I was in and out attending to my clothes. There was an uncommon heavy fog that night, too, which hindered one from seeing." The remainder of her testimony was but of trivial importance.

John Van Note sworn. "Am a tanner by trade. Live on the Schuylkill several miles beyond the city limits; saw the prisoner on the twenty-sixth of June, late in the evening, he was apparently following an old man, whom I presume, from the description, to be the missing Nicholas Waugh—was gaining on him rapidly. The road and the river both make a sharp turn above my house, so that they were soon out of sight; but I should think he would have caught up to him in five minutes at farthest at the rate he was going. There is a sort of gully by the river just beyond that turn; I did not see them after they went into it."

Cross-examined. "Did not speak to either of them. They were both in sight at once. It was a dark, foggy night, with a kind of gray mist, almost rain."

There was a sort of heave or swell in the audience when the next witness was called, and then a profound silence, people bending forward so as not to lose a word; for it was known that this was the chief testimony against the prisoner, the eye-witness of the murder, of whom Seaborn had spoken, and so carefully had the precise nature of this evidence been concealed that the jury, and audience outside of the jury, waited for it with the thrill of suspense with which men wait the *denouement* of a novel; having followed the slow steps of the old man, dogged by his merciless pursuer into the lonely gully, out of which only this witness came to tell the tale.

He was a middle-aged man, thin, stoop-shouldered, with a dry, hacking cough.

"Face the jury," said Seaborn, as he went up. He did so, lifting his head, and looking straight at them. It was a rough, but honest face; and his voice, when he spoke, had a like meaning in it—neither of which, as Seaborn had calculated, lost their effect.

Being sworn, he spoke as follows: "My name is Jesse Cummins; am a dairy-man. On the twenty-sixth of June, I was returning from a farm out on the Schuylkill, where I had gone to buy a cow. It was after sunset when I came into the slip of road just where the river bends; it was very lonely there; there are no houses, and it was a damp, foggy night; I climbed up over the ridge so as to make a short cut toward town. The ridge is overgrown with young cedars, but I could see over them down to the road, and on the other side of that, the river. I saw Nicholas Waugh pass below where I stood, on his way out home; he went on northward out of my sight, the cedars farther on coming between him and me; I know the old man by sight, having seen him once or twice at Dunn Joyce's, when I stopped there on business. A minute or two afterward Joyce passed along the road following him. I thought nothing of it, supposing they had been in town together and got separated. Just after Joyce went behind the cedars, I heard angry voices—I heard them indistinctly, as they were a good distance from me, and the wind was high and uncertain. Once I heard the old man give a sharp cry and call out, 'Joyce! Joyce!' Thinking something was wrong, I was going down the hill, when I saw the two figures leave the road, wrestling or struggling together, and go toward the river. I hallooed with all my strength, but my voice did not seem to reach them, and the undergrowth was thick, so that I could force my way but slowly. They came to the edge of the river, when one pushed the other in."

The witness here paused.

"You saw the prisoner push Waugh in? You will swear to that?"

"Yes," after a few moments pause. "It was too dark to see their faces; but Waugh's dead, and Joyce is here to-day, and there were none others in the gully, so there's not much doubt as to who pushed. Yes, I saw it done."

"What did you do then?" demanded Mot-tar.

Cummins changed color. "I didn't go on. No, I didn't. It was no use; the old man went under twice while I watched, and it would have taken me ten minutes to reach him; and I did not care to face the murderer alone; he's a stronger built man than I, Joyce is; and it would have been fighting for life if I'd tried to 'rest him. So I came home."

"Was this all you saw or heard?"

"Yes; except, as I was leaving the gully, I heard voices down below, low and fierce, hardly over a whisper. Neither was that of Waugh,

though. It must have been the prisoner and a 'complice.'

"I thought," said Mottar, "you said your position commanded the entrance to the road, and that no one came on it while you were there?"

"Neither did they before the time of the murder; but I jumped forward then, and so got below the point from which you could see over the cedars. He may have come in afterward."

"Did you leave the gully, then?"

"Yes, I came straight into town, then. I left the men who were talking in the gully. I did not speak of this matter until I saw an account of Waugh's supposed murder, and Joyce's arrest in the papers; then I came up and offered my testimony."

The prisoner turned his head, and glanced rapidly over the audience when this witness had finished; a more careless eye than his could have seen the effect which his evidence had exerted; Joyce read his doom in every face turned toward him. The newspaper reporters jotted down just here that "Joyce's pluck seemed, for a moment, to forsake him; he grew pale and deadly sick." What if he did? He was a man, and the stronger the man, the more deeply rooted is the loathing of any death, and surely of an ignoble, base death as here.

Some point in the testimony, however, had produced a marked effect on both of the counsel; they exchanged glances of surprise and pleasure—Seaborn's the most so, perhaps; through the whole trial he was, in fact, more warmly interested in Joyce than his own lawyer, being a man of broader sympathies and more alert insight.

Mottar approached the prisoner for a few moments consultation before cross-examining Cummins. "I think," said Dunn, stroking his chin, with a ghastly attempt at a laugh, "that last speaker has done for me, Mr. Mottar."

"It's strong, sir. We did not count on that. It's neatly put—dove-tailed, as one might say, their evidence. But one point, Joyce, in a whisper, 'the 'voices' he heard after Waugh was drowned? You said nothing to me of that: Seaborn did not expect that bit, either. It seems a big loop-hole of escape to me. Whose voice was it?"

He asked the question hesitatingly, for Joyce had not put the usual confidence in his lawyer; remaining with him, as with others, obstinately silent.

Joyce was silent a moment now, as if he considered whether to avail himself of this loop-

hole of escape. It did not require more than a moment to make the decision. "Bah! there's nothing in that," he replied. "Cummins was fairly drunk with terror by his own confession, and ready to hear voices all about him. Don't insist on trifles, or they'll see how weak our cause is. There's nothing in that."

"If there's nothing in that, then," hesitated Mottar, "we must make up our minds to the worst."

Joyce's jaws worked as if he would have spoken; but he did not, and sat suddenly down, his knees giving way. "You can make no point there," he muttered, presently.

Mottar went back to his desk with a worried look on his face; and Seaborn took up a pencil and began cutting it impatiently and vexed. He had been watching the two men keenly while they talked, as if he, too, hoped there was "something in it."

Cummins was allowed to go down with little, if any farther examination, which caused Seaborn to set down Mottar as a blockhead. "Blind as a bat," he said, afterward; "he let slip flaws in our evidence, through which he could have driven a cart-horse."

Joyce, meanwhile, sat stooping, holding his old slouch hat over his face, as though he wished to avoid some part of the evidence yet to come. Seaborn's witnesses were brought up rapidly, and hurried the story to its end.

A cow-boy, who met him about dawn, "skulking along the road near home;" Deb, who "watched for him all night, and found him coming in, wet through and through, looking sick and crazed-like;" Samuel Waugh and his wife, who both testified to Joyce's laggard looks and guilty confusion of manner when questioned; and, finally, the police-officers who arrested him, and found the diamond secreted in a pocket of the waistcoat he had worn on the night of the murder; these all went through their parts with clearness and brevity.

When they had finished, and Seaborn declared the evidence for the prosecution closed, Joyce took the hat from before his face. It had a look of relief on it; he had expected Barbara to take her place among his accusers unwillingly, perhaps. But no one knew how that would have wrung the heart of the poor soul if she had helped to condemn him. Mottar had no evidence, except as to character; that was given cordially enough, but weighed little taken alone. For the facts proven about the night of the murder he had no explanation to offer; Joyce had given him no hint of an hypothesis to start with—what could he do?

Night fell as the defendant's testimony closed, and court adjourned until the next day.

CHAPTER X.

WHEN it opened again in the morning, notwithstanding that the day proved dull and rainy, the crowd was greater than before; the air thick and stifling, drops of damp gathering on the window-panes from the dense human breath within. The interest was no less, but the horror had passed out of the public mind about the affair; the juice was out of the nut, as it were, and people had time to chew it at their leisure, listen critically to the lawyers' speeches, compare their impressions of Joyce's face, etc.

When the street boys came in with pea-nuts and candy to sell, shoving themselves through the crowd, there was a sort of swoop and hustling of hats down toward them. "It is as jolly a show as a country fair," thought poor Dunn, bitterly. He did not seem to listen to either Mottar or Seaborn, nor to the judge's charge, with the exception of a small part of it. He appeared to have made up his mind as to what the end must be, and thrust all doubt off from him; to be busied with some thoughts nearer to him than the life he would soon lose, and of more weight; with just the difference between them of facing death and facing the judgment beyond it.

Only one little thing in the room attracted his notice after that. There were a few women of the rougher sort in the crowd; one woman, unlike them in some way, though dressed in the gray bonnet and linen wrapping that most of them wore, made her way up the aisle, and sat down on a bench close by the dock, as close as she could come. Presently, when there was a breath in the proceedings, she pushed aside the green veil over her face.

"Barbara!" suddenly burst from Joyce's lips.

Plainer than any words could have spoken it, Dunn could read why she was there in her face. It was no time for a woman's blushes and sense of shame and propriety, fitting and beautiful as they are in their place. All that long, murky day the poor gardener stood alone in the crowd, his soul guilty or pure, as it may have been, but one step from death, forced to look it in the face; that was the day when it behooved her to be real. If she loved him, and knew it but now, when he was in danger; or even if it were only that she thought him innocent when all had turned against him, her place was by the dock; and by God's rule of the fitting and

just, she did well to go there. Dunn watched her a long time. "It is for Dick's sake," he determined at last. "I'll not think it's anything else, like a fool. Oh, Dick! Dick! there's a good deal been given up for you!" If any shooting doubt crossed his mind as to whether the man was worth the sacrifice, it did not rest there. It was too late to think of that. "Barby thinks I am innocent!" I think, with a woman's quickness, she saw how much even this comforted him.

We may as well hurry on to the end of it.

The jury went out about six o'clock; they were out but a few minutes. One knows how those minutes go in a court-room, when the verdict may bring death; the dead, intense calm; the sense of relief with which even the terrible decision is received.

To Dunn Joyce there was a half stupor in them. And yet all his past life rushed up before him, the man he had meant to be when he was a boy in L——'s office before Richard came—more powerful and helpful than any of these men about him; an earnest, God-fearing citizen, with a loving, happy home, wife, and children. All men look forward to something of this. It was so real to Dunn, this old hope, that he seemed to see, as in a horrible dream, only the court-room, the people waiting, the jury coming in with anxious faces at the side-door. A stunted walnut-tree outside rustled in the damp blow of wind. It would be bad for the peaches—this cold rain; and he had meant to—

He shivered, with a sudden remembering When the peaches would be ripe.

He wished he could be buried somewhere in the orchard, or garden there; he knew they did not bury in consecrated ground any who died in that way. Would Barby see to it—for Richard's sake? Then came up a sudden picture of Barby going cheerfully over the grave in the orchard, with a pleasant thought of him when she was Richard's wife. But that would never be. "I'd have liked her to keep up my name, to tell it to her children; but it will be dead along with my body," stroking his chin in the old way, his eyes going calmly over the darkening room. An end to name and man—a few days, and Dunn Joyce would be as if he never had been born. "And yet," his eyes gathering a stern, inward look, "I used to try to do right."

The jury were in their place now with a shuffling of feet; "how pale the foreman grew when he rose to speak, clearing his throat—why, what else could he say?"

"GUILTY!"

"Poor little Barby!"

"The prisoner leaned forward," said the newspaper before quoted, "during the rendition of the verdict, catching the rail of the dock with both hands, watching intently a woman who sat with her face concealed near him, his wife, we understand. He showed no sign of emotion until she looked up at him. Then he changed his position, and was observed to heave a slow, heavy sigh."

When Dunn saw her look, a dull certainty came to him; for the first time, now, when it was forever too late.

"It might have been! It is not all for Richard's sake," he thought.

The judge had been talking for some moments to him unheard. If there had been a time when they waited for him to speak, it was gone by, he had not heeded it. "I used to try to do right," said Dunn to himself, vaguely; his mind going back to God only knows when, and staring out of the dirty, square window at the patch of drifting sky, thinking that God was there, after all, and could see—

"And there be hung by the neck until you are dead," said Judge C—, concluding.

That was the end of it—all. The end of it—yes. He waited a moment with his eyes closed, and then turned and motioned to the officer to lead him out. (TO BE CONCLUDED.)

WILL'S ORANGE-FLOWERS.

BY EDITH M. CLARE.

SHE opened the letter too quickly,
Not knowing these buds were there,
And out fell the snowy-leaved shower—
These blossoms of beauty rare.

Our forests are robbed so gayly,
With hues of tropic dye;
But 'twas the hectic of decay—
For Autumn passeth by.

Far away, on a sunny island,
Where hostile flags stream out;
Where an army in sullen silence,
Guards all the coast about,
A soldier gathered these blossoms,
Thinking of home as he sent
O'er the sea his fragile treasure,
With loving message blent.

Oh! his bronzed cheek glowed the deeper,
And his blue eye grew so dim,
For he thought of brown-haired Maggie
Waiting and watching for him—

For him awaiting and praying,
Her soldier loyal and true;
Following, through fields of carnage,
The red, and white, and blue.

Some time, when the war is ended,
The sword returned to its sheath,
She'll stand by his side, little Maggie,
Wearing Will's orange-flower wreath.
Till then to wait she is willing;
But if God should take her Will;
Poor Maggie 'll say, through her weeping,
"God bless our country still!"

Ah! there's many a Maggie among us;
Some waiting for Will to come;
And some—oh! the sorrow and darkness—
Mourn in a desolate home.
Some time, in God's beautiful justice,
With Heavenly love replete,
Somewhere, in bright sunshine and gladness,
These Wills and Maggie's shall meet.

YOUTH'S DREAMLAND.

BY EDWIN R. MARTIN.

Our days are slipping by;
Their sandaled tread falls heedless on the ear,
Yet here and there some landmarks will appear,
To catch the casual eye.

Life looks so bright and fair
To young hearts in its unmarianthine bowers;
A Summer day, with birds, and bees, and flowers,
And sunshine everywhere.

The streamlet in the vale,
Whose dewy lips caress the lily's cheek,
Seems in soft lullabies to speak,
Soothing the wind's low wail.

The pale white cloud that smiles
Along its pathway in the upper deeps,

Is but a fairy bark, within which sleeps
Some queen of Heavenly isles.

Night holds her rich love,
And sends us messages upon the dew;
The stars that glisten in the vault of blue,
Sweet angel eyes may be.

Oh! brilliant youthful dreams!
Oh! world of beauty to unpracticed eyes!
Thou art more lovely than the star-lit skies,
With all their silver beams.

Let hope still linger bright
Amid the tempests on life's stormy sea;
Our boat will weigh its anchor soon, and we
Bid last adieu to-night.

TAMING A HUSBAND.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

TOM RENSFORD had ruled everything that came near him, from the time he could lip broken syllables enough to announce his sovereign will to his mother, who seemed inclined to make amends for having been unnecessarily strict with her elder children, by completely spoiling this youngest fledgling.

A pleasant fellow, when he had his own way, was Tom; a favorite in society, and, I grieve to say, an arrant flirt, so perfect in the accomplishment, owing to the assiduity with which he had improved his natural gifts in that line, that it was as marvelous to witness his performances as those of a conjurer.

Tom was tired of a bachelor life, and while the idea was fresh in his mind of having a home of his own, kept in perfect order by a pretty little fairy, who would worship and reverence him as a superior being, he wooed and won his ideal, after a brief courtship, which was as pretty as possible; for, when Tom was in the humor, nobody could make a more charming gallant or companion.

I did not reach town until some weeks after Tom and his bride had returned from the inevitable honeymoon trip, and were comfortably established in their little gem of a house, where you may be sure there was everything for Tom's convenience, while he might be in the mood for staying at home.

"I have not married from any exaggerated passion," Tom said to me, when we met and were talking matters over. "My wife is the darlinest little thing in the world! No petticoat government for me—no sour looks if I happen to glance at another woman. I intend to be an example to all husbands, present and to come."

I knew before what his ideas in regard to matrimony were, but he took the pains to enlarge considerably upon them, and I thought to myself what a patient slave his darling of a wife would become.

My fancy went forward to the lonely evenings that would overtake her before six months had gone; the bitter knowledge which must come, if she had any soul at all, that her husband looked upon her as something to nestle contentedly in the outer folds of his heart, to make pleasant

the hours which the world and some passing amusement did not fill; and I pitied her for the bitter experiences which lay before her.

"I wouldn't for an empire have married one of your brilliant, showy women, such as a man likes to flirt with," said Tom, when he had summed up his opinions in a brilliant period, which made me pity more and more the darling little wife.

Not that I feared she would have to submit to any absolute wrong—but Tom would flirt; he would go on in his old selfish, careless, easy way, and I understood how it would be possible for such conduct to wear peace and youth out of a woman's heart, as effectually as if there were some actual blow struck at her happiness, which would overwhelm it in one dark chaos.

So I went home to luncheon with Tom, thinking of all those things, and was duly presented to his wife.

She was, in truth, a sweet little creature—that just expressed it. Small and delicate, with winning manners—not gay, but cheerful and bright, giving to her house that indescribable air of home which so few dwellings possess, evidently quite devoted to Tom, and yet—Before we had done luncheon, I had ceased to have any fears for her future, and began to think it possible that my friend had yet to learn several lessons which I had always wanted to see him taught—being my very particular friend, of course I enjoyed the idea all the more.

I really cannot tell you on what grounds I based my opinion; yet I declare that, after that first interview, I never pitied the fragile, delicate-looking creature, and waited quietly to see her prove herself a consummate general when the moment arrived for a decisive marshaling of her forces.

It was before the days of "Lady Audley's Secret," so one did not suspect every golden-haired woman of having several spare husbands hidden in old wells; but there were certain signs in the face of Blossom—that was what Tom called her—which I never yet saw fail as an index of character, and which, if they proved true, would hinder the possibility of her ever being flung aside, as is the fate of so many blossoms held for a season with such tender care.

She was so slight and fragile that she would have almost had the appearance of ill health, only there was nothing bony about her; and the paleness of her cheeks seemed to go as naturally with the spiritual purity of her face as the untinted whiteness of a lily.

When the features were in repose the small mouth shut together so firmly; the eyelids drooped over the soft, watchful eyes that were, oh! so beautifully sly; and when she took your hand, the slender fingers met across yours in a firm, nervous pressure, which did not coincide at all with the first idea of fragility which her appearance gave.

Slight signs, you will say—watch for yourself, that's all. There were two others—her voice, usually, was a weak, almost shrill soprano; but when she talked seriously, it would sink to a contralto key, that showed the other woman, the spirit inside, awake and alert; and whenever she sat silent and thoughtful, the toe of her slipper was pressed as hard and firmly on the carpet as if she were crushing something under it, and never would lift it till there was no life left in her enemy.

Tom was having his own way completely, as he always had it—of that he was perfectly certain, and I am sure it seemed apparent enough.

Only among the cold meat sauces Tom did not find a hot, diabolical East Indian compound, with which he was fond of running the coats of his stomach, and he said,

"Touch the bell, Blossom, that stupid man has forgotten the——" (really, I cannot attempt to spell the name.)

"Oh, Tom!" said Blossom, in her childish tones, "please don't eat it. I am sure you will get burned up with it some day."

Tom laughed, and she appealed to me; but, of course, Tom had his own way, and Blossom rang the hand-bell like an obedient little fairy as she was, and gave the order herself in such a sweet, pretty voice, that it must have been a pleasure, I am sure, to be her servant.

"You may just bring the whole bottle, William," she said. "I know it is not so good poured into a cruet," she added, to Tom; "for I have heard uncle James say so."

And Tom called her a thoughtful little witch, and looked at me to envy him for possessing such a treasure.

The bottle was brought in, and Mrs. Rensford took it from the servant's hand, asking,

"Haven't you made a mistake?"

While she was examining the label in her possession for that dear, old Tom, he was saying to me,

"It is the most wonderful sauce imaginable—that is the only bottle I could find; and I don't suppose I could get another short of Calcutta. Fred Norris brought it to me; you only want a few drops—it's heavenly."

"It's dreadful stuff," cried Blossom; "and I'm sure you'll say so. Tom, dear, give me one nice mouthful of the pate with it on—I want to make a face."

"Oh, ho! so you give in, that my way must be best," said Tom.

"As if I was likely to think anything else," laughed Blossom; "it's too much trouble to think for myself."

She gave one of her ecstatic little shakes; the next thing was a scream—a crash—the bottle had fallen from her hand, and the red liquid was distilling slowly over the white tablecloth and velvet carpet.

"Oh, Tom, Tom!" she moaned. "You'll never forgive me. Oh! I'd rather have cut my hand off!"

She was almost crying; she made such an abominable fuss that Tom could do nothing but soothe her, declare it was no matter, and kiss her, so that she might be sure he was not angry.

I should have thought it all real enough, only a little foolish, and decided that she was a baby; but I caught one glimpse of her eyes over Tom's shoulder—there was premeditated destruction of bottles in them, if ever I saw it in any eyes!

I ate my luncheon, smoked a cigar, heard Blossom sing; and before I went away, Tom found an opportunity to tell me again he had married just as he had always determined to; and I departed, chuckling, as we always must, when we know that our friends are going to pay up for all past sins, with the instrument of retribution, the most innocent appearing thing in the world, selected to aid their comfort.

So, for a few months, matters went on very brightly; Tom made an attentive husband while the romance lasted; but I did not forget to watch the pair any the less.

Before spring, Tom was beginning to take up his old habits again, and I doubt if Blossom either coaxed or pouted, "she was such a good, yielding little thing."

About that time, a dashing widow from Montreal began making a brief sensation in society—a brilliant creature, with coquetry enough, derived from French ancestresses, to have been sufficient for a half-dozen women.

I remember the first time Rensford met her. It was at a great ball, given for the benefit of some association or other, gotten up by a set of

fashionable women, who liked to work for these charities in an agreeable manner.

Madam was waltzing, and it really made one dizzy to watch her as she spun round in the arms of a dashing young officer who couldn't dance at all, according to Tom's verdict.

"A splendid woman!" Tom said, and he left Blossom to my tender mercies, while he went off to obtain an introduction to this dark-eyed divinity.

It was the first time since their marriage that he had indulged in any open, downright flirtation, and I watched Blossom all the evening to see how she would take it.

Very quietly, indeed; but before the night was over, I saw that, however pleasantly she might be talking, her mouth would settle into the firm, hard lines; and those restless eyes, with their wonderful faculty of seeing everything from under the downcast lashes, never once lost sight of the pair who were flirting in a sufficiently marked manner to make people say,

"Tom Rensford has gone back to his old habits; I thought marriage wouldn't cure him! I wonder how his wife likes it; she looks too meek to complain."

I am sure Blossom must have overheard similar observations herself, for I did several times when I was standing near her; but whatever she heard, or whatever she saw, Blossom made no sign.

And driving home, when Tom was wondering if Blossom would pout a little, and require to be broken into this sort of thing, and prepared to be very cross if she said a word on account, perhaps, of some little conscientious pangs. But she agreeably surprised him by chatting as pleasantly as possible over the events of the evening, neither avoiding nor forcing in the black-eyed Canadian's name. Tom was fairly puzzled, and did not know at all what to make of a proceeding so novel to him in feminine tactics.

That night broke the ice, and Tom plunged over head and ears into a sea of flirtation that fairly made the most accustomed marvel.

The Canadian was a good deal admired by the men, the chief reason, probably, which made Tom so much in earnest; and though her manners and daring speeches caused her to be dreadfully canvassed and criticised by the women, she was well received in society, thanks to the standing of the relatives whom she was visiting.

Blossom bore it like an angel, people said. I thought she suffered things to go on very much as a wily old Indian chief might allow a reckless

band to march unmolested through his country, waiting patiently until they reached the precise spot where not one could escape from the ambush he had ready for them.

Tom and the widow rode—Tom and the widow drove; he waltzed with her, and leaned over her at the opera, and she listened to his pretty speeches, and looked in his face with her eloquent black eyes, and cared no more for him than she did for one of the red camelias in her hair, only she liked to drag him about at her chariot-wheels, in the hope that she was annoying somebody.

Toward the last, Blossom was so meek and quiet that the black-eyed one treated her with a sort of patronizing indifference, very much as if she were a child who could be frowned into proper behavior. But she hardly found that a safe performance, for before long Blossom was sure to find some quiet way of stinging her, but so artlessly, in such an unintentional manner, that even those who enjoyed it only thought she stumbled on the revenge by accident, and would have been frightened out of her little wits if she had known what she was saying.

I only wanted to give you the end of the affair, so I may spare myself the trouble of relating any more details of how it went on day after day.

We were all at one of Mrs. Foster's dreadful jams, and Tom and the widow had performed rather worse than usual. I made up my mind that, cold-blooded as I knew she was, if the affair went on much longer, she would get herself more abused from her recklessness than other women, from being weak enough to indulge in real feelings in what begins as a mere flirtation.

Tom was putting her cloak on for her at the door of the dressing-room, and I heard him ask her if she would be at Mrs. Plain's concert the next night. First she thought not—then she was undecided; and at last he begged her to let him know before the time came, for he should not go unless she did.

"Oh! you will have to go to wait on your wife," said she.

"You know I will not stir except for the pleasure of seeing you," he answered.

"But I can't let you call on me to-morrow," returned the widow; "my husband's old uncle is in town, and I have to devote the day to him."

"But you might write to me——"

"You most impudent of men!"

"Only a line—it would make me so happy to have such a souvenir to cherish."

Then a great deal more nonsense, and at last the widow said,

"If I do go, I'll send you a bouquet of violets, that can't make your wife jealous, flowers are so innocent."

Somebody slipped by me and entered the dressing-room at the other door—it was Blossom. I waited tranquilly; I saw her face, and I knew the pair had reached her red Indian ambush at last.

The next day I called at the house on some business errand for Tom, and as I went up the steps, a bright-looking Italian boy was leaving a bunch of violets with the servant—but it was not the man—an old woman who had been with Blossom for years was at the door.

Tom was out; I went into the library and wrote a note. While I sat there I walked Blossom, and in her hand was the bunch of violets.

I only wanted to know if the old woman at the door was a chance; and I asked Blossom if I might send William, the man, on an errand.

"So sorry," said Blossom, sweetly, "but I gave William a holiday. Tom was going to be out and wouldn't want him, and so my old Lucy has been doing his work."

I went away grave as a judge, and while I was eating my dinner, there came a note from Tom.

Would I call and take Blossom to the concert? He didn't want to go; there was a private card-supper at the club. If I would be good-natured he should be greatly obliged.

Of course, I called at the house, talked awhile with Tom; and as he told me everything, he told me without the slightest hesitation the reason he did not go to the concert—the widow would not be there.

Down came Blossom wrapped in her white opera cloak, and off we drove. It was late when we got into the rooms; there was a pause in the music, and people were walking about and talking, with the feeling of relief they experience when they have been forced to keep their tongues still for an hour.

Blossom looked like a little dove in her charming dress; but I nearly died when I saw that the only decoration in her hair was the bunch of violets the widow had sent Tom.

We promenaded, and did our share of being agreeable; and before long we stumbled on a little knot of people collected about the Canadian, who was tremendously gotten up, and really looked like a modern Cleopatra.

I knew Blossom was going to strike her grand coup, and I waited as I would to have discovered the denouement of one of Planché's comedettes.

She had got close to the widow—she had been unusually cordial in her greeting. I saw the Canadian look round in surprise at not seeing Tom; then her eyes fell on the bunch of violets, and the queerest mingling of perplexity and rage shot into her eyes that I ever witnessed.

"I have a message for you," said Blossom, in her childish way, "but I must whisper it."

She bent over the widow, and in a whisper that would have done credit to Rachel, for it was distinctly audible to the whole group; though you would have sworn she supposed it only reached the ear for which it was meant, meek little Blossom said,

"Tom got your violets, dear madam, and I told him he was a monster for breaking his word and not coming when you let him know, as you promised, if you decided to be here. But he would not give up a horrid whist party, and he said I must wear the violets. Husband and wife should share alike, he vowed, and these were to be my part of your pleasant flirtation, which, I dare say, has amused you as much as it has us."

Everybody heard; but it was so innocently done, that I can give you no idea of the effect. I verily believe some of the people only thought Tom had been boasting about his conquest, and she was fool enough to be pleased.

As for the widow—she did not break a blood-vessel, but she must have been very near it. She tried to laugh, to stammer out something; but the blow had been too sudden and too dreadful. I am sure her head whirled so that she saw a whole garden of violets instead of the one little bunch nestled among those golden curls. I knew it was all over with Tom—she had a most horrible temper; she would never allow an explanation, and would hate him to her dying day, believing that he had been making a dupe of her, and that he had laughed the matter over with his wife from the first.

The next day I went into an exhibition of paintings which was just opened, and Tom Rensford overtook me at the door. There was a great crowd, and as we moved along we came face to face with the widow, leaning on her uncle's arm.

Tom stopped just beside her; she raised her eyes and looked him full in the face, with no more appearance of recognition than if he had been a post.

"These stupid, vulgar New Yorkers," said she, quietly, to her companion; "if one dances with them at a ball, they have the impertinence to suppose they are one's acquaintances hence-

forth. She passed on, and Tom stood turned to stone.

There never was any chance for a reconciliation; and somehow people began to talk so much about the widow, that she took herself back to Montreal; and Blossom wore violets for a month after, without Tom ever comprehending what a horrible insolence they were.

You are by no means to suppose that my gentleman was cured of his propensities for flirting. As yet he had not gained the slightest inkling of Blossom's character; he no more connected her with the widow's conduct than he did the man in the moon.

It was not long before some new affair drove away the recollection of his anger.

It was an odd dance she led him, yet never was there a flirtation which she did not break up—and her devices were Protean.

But when the next summer, at Saratoga, she tried an entirely new "dodge," and did the martyr—the silent, uncomplaining martyr—with all the eloquence of a broken heart in her face, and the women fairly sent Tom to Coventry, he began to open his eyes; and looking back on the past months, he saw Blossom in a new light, though even yet he could not realize the truth.

He tried to quarrel with her—it was useless. He reproached her for going about with such a melancholy face, and trying to make people think he abused her. Blossom was only innocently surprised—vowed she had been suffering agonies from a neuralgic attack; and by way of setting matters right, went off and told two old tabbies that such was the case—for Tom was afraid people would think she was unhappy; and she would not have anybody suppose so for the world.

It was impossible to quarrel with her—impossible to circumvent her devices, or even catch her in them; but I don't believe there was a woman flirted with Tom during that year, without paying dearly for it. He began to shudder at the reputation he was getting; for his old relations came and talked to him, and wrote to him reproving letters; and yet, what had Blossom to do with it all? Poor little Blossom was as gentle and affectionate as ever, petting him, giving way, and looking more fragile and delicate than ever, and yet gradually winding Master Tom up in the meshes of a web which would entangle him completely before he discovered that, for once in his life, he had met his match, and was being governed in the sanctuary of home, where his sway was to have been so absolute.

But once back in town, the experience of the past had not made Tom any wiser in reality; and among the first evenings he went to see the new French company play, he met with his fate for the—I cannot pretend to tell you the number of times.

You remember Coralie Jussac—she was the one. People always said all sorts of dreadful things about her, and, of course, for one reason that made her popular. The truth was, she did not deserve the half they said; and there was a certain freshness and impulsiveness about her which would have always left her with a great deal more real good at her heart than was ever possessed by three-quarters of her traducers.

This time Tom was terribly in earnest—more so than I had ever seen him; and I began to fear that Blossom would go down before the storm. Mistress of diplomacy though she was, I did not well see how she was going to make headway against this new rebellion from her insecurely seated supremacy.

Tom gave charming suppers; and Coralie never refused to go. She took no presents, and treated his love-making quite as she did that of the rest of the men about her—and I happen to know, that one and all had their trouble for their pains, as the saying is.

Whatever poor Coralie's past might cover up, she had left the ruins of a fresh young heart lying somewhere in it; and whether she was governed by any newly formed principle or not, there was the memory of the old love and the old trouble to keep her from downright wickedness—and that is a great safeguard to a woman who possesses both sentiment and imagination.

But Tom flung himself at her head or heart with all the recklessness of his character. I saw that after a time she began to separate him in her thoughts from the young fops or hardened libertines who crowded about her, determined, at least, to have the pleasure of ruining by their attentions what little reputation she had, since they could meet with no other reward.

Tom had the merit of being in earnest, and there is a great deal in that, let me tell you.

I once heard one of the most renowned French rouses of modern days, when asked for the secret of his successes, give the answer,

"I was always in love myself!"

It is mean and pitiful enough, in all conscience, to acknowledge that one's capability of loving is a sort of kaleidoscope; but it is better than being cold-blooded, or a poor miserable creature of vanity.

And Tom was in earnest—he began to make

himself ridiculous; and yet all he had gained with Coralie was the feeling I have described.

I think his own house was the only one where the matter was not beginning to be talked over; but between him and Blossom there had not been the slightest allusion to the thing—and Tom was quite in doubt whether any rumors had reached her ears.

I never felt it my duty to lecture him—thank you; I learned the folly of that, where my friends are concerned, a great many years ago. The consequence of my reticence was, he did not fight so shy of me; and what little good I could do I did. I don't wish to take any credit to myself, the Lord knows. It was little enough, and very likely it would have been less if it had cost me much trouble.

About that time a man connected with one of the daily journals, became offended with Coralie, and began lavishing the most horrible abuse on her and her acting; and the poor creature was made really ill by it; and she sent for me to come and see her.

I was sitting with her, and trying to propose some way of settling the matter, when a card was brought up, which Coralie read, and handed to me, saying,

"What can that mean?"

I read the following lines:

"A lady interested in you has just returned from a visit to the editor of the Daily ——. She has received from him an assurance that he was unaware of the attacks made upon you in his paper, and a pledge that they shall cease at once. If this seems to you a favor, you can confer one in return, by granting the writer an interview.

I recognized the hand, but was silent. Coralie bade her servant show the lady up, and pushed me into another room, though I heard the details of the meeting a long time after.

Very soon the door opened, and in walked the stranger, whom Coralie sprang forward to receive with most exaggerated French protestations of gratitude, and a hearty flood of tears—her visitor was Tom Rensford's Blossom.

"I do not know how to thank you, madam," said Coralie, in her pretty, broken English; "you give me back my courage—my life."

"Perhaps you can do something for me in return," replied Blossom, pleasantly.

"I would give you my right hand!" cried Coralie; "yes, my heart's blood!"

"Then I will tell you who I am—you will understand matters at once. I am Mrs. Rensford."

Coralie was frightened at first. The lady's

calmness reassured her. Then she declared, frankly, that it was only Tom's folly—she knew it very well; he made love to her as all men thought they had a right to—but madam might believe—

"I do," interrupted Blossom, "and that is why I have come to you. My husband has forgotten himself so far as to write you a letter, proposing an elopement——"

"But he is mad!"

"You will consent," said Blossom.

"I? Never! I don't wish to run away with any man—why should I?"

"You will answer his letter, and consent to fly with him; to go at once—on the steamer which sails to-morrow for Havana."

Coralie looked puzzled.

"But, promise to run away? Really I don't care one bit for your husband, dear madam. I will never make you unhappy. I will not see him again. I have had no letter——"

"No—it is in my pocket! Sit down and write what I wish, as briefly as you please."

"But what an idea! I can't oblige you, dear lady, in that particular way. I don't want to run away with your husband."

"But I do!" said Blossom.

The whole plot dawned on the actress's mind, and she screamed with delight.

"I see it all—you will cure him! Oh! he cannot contend against such a general."

The two women sat there, and held a long conversation; and I don't know which enjoyed it most—a great pleasure to poor Coralie to be talked with freely, and as an equal, by a woman of Blossom's position, and a delicious novelty to the tactician to find herself able to see with her own eyes what the wonderful arts and powers were which those queens of an hour discovered to rule men's hearts.

That very evening Tom Rensford told Blossom he was obliged to go to Havana for a few weeks, and that she could not accompany him. There were no tears from the model wife—she submitted as patiently as she had done to the rest of his caprices.

I cannot pretend to tell you what he thought, or how he felt. I dare say he neither thought nor felt at all. He had worked himself into one of those frenzies in which a man never stops to consider what he is about to sacrifice, neither reflects nor cares; and the blacker the ruin in which he involved himself, the more madly he plunged into it.

The steamer was to have sailed at noon. It was detained by a telegram from Washington, and would not leave until evening.

Tom had not seen Coralie since he received the hurried answer she wrote to his mad letter, which he, perhaps, never expected would have met such a response.

The boat was under weigh. He stood on deck looking back at the city, for the first time realizing what an egregious idiot he had made of himself, and ready to put a bullet through his ridiculous head.

Coralie he had not seen; she was to meet him on the steamer; and when he went down to her state-room, she thrust a paper out, on which was written,

"I cannot see you yet; leave me to myself till the boat is out of sight of land."

He paced up and down the deck in the twilight, and drove himself nearly mad with his own reflections. Eloping was by no means the pleasant thing he had thought it—why he should be ruined! This little trip could never be kept a secret—ruined, and for what? He began to think of Blossom—his poor, ill-treated wife. It seemed to him that he had never loved any woman as he did that patient, child-like creature.

If he could only recall the last two days! Well, it was of no use to lament now. He stamped up and down with feverish anxiety, while other people were disappearing, one by one, overtaken by the first clutch of sea-sickness. After awhile he could bear his own reflections no longer; the deck was deserted by this time, for a fine rain had begun to fall, and driven off those whom incipient nausea had not taken before—and Tom turned to follow their example. He saw Coralie coming toward him—he recognized her clank. He went forward to meet her, saying, dearly enough,

"You mustn't stay here—it rains hard. I dare say you wish yourself back on shore. Well, watery journies are silly things."

"I don't mind the rain, and I expect to enjoy this trip very much. It was nice of you to prepare me such a surprise."

That voice—that—— He had no time to be dramatic; the lady turned—it was Blossom.

"Tom," said she, gently, "I have been watching you for the last half-hour. I think you had begun to realize the punishment you had prepared for yourself."

"How came you here—what does this mean?"

"That you and I are going to Havana, as a husband and wife may very properly do. Now, Tom, just listen to me, and don't speak; we can settle our future lives in a very few words. You have thought me a baby, to be played with and stood aside when you were not in the humor. I am, on the contrary, a woman, strong to feel, and quite your equal in intellect. You can see what your passion for excitement has brought you to——"

"Oh! Blossom, Blossom!"

"You may now decide whether you will be in truth my husband; whether you will prove yourself worthy of my forgiveness, or I shall go back to New York on that pilot boat you see yonder, and before you return, shall have taken measures to free myself from you. Look back on the past year, Tom!"

The rain was falling faster. Tom was wet, sea-sick, and miserable—and there he shivered out ample confession.

Tom was very ill during the trip. Blossom showed him another note from Coralie, telling him she had only laughed at him all the while.

They made the voyage, staid several weeks in Havana, and then returned. People gossiped, but never knew the truth.

Blossom and Tom moved into the country when spring came; and they remained there for several years. The last visit I paid them, Tom was meekly dangling his youngest baby in his arms, looking fat, easy, and happy: and his Blossom showed by the dinner she marshaled, that she preserved her powers as a general.

The truth is, he doesn't dare say his soul is his own, and is only too grateful for being governed.

LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

BY O. P. BUTTON.

As in the lone desert the wanderer turns
His languid eyes to where the date-tree tells
Of good, green herbage, and of crystal wells,
Where he may quench the fire that in him burns;
Where for the time he may forget his pain,
And rise refreshed to tread the waste again;

So in the future there may come a day,
When may the cares of life thy mind annoy;
Sorrow may spring where thou hadst looked for joy.

Or dear friends called by Providence away;
Or the gay fabrics which thy hopes have reared,
Like the false mirage, may have disappeared.

A green spot in the desert then may prove
This book to thee. Each sacred page shall tell
Some name—some honor'd name, remember'd well—
And teem with works of friendship and of love.
May the perusal oft thy woes beguile,
And light up tears of sadness with a smile.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 66.

CHAPTER X.

AWAY from his home, in the depths of a forest that, to him, seemed vast as the world itself, Albert, the idiot boy, wandered alone with his dog, Wasp. The gentle witting had traveled on and on, following the dog with such calm patience as a Christian feels under the guide of a pure religious faith. He had but one hope, and no fear. Where Wasp took the guidance all must go well. Hitherto their path had led them from hamlet to hamlet, where a crust of bread and a cup of milk were never withheld at the cottor's door; but now they had followed a bridle-path, which seemed to lead into interminable woods, and the slender boy grew faint with hunger; his feet stumbled and faltered with fatigue; his eyes were heavy, and at last filled with tears.

Wasp looked in his face with almost human intelligence. He ran up and down the path briskly, as if to say, "It is only a little farther; keep up courage."

But Albert had done his best—fatigue and hunger took away his strength. He faltered, reeled, and attempted to sit down on a fragment of stone that broke the turf where he stood. But Wasp darted upon him and seized his tunic, dragged him toward a boulder of stone, tangled up with the roots of an old oak, from under which the waters of a spring gushed with pleasant murmurs.

Albert was athirst, for he had tasted no drink that day, nor food during that time. Kneeling down, he refreshed himself, while the dog lapped the silvery coolness a little lower down, keeping his soft, honest eyes on the idiot as he drank. When his thirst was assuaged, the boy looked around for some bank or mound on which to rest himself. Wasp ran eagerly forward, as if understanding his gentle master's wish; and when Albert sunk upon a heap of grassy earth a little refreshed, but still weak and spiritless, the delighted animal began to leap around him, barking forth such encouragement as a human being might have given.

The idiot boy gave way utterly, his head sunk slowly on his breast, his eyes closed, and directly he settled down into a slumber so pro-

found that it seemed like death. Wasp ceased his gambols, and stood looking on that pale face with almost human wistfulness. The pinched features were so painfully white that all life seemed frozen out of them. The dog at last broke into a pitiful whine, and creeping close to the exhausted boy, softly licked his lips. No response was given—scarcely a breath stirred the pallor of those lips.

All at once the dog sprang off the bank and darted into the woods, careering through underbrush and ferns like a mad creature. Then his pace slackened, the eager look in his eyes grew cunning and thoughtful. He sought a thicket, and creeping under the clustering leaves, lay motionless, but with a fiery gleam of the eyes brightening through the leaves. As he lay waiting thus, a very young fawn came across an open glade searching for its mother. Wasp began to quiver all over; his fore paws were pressed eagerly into the soil, and his ears trembled like the leaves around him. A bound, a low, eager yelp, and the pretty fawn lay upon the forest turf bleeding, and with a dull film creeping over his beautiful eyes. Before it was quite dead, Wasp seized his prey by the neck and dragged it toward the spot where Albert lay, pausing now and then to give out short, joyous barks. At last, he dragged the little animal close to the bank where Albert still slept, and, frantic with a consciousness of success, began to pull at the idiot's garments with his teeth, and yelp out his triumph.

All this was insufficient. The boy slept on utterly exhausted, and scarcely breathing; the dog lay down whining piteously. His eyes turned from the dead fawn to the scarcely more life-like form of his master, as if something like reason were struggling in his nature. Again he sprang up, seized the lad's tunic with teeth and paws, and shook it violently.

Albert was partially aroused by this. Pressing both his trembling hands on the earth, he half lifted himself up and cast a dreamy look around. The dead fawn gave him no suggestion of food; he fell back faint and trembling.

Wasp made no farther effort to arouse him,

but darted off along a forest-path which instinct told him must lead to some habitation. For a mile or more, this forest-path ran along the margin of a small river, one of those bright, sparkling streams that make a riot of silvery noises as they pass along. In high courage Wasp trotted onward, too earnest in his purpose for any side issues, to which overtame birds and venturesome hares were constantly tempting him. If anxiety and distress ever did rest in the eyes of a dumb animal, Wasp experienced these feelings to a wonderful extent. But nothing presented itself to give hope of relief for the master he had left behind. True, the narrow path widened into a bridle-road, and occasionally Wasp sniffed at a hoof-mark on the turf with more than canine sagacity. He was now on the very outskirts of the forest. Hawthorn hedges and wild vines trailed along the river's bank, garlanding it with shadows of trembling green. More than once the dog broke through this tangled undergrowth, and looked up and down the stream, but no human habitation was near; and after a prolonged search he trotted into the path again.

A third time he forced a passage to the brink of the stream, and saw a tiny boat lying close to the shore, with an awning of crimson silk and cushioned seats. Wasp made a great leap over thickets and brambles back to the bridle-path, and raced forward like a comet. Now the river took a series of serpentine wanderings, shooting in and out through rocks and rough grounds that broke up that portion of the forest into picturesque beauty. All at once a sudden curve of the stream brought him in view of the hunting-lodge, which Edward had so cordially resigned to his kinsman and favorite. It is impossible to imagine a more lovely spot than that wild nook of forest, glade, and water, which the lodge occupied. The waves of that bright, restless stream were limpid and broken up with active, jubilant motion, which turned the sunshine into dancing silver whenever a gleam fell on them through the leafage of the forest trees. In and out the river wound its way, sending a thousand vagrant flashes of silver through the rich green, till it curved like a bow around one of the most beautiful promontories that ever completed a miniature sketch of Paradise. On this promontory stood the lodge, which was built of gray stone, and consisted of a broad, square tower, battlemented at the top, and looming just high enough to cast its shadow across the belt of sparkling waters which almost surrounded it, quieting them into strange sadness

both at morning and eventide. Some of the noblest forest trees in old England were grouped on the promontory, and sheltered the tower, which had a heavily sculptured portal, and was lighted by many a narrow window looking out upon the forest glades and down upon the water. Some of these windows were enriched with stained glass; and, where the finest view could be obtained, three windows were thrown together and opened on a stone balcony, over which a great bough from one of the oaks stretched itself like a living banner. There was no appearance of neglect or decay around the tower. Solitary as it was, an air of cheerfulness pervaded it, for the sunlight came in upon it in long, pleasant gleams; the turf around it was thick with flowers; and a thousand wild-birds were singing cheerily to the soft chime of dancing waves and rustling leaves.

But other signs of life soon became visible to the sharp eyes of little Wasp. While the evening shadows were softly lengthening themselves on the grass, the window which opened on the balcony was unclosed, and Maud Chichester stepped out. She leaned over the stone balustrade, and looked eagerly down a bridle-path that wound along the margin of the river. A shade of disappointment came to her face when she saw nothing but a deer stalking across it, moving quietly toward his covert for the night.

Still some vague expectation that had brought her to the window kept possession of her. She settled down upon one knee, and, resting her hand upon the balustrade, watched the path with wistful anxiety. The bark of a dog, wild, exuberant, and ringing, brought her to her feet. An exclamation, half terror, half surprise, trembled on her lips. Wasp landed beneath the balcony with a great outcry, and, making a wild series of leaps, absolutely landed on the stonework at her feet. Here he growled and whined, and begged piteously with his almost soul-lit eyes, for help.

Struck with astonishment by his presence, Maud stood looking down upon him almost in terror. How came the dog so far from his home? Had the old yeoman followed her so close? The thought filled her with dread. She would have given worlds to question that dumb creature; but could only look with a frightened stare into his eyes, and repeat again and again,

"Wasp, why—why, Wasp, have you found me out? Poor fellow! poor fellow! how glad he is."

Wasp recognized these words with a dumb look of appeal, and a whine that went to her heart.

"Wasp, Wasp—are you hurt, or do you want something?" The dog seized her tunic of crimson silk with his teeth, and attempted to draw her through the window. She followed him at once, snatched her mantaline from the back of a chair, and went out through the great stone hall, sure that something painful had happened. Away rushed Wasp on a sharp run, which baffled all her attempts to keep up with him. He never went quite out of sight, but returned again and again to make sure that she followed.

At last Maud came suddenly upon the form of poor Albert, lying prone and deathly on the earth. His sunken eyes, and the blue shadows that had settled around that innocent mouth frightened her. She stooped down and touched the pale hand. It was then inert, but not cold. Maud began to understand the strait into which the poor witting had fallen. He must have wandered away, miles and miles, with his dog, and oppressed with hunger and fatigue, had laid down to die. She knelt down, lifted the pale head between her hands, and, kissing it tenderly, laid it back on the turf again; and motioning Wasp to remain behind, hurried back to the lodge.

When Maud came back again, two men and a woman followed her. The first carried a basket filled with bread and wine. The two men were strong and stalwart fellows, to whose powerful strength the light form of the idiot boy was nothing.

Regardless of her silken tunic, Maud sat down upon the turf, and again lifted Albert's head to her lap. Taking a crystal flask from the basket, she forced those pale lips asunder, and poured some of the wine down the poor witting's throat.

At first the lad could not swallow, and the drops trickled slowly from his lips, turning this pallor to a blood red. But Maud persevered, and directly the delicate white throat began to stir with life; the boy opened his soft, blue eyes with sudden animation, recognized Maud, and closed them again with a heavenly smile beaming over his face.

"Albert, my poor boy, tell me, if you can, how this happened?" she said, kissing that beautiful face again and again.

His eyes opened once more wide and innocent as an infant's.

"It was Wasp, he brought me. Oh! a famous dog is our Wasp; he knows all about the whole world. We talked it over under the larch-trees. Wasp and I set out together."

"But how did you find the way hither?"

"I—I didn't—Wasp knew!"

"Poor lad! Poor lad! And you are almost starved?"

"Yes, I want something to eat—but after Wasp. I found haws and blackberries—he had nothing. But how strong he is—how he barks; give the bread to him."

Maud was attempting to feed the poor boy with some crumbs of white bread soaked in wine, but he resisted with considerable force.

"No, no! give it to Wasp! He had no berries!"

Maud flung a fragment of bread to the dog, who caught it eagerly; then Albert seized upon the crust, tearing it with his hands, and casting a fragment to the dog, as he devoured his own portion ferociously.

"Nay, you must not eat so much or so fast; it will harm you," said Maud, gently.

"I will—I am hungry! Give me more!" was the famished reply.

"Nay, boy, not yet. Wait a little."

"But I will have more!"

"Then Wasp will have none; see how he begs for it?" said Maud, with generous art.

"What, Wasp! Poor old fellow! Here it is!"

The lad tore the crust from between his very teeth, and, closing his eyes, flung it to his faithful companion, who received it with a bound in the air and yelp of hungry delight.

Albert tried to laugh in chorus; still his hunger was but partially appeased, and, instead of smiles, great tears ran down his cheeks.

"My poor lad," whispered Maud, bending over him, "wait a little, and you shall both have plenty. Can you sit up, Albert?"

The lad struggled to a sitting posture, and folding his hands, began to look about with a vague questioning gaze. "Only trees?" he murmured. "Do you live with the birds, or down below with the dead? I should like them, only they leap away, and give us nothing to eat."

"My dear Albert, I have a pretty home close by, where you shall have plenty to eat, and the birds will sing to you all day long."

"May I go there?" asked the lad, brightening.

"Indeed, you may."

"And Wasp?"

"Surely; is he not my old friend as well as yours?"

"Come, Wasp, come; we shall have plenty to eat, and—and birds to sing, and——"

The poor witting attempted to stand up, but he wavered, lost his balance, and fell back again, gasping for breath, and fainted quite away.

One of the servitors, at Maud's command,

lifted the lad in his arms, and carried him along the bridle-path till they came in sight of the little boat, which he entered, laying his burden on the cushions.

Some fifteen minutes after, the boat was moored under the promontory, and the stout arms of the servitor bore Albert into the lodge, gently, as if he had been an infant. They laid him upon a pile of cushions, which were hastily flung on the floor, and Maud again betook herself to applying restoratives. He recovered after a little, and at last was dropping off into a gentle slumber, when the sound of a bugle, blown apparently with some caution, made her start to her feet, and brought the warm blood richly to her face.

"It is he—it is his bugle!" she exclaimed, forgetting the boy, and everything else, in a burst of sudden joy.

Out upon the balcony she sprang, and leaned over, eager and quivering like a bird poising itself for flight. A solitary horseman was coming along the bridle-path at a rapid pace. His crimson manteline gleamed out vividly against the greenness of the trees; but without that she would have known him as far as her eyes could reach. He saw the lady on the balcony flinging kisses toward him with both hands. Then his horse was put upon his speed, and directly stood panting before the entrance-door of the lodge, to which she had darted like an arrow.

"My lord!—my own, own lord!" she murmured, pausing upon the threshold, while a quiver of delight ran through her voice. "You have come, and I, oh, I am too happy!"

She ended the fond speech in her young husband's arms, and other sweet words which might have followed, were gathered up by his kisses.

"Maud, my beloved wife!"

That word never failed to send a thrill through her whole being.

"Come in, love! Come in!" she said, ashamed to let the daylight witness her happiness. "Come in and see how beautiful our home is. I have changed everything, always striving to think how my sweet lord would like it best."

The young man threw his arm around her waist and went into the great hall, smiling upon her.

Here he found the lofty walls hung with spears, battle-axes, and such rude implements of war as were known to the times. Many of these were sumptuously rich—for the lodge had, in some previous reign, been occasionally a royal residence, and was full of curious and costly relics.

"This," said Maud, brightening triumphantly under her husband's well-pleased gaze, "this is our armory. Mark where we have placed your coat of mail, which should, from its gold enlacements, have belonged to some monarch, where the light strikes it best. You shall tell me something of its history."

"Yes, sweetheart, when you and I tire of saying how much we love each other; but my lips have not yet learned to frame colder words, with those dear eyes gazing into mine."

The face of that young wife dimpled and glowed like an opening rose.

"Nay," she said, laughing pleasantly, as they went along, "why should we think of aught else. I never do, except—except——"

"Except! Well, except when, or what?" he questioned, a little seriously.

"Nay, if you speak so gravely, I will not answer."

"Better that you should not, if the answer would cast one shade on this happy moment, my own sweet bonnibel," was the reply.

"Then I will not say another word, for, in truth, I am very, very happy in this bright spot, which the most precious love that ever blest woman has chosen for my abode. Come, now, let us leave these grim antlers and war implements behind, I have something here that will surprise you as it did me; and, trust me, will give you pleasure, too."

She led the way into the circular bower-room, from which the balcony opened. Its oaken floor had been freshly strewn with rushes from the river's brink, interspersed with fern leaves and summer wild-flowers, that filled the room with a delicious fragrance. Couches covered with crimson silk; chairs of ebony, carved into wonderful richness; and cabinets delicately veined with coral or ivory, were contrasted with the tapestry which covered the walls in a glowing maze of colors. A ponderous mantle-piece of blackened oak filled one section of the room, the exquisite beauty of its carving was a wonder of art; bunches of game fell down each side in rich festoons, wrought so delicately, that the very plumage on the birds seemed to quiver in the wind; fruit and flowers, wreathed together in luxuriant profusion, surrounded it; and in the center was a royal crown, wrought to perfection, and lightly touched with gilding.

The young bridegroom cast a well pleased look around this apartment, filled with the pure breath of summer, which swept sweetly through the open sashes.

"This is, indeed, a change," he said, sitting down on one of the couches, and drawing Maud

to his side. "One might almost be content to live here forever without thought of the world beyond."

"Almost! Did you say, almost?" questioned Maud, with a look of child-like surprise. "Why, let me tell you, gentle sir——"

"Nay, call me Richard!"

"Well, so I will; but let me tell you this spot is simply Paradise."

"What, even when its master is away?"

"Ay, even then, for the very air is full of him. There is not a wild-flower which gives its breath to the air but it reminds one faithful heart of him. Everything sweet and gentle in nature speaks of him, as children prattle of their parents when away from them. Come hither, and I will show you the time-keeper by which I count the days and hours when I expect you."

Maud led her husband to the balcony, and pointed out a hawthorn tree which stood on the opposite bank of the stream beneath them.

"Look," she said, "when the shadow of those topmost branches falls across to this side, I say, with a sigh of wonderful satisfaction, another day is gone, and I am twenty-four hours nearer him than I was yester e'en. When a flower starts up and blossoms on the bank, I ask myself, will it perish before he comes, or brighten the path that brings him to me? But I forget everything in the sweet delirium of having you home again; walk hitherward and see what has happened. Some one has found us out!"

"Some one found us out!" exclaimed the young man, who called himself Richard. "Who—what? Can you speak of my secret so lightly woman?"

"Woman!" Maud repeated the word with a sort of terror, in touching contrast with the stern tones in which he had uttered it. She looked up timidly into his face and began to tremble, for it was stern and dark as the young wife had never seen it before.

"Richard, you frighten me," was her plaintive cry a moment after.

"What, I frighten my pretty Maud—what folly! But you were about to tell me something."

"Only that some one we both love has followed us from the farm-house at Barnet."

"Impossible! How could any one follow us—every precaution was taken?"

"Yes, yes; but no precaution can blind a heart that loves truly. Look here!"

Maud opened a side-door and revealed Albert lying upon a pile of cushions, with Wasp stretched on the floor, with both his fore paws planted on the boy's chest.

"See, it is only the idiot boy, who gathered flowers while we talked of love."

"The idiot! But how came he here? By what marvel did he learn the way?"

"I think his heart taught him," answered Maud.

"Ah, I see, that sharp, little dog is an old friend, also. But is this all? What evil is likely to follow this intrusion?"

"None; I will answer for it," answered Maud, half frightened. "He is but a witting, and only knows how to love and be faithful."

"But what can we do with him?"

"What we do with wild-birds when they seek the balcony yonder. Give him food, shelter, and gentle greeting, that is all he wants."

"But he may find his way back to Barnet, and so give a clue to our retreat."

"Nay, he loves me too well for that. Look on his poor face, he has almost perished in searching me out. Let us treat him kindly, and I have no fear that he will ever stray from this."

Wasp had taken his paws gently from Albert's breast, and, approaching the young couple while they conversed, looked from one face to the other, as if he comprehended the subject under discussion, and intended to hold a share in it.

"But the dog—he is sharp enough for anything. The boy may be safe; but we must kill this quick-witted cur!"

"What, kill Wasp?" cried Maud, in dismay. "Oh, no, no! I will never consent to that."

"Not consent! Our safety depends upon it."

"Not so. You are only trying to frighten me. What, my poor dog, who followed me from my father's burning house, and gave me warning in time to escape the flames."

"But this very sagacity is full of peril to us."

"And of comfort, too. Oh, Richard! if you only knew how glad I was when these two helpless creatures came to me out of my old life."

"Then you began to feel the want of other society than mine, Maud?"

"Did I say that?" answered the young creature, with tears in her eyes. "Why, Richard, how can you ask these strange questions?"

"How can I, indeed, sweetheart? Why, this little storm will only make our life brighter. Come—come, I must not see this face clouded for a moment."

The young man threw his arm around Maud's waist once more, and, drawing her toward him, kissed the tears from her cheek, and wiled the look of affright from her face with caresses so exquisitely tender, that hate itself must have yielded to them.

"But you will not allow any one to harm the poor dog?" she said, anxiously.

"Nay, there will be little need; he will, doubtless, run away before morning," answered the youth, with quiet carelessness.

"That is kind," she cried, breaking into smiles again. "Wasp, Wasp, down at my lord's feet and thank him."

Wasp leaped against her, licked the white hand she held out; but refused to perform the act of homage she commanded.

"What, disobedient!" she cried, stamping her little foot. "Has this vagabond life made an ingrate of thee, Wasp? Down, I say—down!"

But Wasp slunk away, and took refuge behind his sleeping master. Maud saw a cold, steel-like gleam in her husband's eyes, and her face rose again.

"He is but a poor dumb creature, and knows no better," she said, with sweet persuasion.

The young man took no notice; but, pointing to the lad, said very quietly, "I think he is awake."

Albert was, indeed, partially aroused; his blue eyes opened wide, and he put the golden hair back from his face with both hands, gazing wistfully at the young couple.

"I'm glad you have come—so glad," he murmured; "the birds talked about you all the way; and Wasp, nobody understands Wasp but me. I do. Wasp said that we should find you both—he knew. But I want more bread—more wine."

The idiot fell back to his cushions after speaking these disjointed words, and sank to sleep again. Then the young couple retreated into the bower-chamber, a little depressed and troubled by the presence of the idiot.

"You are not angry," said Maud, sinking to a cushion at her husband's feet, and looking wistfully into his face, after he had seated himself in one of the ebony chairs, whose carved back rose high above his head.

"Angry with my wife? Nay, sweet one, it were an evil day for us both if I could be that. Let us think no more of this poor innocent!"

"Nay, I do not think of him now that you smile again. So tell me something of the great world which has been made brighter by my husband's presence."

"Curious child, what care you for that turmoil of life that men call the world?"

"Nothing, indeed—nothing at all. Only as this heart goes ever with its lord, when he mingles with this world, I can but wonder what it is, and how he holds his part among the high-born and brave of Edward's court."

"But such thoughts may breed discontent with this lonely life which I am compelled to give you."

"Not so. I ask after these things without a wish to hold place in them. Believe me, I am happy here—happier a thousand times than you will believe."

"Yet thoughts of court and tournament will crowd themselves in even here. I wonder if there is a soul on earth free from ambition?"

The young man said this thoughtfully, and with a grave face, as if solving a problem, while his fingers wandered among the thick, black tresses that fell down the shoulders of his wife in waving masses.

"Ambition! I scarcely know what the word means," answered Maud, innocently. "Is it not a struggle between men, or classes of men, for wealth or state?"

"In common minds this may be so; but those who aspire greatly, it is a thirst for power."

The young man's eyes grew black as midnight while he spoke; his slender fingers clutched and unclutched themselves unconsciously, as if fastening their hold on a sceptre. Maud was looking into his face—it grew cold and keen like finely-cut marble. She caught her breath in a kind of terror, and seizing hold of his hands, kissed them tenderly.

"Is it ambition which changes you so while we are talking?" she questioned. "Oh! drive it away, or after this it will haunt me as the enemy of our love."

"Nay, I will drive it away, the restless spirit. It has no business in my lady's bower-chamber. Come, smile again."

"I wonder what has made me so sad all at once?" she answered, nestling close to him. "Just now you looked like another man."

"Nay, that is fancy. Tell me, love, how has the time passed since I went away?"

"How! Oh, very happily! While you love me, there is no misery in the world; the tapestry that you approved, is the richer by half a dozen roses, at the least. Yesterday the frame broke down under my elbows, as I rested heavily on it, thinking of a truant gentleman, whose name shall be a secret. Honest Guilford put it to rights again, and that is the only mishap that I have to complain of."

"But is this solitude never oppressive? Have you never craved a companion?" he asked.

"No. A companion would mar my thoughts, which have such sweet communion with the beautiful things we both love so much. I have no need of company when every thought of my soul follows thee. Where love thrives, solitude

is sweet. Sometimes the whole day seems too short for all my thoughts. Shall I give you a history of the last twelve hours?"

The young husband looked down into those soft, earnest eyes, and bade her go on. Such devotion as he saw there stirred all the better feelings of his nature into wonderful tenderness. With all his heart and soul he loved the young creature at his feet. Beyond that love was the strong master-passion of his nature; but it was slumberous now, and but half developed, lying underneath all the passionate tenderness in his heart like a serpent sleeping under roses.

"Well, let me remember," she said, with a pretty, thoughtful air. "This morning I was up with the dawn, looking out of my lattice, gladdened to see how wondrously beautiful the earth was when freshened with a night's dew. Oh, beloved! the king's crown has no diamonds brighter than the drops that hung on all the twinkling leaves and slender blades of grass in the forest and on the earth. I thought then of one who would have made all this heaven itself, had he been at my side; and breathed a little prayer to the Virgin, half thoughtfulness, half hope—for my heart whispered that you were coming.

"Then I went down to the river, got into the boat, that flew away with me like a bird. I took the oar and went down stream, knowing that the path you travel winds along the bank. The banks were all abloom with wild roses, from under which hares and fawns peeped at me without fear—I was floating downward so quietly. Then I found myself in a bend of the stream, where the waters gathered into a little cove, starred all over with water-lilies. The air around was sweet with them, as they bent and swayed, and came up from the limpid waves with their white cups full of gold, and raining down diamonds. Then they settled back, and floated softly on the crystal swell, drinking in sunshine after the deluge, as my heart has filled itself with happiness since that awful night at Barnet. I stayed an hour among these lilies—not harming them, the beautiful things—but talking to them of my lord, and promising them to come back at sunset, with some one whom they would recognize in the boat with me."

The young husband bent down and kissed that bright enthusiast. His keen intellect and superior cultivation, gave to this fanciful talk the charm of exquisite poetry.

"Well, sweetheart, after the lilies—what then?"

"Oh! I came home with one that I had

plucked in my bosom, whispering to myself, 'before it fades, he will come!'"

"But what made you so certain of that? I made no promise."

"Oh! I feel it in my heart when your very thought turns homeward; so I whispered the dear truth to the flower, and put it in cold water, that it might live its time out, notwithstanding the stem I had broken. After that, I took down one of the huge tomes you love to read, and tried to find out where its charm lay; but it was too deep for me, so I closed the heavy covers with a bang that frightened my woman half out of her wits, and drawing the embroidery-frame close by the balcony-window, began to work like a little dragon—for I remembered your liking that cluster of bluebells, and was resolved to have it perfect before your eyes fell on the tapestry again."

"And are the bluebells finished?" inquired the young man, enthralled by her innocent prattle.

"Not quite; there is a bud, and some spray of green wanting yet, for I heard a noise, and almost upset the frame in my haste to see if you were coming."

"Well."

"It was not as I wished. At first I saw nothing, save one of those tiresome deer; but, as I sunk down in the balcony so bitterly disappointed, the sharp bark of a dog brought the heart into my mouth, and Wasp, dear, old Wasp, leaped to my feet, the happiest little creature you ever saw. I could have cried over him, but he gave me no time. Away he rushed, forcing me with him along the river-path and into the forest. There I found the poor witting, with scarcely a breath on his white lips, perishing of hunger. We brought him here, and had scarcely won a breath of life back, when I forgot him, and everything else—for the sound I had listened for so long came ringing up from the forest, and took my breath away!"

"Tell me that you are very happy when I come," questioned the youth, willing her on to new expressions of tenderness.

"Happy! I sometimes wonder if the angels in heaven do not envy me!"

"And I," answered the young husband, "I love no words like yours; but, till we came to this spot, I never knew what happiness was."

"And I have taught you?"

"You alone, my beloved."

Maud pressed one hand to her swelling bosom.

"My heart is brimming over like a cup of wine, warm with spices. Do not make me too happy,

for it seems almost like pain," she said, innocently. "Does joy ever flow into sadness with you, Richard?"

"Me? I have not had so much of it till now; for my life, thought short, has been a stormy one."

"Full of brave deeds, I will be sworn," she answered, sparkling with pride.

"Brave men do not speak of their own deeds, Maud."

"That is needless here," she cried, eagerly. "The young duke of Gloucester has none but brave men near his person—and among the bravest he is ever the leader. His worst enemies say that."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the young man, with a quiet smile. "And in what am I the better because his grace is brave?"

"Why, are you not his master of the horse, and is not that a post of high honor, which can only be filled by a man who is both gentle and valiant?"

"Ay, so far you have spoken sooth."

"And is not the only fault you ever committed against him, that of having loved and wedded a poor, friendless damsel, with the Red Rose in her bosom—a fault so grave and terrible that it were disgrace, or, perhaps, death, to confess it. Think you, sweet lord, that Maud does not understand all this, and thank heaven every day of her life that this lodge is so deep in the wilderness that our worst enemies could not find us out. Yet—yet I never hear the name of Gloucester without terror!"

"And why?" demanded the husband, so sharply, that she looked up surprised.

"Because he is my husband's master."

"But, even so; he is not an unkind one, at least to me."

"Bless him for that! But I have heard him spoken of often as shrewd and cold beyond his years—unrelenting, too."

"Where did you hear this?"

"Indeed, I scarcely know! It was the common talk regarding him among the Lancastran gentlemen who visited my father."

"Mayhap, they were right," was the slow, thoughtful rejoinder. "But, as the young duke seems in a manner distasteful to you, we will not talk of him."

"Distasteful! Did I say that? No, no—not distasteful; but somehow I never hear his name without a strange, cold thrill running through me, as if some time or another he would do me harm."

"What, Gloucester?"

She looked up with a wistful smile. "Strange, isn't it, what fancies I have? But they shall be flung aside. The duke is a kind master to my husband, and I were an ingrate not to love him."

The young husband broke into one of those low, ringing laughs that seldom broke from his lips.

"Come," he said, with the air of a man who flings off a distasteful subject, "let us pay that promised visit to the water-lilies. Yon woods are red with the sunset, and the river in all shadow."

Maud started up, threw a mantaline of black taffety over her crimson dress, and, leaning upon her husband's arm, descended to the boat. They took no oarsman, but sitting down among the silken cushions, drifted with the stream. The young man took up a pair of oars, and used them idly, just enough to keep the little craft on its course, but allowing them to ripple up a winnow of diamonds half the time, as they dragged in his hands.

Thus the young husband and wife floated away toward the cove of water-lilies, which had folded themselves to sleep, and given forth their last fragrance before the young couple came drifting among them through the purple twilight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A HOLY DEATH

BY R. G. JOHNSTON.

The idol is broken!
Its glory is fled!
Our tears are the token—
The dear one is dead.
When night was around us
She journeyed away;
The morning hath found us,
But gone is our day.
The wan moon was sleeping

Within the embrace
Of clouds, which were heaping
To look on her face,
In every direction,
With aspect divine,
Like nuns in dejection
Of prayer round a shrine.
The owlets were hooting,
The dogs made reply;

Bright meteors were shooting
 Along the clear sky;
 While murmurs were rolling
 Through wood and through bower,
 And far bells were tolling
 The knell of the hour.
 All speechless with sorrow
 We sat round the room,
 And sighed for the morrow,
 And surcease from gloom;
 Afraid that each minute
 That hastened along,
 Would harbor death in it,
 And do us great wrong.
 When, high up in Heaven,
 We heard a sweet sound;
 When, lo! there came seven
 Fair angels bright crowned;
 The stars looking o'er them,
 With wondering gaze,
 Stood still to adore them,
 And sang in their praise.
 The night-birds ceased screaming
 And stared at the sight;
 The meteors ceased streaming,
 Ashamed of their light;
 The streamlets stopped singing
 Of Summer's renew;
 The flowers all swinging
 In zephyrs bent down,
 And sent up such incense
 To Heaven in prayer,
 That all the winds, with intense
 Rapture, swooned in air.
 All Nature suspended
 Her work for the time,
 The angels descended
 With music sublime.
 The windows were open,
 They came, and they called;
 The harp's strings were broken—
 We all stood appalled—
 The death-watch beat quicker
 Within its confine;
 The darkness grew thicker,
 The lights ceased to shine.
 "Sweet sister! come hither!"
 The angel-band cried;
 "We'll bear thee up whither
 The blessed ones abide."
 She moaned, while a splendor

Encompassed her head;
 We ran to attend her,
 But, lo! she was dead.
 A fluttering o'er her,
 As soft as a sigh,
 Was heard, and they bore her
 Sweet spirit on high.
 And this was the anthem
 They sang in their flight,
 While Heaven did grant them
 The glory of light.
 "Unveil we our faces,
 And tenderly bear
 Her in our embraces,
 Up, up, through the air;
 While some go before her,
 And scatter perfume,
 And some shower o'er her
 Elysian bloom.
 Ye guards, on the towers
 Round Heaven's domain,
 Announce to the powers
 Our coming again;
 Let sweet harps be playing
 A welcoming song;
 And trumpets be braying
 As we pass along.
 Make ready the towers
 Where seraphim stay,
 'Mong transcending flowers
 Which never decay;
 But still are increasing
 In beauty more fair,
 Bestowing, unceasing,
 Bliss more and more rare.
 And songsters are soaring
 On pinions of light,
 And lavishly pouring
 Their mellow delight,
 Around through the splendor
 That filleth the sky,
 Till all, hearing, render
 Applause in reply.
 Tell Heaven the story
 Of her fair renown;
 Make ready the glory!
 Make ready the crown!
 God's mandate is spoken,
 The triumph is won;
 Ye gate-ways, be open!
 Our journey is done!"

LULLABY.

BY BELLE DUKER.

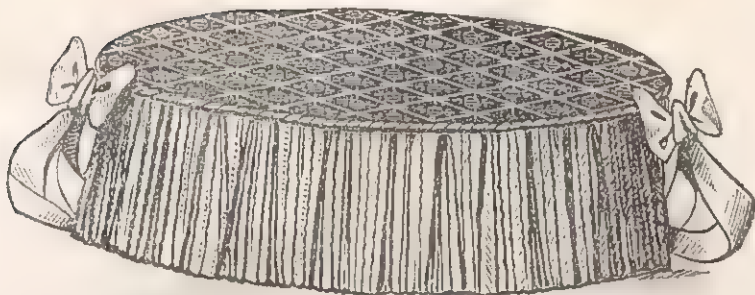
SLUMBER now, baby, dear!
 While I sing thy lullaby;
 Slumber on—mother's near;
 Heeds each gentle infant sigh.
 Softly now thine eyelids close;
 Sleep in sweet and calm repose;
 Slumber on—mother's near,
 Singing still thy lullaby.
 Little feet, weary now,
 Rest from pattering infant play;
 Folded hands—chubby, white—
 Soft above thy child-heart lay.

Sleep's blest kiss is on thy brow:
 Angels watch thy breathing low;
 Peaceful rest, baby, dear,
 Sing I still thy lullaby.

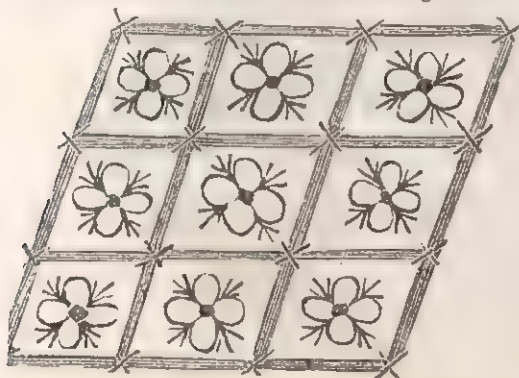
Oh! dear God! guard my child!
 By thy love, from every ill;
 May life's storms, rude and wild,
 Never reach her heart to chill.
 Let her sleep be ever sweet;
 Watch and guide the dear young feet.
 Slumber on, baby, dear—
 Mother sings thy lullaby.

TOILET CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE top of this Cushion is to be made of $\frac{3}{4}$ thread. First mark off the diamonds of the white merino, embroidered with silk and gold $\frac{3}{4}$ size given in design No. 2, and do them in narrow black silk embroidering braid. The



cross stitches at the points of the diamonds are done in gold thread; the little rose pattern in pink silk, and the three stitches between the leaves also in gold thread. Make a circular-top cushion (or an oblong one,) with a straight border three inches in height. Cover the border with the merino, and stretch the embroidered piece over the top. Trim all round with a deep silk fringe, pink, black, and white mixed; a gold cord, and pink bows of ribbon completes the cushion.

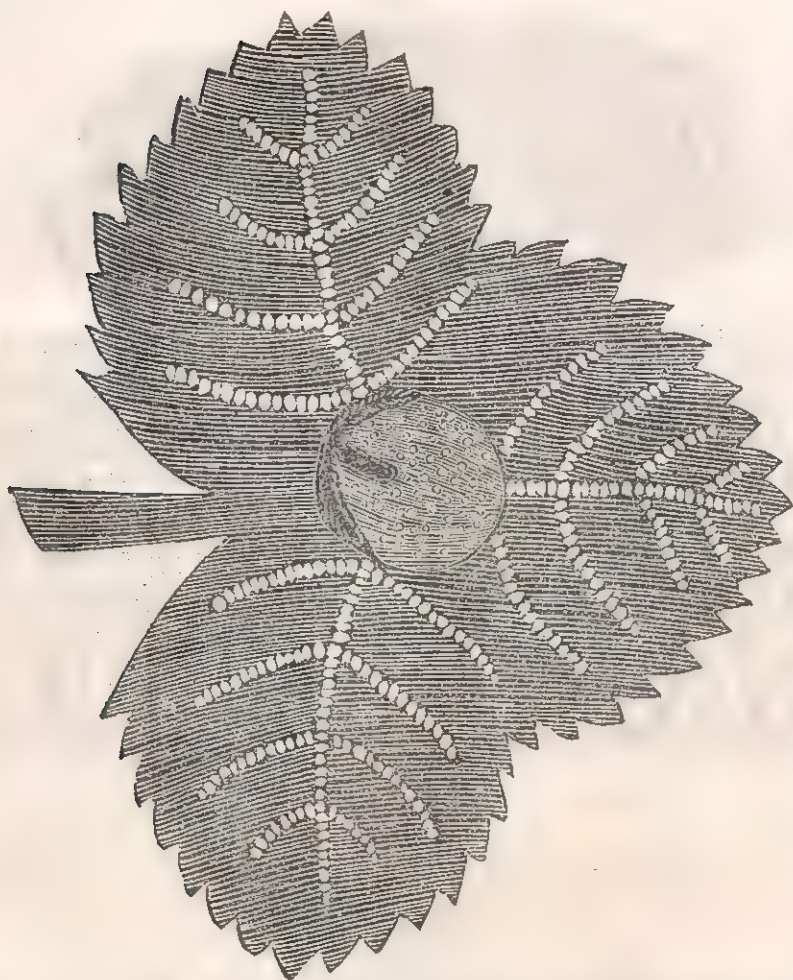
EDGINGS IN EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



STRAWBERRY PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut two leaves from green or any other colored cloth to the exact size and shape of the design. Work the veins on the upper leaf with beads—gold or steel beads look well on green cloth, white transparent or opaque glass beads on scarlet cloth. Two or three inner leaves of black cloth will be needed, cut in the same form as the outer leaves, but not so large. These will be placed between the outer leaves for the useful part of the Pen-wiper. Roll up a piece of wadding into the size and form of a strawberry; work a bag or case for it in double crochet with scarlet wool, put in the wadding, and dot over the strawberry with small, semi-opaque yellow beads. Next make a chain of crochet with green wool about an inch long. Work along one side with double crochet; from the middle stitch of this bar work two more bars like the first, one on each side, and from the middle stitch again make a chain of half an inch for the stalk. Sew the strawberry firmly on to the leaf, and the Pen-wiper is completed.

BRAID TRIMMINGS FOR UNDER-LINEN, JACKETS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

EMBROIDERED trimmings requiring infinite time and trouble to work, and lace ones being very expensive, they are now frequently replaced by patterns worked in black or colored braid, and fastened on the right side of the material with cross stitches. The braid is arranged either in straight lines or vandykes, the intervals being embroidered in chain-stitch or *point Russe*, with butterfly knots, stars, crosses, and a variety of other small patterns. We give two illustrations of this kind of trimming, in the front of this number, which our lady readers will find extremely easy to copy, and which will be very useful for Zouave jackets, petticoats, chemisettes, and children's frocks. For washing materials the braid should be white, put on with colored cotton or silk.

A SPANISH JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



Our diagram, this month, is of a Spanish Jacket. Above, we give two engravings of it; one to be made of dotted lace, or Swiss muslin, the other of the material as the dress with which it is to be worn. The first is trimmed with lace and ribbon, the lace with a ruche of whatever the dress may be trimmed with. The pattern consists of back, side-piece, front, and sleeve. The sleeve is rather narrow, and is of the most fashionable style; it is slightly shaped at the elbow. In cutting out this pattern, the seams are *not* to be allowed for, as all the requisite additions have already been made to the pattern. When the jacket is to be made of the same material as the dress, the corner of the neck is to be rounded off, as shown by the pricked line in the diagram. In a jacket of this kind (as will be seen above,) a white habit-shirt is worn underneath.

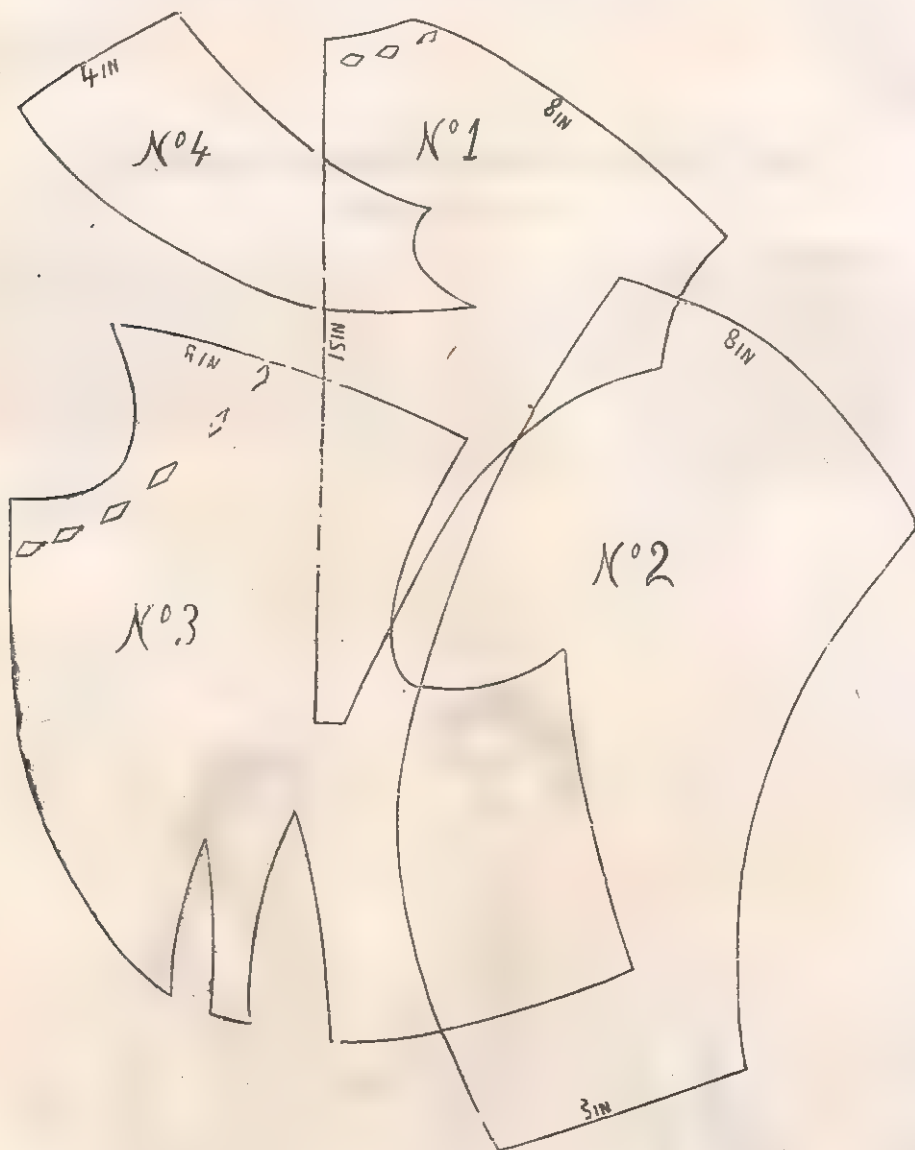


DIAGRAM OF SPANISH JACKET.

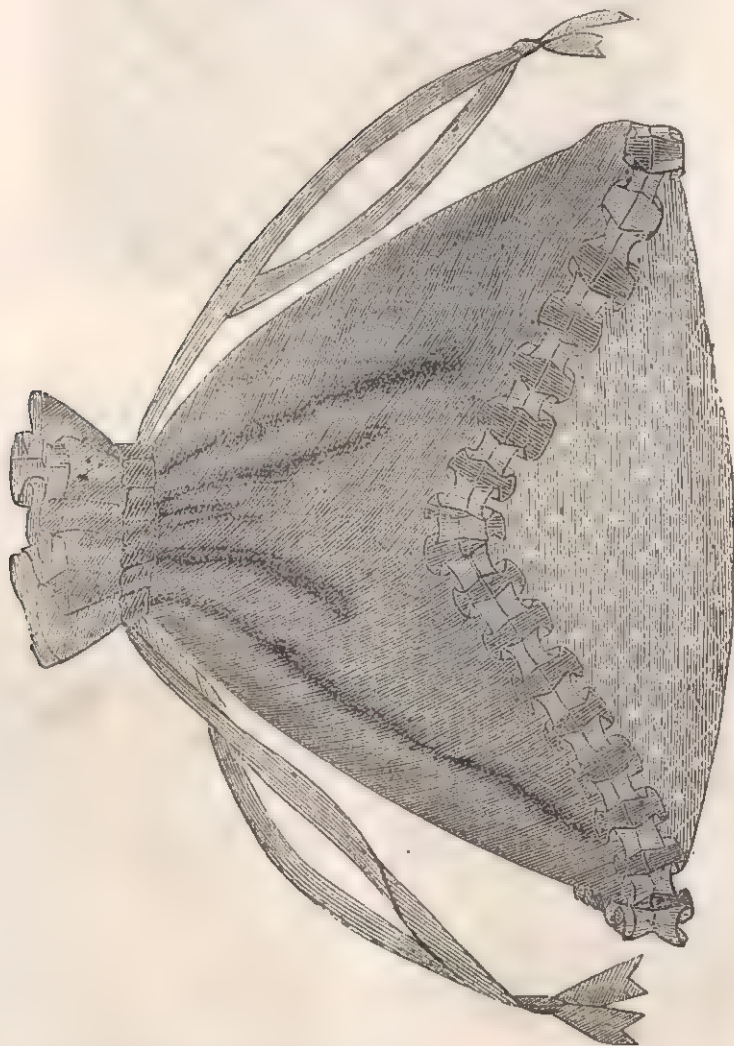
INFANT'S SHOE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

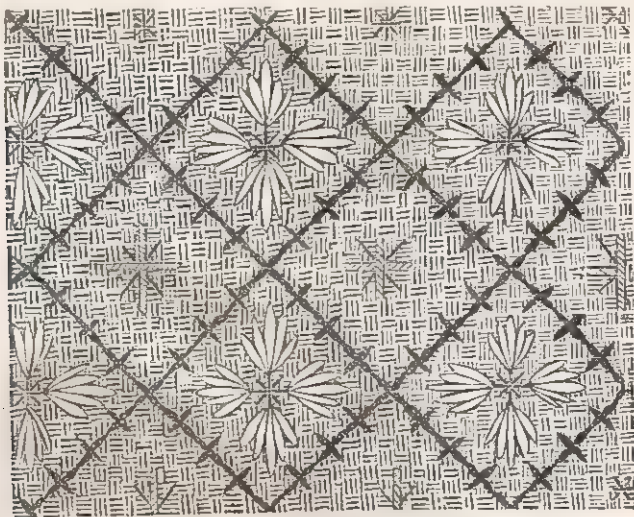
In the front of the number, we give a pattern for an Infant's Shoe, to be done in braid or various parts of the shoe, as given in the illustration, will enable any lady to make one of on white, or other colored cashmere. These these pretty affairs.

A LADY'S WORK-BAG

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



We give, above, an engraving of a new style of Work-Bag; and on the next page add a pattern for the embroidery, engraved of the full size. The lower portion of this bag is composed of a square of Breccilian canvas, embroidered with silk. The little crosses forming the squares are worked in black filoselle, over four squares of the canvas. The star pattern is worked alternately in violet and scarlet filoselle, the centers of these stars are worked with black filoselle, and crossed with fine gold cord. The centers of the alternate squares are worked with gold cord, over six squares of the canvas, and the black lines are over four squares. The upper part of the bag is made of violet velvet, and the ruche is of quilled sarsnet ribbon.

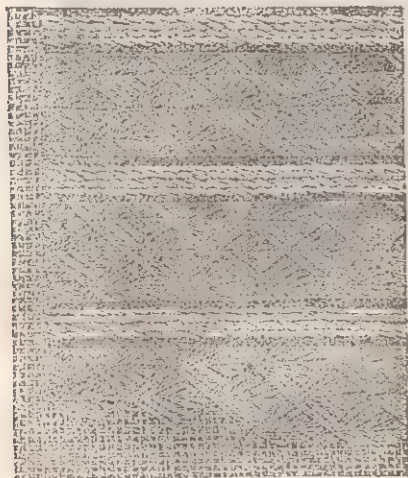


FULL-SIZE EMBROIDERY FOR WORK-BAG.

TWO DESIGNS FOR BERLIN WORK.

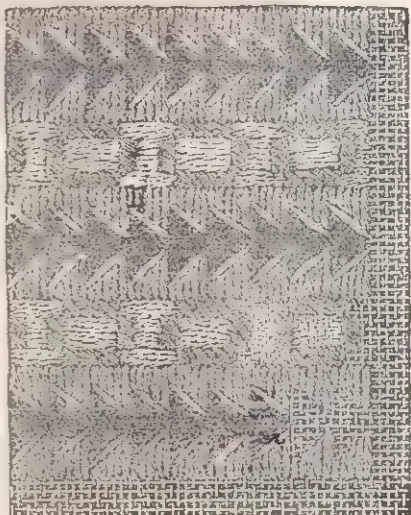
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

These patterns are very easy to work, and very pretty and effective for a variety of small



articles, such as slippers, bags, tea-cosies, mats, etc. The first is composed of a pattern in black wool, with an edging of maize filoselle on a green ground; the second, a cross-stitch pattern in violet-colored wool, filled up with long stitches in maize filoselle. The size, number, and position of the stitches are clearly seen in our illustration.

No. 2 is worked in two kinds of stitches. The leaves are formed of slanting stitches of graduated length in two shades of blue; the stripes, which divide this pattern at equal distances, are worked in the Gobelin stitch, one thread only

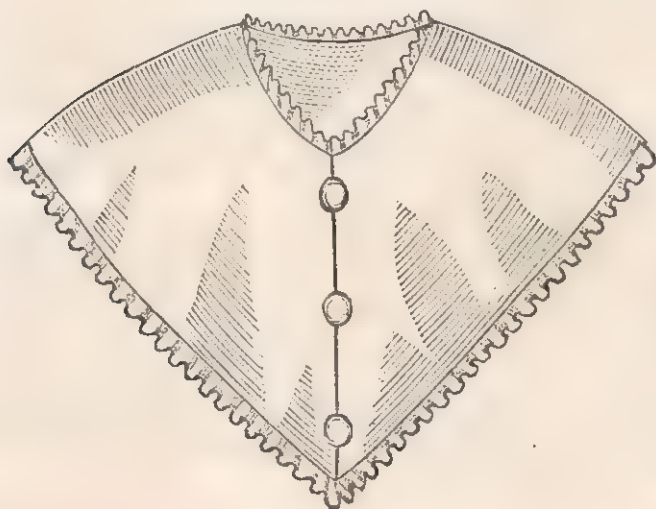


being taken in breadth and two in length; the two middle rows are worked in claret-color, with a border of yellow and black on each side. Part of the work, one row of each, being shown

unfinished in our illustration, the way in which we have selected. Any bright shades can be the stitches are made will be at once understood. The colors need not be adhered to that chosen to work these patterns, care being taken that they harmonize well.

PLUSH PELERINE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Our pattern can be worn either under or in front. It can be made in satin or velvet, over a cloak. It is made of plush, lined and can also be wadded and quilted, if preferred. This Pelerine is extremely pretty and color. Three gilt buttons fasten the Pelerine comfortable worn over an opera cloak.

INSERTIONS, EDGINGS, ETC.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



EDITOR'S TABLE

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

DYING WILD-FLOWERS.—A correspondent asks us the best way of drying wild-flowers. The first thing to do is to get some blotting-paper; and of this the red kind is the best, at least for succulent plants. If you have not got a napkin-press, you will require two nice smooth pieces of board about the size of half a sheet of the blotting-paper, and four rather heavy square stones, which, for convenience and appearance sake, may be incased in gray linen-bags, the strings of which should form loops. The plants must be spread out in the most natural manner. Small plants of those whose roots are remarkable, like the wood-sorrel, and many species of birches, are best dried whole if the roots are well cleaned and quite free from moisture. It is often necessary to remove some of the leaves and flowers when they are too much crowded. Light weights are useful for keeping parts of refractory plants in position while the other parts are being settled. The blotting-paper, when folded in two, will form pages about twenty-four inches in length, and fifteen in breadth. Place the plants on the sixth page of the blotting-book, which, however, should not be stitched together at the back. Then turn over to the twelfth page (soft, moist plants require more paper over them than this for the first few days, and hard, dry ones, such as ferns, require less,) arrange more plants on it, and so on till the stock of blotting-paper, flowers, or patience is exhausted. Then place the pile of plants and papers between the boards, and lay on one or two of the weights. Leave them undisturbed till the next day; then dry the papers well, replace the plants, and add an additional stone. Repeat the same process for the next two days. After that time it will be sufficient to dry them once or twice a week. When quite dry, the specimens have to be fastened down with strips of paper and classified. Families that contain but few species can all go on the same page. The herbarium must always be kept in a dry, warm room, and under a light weight. There is a kind of paper called botanical paper, but it is expensive, and blotting-paper does very well.

THE WAR OF THE BONNETS.—The strife still goes on, in the fashionable world of Paris, between the partizans of the Empire bonnet and those of the half-handkerchief one. We think the latter will carry the day there, as it has done here. Let the milliners try to introduce the ugly Empire bonnet, with its large, flat brim, if they will, their labor will be lost, few purchasers will be found to patronize them. The small half-handkerchief bonnet is infinitely more graceful, and will continue the popular favorite during this season at least. Somehow ladies contrive to wear these tiny bonnets over the scaffoldings of hair puffed out with frizzettes in all directions. The crowns are altogether suppressed, and over the back hair either gauze, *crepe*, or tulle scarfs, or else long and wide ribbons are allowed to fall.

"RUTH."—Everybody is familiar with the story of Ruth, one of the most beautiful in either Pagan or Biblical literature. Our principal engraving, this month, is a very happy illustration of the heroine. She looks, in her calm beauty, just the one to say, "Where thou goest I will go, thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people."

COQUETTE VS. CROQUET.—In the next number we shall finish "The Missing Diamond," a story that has increased in interest every month. In the October number we shall begin "Coquette vs. Croquet," which our readers will find to be the best, of its kind, ever written by Frank Lee Benedict.

CAMEOS OF THE EMPIRE.—Cameos continue, in Paris, to possess all the favors of fashion; but, in fact, in order to conform to the actual taste which prevails, it is only necessary there to rummage in old family jewel-cases, and hunt out ornaments which have not seen daylight for many, many years. The long pendants of both malachite and lapis-lazuli, so fashionable in the days of the First Empire, the black mosaics, with such subjects as animals and groups of flowers, chatelaines with three long pendants, can now all be utilized. Young ladies in France go and ask their grandmothers to select from their old stores of jewelry, as those ornaments which are made to order are now only copies of old patterns. But never, at any previous time, has jewelry been so abundantly worn during the day as at present.

BETTER AND MORE ATTRACTIVE.—The Springfield News says of this Magazine:—"It is no groundless claim which Peterson's asserts in proclaiming itself the best and cheapest of the magazines. For, indeed, we know not where else to look for so much taste, beauty, variety and excellence at so inconsiderable a price. Two Dollars is but a scant remuneration in these times for the labor bestowed on a monthly periodical. As the world goes, we should naturally look for a deterioration in quality as the inevitable accompaniment of Peace prices in war times. But there is not a trace of this in Peterson's Magazine. It is better and more attractive than even of old we knew it."

CHOICE BOOKS FOR YOUNG FOLK.—Mr. J. S. Claxton, successor to William S. & Alfred Martien, No. 696 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, has just issued three very excellent books for juvenile readers. One is, "The Two Friends," by Miss C. M. Trowbridge, a very interesting story, and with a good moral. Another is, "Clifton Race; or, Thou God Seest Me," by the author of "Win and Wear." The third is, "Ida Kleinroge," also, like the two first, a well-written tale, calculated to instruct as well as to amuse. All three of these books are handsomely illustrated.

CIRCULATION A TEST OF MERIT.—The Henry (Ill.) Courier says:—"Circulation is a good test of merit, and during the last year 'Peterson' had about one hundred and fifty thousand subscribers, and this year it will have well on to two hundred thousand. Only Two Dollars to single subscribers, with club rates and premiums, by which it can be had for much less."

WE DO NOT PURCHASE goods, or other articles, for subscribers. We mention this in order to prevent persons sending us such commissions. There is nobody connected with "Peterson" who has the leisure to attend to such matters; everybody, publisher and editors, is busy, all the time, in preparing novelties for our three hundred thousand readers.

THE SMALL NECK-TIES made of unbleached batiste, and trimmed with Valenciennes, with lace patterns inserted at the ends, are very fashionable. Lace is now sewn round collars with scarcely any fullness, and black velvet is run in and out of the insertion. The black velvet is tied at the back and falls as low as the skirt.

"A BORN COQUETTE."—The vain little thing is already at the looking-glass, and practicing the airs and graces that, by-and-by, will ensnare her victims.

"REAL AND IDEAL."—On a former occasion we spoke of the poems of John W. Montclair. We have now before us a very beautiful edition of these poems, the paper, printing, and binding of the volume, each and all, being unexceptionable. And as a specimen of the original poems, we quote the following:

BELLS BY NIGHT.

'Tis Sabbath eve; from the old kirk tower
Merrily chime the bells by night;
The organ peals with thrilling power,
And the windows glow with holy light—
Merrily chime the bells by night.

Year by year, to the pilgrim throng,
Warningly speaks the bells by night;
"Life is short, Eternity's long;
Children of darkness waken to light—"
Warningly say the bells by night.

Over the grave of the patriot slain
Solemnly rolls a dirge by night;
"The good are gathered, like ripened grain—
Why should we weep when angels delight?"
Solemnly echo the bells by night.

Lone do I list to a curfew bell
That woefully throbs within me to-night.
Of waning life its pulsations tell;
And many a legend does memory recite,
That mournfully wrings my heart to-night.

NEW NOVELS.—The high price of paper, which still unaccountably prevails, continues to prevent, to any great extent, the republication of good English novels. The cheapest reading now to be had is the American magazines and newspapers.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We again announce that we cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Superior Fishing; or the Striped Bass, Trout, and Black Bass of the Northern States. By R. B. Roosevelt. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The author of this work is already favorably known for his "Game Fish of the North," and his "Game Birds of the North," both of very great merit; and the present book is not inferior to either of its predecessors. Besides a thorough description of the striped bass, trout, and black bass of the Northern States, there is a spirited account of a sporting visit to Lake Superior. Mr. Roosevelt also gives directions for dressing artificial flies with the feathers of American birds. Numerous graphic wood-cuts, tastefully introduced as tail-pieces to the chapters, embellish the volume.

Household Poems. By Henry W. Longfellow. 1 vol., 8 vo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is the first of a series of volumes, which Ticknor & Fields design publishing, each volume to contain about one hundred pages, to be handsomely illustrated, and to be printed on tinted paper and bound in neat pamphlet form with a vignette title. The present volume has engravings from John Gilbert, Birket Foster, and John Absolon. The price is fifty cents. "Songs for All Seasons," by Alfred Tennyson; "National Lyrics," by John G. Whittier; "Lyrics of Life," by Robert Browning; and "Humorous Poems," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, are announced to follow in quick succession. The enterprise is one that deserves to succeed.

The Life of President Lincoln. Illustrated. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new edition of a biography, an earlier edition of which had the good fortune, we believe, to be pronounced correct by the late President himself. It has now been enlarged and illustrated. No other biography contains as full, or as reliable, an account of the assassination, or of the imposing ceremonies which attended the funeral procession of the body from Washington to Chicago.

Fairy Fingers. By Anna Cora Ritchie. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—It has been several years since Mrs. Ritchie appeared before the public in a novel. Once, as Mrs. Mowatt, she was a popular actress; and when she abandoned the stage, she took to literature. "Fairy Fingers" is but an indifferent fiction. The scene opens in France, and then changes to the United States; a double love-story runs through the tale; and the dignity of labor, as contrasted with a life of idleness, is the moral. Many of the chapters are quite lively, but others are too sentimental. The story is very improbable.

The Smaller History of Rome. By William Smith, L.L.D. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Intended for young students, and designed as a companion to Dr. Smith's "Smaller History of Greece." The volume is illustrated with excellent wood-engravings. Dr. Smith carries the story of Roman history down to the establishment of the Empire; and then there is a continuation, by E. Lawrence, A. M., to A. D. 476, or the time of Augustulus. The work is a very meritorious one.

A Son of the Soil. A Novel. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Though this story appears anonymously, we have no doubt it is by Mrs. Oliphant. It exhibits the same nice perception of character, and the same vivid descriptions of scenery, which distinguish her former fictions. The scene lies principally in Scotland. One of the best creations of her pen is Mrs. Campbell, the mother of the heroine, one of those women, who, even in the humblest life, inspire respect and love in all.

Canada: Its Defences, Condition, and Resources. Being a second and concluding volume of "My Diary North and South." By W. Howard Russell, L.L.D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—The author of this book is "Bull-Run" Russell, the well-known correspondent of the London Times. At the present juncture, his opinions on Canada are not without interest, and the book, therefore, we presume, will have a ready sale.

Wylder's Hand. By the author of "Uncle Silas." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—Mr. Sheridan Le Fanu made quite a reputation by the publication of his novel of "Uncle Silas." The present fiction will be liked, by many persons, even more. It is not as sensational as its predecessor, and to that extent is better; but it has no character that is as original, or as forcibly drawn, as "Uncle Silas." The volume is neatly printed.

Looking Around. By A. S. Roe. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—Mr. Roe's novels have the merit of being always well written, and of being faithful pictures of New England life. The present work is quite up to the best of its predecessors. Purity of tone, strong common sense, and freedom from vicious sensationalism, characterize it especially. It is nicely printed.

Hypodermic Injections in the treatment of Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Gout, and other Diseases. By Antoine Ruppaner, M. D. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.—We confess our inability to criticise a book like this, or indeed any book connected with the medical profession. We can, therefore, merely announce its publication.

Hugh Worthington. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—The scene of this novel is laid, partly in Kentucky, and partly in Massachusetts. Kentucky, as it was before the war, is particularly well described. The admirers of Mrs. Holmes' fictions will find this quite equal to the best of her former books.

The Orpheus C. Kerr Papers. Third Series. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—If you want a good laugh get this book. It is just the thing for a sultry summer afternoon.

Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion has reached its eleventh number, completing the story of the first year of the war, or up to April, 1862.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A NEW VOLUME! LOOK AT JULY NUMBER!—Portraits of PRESIDENT JOHNSON—two views; SECRETARY HARLAN; Queen Victoria; the Empress Eugenie; the Emperor Alexander; Julius Caesar, with Sketches of Character; the Conspirators; and How they Look; the Physiognomy of Classes; Love and Lovers; Second Marriage; Fat Folks and Lean Folks; and How to Cure them, with Illustrations; The Russian, with portraits; Enlarging the Lungs; Immortality of Mind; A Wonderful Prediction Fulfilled; Hymenial Poetry; Maiden's Eyes; An Appeal from the South; Art and Artists; Practical Preaching; Work-Day Religion; A Hint to Maiden Ladies; Dictionary of Phrenology and Physiognomy, with engravings; Hats—a New Notion, illustrated; Our Country; "Able-bodied Men;" Early Patriots of America, illustrated; Our Finances; The Atlantic Cable, and Americans in England; with much more in JULY DOUBLE NO. PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL. Best Number ever issued. Begins a new Volume. Only Twenty Cents, by return post, or a year for Two Dollars. Subscribe now. Address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

LIFE OF ANDREW JOHNSON.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have just published a life of Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States. The volume contains an excellent summary of President Johnson's speeches on various occasions, both before and after he became President, and gives the best view, in this sense, of his opinions, that we can recall in a collected shape anywhere. The price of the volume, bound in cloth, is \$1.00.

LIVES OF THE GENERALS.—T. B. Peterson & Brothers have issued a series of biographies of the most distinguished Union Generals in the late war. Among them are Grant, McClellan, Meade, Butler, etc., etc.

"OLIVER OPTIC."—Lee & Shepard, Boston, Mass., have just published a new work by Oliver Optic, author of "The Riverdale Story-Books," etc., etc. This new fiction is, "The Young Lieutenant," and is a story of the late rebellion.

HORTICULTURAL.

FLOWERS FOR RECESSES, DOOR-WAYS, ETC., ETC.—Flowers are never out of place. A dinner-table, with the simplest mesagey on it, becomes at once refined. Rooms, especially in summer, may be made much more beautiful, by adorning the chimney-pieces, recesses, or door-ways, with flowers. Where there is a looking-glass on the chimney-piece, a pretty fashion is to stand a shallow basket on the slab, so that the green branches may stream down and the long leaves be reflected in the mirror. The basket should be of wicker-work, light, and, if open, lined with moss. The sides of the basket should be extremely shallow, and they generally look best when they slope out a little. They may be either gilded, or white, or brown. One of the prettiest green things to put here for hanging down over the edge is the graceful drooping *Isopeltis gracilis*—a very fine and narrow leaved sort of grass; also the prostrate growing and branched *Lycopodium*, or *Selaginella*, are good for clothing the edge, as well as the ground of the tray. And, also, there may be small pots of blue lobelia, dwarf scarlet acanthuses, little low-growing mimulus, and, above all, campanulas, both of the bright blue hairbell, and of the delicate drooping white kind that seems as if it were too filmy to be a flower. A green, mossy surface with flowers like these thinly scattered, may be exceedingly pretty—the taller plants should be chiefly those of most elegant form, such as will rise up fountain-like and graceful, to fill a central place, or arch again as will droop away in long, ferny leaves, as at either end they represent green tassels.

The recesses are done differently from these slabs, and they are the more pleasant to write of, because they are so far the most numerous and the most easy. These recesses are done equally with a tray. They are charming for blocking up entrances when some door or window is meant to be shut off, and they, too, are useful in giving the effect of a conservatory, when shrubs and flowers are grouped back upon a landing, and in front of some door-way curtains, this wide bed of flowers stretches. Mignonette and geraniums, verbenas, and stocks even do here. Perhaps, of all things the brightest is a mass of tulips—red and white single tulips forming a wonderful mosaic. Small Van Thols and crocuses are ready to bloom thus in January, and in the later spring months, one has but to substitute Vermilion Brilliant and some good white kind for these. The moss would, however, require, in the latter case, to be raised a little, so as to prevent the stems standing up too tall. The very clear, pure colors look well, too, in knots. And when the corners are well filled, and the back well massed with overgreen and with leaves, the telling knots of color will be found very striking. How charmingly we may here use the "five colors" that are so popular at present. A knot composed, say with red tulips, deep blue-purple hyacinths, white or pale stone-like crocuses, with ferns for the green required; and if on a bed of green, some jonquilles must be for the yellow. I give the scheme in common every-day spring flowers, because they seem to me the most sure to be known. The back of such a recess requires abundant leafage. Why do not people grow vines more, and have a supply of green thus? No leaves are half so exquisite, and few are so easily grown. And rooms, which are tastefully decorated with flowers, in either of these ways, or both, have an air of refinement indescribable.

FIRESIDE MAGIC.

THE CARD IN THE EGG.—To perform this feat, you must have a round, hollow stick, about ten inches long and three-quarters of an inch in diameter, the hollow being three-eighths of an inch in diameter. You must also have another round stick to fit this hollow, and slide in it easily, with a knob to prevent its coming through. Our young readers will clearly understand our meaning when we say that, in all respects, it must resemble a pop-gun, with the single exception, that the stick which fits the tube must be of the full length of the tube, exclusive of the knob.

You next steep a card in water for a quarter of an hour, peel off the face of it, and double it twice across, till it becomes one-fourth of the length of a card; then roll it up tightly, and thrust it up the tube till it becomes even with the bottom. You then thrust in the stick at the other end of the tube till it just touches the card.

Having thus provided your magic wand, let it lie on the table until you have occasion to make use of it, but be careful not to allow any person to handle it.

You now take a pack of cards, and let any person draw one; but be sure to let it be a similar card to the one which you have in the hollow stick. This must be done by forcing. The person who has chosen it will put it into the pack again, and while you are shuffling you let it fall into your lap. Then calling for some eggs, desire the person who drew the card, or any other person in the company, to choose any one of the eggs. When he has done so, ask if there be anything in it. He will answer, There is not. Place the egg in a saucer; break it with the wand, and, pressing the knob with the palm of your right-hand, the card will be driven into the egg. You may then show it to the spectators.

A great improvement may be made in this feat, by presenting the person who draws the card with a saucer and a pair of forceps, and instead of his returning the card to the

pack, desire him to take it by the corner with the forceps and burn it, but to take care and preserve the ashes; for this purpose you present him with a piece of paper (prepared as hereafter described,) which he lights at the candle, but a few seconds after; and before he can set the card on fire, it will suddenly divide in the middle and spring back, burning his fingers if he do not drop it quickly. Have another paper ready, and desire him to try that; when he will most likely beg to be excused, and will prefer lighting it with the candle.

When the card is consumed, you say that you do not wish to fix upon any particular person in company to choose an egg, lest it might be suspected that he was a confederate; you therefore request any two ladies in company to volunteer to choose each an egg, and, having done so, to decide between themselves which shall contain the card; when this is done, take a second saucer, and in it receive the rejected egg, break it with your wand, and show the egg round to the company; at the same time drawing their attention to the fact of those two eggs having been chosen from among a number of others, and of its not being possible for you to have told which of them would be the chosen one.

You now receive the chosen egg in the saucer containing the ashes, and having rolled it about until you have blacked it a little, blow the ashes from around it into the grate; you then break the egg with the same wand, when, on touching the spring, the card will be found in the egg.

THE METHOD OF PREPARING THE PAPERS, MENTIONED IN THE ABOVE FEAT, IS AS FOLLOWS:—Take a piece of letter paper, about six inches in length and three-quarters of an inch in breadth, fold it longitudinally, and with a knife cut it in the crease about five inches down; then take one of the sides which are still connected at the bottom, and with the back of the knife under it, and the thumb of the right-hand over it, curl it outward as a boy would the tassels of his kite; repeat the same process with the other side, and lay them by for use. When about using them (but not till then, as the papers will soon lose their curl if stretched,) draw them up so as to make them their original length, and turn the ends over a little, in order that they may remain so; when set on fire, they will burn for a minute or two, until the turn-over is burnt out, when the lighted ends will turn over quickly, burning the fingers of the holder; this part of the trick never fails to excite the greatest merriment.

PARLOR GAMES.

FOX AND GESE.—There must be an even number of players in this game, and a circle is to be formed standing two by two, so that those who are on the outside have each one person in front of them; these are called the Geese, and there must be some space left between the couples, to allow the one who is chased to run in and out of the circle. Two must be left out, one a Goose, and the other the Fox. The Fox is to catch the Goose not belonging to the circle, who can run around the circle, and also within it, which the Fox cannot be allowed to do; but when the Goose, who is pursued, places himself before one of the couples composing the circle, there will necessarily be three in the row, and as this is against the rule, the outside one of that three immediately becomes liable to be caught instead of the other, and must endeavor to avoid the pursuit of the Fox by darting within the circle and placing himself before some one of the players. It is the object of the Fox to catch the player who makes the third one of a row, and it is the object of each Goose to avoid the third place. The Fox can only catch the Goose as he stands the third in a row, or before he succeeds in escaping to a place of safety. If the Goose is touched by the Fox while in the position of third one in a row, or if touched in passing from this third

place to one of safety, he becomes the Fox instead, and the other becomes a Goose again. It will be observed that the amusement of this game will depend upon the spirit and animation with which it is conducted. Great rapidity of movement is necessary.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

VEGETABLES.

Stewed Cucumbers.—Pare and split in quarters four full-grown but young cucumbers, take out the seeds, and cut each part in two, sprinkle them with white pepper or Cayenne, flour and fry them lightly in a little butter, lift them from the pan, drain them on a sieve, then lay them in as much good brown gravy as will nearly cover them, and stew them gently from twenty-five to thirty minutes, or until they are quite tender. Should the gravy require to be thickened or flavored, dish the cucumbers and keep them hot while a little flour and butter, or any other of the usual ingredients, are stirred into it. Some persons like a small portion of lemon-juice mixed added to the sauce; cucumber-vinegar might be substituted with very good effect, as the vegetable loses much of its fine flavor when cooked.

To Cook Green Artichokes.—Take four good sized artichokes. Strip them from the outer leaves, cut off the stalks, and also a little from the top of each. Boil each artichoke separately until it opens; then fill them between the leaves with the following mixture:—Mince finely a thick slice of uncooked ham, a little parsley, and two small roots of green garlic; mix them together, and season with pepper and salt. Place the artichokes in a stewpan, but not too closely together, and pour over each one tablespoonful of sweet oil. Stew them gently at the side of the fire for one hour, and serve them in a vegetable dish.

Cabbage in Cream.—Wash a white-headed cabbage very thoroughly, cut it into small pieces, boil it until tender, and let the water drain from it. Brown some butter in a saucepan, put in the cabbage, pour over it a teacupful of good cream, let it simmer gently for half an hour.

Portuguese Tomato Sauce.—Slice tomatoes and onions, and stew them in a nice gravy with small slices of bacon, and pepper and salt to taste.

EGGS.

Omelette Soufflee.—Beat six eggs, and separate the whites from the yolks. Add to the latter some sifted sugar flavored with lemon-peel. Beat the yolks and sugar, then whisk the whites. Pour the yolks and whites together, continuing the whisking until the eggs froth. Melt a little butter in the omelet-pan and place it over a slow fire. When the butter is melted (but not hot,) pour in the mixture, and gently shake the pan until the top of the mixture falls to the bottom. When the butter is dried up, fold the omelet on a buttered dish, sift a little sugar on the top, and brown with a salamander. The above soufflee may be varied in endless ways by adding different flavorings, or preserved fruit, at the time of beating the yolks of the eggs.

The following is another method of cooking eggs, which dispenses with the difficulty of frying. It is a most convenient, easy mode of making a *rechauffe*, and is particularly suitable to invalids and little children who are not of an age to masticate their food. By the adoption of this plan, all the nutritive qualities of the eggs are preserved, together with the lightness of the omelet, without the richness which is inseparable from ever so small a quantity of fried butter. The requisite number of eggs is beaten, seasoned, and passed through a sieve, to which a small quantity of good gravy is added. The mixture must be placed in an enameled stew-

pan, and set over a slow fire till the eggs thicken. The stewpan is then removed, and a small piece of fresh butter is added to the mixture, which, when melted, is ready to receive the addition of any finely minced fowl, meat, fish, asparagus, peas, or cauliflower, that may be desired. The latter ingredients must be stirred in until warm through, but not suffered to boil. It is difficult at first to make a good omelet; it is so apt to be tough, but nothing repays trial better; and as eggs are so cheap, it does not matter if a few are wasted at first.

Pickled Eggs.—At the season of the year when eggs are plentiful, boil some four or six dozen in a capacious saucepan, until they become quite hard. Then, after carefully removing the shells, lay them in large-mouthed jars, and pour over them scalding vinegar, well seasoned with whole pepper, allspice, a few races of ginger, and a few cloves or garlic. When cold, bung down closely, and in a month they are fit for use. Where eggs are plentiful, the above pickle is by no means expensive, and is a relishing accompaniment to cold meat.

PICKLES.

India Pickle.—Two cauliflowers torn into sprigs, two white cabbages cut in slices, one pint of small onions peeled, one pint of shalots; put a handful of salt on them and place them in a pan, with sufficient boiling water to cover them. Let them remain a night; the next morning take them all out and spread on a tray covered with a coarse cloth; put them in the sun to dry for three days, taking them in-doors each night. When quite dry, put as much vinegar as will cover them, and let them remain a day or two; then put all together into a kettle with half an ounce of turmeric, two ounces of mustard, one ounce of Cayenne pods, one ounce of black pepper, one ounce of allspice, quarter of an ounce of mace; all to be boiled together for a quarter of an hour; then throw in any green pickles you choose, such as gherkins, French beans, radish pods, nasturtiums, slices of cucumber; a few capsicums add much to the appearance.

A Quick Mule of Pickling Gherkins or Small Cucumbers.—Take the quantity of gherkins required, prick them with a needle in several places, and put them in a pan of cold water, adding as much salt as will make a strong brine. Let them soak for three hours. Take them out, wipe them dry in a clean cloth; put in a saucepan, over a gentle fire, add some strong, brown, pickling vinegar, with allspice, half the quantity of whole black pepper, a little brown ginger, and some Cayenne pepper. Let them simmer for a quarter of an hour; take them up, and when cold, pour them over the gherkins in a jar, and stop them tightly down. They will be fit for use in the course of three or four days; one or two young onions will be found an improvement.

Real Cabbage Pickled.—Put a quarter of an ounce of cochineal into a small bag, and boil it with the quantity of vinegar considered sufficient for the cabbage you wish to pickle, adding a little salt and bay salt. When it boils, scald the cabbage with it, having, of course, previously cut up the latter into transverse slices; boil the vinegar up again, this time adding ginger and pepper. Let it cool, and when quite cold, having put the cabbage into jars, pour the pickle upon it, and tie it down closely.

TO MAKE YEAST.

Boil or steam some very mealy potatoes with the skin on. If boiled, dry them well in the pan. Peel and mash them down to a fine powder. To every tencupful of mashed potato, put a tencupful of fine flour, and when these are well mixed, shake up the bottle of hop-lignor, and add a tencupful of it; mix the whole up well together, and it will be about the consistency of hasty pudding; put it into a large jug, which must be covered, and put near the fire for

twenty-four hours. If right, the yeast will rise very light and high. Thus prepared, it may be used immediately, but it is better for being kept a day in the cellar, closely covered, and will continue good a week. Or: To a pint of mashed potatoes (waxy ones are best,) add two ounces of brown sugar and two spoonfuls of common yeast. The potatoes first to be pulped through a colander, and mixed with warm water to a proper consistence. Thus a pound of potatoes will make a quart of good yeast. Keep it moderately warm whilst fermenting.

SCOTCH SHORT-BREAD.

Take one pound of butter, twelve ounces of finely powdered loaf-sugar, two pounds of flour, four eggs, a few caraway seeds, candied peel to the taste, and the little white sugar-plums called caraway comfits. Make the flour and butter hot before the fire. Rub the butter and sugar into the flour with the hand, and make it into a stiff paste with the eggs, previously well beaten. The rolling-out to the required thickness must be done with as little use of the rolling-pin as possible. Either take small pieces, and roll them into oblong cakes, or roll out a large piece and cut it into squares or rounds. Prick a pattern round the edge of each little cake with the back of a knife, and arrange slices of peel, comfits, and caraway seeds in a pattern. They will take about twenty minutes to bake, and the oven should not be too quick. The mixing of flour, sugar, and butter, and of the eggs afterward, must be done very thoroughly and smoothly.

DESSERTS.

Ice-Pudding.—The pudding is generally considered a difficult dish to produce at home, unless what is called a professional cook reigns over the kitchen department, but we can assure our readers that, if they will follow our directions carefully, they will be enabled to produce this popular pudding at a quarter the cost a confectioner usually charges for it, and that it will be found equally as good. Take one quart of thick cream, the yolks of twelve eggs, one table-spoonful of brandy, and some dried fruit, such as apricots, pine-apple, ginger, green-gages, cherries, etc., etc. The cherries may be left whole, but the rest should be cut up into pieces about the size of a filbert (the quantity of fruit is optional.) Beat up the yolks of the eggs well in a basin, scald the cream with a little lemon-peel and an inch of vanilla pod chopped up and tied in a muslin bag; pour it into the yolks, first taking out the lemon-peel and vanilla, and stirring it continually while mixing. Put it on the fire again in a saucepan, allowing it to thicken as a custard without curdling. Pour it into a jug, and when it has slightly cooled add the brandy, two ounces of sifted loaf-sugar, and the dried fruit. Let it stand until quite cold, stirring occasionally. The earlier this is all prepared in the morning the more successful the pudding will be. Pour the above mixture into a tin milk-can which has a lid to it; cover it and set it in a pan filled with rough ice well beaten and mixed with coarse salt. Care should be taken that the can is well buried in the ice, there being plenty of ice underneath as well as around it. The cream and other materials inside the can must be stirred every five minutes with an iron spoon to prevent them from adhering to the bottom of the can; and in addition to this, the can itself must be turned round in the ice very frequently; upon this depends the success in freezing the pudding. When the cream has remained an hour and a half in the can, imbedded in the ice, pour it into a tin mould, tie it down closely with clean writing-paper, with a piece of white muslin above it. Set this mould very firmly in the rough ice, the pan having been again filled up with ice and salt. The mould must be placed in the center of this, so that ice covers it over as well as lies round and underneath it. Leave it there until wanted, with a blanket thrown over the pan. Three half-

pints of cream will be found quite sufficient for ten people, and about one shilling's worth of rough ice for freezing it. There will be no difficulty in turning it out of the mould, and if approved of, liquid red currant jelly may be poured into the dish before serving to table. It improves the appearance of the pudding.

THE WARDROBE.

How to Prepare Starch for Use.—Take a quart basin and put into it a tablespoonful of the best starch, which, with a clean wooden spoon kept for the purpose, gradually moisten and rub down with a quarter of a pint of cold spring water, adding only a tablespoonful at a time. When in a perfectly smooth state, and about the consistence of cream, gradually stir into it a pint of boiling water. Then pour the mixture into a clean glazed pipkin, kept for the purpose, and stir it over a gentle fire till it boils, adding a lump of sugar which prevents the starch from sticking to the hot iron. While in a boiling state, take a piece of wax-candle and turn it round two or three times; this gives a smooth and glossy surface to the linen after it has been ironed. Then strain the starch, thus prepared, through a piece of coarse muslin into a basin, cover it over with a plate, to prevent a skin forming on the top, and then before it is quite cold it is ready for use.

To Wash a Muslin Dress.—Make a good lather, and wash the muslin in cold water—never putting it into warm water even to rinse it. If the muslin is green, add a wineglassful of vinegar to the water in which it is rinsed; if lilac, the same quantity of ammonia. For black and white muslins, use a small quantity of sugar of lead.

To Clean Silk.—Quarter of a pound of soft-soap, one ounce of honey, one pint of gin. Put on with a flannel, or nail-brush, and afterward brushed with cold water, then dipped in cold water five or six times, and hung out to drain, then ironed (wet on the wrong side) with a hot iron.

To Extract Grease from Silk.—Wet the part with eau-de-cologne, and gently rub the silk upon itself, between the hands. When dry, the grease will disappear. This will, also, remove recent paint, and the grease from a wax candle.

To Perfume Linen.—Rose-leaves dried in the shade, cloves beat to a powder, mace scraped. Mix them together, and put the composition into bags.

TOILET.

Aromatic Vinegar.—Digest in two pounds of acetic acid one ounce each of the dried tops of rosemary and the dried leaves of sage, half an ounce each of the dried flowers of lavender and of bruised cloves, for seven days; then express the liquid, and filter it through paper. Another aromatic vinegar, for sprinkling through apartments during the prevalence of fevers, or any contagious complaints, is made thus:—Take of common vinegar any quantity, mix a sufficient quantity of powdered chalk with it to destroy the acidity, let it subside, and, pouring off the liquid, dry the white powder in the sun, or by the fire. When perfectly dry, put it into a stone vessel, and pour upon it sulphuric acid, as long as white acid fumes continue to ascend.

Excellent Dentifrice.—Procure a lump of whitening, and scrape off as much, in fine powder, as will fill a pint pot. Take two ounces of camphor, moisten it with a few drops of brandy or spirit of wine, and rub it into a powder. Mix this with the whitening, and add to it half an ounce of powdered myrrh. Put the whole into a wide-mouthed bottle, and cork down. If too strong of the camphor, it will be easy to add a little more whitening.

Lotion for the Skin.—Take an ordinary milk-pan, and fill it with the white flowers of the elderberry bush. The flowers should be covered with boiling water, placed out-of-doors in the sun for about three days, strained off, and bottled. The liquid should be of a dark mahogany color. It is an excellent lotion to remove sun-burn and freckles.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Syrup for Preserved Fruit.—The best sugar, which will require no clarifying, should be used for this purpose; but when it is of inferior quality, it should be prepared in the following manner:—To clarify six pounds of sugar, break it into large lumps, put it into a preserving-pan, and pour to it five pints of cold spring water; in another pint beat lightly up the white of a small egg, but do not froth it much; add it to the sugar, and give it a stir to mix it well with the whole. Set the pan over a gentle fire when the sugar is nearly dissolved, and let the scum rise without being disturbed. When the syrup has boiled five minutes, take it off the fire, let it stand a couple of minutes, and then skim it carefully. Let it boil again, and then throw in half a cup of cold water to bring the remaining scum to the surface. Skim it until it is perfectly clear, strain it through a thin cloth, and it will be ready for use.

To Wash Plannels.—Wash them in warm water, rather above luke-warm, in which the soap has been boiled or dissolved, and not to rub the soap upon the woolen. Rinse them thoroughly in water rather hotter than that in which they have been washed; this removes the soap from the material instead of allowing it to remain and get hard, as it does if the last water is not decidedly hotter than the first. This plan will also be found to succeed perfectly with fleecy or Berlin wool; but then I generally wring the different articles or skeins by twisting them up in a linen cloth, so as to avoid straining the wool, and do not dry them too quickly. But the important point is certainly getting them thoroughly free from the soap, which would otherwise thicken and stiffen in the fine pores of the wool.

Light Tea Buns.—Take half a teaspoonful of tartaric acid, and the same quantity of bi-carbonate of soda, and rub them well into a pound of flour, through a hair sieve, if leisure permit. Then work into the flour two ounces of butter, and add two ounces of crushed and sifted lump sugar, also a quarter of a pound of currants or raisins, and (if liked) a few currant-seeds. Having mixed all these ingredients well together, make a hole in the middle and pour in half a pint of cold, new milk; one egg, well beaten, mixed with the milk is a great improvement, though your buns will do without any. Mix quickly, and set your dough with a fork on baking tins. The buns will take about twenty minutes to bake. From these ingredients you ought to produce a dozen.

To Bleach a Straw Bonnet.—First, scrub the bonnet well with a brush dipped in clean water. After this, put into a box a saucer containing burning sulphur; it must remain there a short time, and as soon as it is removed, the bonnet must be placed in the box and well covered up, so that the sulphuric atmosphere may whiten it.

To Preserve Rhubarb.—An equal weight of fresh, young rhubarb and sugar. Wipe, pare, and cut the rhubarb into small lengths; add the sugar; let them heat rather slowly, till the fruit is tender, and then boil rapidly for half an hour, stirring it well. Candied peel added, at the rate of an ounce to a pound of fruit, is an improvement.

Sun-Burn.—Old buttermilk, applied to the face, is a very effectual cure for sun-burn. Also a little lemon-juice put into a cup of milk, and then the face washed with the milk, is a complete remedy for sun-burn. It should not be applied too frequently, as all things are, more or less, hurtful to the skin when used too often.

Indelible Marking Ink.—Nitrate of silver, two drachms; distilled water, three ounces. Dissolve. Moisten the spot to be marked with a concentrated solution of carbonate of potassa, to which a little gum water must be added. When the spot has become dry, write upon it with the solution of nitrate of silver.

Cement for Broken Glass, &c.—A little isinglass dissolved in mastic varnish. The least possible quantity should be used.

To Remove Rust from Polished Iron.—The best method of removing rust from a polished grate is to scrape down to a fine powder some bath-brick, put it into a little oil, and rub the spots well with a piece of flannel dipped in the mixture, after which apply some whitening, also well rubbed in. This process must be repeated daily until all trace of the rust has disappeared. To prevent the grate or fire-irons from becoming spotted with rust, it is a good plan to rub them over with the fat from the inside of a fowl, and finish them off with whitening.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—OUT-DOOR DRESS.—The skirt is of black alpaca, trimmed down the front with black velvet, edged with crimson braid. Black velvet belt and jet buckle. Jacket of crimson cashmere, trimmed with black. Black hat of the Scotch form.

FIG. II.—DINNER DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, trimmed with blue.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—EVENING DRESS OF VERY THIN WHITE MUSLIN, with several tucks, above each of which a rose-colored ribbon is run. Ruffle around the bottom of the skirt. Body and sleeves trimmed to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF GRAY FOUILLARD.—Loose sacque of light maize-colored cloth, trimmed with gimp. Gray straw hat and maize-colored feather.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF DOVE-COLORED CHENE SILK.—Basque of black silk.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A greater simplicity is apparent, we think, in out-door dresses. They are less trimmed, and are almost invariably worn with a plain sacque of the same material as the dress. All walking dresses, if made as long as they usually are, ought to be looped up over petticoats of the same material as the dress, or else some other under-skirt, which is very quiet in effect. The more dressy kind of toilets have the skirts looped up with bows of ribbon, or a circle of quilted ribbon. Usually strings are put on the under part of the dress, and tied in such a way that the skirt appears to be fastened by the trimming.

WHITE PETTICOATS are generally ruffled, and the ruffles are fluted. Some have a black or scarlet braid run on the hem of the ruffle.

A lady with one or two white dresses can always have a great variety in her toilet, by having trimmings of various styles and colors made on a foundation of rather stiff book muslin, when they will be always ready to tack on to the dress. Thus narrow pinked silk flounces, rings interlaced in each other, straps ascending the skirt, with bows and long ends floating over the hem, pullings, through which ribbons are run, etc., in an endless variety.

NANKEN AND JEAN are again appearing for dresses. Another material called Spanish linen is also very popular. These dresses should be gored and trimmed very simply with rows of braid.

MORNING DRESSES of a plain color are trimmed round the skirt, above the hem, with two rows of bright moire ribbon, an inch and a half wide, and with one row down every seam where the breadths are joined. The bodice is made with basques at the back, which are edged with ribbon; the ribbon is also carried straight down the center of the back from the neck to the waist, where there is a small strap and two buttons, thus giving the effect of a dress fastened at the back; the epaulets are mere lines of ribbon.

JACKETS of the most dressy kind have no sleeves. Ladies who wish to wear something more than merely a white bodice, put on a small, open jacket, without sleeves over it. A colored silk jacket looks extremely well over a plain or figured white muslin bodice with full sleeves. The most

fashionable sashes have a wide band, a large rosette on one side, and long lapels finished off with fringe. The pointed Swiss band, however, is still worn, as well as a great variety of bands, sashes, and low bodices.

BUTTONS of steel, jet, ivory, mother-of-pearl, etc., are all fashionable. These are cut in great varieties of form, such as stars, diamonds, oblongs, etc.

BUTTON FRINGE is also popular, especially on the jackets and summer dresses.

SAILOR-COLLARS, and the judge-collar, are both popular; but the variety of fancy linens is endless. The judge-collar is made of lace, a narrow piece of which stands up around the throat, and the ends in front fall like bands.

THE EMPIRE BOXNET is too unbecoming to be popular just yet. It is stylish-looking, some say, but not fascinating. The little three-cornered articles, which are now perched on the head in such a bewitching style, is infinitely more becoming, but so easily manufactured at home that the exclusives will no longer tolerate it.

ROUND HATS—or rather what are commonly called round hats, for they are not round at all—are now pretty and very becoming. The shape has gradually turned from the Scotch cap to the *tricorn*, or something very like it. The crown is moderately high, and slopes off into a point in front and at the back; the brim is turned up entirely, and is higher at the sides than at the back and front. This brim is, generally speaking, covered with black or colored velvet, small gretots, or round spangles of spun straw; steel, crystal, or jet being arranged as a fringe over it. One long curled feather sweeps round one side of the hat, and in front there is either a small bird or the head of a larger one, with a few feathers arranged, fan-shaped, at the back of it, forming a sort of aigrette. One of the prettiest we have seen was of white straw, the turned-up brim covered with blue velvet, and pretty round spangles of spun straw drooping over it. An elegant bird of Paradise was placed in front, with a long tail sweeping over one side of the brim.

SHOES cut high on the instep, like the old "Jefferson" shoe, is again being worn, but is not as popular as the gaiter for out-door wear. These shoes are ornamented with large steel buckles.

THE STYLE OF DRESSING THE HAIR in the morning and that adopted in the evening differ materially. In Paris, for the evening, curls, *crepes*, and frizzed bands, and wide plaits, are worn at the very top of the head; but the effect is closer, not nearly so extravagant as last season. For the morning, the plait as a coronet, and the hair waved and slightly turned from the temples and combed over a frizette at the back, is the prevailing *coiffure*. Simplicity of style for the morning has passed into a fashion. It was expected that with the hair turned back from the temples over high frizettes that the large cushions of hair at the back would be suppressed. But it is not the case, the only difference which has been made is, that the cushions at the back are worn somewhat higher than the nape of the neck. These cushions are positively necessary with the present style of half-handkerchief bonnet. The back hair arranged in a profusion of ringlets massed together by means of a comb, is very suitable for low dresses; but the curls are not convenient with high ones, as they soil the collars, etc.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—PARTY DRESS OF WHITE MUSLIN, FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—Above the fluted ruffles of the skirt is a quilling of pink ribbon and a line of roses. Square neck, trimmed to correspond.

FIG. II.—A BOY'S DRESS OF WOOD-COLORED CASHMERE, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF PINK ALPACA, FOR A LITTLE GIRL, trimmed with black velvet.



STUDY FOR A

STUDY FOR A

STUDY FOR A





Ladies' Slipper Pattern—in Silk Embroidery.



THE BUTTERFLY.



EMPIRE BONNET.



NEW STYLE OF DRESSING HAIR.



HAT.



COAT DRESS.



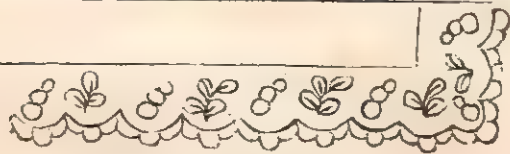
SPANISH JACKET.



INSERTION.



WALKING DRESS: GIRL'S DRESS.



CHEMISE YOKE.



WALKING DRESS: GIRL'S DRESS.



NAME FOR MARKING.

A	B	C	D	E
F	G	H	I	J
K	L	M	N	O
P	Q	R	S	T
U	V	W	X	Y
		Z		

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.



LADY'S CRAVAT.



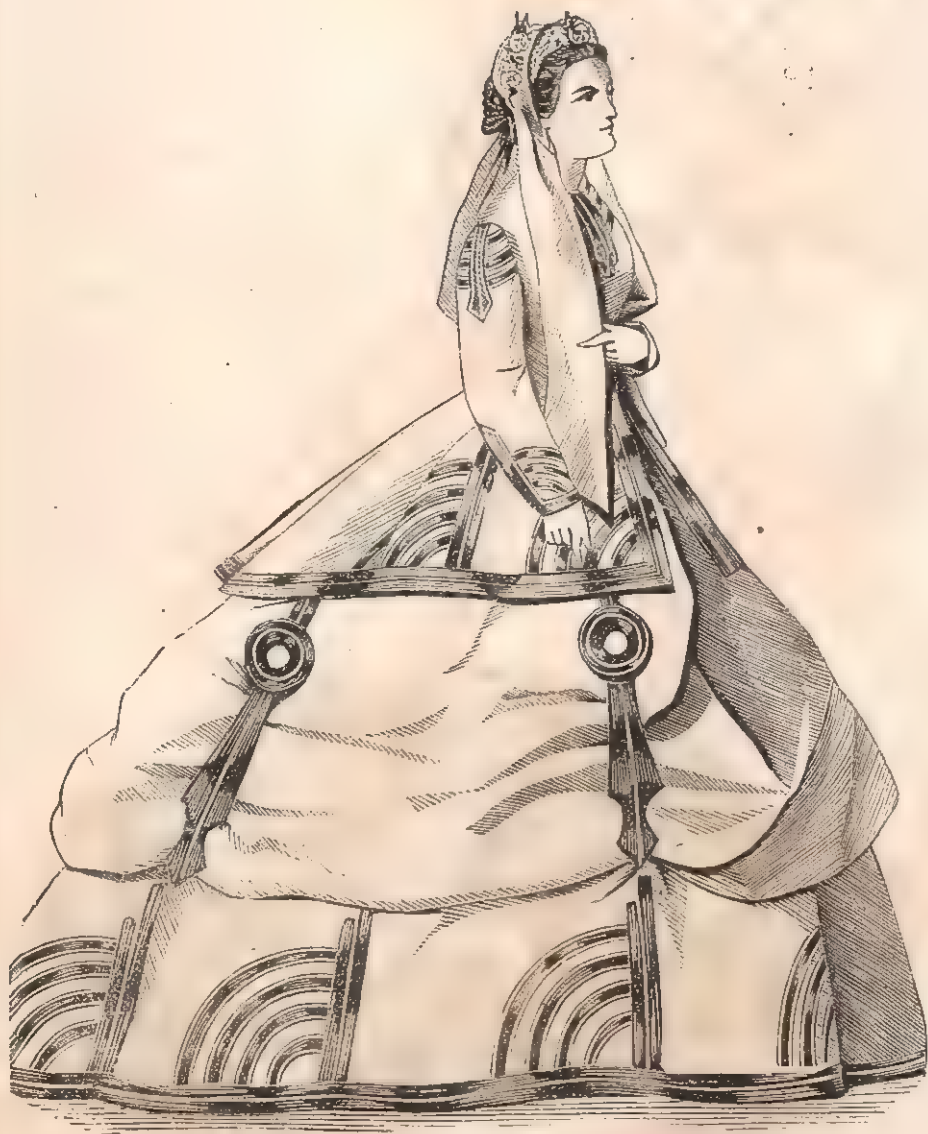
BEAD TRIMMING FOR A DRESS.



BRAIDED TOILET CUSHION.

Josephine

NAME FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS

Diana Ette

NAMES FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

I AM THINKING OF THE LOV'D ONES.

SONG AND CHORUS.

ARRANGED AND HARMONIZED BY

ALICE HAWTHORNE.

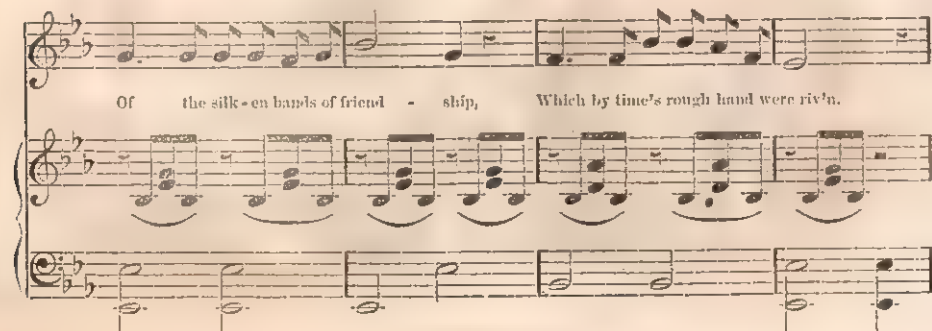
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Moderato.

PIANC.



I am thinking of the lov'd ones, That have pass'd from earth to heav'n:



Of the silk-en bands of friend - ship, Which by time's rough hand were riv'n.

I AM THINKING OF THE LOV'D ONES.

I am dreaming, fondly dream - ing, Of the happy days of yore;

Of the joys that I have tast - ed, Joys which I shall know no more.

CHORUS.

I am dreaming of the lov'd ones. Of the hap - py days of

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

yore: Of the joys that I have tast ed; Joys which I shall know no more.

Ped. * Ped. *

2.
Ah! my heart is filled with sorrow,
When I think upon the years
That have left some pleasant mem'ries,
But alas, how many tears.
I have seen the fairest flowers,
Blasted by the snows of fate;
Brightest hopes all torn and scattered,
Hearts once glud lest desolate.

3.
Oh, I daily pray to heav'n,
That I soon shall be at rest,
With the cold earth for my pillow,
And the turf upon my breast;
Yes, I would that I were lying
In the cold and silent tomb,
There to rest till I awaken,
Where hope's flow'rs forever bloom.



CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

ONE OF LIFE'S SHADOWS.

BY E. S. MARIE.

SHE stood at the gate, her face slightly flushed, and her black eyes aglow. The young man, leaning on the fence at her side, must have been two years her elder, with a pale, handsome face, and brown hair and eyes.

"Well, Jean," he said, at length, with a sudden change in his voice, "I must bid you good-by, I suppose." Reaching out his hand—"you won't forget me, I hope."

"No, indeed." She laughed. "I'm afraid *you* will be the first to forget. Good-by."

She went into the house with a grim smile over her lips. "Forget, indeed! I almost hate myself that I cannot. I wonder"—looking into the mirror opposite her. "I shall be handsome some time," with a sudden proud lifting of her head—"handsome enough for even him. If my cheeks were only red, my face and form rounded a little more. Perhaps——"

She broke off suddenly, and the old sad, hopeless look came over her face. What mattered it if she was beautiful? Philip Burdell was going to the great city to study law, and his profession would place him far above her level in life—for her parents were comparatively poor, and all the education she had ever received came from the village district school, and the few books that had fallen in her way.

So she lived on, loving hopelessly, but well, until two years after, her father, by a successful speculation, raised himself from comparative poverty to independence, and from thence by rapid strides to wealth.

Jean was sent away to school, and for a year after her life seemed wholly composed of sunshine. The first she had ever known, poor child!

She studied eagerly, though not enough to prevent her becoming more and more, each day, what she had once prophesied, a beautiful girl. This, combined with an exquisite taste in dress, might have given her more power over hearts

than she ever dreamed of possessing; but she studiously withdrew herself from almost all society in the school, knowing but one or two intimately, and living in dreams of the future.

At the end of the term she met Philip Burdell, now admitted to the bar. But her seclusion had made her shy, and she found it impossible to throw it off, even in his presence. He construed this reticence as an indication of her changed feelings toward him, and met her with a coldness that chilled her to the heart. She went away sadder and colder, shutting up the pain in her heart with a firm hand, shedding no tears, and taking up her changed life again in much the same way as before, so that no one dreamed of the cruel shadows that darkened her soul.

It was the old tale, a misunderstanding, and an estrangement. It was years before they met again. At last, urged by her friends, and pitying the suitor, Jean married. She knew she did not love this man as she ought to love a husband; yet the shielding tenderness in his manner, the love in his quiet eyes were so new, and so sweet to her, that sometimes, in his presence, she almost forgot the past. None who saw her married would have dreamed that the blossoms of her hope were dead, and her life henceforth a wearisome desert, forever staring her in the face with its shadowy, desolate waste.

She fulfilled her duties as a wife unflinchingly. She tried to love her husband, and could not help respecting him. He believed the slight restraint, which always characterized her manner toward him, to be only the natural result of her phlegmatic temperament. Thus she lived on, sternly self-reliant, giving her confidence to no one, and waiting patiently, yet more sadly each day, for the forgetfulness that never came.

Once only she met her old lover. One evening, at the house of a friend, she caught his eyes

as he stood watching her enter. She looked surpassingly beautiful, and his eyes showed that he felt it. She came forward rapidly, extending her hand with a smile of recognition, yet so different from her old smile that it haunted him long afterward—a smile which hid her inmost emotions securely from his gaze. He went away more utterly blinded, if possible, than before, believing her happy, believing she had never, even as a girl, loved him.

The years went on. Her husband died, leaving her at thirty unfettered again. Her life henceforth, she thought, would be sadder than ever, more desolate, more forsaken. In the months of her widowhood, the sorrow and regret for her husband was such that she never admitted, to herself, the possibility of ever marrying again.

Philip Burdell, she believed, at last had grown to be nothing to her. Where he was she did not know, and never asked.

One evening she sat alone in the parlor singing snatches of one of Tennyson's songs.

"The stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But oh! for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

"Break, break, break,
On thy cold, gray stones at sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is flown,
Can never come back to me."

The music, sad as the words, and her own voice sadder still, thrilled through the room mournfully, startling even herself, and she arose and turned to the window. Suddenly she heard a voice behind her, and turning, met the same pale, fair face, the same thrilling brown eyes

that had haunted her all her life. Even then her self-possession was but slightly shaken. She started as she caught sight of his face, but recovered herself instantly, though seeing the old look in his eyes, the same look he had given her that night of their parting so long ago.

After the first greetings were over, he asked her to sing the song over again, and stood watching her as she complied. He saw the old glow come into her eyes, saw her pale face flush and whiten again beneath his steady gaze, and as she turned from the piano, caught her hand in a sudden passionate pressure. "Seven years ago to-night," he cried, "I stood with you at the gate with a voice saying, in my heart, just what it does to-night, 'I love you, I love you;' but I hushed it, thinking to wait until I could take you wholly as my own. When I came back again, in the changed looks you gave me, I could read nothing but indifference in your manner, nothing of your old love; but to-night I see the same smile on your face, the same love in your eyes. Have I loved you all these wearisome years for nothing? Must I wait still longer?"

He read the answer in her eyes, and folded her in his arms. This time the beautiful face turned scarlet as his lips met hers, and the hand he clasped fluttered and trembled like a frightened bird.

And the shadows fell darker and darker through the window, and the night clasped the earth in a solemn embrace; but over their lives had broadened a beautiful day, more bright, more glorious for the shadows past, the sorrows endured.

AUTUMN.

BY INEZ INDLEFORD.

O'er hill and vale, oh! Autumn time,
Thy beauties linger now;
And breezes mild, from Southern climes,
Bow softly round my brow.

I see the sunlight lying
On fields of waving grain;
And Summer flowers are dying
Along the lowly plain.

I hear the sweet bird-notes echo
Among the rustling trees;
And mournfully their music floats
Upon the Autumn breeze.

Dry, faded leaves are falling,
All marked with sure decay;
And spirit voices calling
My thoughts from earth away

A dreamy silence reigneth
O'er earth and sea to-day;
On all that's bright and beautiful
Is breathed, "passing away."

I list the gentle murmur
Of woodlands rippling rills;
Oh! sadly low their music-tone
Upon my spirit thrills.

Oh! dreamy days of Autumn,
A magic spell is thine,
With all thy varied beauties,
To bind this heart of mine.

Thou bringest visions golden
Of all that's loved and dear;
Thine hours are sad, but sweeter far
Than all the changing year.

THE MISSING DIAMOND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 118.

CHAPTER XI.

BUT the officer could not take Joyce directly from the court-room; the crowd swayed and surged about, but did not break and disperse, and so densely was the mass wedged together, that even the private passage from the dock to the jail entrance was filled. So it came about that, for a space of nearly five minutes, the poor wretch, condemned to death, stood to be a focus for all eyes.

The lawyers gathered up their papers, and turned to each other in groups of two or three, chatting in an undertone; Seaborn making his way past the woman who had sat near the dock, closely veiled, during these last days; he had a fancy that it was Barbara, and wanted to be sure.

Mottar forgot to speak to Joyce going out, as he had intended to do. He had built so much upon success in this case—a good practice, and income, and then—Matty. It was all up now; so he forgot in his own chagrin that this poor creature had lost more than he.

Judge C—— looked at Dunn with a solemn face, as he passed him, that held all the warning he had missed in the unheard charge. C—— was going to his dinner—to a succession of dinners between to-day and a far-away grave; life was a lusty, fat relish in his lungs, with an animal twang to it, maybe, but a sound moral strength; also, he being upon the bench. This poor devil, looking at him with lack-lustre eyes, could count the hours between him and the gallows; how the hands of God and the devil had been at work with both since their birth, and brought them to ends so different, hardly concerned Judge C——. He paused, and looked with all the meaning of the law at Joyce. Perhaps a more human touch of pity moved him suddenly, for he said to Proctor, the jailer, who stood near, "He seems a half-witted fellow; let him see his friends between now and —, as far as is consistent with safety. And, look here, Proctor," lowering his tone, "give the poor creature enough to eat. Not your prison grub, understand. I'll make it all right." Proctor nodded significantly. "Make way for his honor," shoving a rough Irishman out of the way.

All this in less time than it has taken for me to write it down. It was but the halt made by any crowd before breaking up; a Babel of voices talking and coughing, of pushing of benches, creaking of doors began. In another moment the whole audience would have been scattered, when a shrill cry from a woman cleft all lesser noises and silenced them.

It came from the girl who had kept her seat by the prisoner, silent even when the sentence was read; now her very soul rushed out in that cry.

"Dunn! Dunn—look! Oh, God!"

It was a thanksgiving that came with that name; but it was choked before uttered. Barby had thrust out her arms, stooping forward, her eyes fixed on the open door of the court-room; she tried to make a step, staggered, and fell insensible.

"What is this?" said Judge C——. "Take out the woman——"

"Gently! gently, men!" said Seaborn.

"Your honor! judge," gasped the jeweler. "The—the corpse, in fact. The murdered man, Mr. Seaborn," pointing to a tall figure making its way slowly through the crowd.

Samuel Waugh, who was thrust in one corner on this second day, gave a shout of unfeigned astonishment and joy; then, remembering the publicity of the occasion, called out, "My brother!" dramatically enough.

"What does this mean?" demanded Seaborn, growing red. He would have been glad Joyce had been cleared by any other means than this, however. "You don't mean to say," he cried, "that nobody has been murdered, that all this has been a farce?"

"It looks like it. Disappointed, Mr. Seaborn?" laughed one of his brother attorneys.

"Judge C——, one moment! Stop him, some of you!" called Seaborn.

But the judge had already stopped; an expectant hush had fallen on the audience to know what had happened. There was an uncertainty of a moment, and then all eyes gradually centered on the old man and the prisoner, by whom he stood.

Dunn Joyce had laid his hand upon his shoulder to know if he were flesh and blood. It was

Nicholas Waugh, his features pinched, pale from loss of blood, but still alive. He had the same old clothes on which he wore on the day he was missed, but they flapped loosely about him now he had grown so thin; the same old shovel, broad-brimmed hat; horn spectacles; the yellow silk handkerchief sticking out of one pocket; the gray whiskers a shade or two whiter and stiffer, perhaps. But his wrinkled face was curiously lighted up with an expression in it which Dunn Joyce had never seen there—as a man's face lights when one of life's rare occasions stirs and fires his blood; the comprehending of one of God's primeval truths, or, better still, the unfolding of a great, heroic deed of a brother man.

"Joyce!" he said, "thank God! I am in time!"

So profound was the silence that the words were heard distinctly through the dense crowd, though his voice was cracked and feeble. Dunn Joyce's head had sunk, was out of sight; he stood bent unsteadily, like a criminal, crushing his woolen cap up in his hand.

"Mercy!" he muttered; but Waugh leaned close to hear. "It will cost you nothing, Mr. Waugh, and I would have died to save him——"

"I know, Joyce, so you would—I know!" he stopped a minute. "No man ever offered his life more nobly, or for a more worthless scoundrel," in a lower tone. "You have come within an ace of swinging for him, too."

"Can you save me?"

"Why, I'm alive, man."

He looked at Joyce, who was pulling at his collar as if it choked him; the muscles in his face were relaxed; his eye dull and heavy; the sudden shock of relief had blurred his senses, Waugh thought.

"It's been a hard strain on him this day or two," he said to Seaborn, holding Dunn by the shoulder like a sick boy as the lawyer came up, confusedly, with a smile on his mouth.

"They tell me you are Nicholas Waugh, sir? We have come near to doing a murder ourselves here, it appears."

"Very near," the old man growled out, gruffly. "Twelve children would not have brought in a man guilty on evidence such as that, if you had not honeyfugled them. Bah! Well, what red-tape formula must be gone through to bring the boy out?"

A rap on the judge's desk silenced the old man, followed by some words spoken in such a rapid voice by that dignitary, that but half a dozen practiced in the court vernacular could make them out.

"What is it he says? What, eh?" pulling at Dunn's coat-sleeve.

"He will hear evidence that you are, in truth, Nicholas Waugh," said Seaborn.

All this time the excitement around them had grown to a repressed fever heat, when Samuel Waugh again mounted the witness-box, and Judge C—— stood, cane and hat in hand, to hear his testimony. Waugh put it into more vigorous English than one could have hoped; his wife followed; the others who had seen Nicholas on the day of the alleged murder; some of his old neighbors who happened to be in the court-room. A volley of exclamations and half shouts followed each bit of evidence; the lawyers looking at Joyce with astonishment and curiosity; and the "roughs" claiming fellowship with him by pulling at his coat, and calling, "You're free, Joyce, old fellow! Three cheers for this chap, Joyce, boys!"

Nicholas Waugh's identity was fully proven. "There can be no legal ground for detaining the prisoner on the indictment," said Judge C——, "unless," glancing from his watch to Waugh, his curiosity getting the better of his craving fat stomach for dinner—"unless he is prosecuted for the attempted robbery."

"Robbery?" said Waugh, with a bewildered look. "Dunn Joyce? I do not understand."

"Nor does the court," said Judge C——, impatiently, putting up his watch. "The best way, Mr. Waugh, would be for you to mount the stand, and give us an account of this transaction. Who is the guilty party?" Seeing the old man's hesitation. "It is informal, certainly; but it will remove all uncertainty as to the actual amount of this man's culpability."

Joyce caught at Waugh's arm as he turned to go. "Mr. Waugh," he whispered, "spare us. It's an honorable name, let it remain so. Nothing can be served by telling the whole truth; he's out of the law's reach. For the love of God, spare me!"

"Dunn Joyce, you are a fool! If I spare him, it will be for your sake." He went up on the stand.

"I don't know what you want me to say, sir. I am here, and alive. If I came near to death, it is owing to Dunn Joyce that I am alive. 'The diamond found in his possession'" catching the question of a by-stander. "Yes, it was. I met Dunn Joyce before leaving town, and gave it to him to make another attempt to ascertain its real value. I couldn't bring myself to believe it was worth nothing at all. I asked him to do this because I felt ill, and was hurrying home; and instead of doing it, he followed to

save me from the very robbery you charged him with."

"You were robbed, then, or an attempt made?" asked Mottar.

Waugh's color changed, he glanced uneasily at Joyce.

"You were seen struggling with a man," persisted Mottar, seeing his advantage, "who was supposed to be the prisoner?"

Joyce's agitation at this point, and Waugh's distress of perplexity did not escape the crowd; there was another swell and heave forward to catch every sound.

"There is no use in evading the truth. There was an attempt made. Dunn Joyce saved my life by holding back my assailant. In the cover of the darkness I swam on shore. I have been ill since then at a hut to which I wandered that night in my trouble. Joyce did not know that I was alive until I came here to-day."

"But he knew," said the judge, and, turning to Joyce, he asked, "Why did you not offer this defence?"

"You did not even give this hypothesis to me on which to try to elicit evidence?" pursued Mottar, angrily.

Joyce made no reply, though the crowd of wondering eyes were turned to him on all sides—wondering and suspicious, also.

Old Waugh could bear it no longer. He drew himself up to his full height, his eye a-blaze, and his wrinkled jaws growing red, with the blood of his youth wakened into life; and putting his hand on Joyce's shoulder, he said curtly, "It's a long story—why the lad took shame and death on himself. I doubt if it's worth the telling—there's few here would read it right. Come, Joyce, boy. There's nothing to keep us here longer?" looking at Judge C—.

"A mere legal formula."

While they stood waiting, Seaborn came closer and touched Waugh on the arm. "I think I understand. Joyce took the place of some one else?"

"Yes."

"And would have gone through with it, think you? To the end—that end?"

Waugh looked up with a fatherly sort of pride at Joyce's ugly, strong face, on which the last few weeks had deepened the forcible lines.

"There's no backing out in those jaws, I fancy."

Seaborn watched Joyce critically during the time they stood, bowed respectfully to him as he came down. He never forgot the incident; in fact, it was from him I first heard a hint of the story. "Joyce was a man you would look

after in a crowd in spite of his shambling gait," he said, in speaking of his personal appearance. "Not the sort of man to make a hero of, either; but yet there was great power in his face—power and kindness mixed."

Nicholas Waugh did make a hero out of him, however. The knightly spirit of the old man was fully roused by this thing the gardener had done. Following him out, his shovel hat in his hand, and gray head bare, he watched jealously, from side to side, the people who made room for Joyce to pass. Many of the crowd, beginning to comprehend the true state of the case, cheered eagerly as they went. Waugh's eyes filled with tears at that. "So they ought," he said to Seaborn, "so they ought! What better thing is there than that a man should give his life for his friend?"

CHAPTER XII.

It was a bright, clear morning after a heavy night's rain; the stubble-fields and grassy wagon-road were soaked brown; overhead, a few ragged bits of the broken thunder-clouds drifted about in the mellow sunshine like fragments of opaque silver; a strong sea-breeze ruffled through the wet orchard trees, and the crisp leaves of the great walnut outside of the porch, carrying its salty, invigorating smell with it.

At least so Dunn Joyce fancied, looking out of the window of the little breakfast-room. Yesterday morning he had wakened in the jail-cell, with the foul smells of the prison-yard in his nostrils, with the prospect of but a week's life before him; to-day—how broad, and fresh, and powerful nature opened before him! how infinite was life! The simple-hearted fellow had a vague idea that the world rejoiced in his freedom; that the sky had a different blue; the air a healthier, stronger breath; he liked to fancy that the salt taste of the sea was in it as a welcome. For Dunn Joyce had known the full value of the life he had meant to sacrifice, down to its very meanest particulars. It was no willing heroism, we confess; he reached the resolve there in the jail slowly; for Dick's sake he did it, but it wrung his soul bitterly.

He was free now; God had given life to him again. The morning air blew freshly into the little "keeping-room," which Deb had cleaned and furnished up in honor of his coming home. The square of green carpet, in the middle of the floor, had been turned the bright side up; the slip of floor, bared at its edges, was white as the muslin curtains pinned back with bits of cedar; a wood—crackled on the hearth; the

table was set with the odd pieces of blue china, which were the pride of Deb's heart—that old, deep-blue china, which contrasts so strongly with the white table-cloth, and for which we confess a predilection equal to Deb's. The old woman came in now in a clean calico gown, her wrinkled face in a distortion of smiles.

"The old gentleman's not down yet?" putting a couple of dishes on the table. "The coffee's done to a minute, and I've got a beef-steak broiled, and muffins baked to your pleasement, Mr. Dunn."

Joyce nodded and smiled, adjusting the two chairs at the table as he heard the heavy steps of the old man overhead.

It was all natural and commonplace—Deb, and the breakfast, and the nursery outside, yet it rasped and irritated his nerves, strung as they had been for days past. Everybody knows the jar with which we fall into the old ruts of every day living, after our souls have gone through some fiery furnace of trial; have been wrestling with some of God's accredited powers of evil or good; it is not easy to come back, to turn from the great temptation of our lives, or from the dead body lying cold under the moist, yellow clay, there holding all we knew of good in life, to remember that it is foreign mail-day, or that there is no coffee browned, or that sugar has gone up ten cents in the pound. The matter half of our being forces itself back to notice repulsively and meanly, yet with a curious sense of relief.

So the breakfast passed in almost utter silence between the two; the straits they had just gone through were too near and awful to bear discussion—too near to suffer them to enter into thoughts with jest.

"Where are you bound, Joyce?" said Waugh, as they rose from the table.

"The melon-patch. There's work to be done there, I fancy, that won't bear putting off."

"I must go over to Samuel's, I suppose. They will expect it."

The two men stood silent a few moments, Joyce with an anxious, undecided look.

"Mr. Waugh!"

"Well, Dunn?" turning, "I see," after waiting for him to continue. "I understand what you want. He is safe, boy; but not for his sake—not for his sake. I will never accuse Richard by word or look."

"I would rather you had been silent for his sake," said Joyce, pacing to and fro, his eyebrows drawn down, and his hands clasped behind him.

The old man's haggard face took an angry

sternness in it, which Dunn had never seen there before.

"Richard Nolt," he said, "is your brother, Mr. Joyce, for that reason I spared his name. But I do not forget that he plotted to rob an old man living under his roof, and, balked in that by you, tried to murder him. I am no fool, Joyce. I see things as they are."

Joyce stopped. "You cannot call his deed by too harsh a name," he said, "and I don't expect you to look on the other side and see what temptation he had. I don't expect it of you, sir—you least of all men. But I cannot help seeing it," letting his head fall on his chest, and resuming his slow walk.

Waugh was staggered. "Nobody ever sinned without temptation," he said, angrily, "I suppose. You always were too fond of that fellow, Joyce. You indulged him to his ruin, sir. But this is carrying it a little too far—a little too far. And to me, too. I feel his fingers on my throat now," with a shiver.

"I don't ask you to find an excuse for him. But I cannot belie my own feeling, sir, and I do it. Maybe I did indulge him to his ruin. But he had a look of my mother's in his eye that I could not resist. And Dick had his good points, God help him!" with a choked groan, sitting down to tie on his leggings.

"What were his temptations?" growled out Waugh.

Joyce looked up eagerly. "I don't think, to begin with, that Dick had a sharp enough sense of the right of property. His father was loose in that way, though he was a kind, whole-hearted fellow."

"Generous on other men's means? I've known such good fellows," under his breath.

Joyce reddened. "I only mean he would give away rather than pay away."

"Exactly; and Dick would borrow with the intention of paying double—borrow with, or without leave. I know the secret you held between you, Dunn. Forgive me if I speak of it now, we'll have the air all clear between us. I knew that Richard forged a draft in my name, and that you redeemed it to hush the matter up."

Again Joyce's face burned scarlet. "But you never knew," he said, passionately, "what it is to work on, for year after year, and see success just escape you, for the want of a little money, as he did. To see those you loved needing help, which one day of good luck would enable you to give them; to find yourself thwarted and cramped in the best part of your nature; to love a woman you dared not marry—when a little money would have mended all this. That was

part of Dick's temptations, sir. He thought you were going to throw your money away uselessly, and——"

"So he kindly would have relieved me of the care of it?"

"He meant to repay you. As God lives, I think that. And when, in struggling with him, you discovered him, it was a movement of desperation to throw you off."

"Oh, Dunn! Dunn! Is it you who justify robbery and murder?"

There was a moment's pause before the answer came.

"It is useless to try to make myself understood," answered Joyce, at last. "Let the matter rest between us. I am grateful if, for any cause, you will spare my brother's name, Mr. Waugh."

The old man took snuff—a sure sign of displeasure. He did not like to be bluffed out of his argument; he would rather have owned himself wrong and had leave to talk it out.

"Well, as you please," he said. "It is not so pleasant a subject to me that I need care to linger on it. Richard is safe for me, as I told you before. He is punished enough by this time, I warrant you. By the time a man has thought himself a murderer for a month, he is tolerably fit food for the gallows!"

He pulled on his hat and stalked out of the house, while Dunn looked after him with an anxious, startled face.

"I never thought of that!" he said to himself. "Poor Dick! It has been a bitter month to him."

He went out to his gardening; pruning, clipping, hoeing, as in the old time, going back gradually into the every-day habit so thoroughly, that when dinner time came, and he and Nicholas Waugh sat down alone to the cold ham, and bread, and beer, he caught himself glancing down the road two or three times, up which Dick used to saunter, switching the tops of the thistles with his cane.

"Never again," he thought, bending over his plate to hide his face. "Never!" He had not realized it before.

It was a silent meal; but the old man seemed to have forgotten the morning's skirmish, and was full of quiet kindness.

"You'll go over to Samuel's soon, Joyce?" as they came out from table, and lighted their pipes preparatory to a smoke. "You'll be a hero over there. I was," with a chuckle.

Dunn's eyes twinkled. "With Mrs. Samuel?" he said.

"Yes. She took me out to a cranny, near the

old stone-quarry, where she told me she had intended a modest monument to be raised to my memory, and showed me a 'memorial,' in verse, destined for next week's issue of the Times. There was a chastened sadness in her face as she turned over this ineffectual effort, that made me feel as if I had somehow swindled her by coming up alive and jolly. I told her to keep them, however, they'll answer some time. You've not seen Barby since—to-day, I mean? She's looking thin and haggard."

"Ah!" said Joyce, whistling a bit of peach-bough vigorously; after awhile he said he "was sorry;" and that was all.

That night Dunn Joyce slept but for a few minutes before dawn, and got up, looking, as he dressed, constantly out over the hay-field to the smoke rising from Samuel Waugh's house beyond the Lombardy poplars. How the fresh morning light shivered on their wax-like leaves, but it looked cold to Dunn, as if it shone on trees above a grave. There had been a foolish little hope that had started into life in the past yesterday, which would have lighted his wide, aimless, dull life into an untold splendor. But all through the night he had been putting it out of sight forever. "I was a fool!" he muttered perpetually to himself. "It was a sickly fancy that I could be anything to her but poor old Joyce, whom she endured for Dick's sake. And if it were otherwise, Dick shall never think I profited by his misfortune. God help him!" He always ended his thoughts of Dick thus: tried this morning to convince himself that it cost him nothing to resolve he never would cross the hay-field to Samuel Waugh's again. "Now that Dick's gone, I'll go back to the law, out West. I'll not cross Barby's path again. She ought to have young, fresh blood near her. We've aged the child—the Waughs and I. It will be a young, cheerful heart—her friend's and—her husband's. As for the rest, the old calf-skin books will be enough for me."

So he put on his working-coat and went down to breakfast, with a face more haggard and hopeless than any he had worn in prison.

CHAPTER XIII.

DENN JOYCE was true to his resolve; he never did cross the field to Samuel Waugh's. Barby came once or twice to her uncle's room as she had been used to do, but her visits ceased after that. She had passed Joyce in the nursery, and had exchanged a few words with him about the vegetables and fruit, during which their voices shook in a way which the subject hardly

seemed to warrant. When they touched hands, too, at meeting, hers was feverish, and his curiously cold and clammy.

But that was all. Except that brief discussion of the potato and melon crops, they had found nothing to say to each other.

"Nor ever would," Barby thought, sitting at her window with her interminable sewing, and looking over at the familiar path she had trodden so often, and now meant to pass over no more.

There was much in the trial, in her uncle's whole adventure, which she could not comprehend, which he would not explain, let her father apply the forcing-pumps as he would.

For her part, she asked no questions. The subject had died out of the public mind, after the newspapers had dressed the *denouement* into a "romance in real life;" but it still remained the sole topic for Barby to pore over in these long, solitary days. Where was Richard Nolt? Where had he been during his brother's danger? Dunn Joyce was preparing to sell the nursery stock and emigrate to "the Ohio," (as it was then called.) She heard this as a matter of common report. What was it to her? And Barby gulped back the hot tears, her whole flesh burning as she remembered how she had suffered him to look into her very soul on that day, when she thought him on the brink of death. He seemed to have forgotten that; maybe, thought it bold and unwomanly—with a sharper thrill of shame and anger. Dunn was in no whit guilty, she knew that; but there was a mystery in the whole business—a pushing of her out and away by both Joyce and her uncle. They were the only two people in the world whom she loved; they were the whole world to her—but let it be; she would never intrude on them again.

Old Nicholas Waugh was not blind: he saw all this moving and counter-moving of the man and woman, and laughed over it as a fragment of the world-old heart strategy, out of which come half the zest, and joy, and tragedy of every-day life.

"It's the old business," he said, thinking it over one evening, as he sat on the stoop smoking and waiting for Dunn to come into tea. "The old business—but it needs a skillful touch to set it right, I fancy. I had other plans for Barby; a year or two of life outside would make another woman of her." Something suggested that it might unfit her to be Dunn Joyce's wife. And the old man did Joyce justice; with all his perception of his awkwardness and simplicity, he knew that he had known no truer-hearted

gentleman. "It needs a hint or two to set it right," knocking the ashes out of his pipe. "I can manage it."

He could hardly wait to swallow his tea and bread, in his haste to be off to Samuel Waugh's; and forgot to give Joyce a letter he had brought from the office until he was just starting. "A woman's handwriting, too, Dunn—and from abroad. I'm sorry to have kept you out of it."

There was no answering smile on Dunn's face as he took it. He knew Richard's writing in spite of the disguise; he did not break the seal until the gate swung behind the old man.

The date was at Florence; the letter itself was but a few hurried words, beginning without preface:

"I was about," it said, "to write 'my dear brother,' but remembered that you may no longer claim me as a brother. To you I am but the thief and murderer which circumstances made me; hereafter, when my nature and talent have room to work out, others may think differently of me. Meanwhile, I ask of you to forget me; there is no one else to whom that task will be hard, not even Barby. It would have hurt me a month ago to think that; but I tell you frankly, Dunn, it does not now. The events of that day, the change, and even this short intercourse with the world, have showed me how idle was the fancy that would have nailed me down to that little corner in the marshes. I should never have been the painter I was meant to be. I'd have grown fat, and lazy, and dull, as Barby's husband. That air even affects people in that manner, I think—I can see it in even you, Dunn. I say nothing to you of Barby herself, because I think whatever feeling we had for each other was merely the result of propinquity. For that last night, we will let that go, too. I have reasoned over all that I did a thousand times, and I can see it only in one light. Circumstances drew me into the scrape, and drew me out again. I meant to borrow the money which the diamond would bring. When I was discovered, a mad impulse made me thrust him into the river. It was accident saved him—in fact, it was accident throughout. Of course, there was wrong at the bottom of it, but I don't see where my crime began. I read the account of your trial in the papers yesterday. You're a good fellow, Joyce, to go to all that trouble for a poor devil. But, of course, you knew you were safe all the time. You brought in the old man in the very nick of time for effect. That Mottar must be a sharp chap. Now, as it's all safely over, I'm off for a

dash at fortune. You shall never see me again unless I find her. Good-by, Dunn! I've been a burden to you long enough. Thank God it's over! and forget me until I turn up again. R. N."

Joyce read the letter over but once; then he tore it up and burnt it, bit by bit, looking with aimless eyes into the fire after it was all gone, as if something had hurt him. Dunn was human, after all; he could not but remember how much of his life had been given up for this brother, and that this was all the reward.

He never spoke of this letter until years after; then he said that Dick had covered up his own feeling, and written harshly and roughly that he might be less regretted. In the course of time the dull soul, stupid always in thinking evil, had persuaded himself of the truth of this.

To-night, after destroying the letter, he went out, and paced to and fro for awhile before the house, then stopped, leaning against the hacked, gray trunk of the great walnut. The soft evening shadows were lying over the cooled fields near at hand; while away off, on the rim of the horizon, a yellow haze of heated air hung. Deb was coaxing the fat, old cow into the barn-yard, with many an encouraging slap and "ho-cy!" The chickens were mounting clamorously on to their roosts; now and then the shrill cry of some solitary bird, winging its way home to its nest, broke the stillness. But Dunn's eyes were fixed on two figures down in the hollow; he grew blind and deaf to all else—the old man and Barby. She wore white. He could see the light dress flutter about her figure as she walked, holding a straw hat on her head with one hand, and steadying the old man's walk with the other. Her every motion was graceful and careless. He fancied how the wide, brown eyes would glisten and flash through the darkening twilight; how the young girl's soul shone through it, simple and pure. "Propinquity!" Dick had thrown her off as he would a spaniel, her and her love. *Had she loved him, or—*"

Dunn Joyce started up from his lounging attitude, erect, and, pulling his hat over his brows, strode down the hill to where the girl stood now alone on the little foot-bridge, having parted from her uncle. There are moments in a man's life when his nature starts up, defiant and wakeful, and in a brief space conquers the slow future of years; one of them came to tardy Dunn now. "The man was man, and master of his fate."

Nicholas Waugh passed him, and chuckled silently, having given the skillful touch, he thought, which would set all right. In this

wise: Coming along the road, Barby said, "Richard Nolt makes a long tour through the Lebanon Valley?" No reply. "Is there no letter? Has Mr.—Mr. Joyce not heard of him?"

"He has not told me of any letter. I've something to show you, Barby," drawing out a folded piece of paper from his waistcoat pocket. "What is it?" "The night I was assaulted—the night—" "I know," under her breath, bending forward eagerly. "The man dogged me from under the square bit of rock at the corner of the road there, you remember?"

"Yes. Go on, uncle," catching her breath. He wondered how much of the truth she knew, how much she could bear. "Never mind. It was a tough wrestle. I used to stand up against better made men than he; and it is half skill, you know—but no matter. You don't want a prize-fighter's story. It was a tough wrestle. But the fellow did not want to hurt me—mind that, Barby. Give the devil his due. He was after nothing but the diamond. His hat was slouched so as to hide his face. In the struggle I clutched at his breast, and caught this bit of paper, which must have been carelessly thrust into his pocket; and when I got that in my hand, he closed on me, and threw me into the river, fearing identification through it." "Can I see it?" said Barby, in a tone of forced calmness. Her uncle did not speak as he placed it in her hand. What if she loved the man? But it was better, even then, that she should know. The letter was one written by her step-mother, to her friend in Lebanon, introducing Richard Nolt. To his surprise, when she looked at it, her eyes glowed, and her face burned; she smiled softly to herself. "I thought of this before," she said, quietly handing it back to him. "I am glad to understand Dunn Joyce at last." There was a sort of sob in her voice.

"I knew what was coming," Waugh used to say afterward; "so I said good-night, and made off. I cannot bear a woman's tears, and I knew Barby's little heart was bursting for a good cry. On the hill I met Dunn—it was time for me to be gone."

Perhaps it is no time for us to come in; to pry through the soft, half light at the narrow foot-bridge over the little creek, and the two figures standing there, bending toward each other, the whole world without that circle made by a bent arm—a world that was worth nothing then to them; to look at the doubt, suspicion, certainty, chasing each other over poor Dunn's honest face, and the radiant glow that ended all.

It would not have startled Dunn if she had driven him back roughly. Dick's letter had

galled him to the quick; he was ready for rebuff or slight; a wound had grown to be a natural expectation for him. How did Barby show him that rebuffs were over for him in the world—that she meant to take his blundering old heart into her love, and keep it there? How? I don't know. Cried a little, I suppose; (she was sobbing when he came;) called him her hero, and hid her face, and let him say the rest. Words which never came from a stronger, deeper heart-love than old Dunn's, or with more power to conquer, dull though men thought him. When he came home, late that night, he stood a moment in the porch, baring his hair until the fresh breeze should blow through it, and looking at the moonlight bathing the sleeping valley.

"It is as if I had been born again," he said; then his eyes turned slowly upward to the home of Him who had done all this for him.

CHAPTER XIV.

Six years later, a half-genteel grog-house on the confines of a western town, half a dozen men playing "sevens-up" on a bench outside. "It's my luck!" said one, dashing down the cards, and standing up with a yawn. "It has dogged me this thirty years. I'll stand a drink, gentlemen."

Only one or two accepted the invitation. The speaker was not popular amongst them; a stranger without any name, who had been hanging about the town for a week without any obvious business, joking with the loafers at the tavern-door and groceries, dropping in at the printing-offices, gossiping, questioning, carrying through all the same furtive, watchful face, and sour wit. Every joke he dropped left a bitter smack after it. He was not liked; the men played with him, but would not drink at his expense.

They took one glass now "to luck," he and the half-grown boys who followed him. "It's all luck," he said, spitting out the bad whiskey. "Cursed poor stuff, that! I say it's all luck. Look at your leading man, sir, who rules this country. I had twice his brains, at the same age, but the chances were against me. Well, one more glass for a good journey. I'm off in the morning. I could stay and live on the fat of the land here, but I'm not such a mean hound yet as to live off of any man's alms."

After they had done drinking, the others went back to their game, paying but little heed to his boasts; and he sauntered out of the street into an open common, and from that into a country road. He was a middle-aged man, rapidly growing old, thick-set, and stooped. The dull

malice on his face came out more strongly when he was alone; but there was also a something sad and bitter in it, that would have touched any one who had watched him. There were none to see but One! he who is loving to this man as to every other; whose eye had followed the growing selfishness of his each step through life with a pitiful and exceeding tender care.

The man walked on until he came to a hill fenced in with a thick grove of horse-chestnuts. Beyond them, a smooth lawn ran up to a large quietly-toned building, full of queer abutments, deep bay-windows, broad chimneys—a model of home-comfort. The man stopped by a hedge, and stood watching.

"It is a snug rest for your old days, Dunn Joyce," he said. "I could have a seat by the fire, I suppose, for the rest of my time, and stupid old Dunn would believe in me as much as ever—if his wife would let him. Bah! She has sharp eyes! It's cheaper to draw on him as before, and spend the money in my own way. My way is not his."

Richard Nolt had drawn very freely on his brother during these past few years, and had come now to see what could further be done; but something had deterred him from throwing himself in his brother's way. His confriars at the tavern hinted that he was afraid of old Mr. Waugh. Dodged him always when the old man came jogging in on his gray mare from Joyce's to the post-office; though why, no one could imagine—for Waugh never did harm to any living creature, according to popular belief; brushed the very flies gently off of the horse's ear.

While the man stood and watched, a gentleman came out of the side-door of the house, and helped a little girl to mount a tame-looking pony—a tall, strongly-built man, moving slowly, with the air of one who habitually exercises authority, yet nervously gentle in his touch of the child. He turned presently, calling to some one within, and a lady came out and stood in the full glow of the setting sun, watching the old pony canter slowly about, coaxing the timid rider, calling out, "Well done, my baby!" and turning to laugh with her husband.

"And that was Barbara! He recognized her well, as the sunlight struck on her white arm, and the mass of brown hair that lay like a coronet on her head. In all his life he had never seen a more delicate or prouder presence.

The little girl was lifted off at last by an old servant; father and mother stood petting and soothing her, until she laughed with them, and

then all went in together. It was a pretty picture, Richard Nolt thought.

He waited, walking up and down outside of the hedge, until the dark came on, and the lights began to glimmer in the house-windows. In the room which he had already learned was the library, he could see figures passing backward and forward—his brother's, Barbara's, the bent form of the old man. As he watched, the bitterness faded off his face, and the disappointment deepened. He looked down at his shabby trousers and greasy coat—they seemed to express himself, and his whole life to him. "I'll not go among them," he muttered. "I've had a glimpse, and that's as much as I can bear."

Once or twice he stopped and hesitated; some kindly feeling of old childish days seemed to drive him toward the house, then he drew back, and resumed his stern walk, muttering, "No! But I'd like to have seen Dunn's child nearer."

It was near midnight when he left the road. After the last light had gone out in the house, a damp mist had risen, and wet his coat and whiskers with a clammy damp. He buttoned up his waistcoat, with a shiver. "That's the last of old Dunn!" looking at the sleeping house, dark and massive, piled up against the gray sky. "Going down to his grave like one of his own shocks of corn, fully ripe, with God and

man looking kindly on him. If I'd gone to his house, it would have wakened the devil among them all. I'll let them alone. Dunn was a good fellow to me once."

The heavy night deepened and grew clammy as he toiled up the hill; at the top of it he stopped and looked back a minute, then lit a segar, and plunged down into the fog and cold. "God knows where the difference began. I thought it was luck did it," with a dull perception that a man held the rudder of his own fate, after all. "If I can make a decenter man of myself, I'll come back; and if not, it will take but a few more years to finish me."

The cheerful morning sun drove away the mists and fog from about Dunn Joyce's home. There was no happier, more life-full home in the West, where life is so full of strength and zest. Richard Nolt disappeared in the cold and fog. No tidings ever came from him. If his life changed and ran in another current, higher and more unselfish than he had ever known; or if it went out into that cold and fog from whence none have returned to tell the tale, Dunn Joyce never knew.

But of one thing we are sure, that He whose eye held Dunn and his loved ones in sunshine and rest, followed the erring wanderer with a glance more tender in that he erred; and we would fain believe that it will bring him back, in this life or another, to peace at last.

SUNBEAMS.

BY TRUSTIE HOPE.

BRILLIANT, happy sunbeams!

Frolicsome and free;
Happy with the children,
Laughing in their glee;
Playing o'er the meadows,
Sparkling on the wave;
Watching so cheerily
'Round the silent grave;
Straying in the lone heart,
Waking up the mind;
Drying every tear-drop
Trembling in the wind.

Stealing into shady spots
Where the dew-drops hide;
Forming them into diamonds,
Fit for queenly pride;
Peeps into the flower-cup
Where the fairy weeps;
Gazes on the lily bud,
On her bosom sleeps;
Glances on the bright green leaf—
Turns it into gold;
Kissing every rain-drop—
Loving all the world.

Dancing like a fairy .

'Round the rich man's door;
Playing with the baby
On the cottage floor;
Smiling in the eventide,
On the hussle gay,
Tripping o'er the meadows,
On her homeward way;
Thinking of that dear one
Watching in the glen;
Listening to silver notes
Coming now and then.

Tips each clouded darkness,
Hails the rosy morn;
Gilds a gaudious sunset
E'er the night comes on;
Lingers 'round the death-bed—
Wins the soul to God;
Brightens every sorrow,
E'en the chilling sod;
Makes this world a Paradise,
Blooming, bright, and free;
Smiles of God descending
To the world and me.

UNDER A CLOUD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

I stood and looked at her in dumb surprise. Was this the woman I had seen so cold and self-possessed, going about, day after day, with scarcely a change in the resolute face, or an alteration in the icy, dignified manner?

There I stood, I say, and stared at her till stronger feelings rushed over that stupor of astonishment, and stung the cold pain, which lay always at my heart, into a momentary fire. I did not enter the room, or make my presence in any way known to her. I could no more do it than if we had been utter strangers. I was as powerless to send my soul near hers, with comfort for that wild grief, as if the boundaries of half the universe stretched between us.

She was down on her knees, as if she had at first tried to stem the tempest with prayers and supplications, her auburn hair falling in gorgeous masses even to the floor, her whole frame shaking with convulsive sobs, between the intervals of which I could hear the tears patter like rain on the marble table by which she knelt.

Then I went slowly away, back to my own part of the house, and left my wife, Eleanor Wynne, to her solitude and her secret grief.

We had a dinner-party that night. I remember it was given in honor of some European acquaintances of mine, and I did not meet Eleanor until I went into the library, where she was receiving her guests. It was difficult to believe she was the woman whom I had seen weeping in such insane anguish only a few hours before.

How cold, and proud, and beautiful she looked, with such force and intensity making themselves felt under all the coldness of her face; and her eyes, with an absorbed, far-away expression, as if they were always watching her soul travel away from the tame restraints of the present.

She was elegantly dressed—always that. Her life through she had been accustomed to wealth and luxury, and the refined perfection of her taste was a thing to marvel at. I never saw her that her dress was not an artist's study, however simple it might be; never looked at a bouquet of her arranging that was not a poem from the exquisite feeling for the beautiful.

We had been married six months; but if I had remained across the ocean, which for so many

years separated us, we could not have been farther apart than during these past weeks.

I cannot tell you what people thought, or suspected; but I really believe, such strange control had we both over ourselves, that there was scarcely one among the gay crowd who filled our house, that stopped to think there was anything uncommon in the undercurrent of our lives.

Ours had been a girl and boy engagement; not from a love which was the growth of childish association, for we never met until I was eighteen, and Eleanor three years younger.

Eleanor's mother had married a relative of my father, and I saw her for the first time when I went to their house on a visit. There were only a few weeks of companionship—I was soon to start for India—but long enough for a dream to spring up in my heart, which was more than the passing fancy of a young nature; and during those years of separation it grew stronger, till it became the foundation upon which all my hopes for the future were based.

But the history of those first weeks—it needs few words to make it clear. Before I went away we were acknowledged lovers, and it was an instance where the wishes of young people were in entire unison with those of their friends.

Then followed all those years of absence, with only letters to break the void which swept between us.

I was able at length to return—free to live in my native land once more, and to claim the happiness for which I had waited so long.

Let me say for myself, that during those years my heart had never once swerved from the allegiance which it had so proudly accepted during that beautiful summer time.

I returned to find Eleanor transformed into a stately woman, lovely, far beyond even the promise of her girlhood. There were a few days of such excitement that I had no leisure in the whirl of varied feelings, consequent upon my return, to see anything clearly; and then the marriage, which in our letters it had been arranged should take place two or three months after my arrival, was hastened in the most unexpected manner.

My father was very ill. He was so strongly impressed with the idea that he should never

recover, that at his earnest plea we were married without delay or preparation.

It sounds very romantic to read of such things, but the reality was the most uncomfortable, wretched affair that ever anybody endured.

I noticed no change in Eleanor; the time was so brief, I was so full of my own happiness, that I could not doubt her feelings. Yet, much as I felt, perhaps I betrayed very little in my manner. I was naturally quiet and reserved, my life had made me still more so, and the very excess of my feelings added to it at that time.

We were married. There was a week or two of quiet, marred by the suspense and anxiety in which we were kept by my father's illness; then he began to mend, and we went away by ourselves.

Between that season and the period of which I began to write, many months had elapsed, and we were waiting for spring to come in our city home; while in my own heart the longing for the bright summer, and the quiet it brings, grew into absolute unrest.

The months had passed, and between my soul and that of the woman whom I had so loved for years, there yawned a gulf which no effort of mine had been able to bridge over.

Not from contentions which burn love up in their hot fires; not from doubts or suspicions which rust it away; there was no one period to name as the commencement of that misery; no cause which I could assign as its basis—but there it was. Eleanor Wynne and I were more utterly separated than when, in the freshness of our youthful love, the broad ocean first billooded between us.

Eleanor did not love me. In her cowardice she had allowed our marriage to be hurried on, when her heart shrank with horror from the idea of that union.

There was no possibility of assigning worldly motives as the prompters of the act—her fortune and position were brilliant. I could understand from the first that she had consented to this sacrifice, because she had not the courage, at that late day, to break through the pledge which had bound her so long.

We had no explanation—how was it possible, when the bare thought tore at my heart like an iron hand? I opened not my lips, and slowly we drifted on toward that frozen sea, where the last hope and warmth was dying out of my soul.

But I had a story to tell you, not merely to give utterance to these broken expressions, which can afford you no idea of all that I suffered during that season.

It was but little more than a fortnight after our marriage. We had gone away from the anxiety which had disturbed the whole circle of relatives. We were traveling, and ready, one might have thought, to accept our new-found happiness in the very fullness of content.

Until that journey we had not been alone, constantly surrounded by friends, and oppressed by fears for my father's safety, for Eleanor's affection toward him had always been like that of a daughter; so that now, for the first time, I was able to comprehend that the dream of all those years had become a reality—Eleanor was, indeed, my own wife.

And while these thoughts were fresh in my mind this was what met me—the phantom which was every day to gain substance, until its giant shadow shut me completely out from the sun.

I went into Eleanor's room. I had knocked, but hearing no summons, fancied her absent, and looked in to see if such was the case. She had not heard me—did not perceive me as I stood there. She was sitting with her back to the door, weeping and sobbing as only once after I ever saw her do, holding in her hand a little package of letters, worn, it seemed by the glance I got, from constant perusal and tears.

Only for an instant I saw them. A lighted candle stood on the table by her; she held the letters in the flame, and then threw them on the hearth. When the last fragment had died to ashes, I saw her sink slowly on her knees; then I stole away—I had seen more than enough—I could trust myself no longer.

Oh! the misery of the thoughts that kept me company, as I sat in my room reflecting upon what I had seen! I was not jealous in the ordinary acceptance of the word; my mind could never have gone sufficiently astray to blind me to the true, pure instincts of Eleanor's nature, but I could not help understanding the truth.

I had seen Eleanor Wynne destroying the last relics of some dream, which now had no right to a place even in her thoughts. During those years of separation, she had discovered that her affection for me had been only a girlish fancy—some one had come between me and the heart I believed mine.

I was not angry with her. I declare to you that even in the first whirl of emotion I felt only deep regret and sympathy for her pain. I did not blame her for having deceived me. I knew how open and truthful her nature was, and I could understand how this apparent treachery had been forced upon her.

I did not doubt that she had formed a deter-

mination to tell me everything on my return, and trust to my sense of right to free her from the shackles of her engagement, but circumstances or fate had prevented all this.

Immediately after my arrival, there was the confusion of my father's illness; his incessant pleadings with both of us that our marriage might take place at once, lest he should be deprived of the sight for which he had waited so anxiously during those years of my exile. She could not draw back then—she was completely hemmed in by the exigencies of the time. She saw, perhaps, the risk of endangering the sick man's life. She had not courage to support the wonder and indignation of our relatives; so, with martyr-like patience, she had permitted the sacrifice to go on; and now both our lives were wrecked, for this world at least.

I was uncertain how to act—it was so difficult to form a decision. I stilled my own agony and tried to think only of her. My first impulse was to rush to her—to cry out,

"Eleanor, poor Eleanor! I know the truth at last! I cannot free you from the evil destiny we have forced upon you; but look on me as a brother—confide in me—let us talk together, and see if no means can be discovered to bring you, at least, peace and rest."

Then, as I reflected more calmly, it seemed to me that my better plan was never to appear to suspect the truth; to give her the entire freedom of her life; relieve her in every way possible of the burden of my presence; taking every precaution that those who knew us best could have no reason to suspect that there was any division between us; and leave no loophole, through which the curious eyes of the world could stare in upon our wretchedness.

This I decided to do; and I knew myself well enough to be confident that I could carry out my plan with patience and resignation.

But for a season, at least, I must be alone. It was only in entire solitude that I could school myself to endure that overthrow of all which made life endurable.

That evening I said to Eleanor,

"I find I must leave you for a few days; you will think me a very ungallant husband."

She looked up wearily.

"I don't understand."

I hurried through an explanation.

"Ford writes me from town, concerning some business that my father's illness has prevented his attending to. If I neglect it any longer, I shall be a considerable loser."

It was true enough, though heaven knows the dread of losing money would have affected me

little at any time, certainly was not even to be felt then.

"Do not hesitate on my account," she said.

She longed for a brief respite; she needed solitude as much as I did, to have time to subdue herself to the manner which she must henceforth wear.

"You will be lonely, I am afraid," I said, from one of those impulses of self-torture common to all who suffer pain such as I was enduring.

"You know I am accustomed to being alone," she answered; "I beg you will not think of that."

So I went away; and when the week which I had allotted myself was at an end, I returned with my mind thoroughly made up, able to look the future plainly in the face, and go through my course with apparent calmness.

It was fortunate for me that I had always been in the habit of restraining my feelings, that my natural manner was reserved, almost cold—it made it less difficult for me to act the part which I must henceforth do. Perhaps, when this phase of existence should be over, and Eleanor and I stood face to face in the light of another world, she might understand the motives which had actuated me, and pity at least the past life of sorrow and renunciation.

I knew how she would blame herself because she could not love me. I could picture to myself her hours of remorse for the wrong of which I held her blameless.

Oh, I thank God! that I had no harsh, selfish thoughts; that from the first my one aim was to spare her every pain I could; and since it was too late to set her free, render her life at least tolerable by my forbearance.

But I do not wish to tell you a long story, and this mere record of my feelings and resolutions cannot interest you.

The winter had come. We were settled in our home—and a beautiful home it was; for in the minutest details I had thought of Eleanor's taste and comfort.

People said every room was like a picture, or a poem. I trusted that the gratification of her love for the beautiful might win for her something of repose.

We were wealthy, our position was a fine one, so that, in spite of ourselves, we were surrounded by society, and forced to take an active part in its poor play.

Under other circumstances this would have been distasteful to me. I should have grudged the world its intrusion into my happiness; but now it was better so—much better.

I did not like business. I had always intended, after my return, to devote myself to the cultivation of such pursuits as gave me leisure and satisfaction—but this would not answer now. I must have occupation—hard, dry business details, to steady my mind; so I plunged into the dull routine with as much earnestness as the most determined money-worshiper of the crowd.

With our lives thus arranged, you can see how free I left Eleanor, how seldom I intruded upon her time or patience. The whole day she had to herself; night after night we were out, or had people gathered about us, so that we lived almost as much apart as if we did not share the same home.

I watched Eleanor. I saw her grow colder and more quiet, wrapping her pride closely over the pain at her heart, and going through her duties with a calmness for which I honored her. In society she was gay and animated; but I at least could see through the hollow mask, and understand how lonely and weary she was in the midst of it all.

So it went on. Oh, the dark, dreary time! I can find only one comparison for it. I was like a man who had been buried alive, and was groping for some outlet from the dark terror of the vault, and knowing that none could ever be found.

It was one night at a party; I had made a plea of business, and only went very late—it was as much as I could endure for that evening.

The rooms were crowded, and there were a great many people whom I did not know. I saw Eleanor dancing with a man whom I had never met—saw her with a light in her eyes, an animation in her face, which I had not seen there since the day I called her wife.

I have told you, I think, how beautiful she was, and more admired than any woman in all the crowds we frequented. Two ladies were watching her. I was wedged in close to them, and could not avoid hearing a few whispered words.

“That is Mrs. Wynne dancing with Fred Warren; he has just come back from the South. I wonder how her husband will like it?”

“Why?” the other asked.

“Because it’s an old flirtation. I believe Eleanor More loved him. I always thought so; but this engagement with Wynne was an old affair; there was no getting out of it—poor girl!”

In those gossiping terms I had heard the secret of Eleanor’s life. Perhaps there would

be curious eyes upon me—people watching to see how the husband regarded this meeting between his wife and her former lover. Verily, they should find no gratification.

I had been dancing, and was leading my partner to a seat, when we met Eleanor and Warren. I was presented to him, and there we four stood talking gaily; and I bore it calmly, reading all the while in Eleanor’s flushed cheeks and glittering eyes the proof of that which gave a new sting to the pain of my life.

Here I was powerless to act. I could not help her in this strait. But I did not fear for her. You may believe me when I say that I suffered from no jealous pang. I could trust that pure soul, that earnest, clear-sighted nature; but more than ever I pitied her for the terrible fate which had been forced upon her.

For a time after that evening Eleanor went out much less. I understood the reason—she could not allow herself to meet that man. Sometimes, during the brief moments that we were alone, I would catch her eyes fixed upon my face with an earnest, imploring glance, as if almost impelled to give me her confidence, and ask my aid in her distress—but she never spoke; and I could not by a single word give her the consciousness that I in any way suspected her secret.

As for Warren himself, I treated him exactly as I did any other former friend of Eleanor, whose acquaintance I chanced to make. I did not hold aloof from him. Abroad and in my own house he was received with frank courtesy; and, in spite of every feeling which would have prejudiced me against him, I could see that he was a noble, honest-hearted man; and I felt confident that never, by word or look, would he add to Eleanor’s pain, or attempt to fling the spell of any old remembrance against the barriers which now separated them.

Several weeks must have gone on in this way. I think no one, except such as had suffered similar agony, could be made to understand how full of misery they were.

The careless words which I had overheard concerning Eleanor, made me fearful that many of her acquaintance might suspect that secret of her girlhood, and be watching every act with the cold scrutiny with which the best of us regard our friends under like circumstances. I knew that nothing in Eleanor’s conduct would ever give the least clue to gossip of any sort; but it made me furious to think that those among whom we lived might be plying or blaming us, according to the mode in which

their particular ill-nature found vent—and I longed anxiously for Warren's departure.

We had given a morning concert, in order to introduce some poor, struggling girl, in whom Eleanor had interested herself; and after the crowd dispersed, a number of the men, whom it was most desirable to propitiate, had stayed to luncheon, interspersed with a sprinkling of those whom it was pleasant to have remain for their own sakes.

The day had been completely wasted; it was growing twilight when the last of the idlers sauntered out. Eleanor and I would have been alone in the library, to which we had retreated, except for the presence of Frederick Warren.

He had outstayed the last of the guests—a gay widow—who had been making a dead set at him all the morning; and after she had gone, he said,

"It is very rude of me to tire you so completely, but it seems so deliciously quiet here after all the bustle."

"We shall not drive you away," Eleanor replied. "For my own part, I am incapable of any exertion beyond resting in my easy-chair."

I made some remark—I don't remember what; speaking only because I feared it would look odd if I remained silent, with that ridiculous feeling one always has when one fears to betray any secret.

After my brilliant conversational effort, I rose to leave the room, but Warren said,

"Let me bore you a moment longer, Wynne. I staid on purpose to tell you and your wife something."

I sat down in a sort of stupid wonder.

"Now for it," I said, with an attempt at a laugh.

I glanced at Eleanor—she looked pale and nervous. I could see she was making some strong effort at self-control. I would not trouble her by my scrutiny—I looked resolutely away.

Shall I tell you what my feelings were as I sat waiting for Warren to speak? Perhaps you will not believe me, but I was thinking how cheerfully I would give my life, if by that sacrifice I could restore to Eleanor the happiness I had so unconsciously wrested from her. I pitied her so when I thought of the shipwreck her youth had endured, that I almost forgot the keen pang at my own heart in the remembrance of her suffering.

"I want to ask a favor of you two," Warren said. "Wynne, your family and I are old friends. I have known you so long that I have never felt that you were a stranger."

"Eleanor's friends are mine," I answered.

I am certain there was no sign of coldness in my voice.

"And now for this wonderful favor," Eleanor said. She spoke quickly, it seemed to me, with an attempt at playfulness, which poorly concealed some deeper thought.

"Will you have patience to listen to a romantic story?" he asked.

"Oh, that will interest us both!" I returned, quickly, dreading to give Eleanor an opportunity to speak just then, lest she should make some betrayal of feeling, which would shatter the hollow ground where we stood.

"It will sound like folly, perhaps," he went on; "but, after all, I fancy, life's pleasantest things usually come under that head, according to the definition of wise people."

"But we are not wise," I answered; "are we, Eleanor?"

"No, no! Heaven knows we are not!"

The repressed earnestness of her voice seemed to strike her, and she added gaily,

"But the story? Really, my feminine curiosity will not bear any further delay."

The twilight had gathered so rapidly that the room was wrapped in shadow. Eleanor sat at some distance from me, with her head partially turned away—sat still and cold as a carved figure, with her hands clasped together in her lap—clasped hard and firm, in a way which I had learned to understand. She was fighting against some strong emotion when she sat thus.

Sitting there in the gloom, Fred Warren told us his story in a few clear, terse words—and Eleanor Wynne and I sat and listened; I with the tempest growing fiercer in my heart, full of rage at him that he dared speak as he did, of pity for Eleanor—yes, always the tenderest pity for her.

He told us that more than two years before he had fallen in love with a poor, friendless girl, in some quiet country place, where he had been spending the summer; and when he found that he had won her young heart, had determined, in spite of any worldly scruples, to marry her.

He had taken her from the cold shelter she called home, placed her in a good school, and now, with her mind carefully trained and cultivated, he was going to take her thence and make her his wife.

She had no near relatives. He did not choose to tell his haughty aunts and cousins the facts of the case; and he came to us to reveal the whole story, and appeal to Eleanor's kindness to receive Mabel Ray in her house as some girlish friend of her own, and give her the

shield of her protection and influence until spring.

While he spoke, I was wondering if he had never dreamed that Eleanor cared for him. Then I recollected the time I had seen her weeping over those old letters. Was he innocent, or was this only a deliberate plan of insulting cruelty—a desire to wreak a safe vengeance upon Eleanor?

He gave no time for an awkward delay.

"Do not be afraid to speak freely," he said. "If you have any hesitation——"

Eleanor interrupted him in a firm voice.

"You ought to know me better than to think it possible. If I was silent, it was only because I did not know how Mr. Wynne would feel about having a young lady guest."

"Act your own pleasure," I replied; "that will be mine."

Eleanor was silent again for an instant. I saw the white hands twist themselves hard together—there was no other sign.

"I congratulate you, Mr. Warren," she said, calmly; "I hope you will be happy—you deserve to be; and of one thing rest satisfied, your wife will have the strongest possible claims on my friendship and regard."

"I have no words to thank you!" he exclaimed. "I thought you had not changed from the kind, earnest girl I knew of old; and I felt certain, too, that the man who became your husband would be one who would possess similar feelings."

I could not allow this to go farther. I was fearful that Eleanor's composure might give way; better death than any betrayal at that moment.

"I congratulate you, too," I said; "expect every aid and friendliness from us. Come tomorrow and talk about it. Eleanor, I am sure you are worn out."

"She must be," Warren said, rising. "I was very selfish to detain her. Good-night, Mrs. Wynne; some other time I will try to thank you."

He bent over her hand; she uttered a few low, quiet words, then he passed out of the room, and I followed. We stood for an instant in the hall, while he uttered warm thanks, which seemed to me only fresh insults, but I was very calm—for Eleanor's sake.

"If I am only half as fortunate in my choice as you have been," he said, "I shall be content! I have always vowed, Wynne, you were the luckiest man alive; and now I can add, you are the only man I ever saw worthy to have become Eleanor More's husband."

So he went away. The outer door closed behind him, and there I stood in the hall irresolute how to act.

Would it make our lives easier if I went quietly to Eleanor and showed her that she might trust in me; that she might be frank and open, as if I were her brother; that my only desire was to win for her peace and rest; that all my life long I should have no other study, no other aim?

On the other hand, it might be better to allow this dark hour to pass in utter silence, to appear the same blind, short-sighted creature I had seemed since our marriage; to trust to time and her own strength to heal her wounds, and relieve her from the humiliation of supposing that I had ever fathomed her miserable secret.

I could not decide upon any course then. I could not trust myself in her presence until I had grown more calm. I should never forgive myself if I in any way added to the suffering of that hour.

I went up stairs. Instead of passing on to my own apartments, I turned toward those which Eleanor occupied. I had not seen her go up—she must still be in the library. Very frequently, when I ran no risk of being discovered, it was a sad pleasure to me to enter her rooms, to sit down in the spot where she spent so many hours of lonely meditation, and wring my heart afresh with the thought of all the happiness which might have been ours, and which no power could ever give now in this world.

I entered the little boudoir I had fitted up with such care as her special haunt, and moved through the shadows toward the bay-window.

The draperies were flung partially down; I saw Eleanor crouching there; I heard a sound like a repressed sob. She caught the echo of my step, and sprang hastily from her knees. Something which she held in her hand fell and rolled close to my feet.

I picked it up—it was a small miniature-case; but before I could move again she came forward, exclaiming,

"Give it to me! It is mine! Give it to me!"

"I have no desire to intrude upon your secrets, Eleanor," I said, wounded sorely.

She snatched the miniature, and held it tight in her hands.

"Did you want me?" she asked, hurriedly.

"No; I thought you were down stairs."

"I will come down in a few moments."

I turned to go, I would not disturb her privacy. It hurt me beyond the power of endurance to see her standing there, so pale and cold,

struggling to keep back the anguish which smote her heart.

I reached the door and looked back. Eleanor had seated herself, and was hiding her face in her hands. I forgot all my resolutions—I remembered only that she was suffering.

I fell on my knees at her feet, crying out,

"Eleanor, Eleanor! trust me! confide in me! Do not stand aloof from me any longer. Think of me as a brother—tell me all your grief!"

She was sobbing violently now; through her tears I caught the broken words,

"Sometimes I have thought it would be better; but you have been so cold. Oh! forgive me, if I have blighted your life. If I had known——"

"Eleanor!" I cried; "you know I have loved you, boy and man—loved you always—you only! I can see how our marriage was forced upon you; but you may trust me, you could find no truer friend! I have not troubled you with protestations of affection—you have been left free! All I ask is to be your friend; grant so much to the man who loves you better than his hopes of heaven."

She was staring at me in a sort of blind stupor.

"Either I am mad," she said, "or—are you

deceiving me? You pity me, and want to ease my pain! Oh, Robert! I never meant to speak! I found a part of the letter you had written and torn up the night before we were married. I found it an hour after our wedding; but I could have borne everything except the thought of your wretchedness."

"I did write, saying how I disliked that hurried wedding—that it gave you no time——"

Then the truth broke on me—I saw where we had both been blind.

"I loved you, Eleanor," I cried; "I thought you did not care for me. I saw you crying over old letters——"

"Your letters! I burned the whole. It was so painful to look at them and know you did not love me any longer——"

"But I did—I do! There has never been a moment that my heart was not yours."

The miniature she was holding dropped again. I picked it up and saw the face—it was mine.

I cannot tell you how our explanations were made, but the sky was cleared at last. During all these months we had kept aloof, each believing the other wretched from that hurried marriage; but it was over now—Eleanor was my wife indeed.

RECOLLECTIONS.

BY ELIZA JANE STEPHENS.

'Twas Spring, though tiny drifts of snow
Along the fence were seen;
The trees had not put on their leaves—
The meadows were not green.

The sky had yet a Wintry look,
That cold and cheerless blue,
Save where the sunlight touched a cloud
With faintest rosy hue.

Just then, while standing in my door,
I heard as sweet a strain
As e'er had fallen on my ear,
Or ever will again.

'Twas but a robin's simple song;
Yet 'twas so soft and clear,
It woke a thousand memories,
My heart still owned as dear.

It seemed, indeed, the very note
I heard long years ago,
While wandering by the brook one day,
To mark its changeful flow.

It called to mind the face and form,
And e'en the voice's tone,
Of those who sported with me then,
Though many years have flown,

Since eagerly we climbed that hill,
And sought and found the nest,
Where objects of untiring love
Their downy pillow prest.

I saw the looks of wonderment,
And every childish word
Was fresh again in memory,
As if but lately heard.

They seemed to me as children still,
Each brow all smooth and fair;
I could not think of them as changed
Since when I saw them there;

It seemed as if the robin's song
Would find them just as gay;
Their step as light, their cheek as fresh,
As on that Summer's day.

As if no chilling blast of care
Had ever o'er them swept;
As if o'er no departed joys
They e'er had sighed or wept.

And yet I knew it could not be,
For I have sadder grown;
It cannot be of all that hand
That I am changed alone.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE story I mean to tell you is one of love's heroism. It has come down to me through many generations, accompanying a picture of a fair young girl, about whose brow cluster masses of waving brown hair; whose face is eloquent with the sublime faith and beauty of the old legend. She looks down upon me, from the canvas, out of sad, brown eyes. Her hands are nervously clutching a bit of parchment which she holds from her. One can see the deep, rough ways she has gone through for that scrawl. It is all told in the earnest grasp, in the fixed brow, and the straightened lines of the face. She seizes it as one might clutch from death a precious life. Looking up at her pure Saxon face, one knows why that staunch Cavalier, Basil Underwood, loved her—that he was worthy to be loved by her.

She was only a forester's child; the only one of the head keeper at Underwood Hall, down in the south country, but a pet and plaything up at the hall during her babyhood; educated, and almost adopted there as one of the baron's family in her girlhood. In that way she was lifted out of the forester's cottage in the world of the then fashion; and it is told that once, at some fete, or assembly, she was graciously smiled upon by that first Charles, for whose grace and beauty we have great sympathy even unto this day. One thing she learned that day, as, leaning on the arm of the baron's son, she courtesied lowly to the courtly Charles, that was not in her book at home; love for king before her, and love for Cavalier beside her. That which she gave the king, she called loyalty, and quite a different thing it was from that which she meted out to the comely Basil. How could it have been otherwise? She and he so long playmates and friends at the hall? They fell into Cupid's snare as one might walk over a bank in sleep. The old baron and his wife were of the simpler sort, and seeing which way love ran, consented to let it run smoothly, and for that a blessing on their old hearts, which have been dust these two hundred years, and more.

But the dark days had come to "Merrie England" now. There were a goodly majority in that little island who objected that royal Charles, and royal Charles' Cavaliers should wear their

hair as Absalom wore his. So these objectors, as a suggestive method of expressing their displeasure, shaved their own off close to their crowns; yet, with less than no effect on contumacious Charles, for king and Cavalier still wore their flowing curls, and, in derision of their objectors, called them Roundheads. But these Roundheads were men of terrible earnestness and meaning. They fancied, in their earnest way, that England was going wrong, and that it was their work to stop her on her fatal way. I am afraid they had no very strong opinion of expediency; but when they saw a lie and wrong they smote it down, not stopping to bless it, either, as they smote. There were certain truths they held, which they thought the world should learn, and, with Bible and sword in hand, they went forth to teach them. Revolutions seldom lack leaders—this one did not. A man, panicked like a god for the hour, was surged up from the depths of the people to set right old England's wrong. Looking at this Cromwell, now, through some old portraits of the libraries, one sees not a cruel face. It always seemed to me to express the sorrows of a race gone wrong, a sublime face pregnant with the stern meaning of the time. I know of those hard lines about the mouth, the square jaw, and the tiger glare of the eyes. But under it all the man's heart pulsed finely as a woman's. It was full of an infinite tenderness—majestic with a purpose that looked down the ages. Kent's loyalty to poor old Lear is one of those stories that always touch me to tears through its beauty and pathos; but Cromwell's loyalty to his God and to England is a spectacle sublime and beautiful forever. It has made the son of a brewer walk side by side with kings and queens, crowned lordlier than them all through two hundred years of history. But this is history, which you know better than I, and not the story I meant to tell you.

The hall was deserted now, and tenantless; the baron's family had fled before the approach of the army of the Puritans. Basil was somewhere in the ranks of Charles; Bessie, in her glory of youth and loveliness, had again gone home to the cottage, not a very suitable place for her now after the luxury and indulgence of the hall. But her true heart bowed loyally to life's duties; sad, too, were the long wintry

days, and longer evenings, when she no longer saw the face of her lover. But to the heart's core he was loyal to her as to his king. More than once had the neighing of his horse been heard outside the cottage on these long nights, even though between him and his love stretched the long line of the opposing army.

She loved him as most young maidens love, with an entire abnegation of self; so that though her happiness was only full when he was with her, yet she would have banished him forever rather than he should run such risk of death in seeking her. Her tears and pleadings that he would consider his own safety were laughingly thrust aside, and set at naught. "He bore a charmed life," he said, "against the Roundhead's bullets; he knew the secret ways, the hidden paths familiar to him from his boyhood, which they could not know. There was no danger," he would say, tenderly shaking the rich masses of her brown hair; "and if there were, I must brave them for the sake of sometimes seeing this dear face." He was so strong, and brave, and wise, this Cavalier of the olden time, that he could not see or fear danger; and death was for old men, not for lovers and soldiers of the good King (Charlie). So he pushed danger and death aside, and by the old secret ways came once too often to visit his bonnie forest blossom.

A still, starlit night settled down upon hall, and church, and cottage. The moon, rising slowly above the hills, revealed afar-off the white tents of the Roundheads. In the old church-tower beyond, the bell tolled the hour of curfew. In the cottage the lights were out, and by the embers of the fire, where dreamed and dozed a dog, sat the forester. Too old and weather-worn for a soldier, he feebly wended his way, until late days, through the forest, accompanied by his old dog, True, unmolested by Cavalier or Roundhead. When the baron came back to the hall, he should find nothing amiss there, the old man thought. But to-night, with Bessie nestled at his knee, a new thought replaced the old. All the days he had lived came back to him to-night; they passed before him like a splendid pageant. There was a tree overhanging the low gabled roof, one of its branches swayed in a gentle wind against the gothic window, through which the moonlight fell in a wonderful radiance. It stretched across the room to the old man's feet, resting there, a golden path to the heavens above him. The noise against the window startled him from this new thought into which his mind had fallen, and he turned and looked out through the dia-

mond panes into the clear blue of the sky. The refrain of an old Puritan hymn from the camp, sweet, tender, and mournful, was wafted to them on the wind. "It is for me, Bessie, girl. It beckons me away, dear."

The girl, pale and trembling, started to her feet. He had been ill all day, she knew, but not ill like this; his mind wandered now, and the new thought that drove out the old one was of fields beyond the confines of the hall—beyond human ken. The dog, roused from his slumber by the girl's cry, dragged himself slowly over to his master's side, and laid his head upon his knee, with a look of unutterable affection and yearning, as if he knew. Bessie held her father's head upon her breast, sobbing softly under her breath, and brushed the white hair from his temples. The old dog whined now and again, asking, in his poor way, for a parting word. It came at last—to him, not to the child. "Old True! we know the forest nooks! The secret places where the hare and pheasant hide; for so many days we have known them together. Old True—old True!"

Sobbing loudly now, the girl bent over him, begging him to speak to her; softly the moonlight crept up his feet, and breast, and lay like a glory of peace and beauty on his fair and silvered hair. There were sounds of horses' hoofs without; the door swung open, and Basil stood there, one of a silent group, one of which was as yet invisible. The opening door disturbed the old forester out of his dream; it may have been of one of the bright days gone; or his introverted gaze may have been fixed upon fields fairer than any his feet yet had passed; or, who knows, it may have dwelt upon the presence, whose voice he seemed to hear in that mind awhile ago. He looked up, recognizing Basil. "You will take care of Bessie, and of old True?" The invisible presence in the room became visible, and in that chill hour the soul of the old forester was required of him.

From the neighboring hamlets came the simple foresters; and from the tented village came the bronzed soldiers by one or two's, or larger groups, to do reverence to the memory of their old friend of the forest. So, with life-long friends about her, they took her precious dead and laid him under the shadow of the tower, beside the true old wife who had gone thither before him.

Basil would not leave her until the last duty was done, and meanwhile was in hiding in one of the numerous forest fastnesses of which he so well knew. When night had come again, he was standing there beside her in the sombre

glimmer of the cottage fire. "I will remain here," she said; "the Roundheads never are rude to me." In the forest's walks they often met her, doing homage roughly out of their manhood's loyalty to a pure and saintly presence. A sort of chivalric loyalty that men imbibe as they lie in babyhood upon the breasts of mothers. She clung to him now with love's fierce tenacity, and besought him to incur danger no more, by absenting himself from the forest until the happier time had come when they could meet in peaceful, undisturbed loving. Her tears fell fast upon the hand she held; and while her pleading voice made a music in his heart, sweet as song of birds, he gave her the promise to cross the stern old Roundhead's lines no more. For a long moment he held her close to his great, wide breast, stroking tenderly her shining hair and tear-wet cheek. A trusty forest friend was bringing his horses up to the cottage, his steps was heard outside. Much pain and sorrow had exhausted the girl's natural strength; and when he pressed his lips to her cheek, she was unconscious that he did so. A low, warning word from outside, gave him notice that he must not linger longer. He laid the girl tenderly down upon a rude settle by the fire, and leaping to the saddle, commended her to the care of the man who stood there with his horse. The forester, giving him the bridle, said, "Ride fast to-night, your hand upon your sword. Bear no man company; there is mounting in haste in the camp yonder, as if in pursuit. There is danger in the forest to-night; whispers of spies from the royal forces abroad. Take heed that no man bear you company."

"Fear not for me, good Luke; they have no such mettle in their steeds as this one boasts. He and my sword will be safeguards enough against any single foe-man."

He rode swiftly away over the yielding sward, and soon became undistinguishable amid the low-hanging foliage.

"A venturesome youth is Basil," said Luke, as he went within the cottage; and seeing the slight form of the beautiful girl upon the settle, added, "So would I have been in my hot day of youth for maiden fair as this."

Not the best nurse for a delicate girl, but as true, delicate, tender a one as any woman. The fine, sweet instinct of loyalty to womanhood was in his heart, filling each drop of warm blood coursing there.

He chafed her hands, and threw some water in her face, when the soft, brown eyes opened wide on him in a gaze of wonder and inquiry. Then they slowly closed again—for she saw

that the old father nor Basil were no longer there. They would not come again—never again, never! That was her loss; she knew it all now. Father and Basil could not come again—saying it over to herself. But God's love, and father's and Basil's love were with her yet. She knew that. Her soul was strong in that; but the poor, weak heart sobbed itself to sleep; and the man who had cared for her, laid down upon the rug before the fire, loyally watching over her, loyally praying for good King Charles and Master Basil. "God forefend them both by forest-path and open field; in court and camp, in life and death, God find them with their Christly armor on!" A goodly prayer, to which let all true hearts echo, Amen!

The young Cavalier, pursuing his saddened thought, had never slackened pace until the forest and its lengthened shadows were lying, ghost-like, behind him. But now, striking the hard, open road, more caution was necessary, though the enemy's lines had been passed, and the tread of the far out-lying pickets was no longer distinguishable. He rode carefully, looking ahead into the gloom of the night, watchful of any horseman in advance of him. No one in advance, but behind the reverberation of iron-shod feet in the road. A single horseman, too. It might be a foe-man, but it was not yet time for flight; time enough for that when challenged, and the odds against him. He slackened his speed, and drew the rein closer to the foot-path.

"Who goes there?" This challenge from the rider, who had now come up with him. "A friend, if friendly proven," replied the Cavalier, laying his hand quietly on the sword's hilt. "A fair night, friend." "A fair night, friend," answered Basil. "What of the cause, friend?" Basil leaned forward, that he might see the face of the new-found friend, and answered the last challenge, "For God and King Charles, the cause prospers." "We will ride in company, and so it please you; two swords being better than one." "An it please you, we will," was Basil's reply. The man was no foe-man. The questions he gave showed him to be of the camp of the Cavaliers. A face little seen under the slouched beaver he wore; but that little seen had nothing prepossessing in it, to our young friend Basil; a face to shun when met by the road-side, on a dark night, when one's sword rested in its sheath at home. A scowling, mean face, full of subtilty and cunning; a face for foul deeds and black work. A spy—the man against whom he had been warned. To be captured in his company was death—worse than

death ignominy. How was he to shake him off? They were both enlisted in the same good cause, one for love and one for hire. How did he know that? This fellow beside him might have as fine instincts of loyalty as any that warmed his own heart, and fired it to heroic deeds. This vile, low face, might be only a mask, hiding a right loyal soul. Yet against this man the warning had been spoken. What matter? He would take the risk; was not the danger all left behind in the camp of the Roundheads? But in the solemn hush of the night, he raised his hat and prayed for King Charles, the lady of his love, and his own safety.

Rashly, madly resolved, young Cavalier! The enemy was upon them. From a bit of forest lying adjacent to the road-side the Roundheads swarmed down upon them. Stern work was there. Twenty stern old soldiers setting to work to capture two men who defiantly faced them with swords out, and death in their eyes. It lasted but a moment. There was a sharp clash of steel, a resounding blow from the sword of Basil upon a Roundhead's steel cuirass, which sent the trooper reeling from his seat, and shattered the young Cavalier's weapon. That was the end of it. Basil, unarméd, was easily made prisoner now. The spy was already captured and bound. They searched them on the ground where they had fought. From the dress of the spy they took convincing evidence of his guilt—plans and drawings of their works—specifications of their numbers—and descriptions of their arms.

What will poor Bessie say when she hears of this? Poor Bessie! with the dead face of the father lying there only yesterday, and his dead face to-morrow! *His!* God help poor Bessie! And God help them all! Amen.

They carried them to the foot of the hill, where quietly rested a few hamlets and the gray old church, with its ivy-covered tower looming up hundreds of feet into the night. The prisoners were taken to a low-gabled building on the outskirts of the hamlet—a thick, stone-walled house, with heavily-mullioned windows, looking out into the dark street and fields. About the door stood a group of grim-visaged soldiers, silent and stern, looking keenly into the face of the young Cavalier, but speaking no word. They passed through a long, low room, wainscotted half-way to the ceiling. In the rear of that was the guard-room, low-ceiled, red-tiled, and cleanly enough. There spy and Cavalier laid down together. When to-morrow came, where would they be lying then? They slept on the tiled floor the refreshing sleep of

tired, healthy men. Whatever dream came to them gave no token of to-morrow's doom. The Cavalier, waking in the chill gray of the morning, saw the face of the man he had left at the cottage last night. "Do not tell *her*, old friend," he said; but he was too late—the man was gone.

The sun rose that morning over that little world of England, looking upon no sadder sight, I think, than that of the fair young Bessie listening to the story of Basil's capture. No tears were in her eyes; dark lines came underneath them; her mouth grew fixed and rigid; her hands were buried with a nervous clutch in the lapels of the forester's coat. She clung to him desperately, as if he could help her, as if in some way he could save Basil. He was to be tried with the spy at high noon. Cromwell would be at the camp to-day—maybe, at the trial. He had been an old friend of her father's in that earlier, better time. Since then he had sat at their homely board—was friendly still, she knew. Why, this stern old Puritan had, caressingly, held her on his knee, when she was a little child. If she plead for this Basil's life, would the grim old soldier remember her, and what had gone before? Let us hope he would; for the day when memories of a better, quieter life could sway him were fast fading. In that after-time, when Naseby was to be fought and won; when a king was to be dethroned—imprisoned; when a scaffold was to grow in a night in the street opposite to Whitehall, and the Royal Charles to lie there, with his fair neck upon the block; a man, with a mask, holding the kingly head before the multitude, saying, "This is the head of a traitor!" it would be too late for memories then. Let us be glad, for Bessie's sake, that these days had not yet come.

At noon the prisoners were led into the court, held in the long room through which they passed to their prison last night. A dark room, set round by dark, earnest faces. They were there for serious cause. The painful stillness was only broken by the clang against the oaken floor of a gaunt old soldier's sword, as he strode to his place at a deal table, about which sat a dozen warriors—grim men of iron, in leathern-jerkins, used to the din and smoke of battle, and loving its carnage better, in their Puritan hearts, than this quiet way of sending men down to their death. Relentless men, where duty was to be done; hardened by long years of civil war, and through believing that God had sent the sword in their hands, to the end that they might restore the olive-branch; full of a strange superstition and religious enthusiasm, which made them bad judges and irresistible soldiers.

Crowding about the room were the people of the hamlets, all in eager sympathy with at least one of the prisoners—Basil had played and grown up with many of them. Between hall and hamlet there was little difference in those days. They loved him, every one, for his frank and manly ways; for his hardy, healthful youth and comeliness: for all that he had been to them in their some time want and pain. They spoke low and excitedly together. "He, a spy! Our Basil, of the hall, a spy!" and the speaker's voice rose high with indignation. A woman timidly touched his arm, and asked if she might stand beside him during the trial. She could see Basil from there, and he could not see her. It was best he should not. But he would know all the same she was there. After awhile she asked the man if he would hold her hand the while. "I'm not strong to-day," she added, apologetically. He took her hand, and held it in his strong, horny fingers, tenderly as a woman.

Silence now, terrible in its intensity, reigned throughout the room. The prisoners were to be tried together, and were arraigned and called upon to answer to the specifications of the charge of being spies of one Charles, against the honor and dignity of the commonwealth. "How say you, Robert Sherwood and Basil Underwood, guilty or not guilty?"

The spy, desisting for a moment from gnawing the nails of a dirty hand, slowly lifted his head, and looking toward the court, made answer, "Guilty!"

"Not guilty!" Clear, earnest, and deep as an organ-tone, fell upon the court—the answer of Basil Underwood.

The court proceeded to the evidence. Only this it was. This, a confessed adherent of him called King Charles I., was found at night, in unfrequented ways, bearing company with his fellow prisoner, upon whose person were found conclusive proofs of guilt. Nothing more. For the commonwealth, the case was closed. "Had the prisoner any witnesses to call in his defence?" Basil bowed his head on his hands, and answered, "None!" Hope slipped the leash in that moment, and was gone. At this instant a girl made her way through the crowd, and took her place beside the table of the court. Quietly, modestly she said, "I wish to be sworn on behalf of the prisoner." She was sworn. In a few simple words she accounted for Basil's presence near the enemy's camp. "Such an old friend of father's and mine," she said, with womanly crimson covering cheek and brow. "My father died in his arms the night he came,

leaving me a precious trust to his care. He was with me through my long days of suffering and sorrow. He was no spy." "But a Royalist?" "Yes! loyal to his king and to his manhood, which would not let him be a spy. Upon my soul, brave gentlemen, not a spy!"

Bravely spoken, little maiden! Yet these are stern, duty-loving men you address. They see heroic faith and simple truth shining through your eyes; and they also see a maiden battling for her lover's life. The blush alone told them so much. The prisoner has looked up but once while she speaks. He sees the fine crimson mantling the cheek, and, with life gliding from him, he takes farewell of its sweetest hope and fairest dream. She has gone back to her place, and the man gives her his arm to lean upon—not so strong as when he gave her his hand, awhile ago. She never looked away now from the faces of the court. She will see their verdict written in their iron visages before they have spoken it. They confer together. Silence, awful and profound, reigns throughout the sombre old room. The grotesque faces in the wainscoting, stare forward, waiting for their verdict. Men breathe fast and heavily. They love this young man; from his boyhood up he has been so noble, brave, and unselfish in his instincts; so true to them; so observant ever of their rights. Something out of their own lives will be lost when his is forfeited. In dreadful stillness they await the verdict, and from all hearts an unspoken prayer ascends for the prisoner. If he would only speak it might not yet be too late.

He rises slowly from his seat. Life is so sweet to him to-day. He will not lose it without one poor effort. He craves the indulgence of the court—a moment only he will detain them. Permission to speak is granted him. "You know," he said, in a clear, musical voice, "that what this maiden has just spoken is truth. Where she left off I will begin. I had crossed your lines by paths unknown to your troops, and coming upon the high road, and being on my way to join the forces of the king, my master, was accosted by my fellow-prisoner here. From signs he gave me, I recognized him as being of the king's forces, but in what capacity I only guessed. Of what he knew, I nothing knew—he having communicated nothing to me. A moment after he found me, your troops were upon us. I therefore claim the rights and hospitality of a prisoner of rank taken in honorable warfare, and as such, my life is not forfeit to the commonwealth."

A stir of pleasure, rising out of a hope that the simple earnestness of his speech would save him, swayed the multitude.

Again the court conferred together; then the prisoners were bidden to stand and look upon the court. They did so. The hands of the spy tremblingly wandered about his mouth; his eyes were bent upon the ground, and an awful pallor overspread his face. Doomed, and afraid to die. There was a record of dark deeds lying behind him, in those years gone. Death touched him, and he trembled. His fellow-prisoner was paler than since the trial began; but his face was the face of a man who had looked upon death often, and knew it was only sleep. He knew of the pleasant vales of Eden—of the better country beyond. The hand which firmly held the chair before him was clear of guilt; behind him no dark record lay open; immortality glowed within him. He stood upon the shining shore, and the waves of death surging toward him, gave him no terror.

A war-begrimed soldier rises from his place as spokesman, and reads in slow, dead tones, the finding and sentence of the court. "The prisoners at the bar are found guilty as to all the charges and specifications upon which they were arraigned, and the sentence of the court is, that they be taken from this place to a place of confinement, and from thence to the square, in view of the quarters of the general commanding, and there to be shot to death, at the ringing of the curfew next ensuing; and may God have mercy on their souls!"

Bessie heard. A sharp cry of pain, as if a heart had broken, rang through the room. Women wept, and wrung their hands; and men went tearfully out into the air. They could not breathe there where death came so close to them. A few women gathered about the girl, and bore her to her home. The prisoners were led back to their prison—between them and death a few brief hours lay. To die at curfew! Oh, God! how dear life had suddenly grown to this young Cavalier. He did not think that his heart could ever so tremble. His old mother and father, when they knew? Why, he would never see them again, here—nor Bessie. Youth's hopes were his then; he meant that she should one day be mistress of the hall and the broad acres. They were to live their, lovers forever, helping, nourishing Christ's poor, and little ones. A thousand times he had planned that. Last night only he had held her in his arms—had heard her voice in loving music. To-night—to die! This death he had never dreamed of. He might sometimes have fancied it would come

to him amid the clash of steel, and the snort of battle-steeds; with sword in hand, leading heroic legions to victory for good King Charles. But this death, away from the contested field, was a death a dog might die—not a man. Thus he thought and wondered in his mind, as he looked out over the hills and fields to where the old church-tower rose, covered with its eternal verdure, brightened by great masses of sunlight.

Slowly the day wore on. An hour or more before curfew Bessie had one hope—she would see Cromwell. He must and would save Basil. It was miles away to the camp. Then she would seek him. Basil was not guilty; Cromwell was just—it was his pride and boast that he was that. He should do justice—Basil should live. He could not die, for his life was hers; hers until the good God demanded it of her. It was not to be forfeit now. She knew that the stern old soldier should be just; ay, that was the word—just. He would be!

Just? There was yet to come the solemn, awful spectacle of the scaffold in front of Whitehall, and royal Charles' head laying thereon. Yet this was to be when the grim soldier, Cromwell, grew to his greatness.

Through line after line of pickets she passed on her way to the tent of the general; high resolve and noble purpose nerved her heart. She would be strong to-day; steel-hearted, as these bronzed warriors; steel-nerved, clear-brained to execute her purpose.

"It is for Basil," she said, as she stood before the spacious tent of the soldier, Cromwell. On either side stood the guard, as if but half on duty. "I would have speech with General Cromwell." "He is absent from the camp," said a guard. "Yet he will be here before the curfew?" "He will come to-night; but not before curfew." This from a grim-visaged Roundhead, who, leaning on his halberd, regards the girl curiously. Her head was sunk to her breast; her hands grope darkly on the folds of her dress. That was the last hope. Only for an instant she feels the keen pain of its loss, and then the sickening blindness of despair, arising out of her weakness to save the life dearer than her own, fills her brain and eyes. Slowly raising her head, she sees the guard yet regarding her with a look as nearly akin to pity as any that ever visited his face. She sees him; the other guards standing idly about; the long rows of tents; the standards; the glistening arms; and beyond them, to the westward, the sun, sinking down in crimson glory behind the old tower, where swung the curfew-bell. It has been so many voiced to

her in all those years gone; from earliest childhood she and it have been such true friends. Only she, she fancies, knows all its tones, and all their deep and solemn meaning. She recalls how sad-voiced it was that day when its shadow first fell above her mother's grave; how full of comfort, too, seeming to blend pity in its tones for her loss, as if it knew and cared. She remembers other days, when anger and strife were in her heart, how its mellow music softened away the bitter feeling. So often, in that happier time, it has summoned her to hear words of helping grace and faith—words that cheered her life, and blessed the hours she lived. All this feebly passing through her mind as she watches the sun fading, slowly, surely fading, falling beyond the town. It is to be endowed with a new voice to-night; to swing out from its height in the gloom of the sky solemn words than it spoke ever before—words of death to the heart of the young Cavalier.

She repeats slowly to herself the words of the stern old guard, "He will be here to-night, but not till after curfew." Then, fires must blaze, and tapers burn with the stars to-night. The curfew shall not ring. She has jewels and coin with which the old verger may be bribed from his duty. If she plead with him, offered him these bribes, Basil might be saved—for Cromwell would come to-night; and Cromwell, for the sake of the old love he bore her father, would pardon Basil, if she asked it. She would fall at his knees, and not be torn away till he had pardoned Basil—and he would do it, hard and stern as he seemed. She had passed the guard, and quickly, by the old mill-path, approached the verger's cottage. An old man, quite deaf to sound of his own bell, or voice of priest, and almost blind now, his years had been so many; with only strength enough to ring the old bell on the tower, and build the church fires, he was retained in his place more for past services than for present ones. He sat now on the broad stone at his door, smoking his pipe, his hat and the church-keys lying beside him. He had stood by the quaintly-carved font when she was held there in the priest's arms to be christened—such a wee tiny thing then, a grand and graceful lady now, but mindful of him in her advancement. He had many things within the old cottage to remind him of her kindness since those first days of her babyhood. Too feeble-sighted to see the agony of her face, or to notice the excitement of her manner, the old man rose and bowed to her quaintly as a cavalier. "She wanted speech with him? Then she must follow him to the

tower, for his step was slow, and it was a good mile off, and ere they reached it, it would be time for the curfew." Thus saying, he took up his hat and the keys, and walked beside her, along the path she had come. Slowly he began to understand what it was she required of him. "There must be no curfew to-night! Here were jewels and gold—a fortune for such as he; it would make his old age bright, and free from thought and care. Besides, a dear life would be saved to her. He would do it! He would not sound Basil's death-knell! For the love of the good God he would not do that! He roughly pushed her bribe away; he assumed a stern manner, and gruffly refused. What else could he do? To the good cause of Christ, whom he served under the great Cromwell, Basil was a traitor and enemy. Not his enemy, else he would have saved him. The old heart was tender, but Cromwell and his times cased tender hearts in iron shells; and he refused her, even as they reached the foot of the great tower, wherein, above them, hung the great bell, shrouded in the darkening sky. His hand was on the latch, and the oaken-door was pushed open, when he turned to say some final word to her, but she was gone.

As the door swung back from the old man's hand, an impulse, springing out of defeated purpose and hope beaten down, seized the mind of the girl. She looked upward within the tower; but a few of the crumbling stairs could be distinguished above, darkness covered them like a pall. With an awful shudder vibrating through every nerve, and the strength of her mind, heart, and soul, bent to a single thought, she dashed past the old verger, and her feet pressed the stairway into murky space, where before, for three centuries, no feet but hers had trod. With her soul sickening within her, sustained only by the hope that would not die, she went upon her fearful flight, cheating death of its victim, irresistible in her love and daring, as a fate standing between the comely Cavalier and the grave that yawned to claim him.

A single line of blood-red was in the sky yet, and the hour of curfew had come. About the door of Basil's prison stood a guard of solemn, earnest faces. They looked away silently toward the tower rising still and sombre against the sky. They waited for the curfew as one within, prayerfully kneeling on the tiled floor of his cell, waited. They leaned upon their fire-locks, liking not this shooting of a man in cold blood. They wished in their hearts it was over.

As the verger touches the dangling rope,

something falls to his feet from the steps above. "A bit of the oaken stair," he says, picking it up "Crumbling away together, we are; church and verger alike growing old together." The old man forgets that the tower was a gray-beard of hundreds of years when he was yet a puling babe. "Not ring the curfew!" he muttered. "False to-night in what I never once failed in before? Yet, she's a comely lass; and he a good youth, and not a spy, either; but he dies for the good cause."

Had his eyes been less dim, and the gloom within the tower less dense, he might have seen, far above him on the oaken stair, a woman slowly ascending; upward, upward, over quick and dead, her delicate hands pressing for support, with horrible disgust and loathing, the reeking, slimy walls; her strength almost gone; but upward through paths of vermin-life, by which swarm noisome, poisonous reptiles and uncouth shapes unknown to her, she toils on. Above her darkly hangs the bell; below, the old verger stands ready to give it speech and meaning, new and terrible. At last, she stands on the narrow platform beneath it—can touch its sides. It shall not speak those words of death. Slowly it begins to move, her hands seize, with the grasp of death, its ponderous tongue, and as the rope descends, she is swung out into the black sky, hundreds of feet above the undistinguished earth. Again, and again, and yet many times she sways to and fro with the motion of the bell above the earth, and yet her hands are strong as iron, stronger than mortal hands, unnerved with love, could ever be. To and fro, for the allotted time, the verger swung the bell, and yet was the curfew silent of its new voice and meaning, for love-nerved hands held fast its tongue, and made it dumb. Cromwell would come to-night, and, bless God! the hour of curfew had gone by, and Basil lived. "He shall die at the ringing of the curfew," said the stern soldier judge; and, in the solemn meaning of the sentence, till then he cannot die.

To the camp again, and there to wait and wait till Cromwell comes. Dark shapes and fearful noises fill the air as she descends, but the lowermost stair is reached, the wide door grates again upon its hinges. She looks back upon the hamlet and sees lights burning in every window. There, too, is the prison, and there, also, burn the tapers, though the stars fill the world with brightness. A dull, numb pain fills her limbs; her hands are dead; her feet wander from the path, and her brain whirls in a dizzy trance. But yonder lies the camp,

its red fires gleam out in crimson belts of light and warmth over the hills and low-lying vallies; voices of men shout out a battle-hymn of the Lord they serve. It is borne to her upon the winds in tones of unutterable sweetness, for distance has robbed the thousand voices of all coarseness. They read a fiery gospel, and enforced it with burnished steel.

Her feet must not yet fail her, for her work is not yet done. A few rods more, and the tent of the warrior Cromwell will be reached. At last she is there; the guards send the challenge, and receive for reply, "A friend, who craves speech with the general, Cromwell." They make way for her, let her pass into the presence of the man she seeks. Let the day and the hour be responsible for whatever was hard or cruel in this man's career. A hard and cruel hour of anarchy and blood moulding the man into the shape he was. What freer, fairer, more generous youth than he once was in all England? History sends back the answer—none. In her hour of greatest peril, Rome gave up her vested rights and sacred liberties into the hands of one man, and let him act the tyrant as he willed, so saved the republic. It was England's day of sorest need when she recognized this Cromwell as her saviour, and gave up to him her rights and privileges—a soldier sworn for God and England. Great, masterful blows he struck for them; great wrongs he did in their names. But, let us believe he did the best he knew; as many others believe it of us, when our turn comes to be adjudged. Not that we shall stride down the ages with kings and queens for company, but that the least of us shall have an audience of critics one day coming.

He did not notice her, nor rise as she approached, as any cavalier would have done. An orderly stood in waiting, whom Cromwell thus commanded: "Get you quickly to the cottage of the old verger by the mill; tell him the hour of curfew is long since gone, and bring me answer why he has not tolled the bell; weighty matters depend upon his duty being done." She did not longer wait for him to give her greeting, but said quickly, "You will not send this soldier on his errand till I have speech with you? To me more weighty is the matter that I bring than can concern the tolling of that bell to you. I come for justice, noble Cromwell; you hold in vile duress a prisoner of war, condemned to death upon a charge of which he is not guilty. Hear from me the truth before you let that soldier go upon his way."

"I'll hear you, maiden; soldier, wait without." The man withdrew; and the story, as she knew

it from Basil's defence, and of her own information, she related to the chief. With what grace of speech it sprang from her lips, till it seemed alive with heroic truth and beauty, I fain would attempt to portray, but dare not. The soldier knew that what she spoke was truth; that the man she loved could not lie. Yet this Basil Underwood was one to fear; the peasantry around shout out a cause, whose holiness they could not see, for love of him. It would be well to have him removed; God accomplished His good purposes by allowing evil to triumph; so might he do this seemingly evil act that good to the cause might come. "He is a Royalist; if he dies not, maiden, the good cause must suffer; so—he dies." Slowly he said it, like one making up his mind to a deed from which his soul revolted. But a great pity was on his face now. He remembered this girl, and her old father, too. Years and years ago, before the cause had wakened him from peaceful ways, he and the girl's father had been friends; and he remembered he had permission given him, once from the baron, to shoot upon his preserves, and for many days he was the old forester's guest. How generous in their humble hospitality they were to him then! Let him remember this, for upon him, too, is the shadow of death stealing, and ere long it will help his soul upward that he forgot not these things.

The girl came close to him. Either hand she placed upon his wide breast. Low, steady-voiced, calm as a star, she stood above him, and said, "You dare not do this thing. The good Master, whom we both serve, will not let you do it. This man is innocent; upon my soul, he is not guilty! Look through my eyes, down into my heart's depths, and tell me if a spy could there be throned and crowned. I do love him; I love him for his noble soul, which knows no taint of sin or shame; I love him for the pure truth that dwells within his heart; I love him that he is loyal to his king—the king that, in his mother's arms, he learned to say his nightly prayers for. See, brave Cromwell! men fear but love you not. I'm here at your feet, the whilom child you nursed upon your knee. I kneel to you and ask for simple justice, and you deny me. I can recall the day and hour you held me to your breast, and whilst you pressed a kiss upon my cheek, you said, 'God be over with you, little bairn, tenderly keeping you and all your loves.' Oh, Cromwell! they are all dead but this one! Yesternight I saw my father laid in his grave; my mother lay beside him there these many years dead. Brother or sister have I none. Give this one back to

me, and you will link two hearts to you, by ties of love, stronger than links of steel. Your victorious legions count their slain by thousands; I ask but one poor life, it is dearer than my own. You relent! You will pardon—for the dead father's sake, you will. You have eaten of his bread, and you dare not kill his child. For the sense of justice that is eternal within you, you will give me back the life I crave."

Not a stern line of the war-worn face that was not melted away. "If God's work were only done; if it were work less hard and cruel to do," he thought, as memories of that olden, happier time poured, like an avalanche, through his mind, moved by the force of the girl's words. A sad, old man even; weary of the leathern jerkin and the weighty sword. To redeem old England, yet not to see the day; He was not to pass over into that promised land. But his people did, and let us trust that from the heaven above us the grim old saint looks down and sees his work completed.

He raised the girl to her feet, and placed his hands upon her head caressingly. In that far-off city of London he had a daughter, too, maybe he thought of her, and fancied he had done his work, and by his own hearth caressed her as in that earlier day. It was to be a long while before he saw her again; and when he did see her, he was a prisoner, and in prison she visited and ministered unto him. In these prison hours to come, it will be good for him to remember what he did this night. He sat down, and on a bit of parchment wrote out a pardon for "one Basil Underwood, unrighteously held under sentence of death as a spy; to be released upon his parole of honor, not to absent himself, without leave of the commanding general, from beyond the ancient landmarks and surveys of the hamlet of Underwood." He placed it in her hands, only saying, "Take this, that justice may be done. You shall bear it to his prison."

She thanked him in only such words as full, love-burning hearts can utter, and quickly turned to the tent-door. He had not moved since he gave her the parchment, but stood with folded hands wistfully regarding her. He seemed not to hear her grateful words; nor to notice that, even as she thanked him, her gaze was fixed upon the pardon, which she clutched with a grip of death-like tenacity; that her eyes seemed to devour it, not to see him at all. If in that hour the awful shadow came near him, it should have touched him then, for it was his royal hour of life, the one in which his soul stood nearest to its Master. Her hand was

raised to push aside the curtain at the door, when, in a voice, gentle as her own, he called her name. She turned toward him, and, as if their souls stood, for the moment, on the same broad platform of eternal truth and humanity's love made perfect, she stretched out her two hands toward him.

With painful slowness he spoke, and his manner was that of a man gone blind in all the tenets of his faith, like one lost in a monstrous sea of doubts. "This is God's work?" questioningly he said this, and then added, "I fear, sometimes. Oh, God! if I have erred, show my feet the right way; I meant to be the servant of Thy will; lead me, thy servant." He bowed his head lowly before her, as if he saw in this child one nearer to his Christ than he, and said, "Lay your hands upon me, child, and say, God save and bless thee, Cromwell." With startled thought she looked up into his face, and what she saw there filled her heart with a great pity and tenderness for this man. She saw a great and god-like soul tossed and torn in a maelstrom of doubts and misgivings—a soul sick unto death, crying out with unutterable pathos and yearning for light—light—light!

She laid her hands upon the bowed head, and slowly, reverentially repeated the words; then she sped away through the tented streets, and the picketed fields toward the prison, where, beyond the tower and the bell, her lover was held. She would be in time; the ground seemed to fly beneath her feet; but at last the prison was reached. She would not give the pardon to the old guard; she held it tightly clasped in her poor, bruised hands, while with a grim smile he read it. He humored her whim, as who would not? So fair, and true, and brave she was, the glamour of an heroic deed performed shone like a halo about her face. He led her to the room where, in the morning, Basil had been tried, then released his prisoner, and brought him to her. "Now, maiden, you will yield me up the parchment? The prisoner is free." She placed it in the hands of Basil, saying, "Give it you to the soldier. I have snatched it from the skies."

Without understanding, he did as she bade him, and the soldier was gone. And now Basil held an unconscious form in his arms. When its work was done, the tired body gave way; it had been sorely tried. She loved much, and for her love had dared and done much. To such much love is given. It was to her. A free man now, Basil carried her to an old dame's house, and there watched over her for many days. But when the weary watch was over, she bloomed

again fair as any lily of her native valley; and health and beauty crowned her with their perennial blossoms, and she grew in grace and comeliness.

The happy, peaceful days had come again to merry England. In the revolving years, the old baron and his wife passed away to their long home; and the new baron, Basil, held his court in the hall of his ancestors.

Cromwell, too, had passed the day in which all his deeds were to be accounted for. They have been. His record is open only to his Master, whom, let us believe, he served with all the light there was within him. And let us try to remember him as he stood that day within the Parliament-House, his face aglow with fiery zeal, his drawn sword reflecting God's red sunshine, as he uttered these memorable words: "I have sought the Lord night and day, that he would rather slay me, than put me upon this work." Solemn words, these. Let us believe that this man felt them down to the depths of his soul: that they were the key-note to all that jangled music, out of tune, that went before and after in his life.

As the years went on, tiny feet and childish voices echoed through the oaken corridors. These little ones added a new grace and radiance to the hall; among them was a kingly Charlie, and a Cromwell, too. In the long gallery, where hung the family pictures, Basil was wont to linger most over the latest portrait there. The little Cromwell of the hall, by times observing this fancy of his father's, questioned him regarding it. Then he told him the story of the picture, and the old bell in the tower. For two hundred years, generation have told it to generation, as the picture was handed down from one to the other. I have now told it to you, thus giving away our family story, and it is ours no longer. But the picture is a sweet poem to me forever. Its colors glow with autumnal warmth, and have the depth of Falernian wine in antique vase. In the face above me, framed in its wealth of waving hair, there are no sweet possibilities of love, of which it does not give assurance; there is no home which it would not bless. Adorn your homes with pictures—they are civilizers. A picture on your walls, commemorating a loving, heroic deed, if it is mellowed into immortal tones and tints of beauty, as mine is, will be found an exhaustless store of pleasure. But better than picture, marble, or bronze, or aught else with which to make beautiful your home, is a wife, who, if she has not swung from curfew-tower to save your life, would do it, if occasion required.

SENT BY THE STORM.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

THE little village of which we are about to speak, bore the name of Beach-Head, and stretched itself lazily along a sunny corner of the Atlantic coast, so near to the great sea that the salt waves thundered against its threshold when the tide was up. But the people of Beach-Head were used to the sea, and liked to have it near them; its voice had no terrors to them.

One quiet evening, in early autumn, when this same little village seemed to look lazier than ever before, an incident occurred that thrilled it to its inmost heart, and brought even the oldest fisherman to his feet.

Dick Bolton was arrested—and for stealing! Was it true? Every man, woman, and child in the village rushed out to ask the question. A dozen voices volunteered what they could tell. Mr. So-and-so had told Mr. So-and-so, that he had seen Dick when the officers were marching him to prison. But the old men and women shook their heads; they must have stronger proof than mere say-so, before they harbored a suspicious thought against such a lad as Dick Bolton. The proof soon came. Tottering along on his cane, his white locks blown about by the sea-breeze, Capt. Wharton, or the "Old Cap'n," as he was known in Beach-Head, appeared in their midst. The Babel of tongues were hushed on the instant. The "Cap'n" was an oracle in Beach-Head. The oldest living inhabitant, not only in that place, but for miles and miles up the coast, he was looked up to with a kind of loving reverence by his simple neighbors; and more especially so by that portion who made it their profession to follow the sea; the fact of the old man having "sailed round the world," as they expressed it, some half a dozen times, making him, in their estimation, something greater than a hero. All eyes were turned upon him, and more than one tarpaulin was lifted in respectful waiting, as he appeared in the midst of the excited crowd, gazing round him with a sad, bewildered glance, piteous to behold.

"Is it true, Cap'n?"

The question came in a low, intense whisper from more than a dozen lips at once. The old man paused before he answered, standing himself upon his cane, and shaking his gray head slowly from side to side.

"Yes, boys," at last; his voice feeble and piteous. "I saw 'em take him to jail wi' my own eyes."

That was enough. The people of Beach-Head did not ask for better assurance—the "Old Cap'n" had seen it. But they hesitated about that other question, burning in their hearts and trembling on their lips, scarcely daring to put it into words. The Cap'n had a daughter, Maggie Wharton—the fairest and sweetest in all Beach-Head; and she was the affianced wife of Dick Bolton.

People wondered at first that it should turn out so, that Maggie, so young and pretty, and heiress to the snug two-story cottage in which she and her old father lived, should care for a great, rough, lumbering sailor like Dick, especially when she could have her pick of all the Beach-Head lads; and rumor said, that young Dr. Romney himself was in love with her. But Maggie seemed to think it all right enough, and went to "meeting" with Dick on Sundays, in preference to any one else; and so dazzled and overjoyed the poor, good fellow with the smiling glances of her bright, blue eyes, that he came well-nigh losing his senses. In due time it was all settled; Maggie and Dick were affianced until he should make his next voyage, and come back first mate, when they were to become man and wife. The "Old Cap'n," her father, had no objection to make; so the village folks left off wondering, and called Maggie a sensible girl, to choose a true, honest fellow like Dick, in preference to a fine-dressed dandy.

What would Maggie do now? What would the "Old Cap'n" do? Was Dick innocent or guilty?

No one dared to ask; but reading what they hesitated to speak in their eager eyes, the old sea-captain went on, sadly,

"A bad case, boys!—a bad case! It'll go hard wi' poor Dick, I'm thinkin'," his eyes filling with tears, as they wandered toward the little two-story cottage, and caught a glimmer of Maggie's white frock, then flashing out suddenly, as he added, "Not that I b'lieve the lad guilty, boys! I'm settled on that pint, though the evidence will be strong agin him. Dick Bolton's no rogue, boys! I'm settled on that pint; and we must stick close by the poor lad, if the worst comes to the worst."

"Ay, ay, Cap'n!"

These simple-hearted Beach-Head people knew how to keep their word; when they made promises, they meant them. When the day of trial came round, Dick Bolton did not find himself friendless; they stood up for him to a man, and to a woman, too, for that matter, headed by the "Old Cap'n." But, for all that, they could not save him. Dr. Romney, the individual upon whom the larceny had been committed, had engaged skillful counsel, and the evidence was clear and indisputable. It was after this wise:

On Tuesday night, at ten o'clock precisely, Dr. Romney heard some person entering his bed-chamber—a ground-room on the east front of his house. Rushing down stairs, he reached the apartment only in time to see the burglar make his escape through an open window; and to find his desk rifled of a considerable amount of money, and a jeweled watch of great value. He roused the nearest officer, and started in pursuit; and just out from the village they came upon Dick Bolton, looking wild and restless, like a crazy man. The doctor caused him to be searched, and the stolen articles were found upon his person.

To all questions, whether put by friend or foe, he kept a most provoking silence. He was not guilty; he went to Dr. Romney's that night, but he did not commit the robbery. Farther than that, he had nothing to say. It was in vain that his friends urged upon him the insane folly of such a course. Nothing moved him—not even the "Old Cap'n's" persuasions, or his widowed mother's tears. He did not steal the articles; how he came by them, he was not at liberty to say. "He was a fool!" the old lawyer said, who had undertaken his case, and who had known him from his boyhood up. Dick smiled quietly, and said nothing.

The day of trial brought an unusual crowd to the little Beach-Head court-house. Crime was something new in that simple and primitive country; and this unprecedented case startled the quiet fishermen into a fever of keen curiosity. They flocked down from miles and miles along the coast to see the prisoner, and form their respective opinions concerning him. He stood up proudly in the square prisoner's box that day, his arms folded across his brawny chest, and something in his gray eyes that gave the lie to any accusation that might be brought against him. Dr. Romney paled, and grew nervous at the sight of him. But the trial went on. The doctor's evidence was brief. He heard some one entering his chamber at ten o'clock,

and reached the room just in time to see the thief escape. He did not recognize—could not identify him. There was another witness, a fisher lad, who testified to having seen Dick Bolton on the doctor's premises on the same night, and about the same hour. After him, Maggie, the "Old Cap'n's" daughter, was called to the stand. White as the cambric robe she wore, her pretty, flossy curls pushed back in disorder, and her blue eyes strained upon the prisoner's face with a wild, piteous gaze, she stood there awaiting their questions.

Was the prisoner at her father's house on the night of the robbery? Yes, he was! At what time? All the evening nearly—he came early. But at what hour did he leave, could she remember? Yes! She remembered, but she would not tell. They stood together beneath the old locust-tree, she and Dick, watching the westward going moon, and listening to the faint echo of a fisherman's song far down the coast; and just as Dick bade her good-night, and said that he must hurry up to Dr. Romney's for a dose of medicine for his mother, the bells in the little harbor struck for half-past nine. She remembered; but she would not answer—no word of her's should convict Dick. The counsel repeated the question—but she turned from him with white, sealed lips. Dick watched her keenly for a moment, and then rose to his feet.

"Let me answer for her," he said, a great light gleaming from his gray eyes, and making his plain face grand and touching; "don't worry the poor child any more. I left the 'Old Cap'n's' just at half-past nine, and started up to the doctor's for a dose o' medicine; but I didn't steal them things—God knows!"

A great thrill swept through the crowd as the plain, simple-hearted fellow uttered these words, and turned his clear, honest eyes from one to another of the familiar faces around him; and not one soul, perhaps, dared question the truth of what he had said. Still the evidence, the circumstances, the law, convicted him; and he was sentenced to five years imprisonment in the State's prison.

The morning when Maggie went down to bid him good-by for the last time, was a wild one. All the pleasant Indian-summer weather had departed, and the fall had set in with black, scudding clouds and weeping rains. The old stone jail standing out on the desolate sands; the hungry sea sobbing and lashing almost against its mouldy walls, looked strangely desolate as the young girl passed through its heavy door, and made her way down the damp

corridor. The prisoner was pacing up and down his narrow cell; but he heard and recognized her light step, and stood with glowing eyes and extended arms to welcome her when she entered. For an instant both were silent—he reading the language of her tender, uplifted face. Then he said passionately,

"You do—you do believe in my innocence, Maggie?"

"Yes, Dick, as truly as I believe in God."

"You do not doubt me, in spite of all you have heard?"

"No; I trust and believe in you, because—"

She stopped, blushing and drooping her eyes.

"Because what, Maggie? Say on, please—I want to hear it."

"Because I love you!"

His gray eyes flashed as he stooped and kissed her forehead.

"Oh, Maggie!" he said, "you don't know how this comforts me. God never gives us a great trial to bear without also giving us some great source of comfort. I believe I should sink under this if I did not know that you believe in my innocence; that makes me strong, Maggie—makes me a man. I can bear it—I will bear it. Five years ain't forever. I'm young, and strong; and God is just. I'll live this disgrace down. I'll prove my innocence yet. I'll come back to you one day, Maggie."

"I'll wait for you, Dick!"

"God bless you! I know you will; your love will never fail me. But here they come. Good-by!"

"Good-by, Dick!"

He kissed her again, strained her slight form to his heart, and went out into the wild, sobbing rain; but the last object that his eyes rested upon was the dim shadow of her white face, gazing after him from the prison window.

Five years went by, making but little change at Beach-Head. The fishermen fished, and mended their nets, and dried their cod; and youths and maidens strolled along the seashore of evenings; and white-haired children hunted shells, just as they did in days of yore. The "Old Cap'n" still lived in the two-story cottage, and Maggie lived with him. But the old man had been growing a little feeble of late; and one evening, toward the last of October, Maggie called in Dr. Romney. The doctor had been very kind to them in all these five years; and more than once he had offered Maggie a place in his handsome home, as well as in his heart—both of which she firmly rejected.

Sitting by the gloomy fire, that chill October

evening, while the old captain slept, and the sea heaved and moaned without, the doctor renewed his proposal.

"Why will you persist in living here, Maggie," he said, "lonely and desolate, when you might come to my cheerful home, where your father could be properly cared for? You know how much I love you? Will you come, Maggie?"

She shook her head.

"Why not?"

Maggie dropped her knitting on her lap, and gazed for a moment into the gleaming coals; then she replied, with a little sigh, glancing out at the gray storm,

"Because I must wait for him!"

"He will never come, Maggie!"

"Then I shall wait forever!"

There was something so sublime in the expression of the girl's face, and in her simple answer, that the doctor said no more; and they sat in silence till a sharp rap at the door startled them. Maggie arose and opened it; and a female figure, scantily clad in dripping garments, fell forward on the floor. The doctor, at Maggie's command, raised her in his arms, and bore her into an adjoining room. Half an hour's work restored her.

"Don't you know me?" she said, staring from one to the other, with her great, hollow eyes. "I am Belle Bolton, Dick Bolton's cousin. Don't you know me, Lawrence Romney—me, the woman you ruined?"

The doctor paled and shivered, as if a ghost had confronted him.

"Go for a magistrate," she went on. "Quick! I have a confession to make before I die—and I can't hold out long. Go, I say."

The doctor obeyed her.

"Dick Bolton did not steal your money and watch, Lawrence Romney," she began, when the two stood by her bedside. "I stole them myself. I came to you for money for my child—your child—and you refused me; then I went back to your chamber at night, and stole it for my child's sake. But you pursued me, and the officers were at my heels, when I met Dick Bolton, and, thrusting the stolen articles into his hands, begged him to help me. You took him with the stolen things on his person. But he wouldn't betray me—poor, good Dick! He took the crime on himself sooner than see me suffer. I knew it all, but I held back, and let them condemn him for my child's sake. I couldn't bring disgrace on her. But she's gone now, and I've nothing to care for; and Dick must be cleared. He's innocent—I am the culprit."

An hour after, the hapless girl was dead; and leaving her and her father in the care of the neighbors, who had dropped in, Maggie, prompted by an impulse that seemed irresistible, went down to the sea. The rain had subsided, but the winds were high, and the waves rolled and dashed hither and thither with sullen fury. The night would be black and perilous. Sitting down upon a rock, she gazed, with solemn eyes, over the endless expanse of heaving waters. Where was he? He was innocent—his name was cleared; but would he ever come back to her again? She was so weary of waiting. A cruel hunger seemed consuming her heart. She stretched out her fragile arms toward the stormy sea, and cried piteously,

"Oh, Dick! Dick! when will you come back to me?"

The sobbing winds drowned the faint murmur; but at the same instant a little speck caught her eye far out upon the waves. She sat still and watched it. Slowly, slowly it came; now sinking out of sight in the trough of the sea, and again rising into view on the crest of a billow. At last she could discern its form. A life-boat, containing two men, who pulled for the shore.

The night came down heavily, and with it the solitary boat touched the strand. One of the men leaped out, and approached the spot where Maggie sat, with a boat-lamp in his hand. His face was bronzed and bearded, but the clear, gray eyes were unchanged. Maggie put out her arms with a glad cry,

"Oh, Dick! it is you—you have come back to me!"

He clasped her to his breast.

"Yes, Maggie, I have come. I was going another way—going out into the world to win a name before I returned; but our vessel struck the bar—the storm sent me."

"God sent you, Dick. Your cousin Belle is dead; the Beach-Head people know that you are innocent."

"Thank God!"

The gray eyes flashed proudly for an instant, and then grew mistily tender.

"And you have waited for me, and trusted in me all these years, Maggie?"

"Yes, Dick. We will never part any more now, will we?"

"Never any more, my darling, until death part us."

And they never did.

I KNOW THAT I MUST DIE.

BY AGLAUS FORRESTER.

I know that I must die;
But the earth is very fair;
And incense of a thousand flowers,
Float on the balmy air.
The sunbeams seem so very bright;
The brooks breathe melody;
While leaflets on the waving boughs,
Dance joyously and free.

I know that I must die;
For a form is ling'ring near,
With a smile of angel sweetness,
And with eyes so deep and clear,

That would win my heart from earth,
And turn my thoughts of love
To a land made fair and bright—
To a home of bliss above.

I know that I must die,
And leave earth's hallowed shore;
But my heart is lighter far
Than e'er it was before;
For faint music round me floats
With a dreamy spirit-spell;
I am dying! I am dying!
Gentle sister, fare thee well!

THE DEAD ARE CALM 'NEATH STARRY SKIES.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

The dead are calm 'neath starry skies;
Life's many jars disturb them not;
Ambition's feverish dream is o'er,
And love's wild anguish is forgot.

The dead are calm, and we shall rest
When we have run the round of pain;
And sleep shall fold the weary lids
Of eyes that shall not weep again.

Ah, me! When youth and passion's high;
When light the throbbing pulses play;
Rest seems no boon that we should crave;
We coldly turn from it away.

But, oh! when all's been tried—found vain!
When broken is each favorite toy;
We gladly seek Heaven's proffered peace—
Nor for its glory ask, nor joy.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 123.

CHAPTER XI.

"But it must be so, John Halstead. I tell thee, it must be so!"

"Think of the awful peril, gracious lady," pleaded the citizen. "Rather let us make an effort to bear a letter to his highness; though difficult, this is not altogether impossible," persisted John Halstead, terrified at the audacity of Margaret's plan. "If we get the king's signature to this new levy of troops, will it not suffice?"

"His signature, man! Cold hand-writing! No! no! It will not suffice! Is he not my husband as well as king? I alone can infuse a war-like courage into his heart. Let me tell him all that his wife and son have suffered. Let me——"

The haughty queen, whom men called cruel, and who was cruel in her hot anger, now sunk to a chair, and, covering her grand face with both hands, burst into a passion of tears.

John Halstead and William Shore stood near her greatly concerned; the thing she asked was so far beyond their power, that they could only look on her grief in dumb sympathy—for how could either of them help her to an interview with the imprisoned king.

At last Margaret lifted her head, and smiled through her tears one of those mournful, winning smiles which no true heart could have resisted.

"Do not wonder," she said; "they think me hard and made of iron. So I am, when the enemies of our house are near; but, under friendly eyes, this woman's heart will assert itself. But it hath not lost its courage; tears can never wear that away. Now bethink ye, kind friends; there must be some way by which we can evade these Yorkist jailers?"

Margaret sat before them in an attitude full of pleading womanliness. Her beautifully formed hands were clasped, and her magnificent eyes, misty and softened with tears, looked imploringly into theirs.

"Is there no bribe we can offer to his jailers?" She looked down upon her hands, from a habit of finding means of bribery in the gems with which they had once been loaded; but not a

jewel was there—the golden circlet of her marriage alone broke their symmetrical whiteness.

"Alas! I have nothing!—I have nothing!" she cried, wringing the hands which had no aid to offer.

"Lady," said Halstead, "if gold or jewels could avail in this, be certain that the last golden angel in my poor coffers should go forth to work out our queen's will; but all this has been tried already."

"Still there must be some way. Bethink thee, my dear friends. Men who reject gold have ever hearts than can be reached."

"Father," said pretty Constance, who stood behind Queen Margaret's chair, "if you would but bring Philip Gage to speech with her highness."

"Philip Gage! And who is he, lass? Be silent, John Halstead; there is more wisdom in this young head than ye wot of. Speak out, child, and say what this Philip Gage can do for his queen."

"I do not know, your highness, but—but—Philip is quick of wit, and bold as a lion. Then he knows the court well, all its ins and outs, having——"

"Hush!" said Halstead, glancing anxiously at Shore, who turned white as death.

"Nay, heed me not," said Shore, in a low, hoarse voice. "It is of her highness we must think. Philip may be of use here."

"Ay, he is a sharp lad, and honest," answered Halstead, turning his eyes, with a half smile, from the blushing face of his daughter. "I would trust him with my life."

Margaret fixed her great, black eyes upon Halstead for a moment, then she said, with decision, "Let us see this person."

Constance sprang to her feet, eager and glowing. "I will tell him. He is not far off," she cried.

Margaret smiled, despite her anxiety. Her woman's heart turned back to the remembrance of its own youth, when her love and her ambition were gratified in the union that had exalted her so highly, and from which she had suffered so much.

"He will be faithful, doubt it not," she said, flinging back the priest's cloak that covered her feminine apparel, determined to trust entirely where she gave confidence at all.

In a few moments Constance came back, flushed like a mid-summer rose, and preceeding her lover with a pretty air of triumph.

"He knows all. He has seen your grace before," she said, taking her position back of the queen's chair, while Philip dropped to his knee, and kissed the hem of Margaret's robe reverently.

"It is an honest face," said Margaret, passing one hand over the young head bent so naturally before her. "Young man, what wouldst thou do to pleasure thy queen?"

"Die for her." The words came from his bright lips with an outburst of enthusiasm that pleased Margaret well. The hand which had passed lightly over his hair settled upon it with a gentle pressure.

"Our Lady forbid that thy young life should follow the rest," she said, earnestly. "Even the great want which makes this heart ache so, shall be foregone rather than that."

"Tell me, noble lady, in what way Philip Gage can pleasure you?" answered the boy.

"Thou hast been at the Tower of London?"

"Ay, lady, many a time."

"Know ye the tower in which they have imprisoned the king?"

"What, King Henry?"

"There is no other king, sirrah."

"Your highness, I know the tower well. It was but last week that I had some pleasant talk with the sentinel who guards it, while waiting for my Lord Hastings to come in from the hunt. He took a marvelous fancy to the aiglets on my holiday jerkin, and, bethinking me of Master Halstead's order to make friends in the Tower, I gave him one."

"Listen!" said the queen, earnestly. "To serve this nation, its queen, and the good king who suffers in that Tower, couldst thou gain entrance there?"

The youth dropped his head and thought keenly a moment; then he looked up with brightening eyes.

"For myself? Yes."

"And another person?"

The queen's voice faltered and grew hoarse with intense anxiety.

"That requires thought, your highness. Who is the person?"

Margaret looked steadily into his questioning eyes.

"Thy queen!"

The boy started half up from his knees, but settled back steadily. All at once he leaped to his feet, and went up to William Shore.

"The ring, master—the signet ring, which was picked up by some witting on the battle-field. I could not get speech with the chamberlain, according to thy order, and it is here in my gipsire."

"Heaven be praised!" said Shore; "it may prove of use."

Margaret reached forth her hand for the ring, and examined it eagerly.

"It is the signet ring of Edward Plantagenet," she cried. "If the usages of his court are not changed, this will gain its bearer access to any place within the Tower. Heaven has, indeed, favored us."

Halstead examined the ring. He had not seen it before.

"This, indeed, makes your highness' project barely possible," he said, doubtingly; "but the danger to your royal person is still imminent."

"Nay, we will have no fear; but go at once."

"Not in that disguise," said the youth.

"Even I saw through it, and fell upon my knees at once to kiss the ground our queen had trod on."

Margaret was startled by this. She looked at Halstead.

"Counsel me—teach me some safe disguise," she pleaded, "for I must go."

"Her highness is about my height," whispered Philip to Constance.

The young girl understood his thought, and her eyes sparkled.

"If she would but condescend."

"Condescend! What is it? Speak out! Margaret will condescend to anything which gains one half-hour of speech with her king."

"Philip was thinking," faltered Constance, turning scarlet, "that—that——"

"Well!" exclaimed the impatient queen.

Constance shrunk back, catching her breath.

"I—I have two holiday suits, and—and——"

Margaret scanned the slender figure of the youth from head to foot. Quick as lightning she comprehended his idea.

"Well, speak out," she commanded.

"But for the hair, that long, black hair, which no flat cap can cover."

"Girl, bring me the scissors from yon 'broi-dery-frame.'"

Constance brought the scissors and held them out, but her hand trembled with excitement.

"Nay, tremble not, but keep thy hand firm. Now shred this black mantle short at the neck."

She shook the superb masses of her hair out

loose as she spoke, and they fell around, thick and waving, like the plumage of a raven.

"Quick, quick!" cried the queen. Her eyes flashed with impatience, her cheeks were red as flames. No wonder that beautiful woman found partisans ready to go to the death for her.

Like a bird tangled amid those jetty meshes, the little hand of Constance Halstead sent wave after wave coiling downward to the floor, bright, glorious, and full of life. A groan broke from John Halstead as he witnessed the sacrifice; and a faint sigh stole from the lips of William Shore, for memory was strong within him; but Margaret gave herself no time for regret till the rich mass lay around her feet. Then she stooped and gathered the tresses up one by one; her lip quivered, and her eyes filled as she regarded them.

"Take them," she said, gently. "If any mischance happens to me, send them to my husband. It will be some consolation."

Constance received the precious burden reverently, and carried it away into another room, her young heart swelling with tender compassion as she went.

Margaret followed her. Philip went into his sleeping-room, and came forth carrying an armful of his own garments new from the tailor. These Constance received from him at the door, where she bade him go and prepare himself to accompany the queen at once.

In less than half an hour the queen had disappeared, and out from the pretty bower-chamber of Constance Halstead came a slender form, daintily clad in a suit of new garments. The corset was of fine white cloth, prettily embroidered with gold thread by the hands of Constance Halstead. Above it came the edge of a lawn shirt, edged at the neck with narrow gold fringe. Over this was flung a supertunic of blue cloth, slashed with buff and edged with gold braid. The hose, like the corset, was of fine white cloth; and these were completed by long, narrow shoes turning up at the toes like modern skates, and laced with gold cord in a diamond pattern on the instep. Attached to a girdle of embossed leather was a gilt chain, to which a dagger swung; attached to the same belt was a gipsire of crimson velvet, embroidered with many-colored silk.

This was the costume of a man in whose veins ran some gentle blood, but not altogether unfit for the inmate of John Halstead's house; for he was known to be a merchant of great wealth, thriving under court patronage, and his people were expected to go better dressed than their neighbors, especially when business took

them to Edward's court. Besides, the lad Philip was considered as an adopted son of John Halstead.

Another woman might have lost something of her queenly dignity, in the eyes of her subjects, when appearing before them in this strange costume—but Margaret of Anjou would have been regal in a beggar's clothing. She had subdued herself into an appearance of stolid quietness—but that was all. There was nothing of the flippant air or effort at ease, which a less proud woman might have assumed. She came forth gravely and without awkwardness. True, the color on her cheeks was hotly red, and her heavy lashes drooped; but all this only gave her the appearance of a reticent, shy youth, who found himself much better dressed than usual, starting forward on an errand which required a staid demeanor.

A few moments of hurried conversation with Halstead followed Margaret's re-entrance to the room. Then Philip came in, ardent and daring, ready to guide that noble lady through her peril, or die in the attempt.

"I have gotten a boat ready," he said, "and waiting at the water steps—the best that I dare engage. Besides, I have been to the warehouse, Master Shore, and brought out the silver salver ordered by Lord Hastings, but never sent. There must be no lack of honest reasons for our journey. Now, comrade, shall we set forth? The tide will take us down by twelve o'clock, when Edward will have ridden to the hunt, so we shall have a clear field, and no favor."

Margaret stood gazing on him, unconscious that it was herself whom he was addressing; but when he repeated,

"Come, lad, come! the day wears;" a bright gleam of intelligence came over her face, and, drawing the pointed cap over her face, she prepared to follow him.

"This is well; his shrewd self-possession shames us; but there is hope in it," she said. "Farewell, good friends. If your queen fall into the hands of her arch enemy, convey the tidings to my son, and tell him that kingly rights never die."

With these words Margaret went out, leaving profound anxiety behind her.

When these two reached the street, Margaret walked on rapidly. She was greatly excited, and breathed like one in a fever; but the street was thronged, and no one seemed to observe the two handsomely dressed lads who bent their way toward the river in silent companionship. Fast as Margaret had walked, Philip kept close

by her side, regulating his pace to hers with a jaunty step, and carrying the silver salver under his arm with a brisk air of business. Margaret was descending the water-stairs with a gravity more becoming her station than the disguise she bore; but Gage, seeing the watermen's eyes upon her, rushed by, calling out, "Why, comrade, at this rate, we shall lose the tide. Look sharp."

With this he leaped into the boat, and sat down with the salver resting against his knees. Margaret followed, and springing into the boat, sat down.

"Here, John, take a fair portion of the work, thou art ever a laggard," cried Philip, pushing the salver toward Margaret.

She reached forth her hands to grasp it by the edge. Philip shuddered as he saw how white they were, and that one of the boatmen was eyeing them curiously.

"Nay, there is no use in being sullen," he said, with a jovial laugh, "thy hands have grown too dainty with handling nothing but gravers tools. Carrying a burden now and then will give them pith and manliness. At any rate, I will undertake but half the work."

Margaret did not answer. She was afraid to trust a voice, peculiarly sweet and ringing, with words; but she gathered the salver up with her arms and leaned her head upon it.

"Thy companion has forgotten how to talk," said one of the boatmen, allowing his oars to drag, while his half shut eyes were fixed on the seeming boy; "he lacks thy spirit."

"Oh! that is because the damp weather has given him a catarrh in the throat, but for that you would find him noisy enough. The leech has forbidden him to let this river air in upon his lungs by but the parting of a lip. I wish you could only have heard him this morning; why the wind came wheezing up from his chest like water through a sieve—it was not speech, but whistling."

The curiosity of the oarsmen seemed appeased by this, and, for a time, the boat went down the river with a steady progress; then Philip began to ask questions.

"I wonder if the king hunts to-day?" he said.

"Nay, I can answer that," replied the oarsman, "for this is the second pair we have taken down the river since the dawn. At eleven o' the clock King Edward was in his saddle, and half the court with him. We saw his train sweep down toward Greenwich, horses, hounds, stalkers, and all."

"Well, it does not matter," answered Philip. "Failing to find the Lord Hastings, our errand

lies with her Grace of Bedford, who never hunts."

"I should think not. Since her magic has overthrown the great duke, and set Edward firm as iron on his throne, her grace gives no thought to anything of lesser note, but keeps a whole band of alchemists ever at work, turning lead into gold, and withering up the king's enemies. It is said she has a waxen figure closely like the good King Henry. Hey day, my lad, sit firmer on that seat. Another start like that might fling the boat out of balance, and upset us in the water. As I was saying, this image is laid by a slow fire,—where it wastes, and wastes away, hour by hour, as the poor king is dropping out of life."

Margaret leaned forward, and parted her lips as if to speak; but Philip gave her a warning glance, and she drew back again breathing heavily.

"Is the good king suffering in health then?" asked Philip, quietly. "Does this necromancy begin to harm him already?"

"That, or some other cause, equally potent, has taken away all the life and strength that imprisonment had left him—that is the gossip we hear in rowing passengers up and down the river. Some say he is pining for a sight of Queen Margaret and his son. There was a rumor at one time that they had landed on the coast; but, take my word, it will be a long time before that she wolf and her cub show themselves in old England again, now that the great earl is dead."

Philip glanced at his companion, and saw that she sat motionless, with her lips compressed and her eyes gleaming.

"Come—come!" exclaimed the lad, "the glib tongue ever makes a slow arm. Keep better time with thy oars, good man, or we shall be late at the Tower; and I have promised my comrade here that he shall see the great bear fed, as well he may, seeing as we of the city are taxed for all the beast eats."

The man laughed, and bent more vigorously to his oars, sweeping his craft down stream with long, vigorous efforts, that soon brought them to the Tower steps.

Philip bade the men wait their return, and paused a moment to speak with his companion, who was carrying the salver under her arm.

"It shames me to let your highness carry any burden," he whispered; "but perforce it must be so, or they will suspect something. Give this to my share," he added, taking the tray under his own arm, and drawing forth a book—which had been all the while concealed beneath

his supertunic—one of those sumptuously bound volumes that held the labor of years between its covers.

"This must gain your grace admission to the king, who is well known to delight in such costly matters; carry it in sight, and walk firmly by my side. Stay, that question of the boatman reminds me that great danger lies in a voice. Therefore, my comrade is a French artisan, who speaks no English—not a word. He has spent much time on the towe under his arm, and hopes to find a customer in the imprisoned king."

"I understand," answered Margaret, sitting the book under her arm. "Fear me not, I will be firm and wary."

Philip glanced at her with admiring wonder. Her face was calm, her bearing natural, with the adaptation of great genius; she had merged all her pride and native dignity in the half wondering stranger.

"Now may all the saints guide us!" exclaimed Philip; and with a firm step he presented a general order for admission, always extended to Halstead or his people. Then he crossed the great court, or garden, as it was sometimes called, in which the courtiers and ladies, or such of them as had not followed Edward to the hunt, were assembled in groups and pairs, each seeking its own divertisement. Margaret followed with a firm step; but as they advanced, every tint of color left her face, and the keen look of a wounded eagle burned in her eyes; for groups of ladies and their attending gentlemen were passing to and fro in the garden, or moving along the battlements, where the sheen of their rich garments took the sun, shine like the plumage of tropical birds. Many of these persons through whom Margaret moved unheeded, had formerly been among the hundreds that knelt around her throne in the days of her pride. Falsehood, treachery, and fickle lightness had marked the transfer of allegiance, which had seemed easy to them as a change of garments, but had cut her proud soul to the quick.

As Margaret and her conductor was walking up the light and highly ornamented cloisters that ran around one end of the garden, they passed a company of ladies playing at clasheys, or nine-pins; a splendid dash of the ball had swept down all the ivory pins just as the two strangers came up; and the lady who had bowled them down turned a triumphant look at her companions, who swarmed around her like a swarm of humming-birds glorifying the roses on which they feed.

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"Thus it was," laughed the lady, "my lord swept down his enemies, at one brave swoop, on his last battle-field. If no one sets the clasheys up again, my work, like his, will languish for lack of opposition."

A light burst of laughter, and a murmur of sweet voices followed this speech from the bevy of ladies, while a page came forward carrying the victorious ball in his hands.

"Where is Sir Hugh?" cried the lady, turning her flushed face away from her pretty throng of flatterers. "Why is he not here to pick up the dead?"

"The Duke of Gloucester drew him aside but now," answered one of the ladies.

"Nay, if it is Richard, we must perforce submit," was the constrained answer. "But where have they all gone? Methinks it will take a year to bring our court back to its former decorous state. Edward is so used to the tumult of a battle-field that he winks at all irregularity here. Will some one range the clasheys?"

That moment Margaret and Philip passed close by the group, pursuing their way to the particular tower in which King Henry was confined. Margaret was a little in advance, and Elizabeth Woodville's eyes fell upon her first. The proud woman must have had a wonderful power of self-command, for she drove back the tumult of bitter feeling from her face, and looked calmly into that of her rival, who, flushed and smiling with triumph, addressed her in a tone of careless authority,

"Go and set up the clasheys," she said, "and stay close by till some of my pages come."

Philip started forward, pale and breathless, with afright; but the seeming youth checked him with a steady glance of the eyes, and surrendered the book he was carrying to his keeping, prepared to obey Elizabeth Woodville's command. With a quiet look of obedience, he passed down the cloister and arranged the ivory pins in their places.

"Neatly accomplished," said Elizabeth, receiving the ball from her page, and hurling it onward with rash confidence.

This time the ball swerved aside, and went bowling at random down the cloister.

That moment the Duke of Gloucester came up with the young nobleman whom he had so thoughtlessly withdrawn from his duty. The queen received him with arching eyebrows and a downward curve of the lips, which was the nearest approach to absolute displeasure that she ever allowed her face to express.

"What punishment shall we award for turning our knight from his duty?" she said, looking

askance at the wandering ball; "but for a strange lad, who roamed this way, we might have been compelled to wait."

"Nay, if I bring back the truant ball with my own hands, will that appease our sister's just wrath?" said the duke, in a sweet, low voice. "Besides that, I stand ready to reward the person who took Sir Hugh's place with a golden angel, if his rank is not too high for such guerdon. Where is he?"

Both the queen and her ladies looked around for the youth, but he had disappeared in the confusion attending the duke's approach.

With a quick, firm step, and a face like marble, Margaret left the cloister and turned the angle of a neighboring tower, and found herself in an inner court, as solitary and still as the heart of a desert. The poor lady knew the place well; she knew, also, that in one of the square towers which cast its shadow on the spot where she stood, her husband was confined. Not even the humiliation to which Elizabeth Woodville had unconsciously subjected her, could destroy the firm resolve to be cold and prudent with which Margaret had started on this enterprise. Truly a storm of indignant hate surged in her heart; but it was like the great heave and swell of waters under the falls of Niagara, their own weight and mighty force keeps the surface calm as a lake for a mile from the downward plunge. So it was with this proudest of proud women. Nothing could have been more quiet than the manner with which she performed that menial service for her rival; but a deadly storm was raging within, which left her face white as death when she stood before the sentinel who guarded the low-arched door which led to her husband's prison. Philip Gage was at her side, watching each movement that she made with a keen eye. The youth had followed her at a distance, and came up the moment she needed his help.

"Give ye good day, most doughty soldier," cried Philip, with cool audacity. "Walking still the same dull round as when we held our last gossip. That was when I brought jewels to her highness, the queen. Now I have another message to the king's favorite. Tell me, an thou canst, ride the Lord Hastings forth with his majesty?"

"Nay, how am I to know, shut in here by high walls, and forbid to lengthen my walk by a single pace. I heard a dog's bay, and the bugle sound when our good king went forth; but who went with him, there I am at fault, young sir."

"Well, well, I must go and learn while my

comrade here does his errand to Harry of Lancaster. Pass him in, good friend, and I will call for him anon."

The sentinel cast a glance at the seeming page; but Philip instantly drew his attention away.

"See, I will give thee a good look at the treasure I bring for my Lord of Hastings," he cried, eagerly removing the cloth from the salver. "See how deftly his lordship's arms are wrought in with this arabesque scroll. My own hands had something to do with this. As for my comrade here, the master sent to France for him to complete the work. No artisan in London could have drawn these lines. See how they quiver on the salver-ground like sunbeams in the sky."

The sentinel examined the engraving with forced attention a moment, then lifted his eyes to the disguised queen, and was about to speak,

"Oh, it is useless expecting words from him," interrupted Philip; "he cannot speak a word of the king's English. If thou couldst only *parly vous* now!"

"Nay, but what does the lad want here? Said ye not that he craved speech with Harry of Lancaster?"

"And no more than the truth, if I did," answered Philip. "He brings a tome beautifully written and blazoned, which consumed the better part of two year's work, under one of the best artists in France. He has heard that Prince Henry has a marvelous taste for such rare books, and brings it hither, hoping to find a market for his handiwork."

"But has he an order?"

"Else how got he an entrance to the Tower?"

"Of a surety; but all who come to the Tower of London do not get permission to see Prince Henry. Has the lad an especial order from the king, Duke Richard, or Lord Hastings? Lacking that, he cannot pass."

"The lad has something better by far than any of these—the king's signet-token, from his own royal finger. See!"

Philip made a motion with his fingers, and Margaret, who had been standing with down-cast eyes, and a pale, stolid look of indifference as the dialogue went on, took Edward's signet-ring from her gipsire, and held it out. The sentinel took the ring, examined it close, and gave it back with a satisfied look.

"Now let me examine this tome," he said.

"By the carving on its back it should be marvelously rich; but among the pictures there may be treasonable papers. At any rate, it is my duty to search."

Philip drew the book from under Margaret's arm, and opened it boldly. The sentinel turned over the emblazoned pages leaf by leaf, examining the pictures and scanning the manuscript with a knowing air, as if reading had been one of his lightest accomplishments. Philip felt safe after one glance at the man's face, and turned over the pages with a prompt hand.

"Thou canst read for thyself, good friend, and make sure that no treason is lurking here," he said. "As for other parchment, my comrade will make no resistance while ye search his gipsire, though it should be enough that he comes from John Halstead, whose loyalty to the White Rose has been tried like pure gold."

"Oh! an he comes from John Halstead, and bears the king's signet-ring, I shall be content with seeing his gipsire turned inside out."

"There, it is done!" cried Philip, seizing the gipsire. "There is not an inch of the lining that thou mayest not scan. Now let the lad pass, that I may be free to go on mine own errand."

"But when wilt thou return?"

"In ten minutes by the dial, if the pages keep me not waiting, which they are the less likely to do, knowing the welcome I bring under my arm. Ah! that is well! Now that my comrade is on his way, I will lose no time."

But Philip stood by the sentinel, chatting in his light, careless way some five minutes after Margaret had disappeared up the winding staircase that led to Henry's room. Then he moved away, and proceeded toward Lord Hastings' apartments, knowing well that the master was abroad hunting with the king.

Margaret of Anjou almost ran up the steps the moment she was free from the sentinel. She found her way into a little anteroom, in which two men were keeping guard. A glance at the king's signet was sufficient for them, and Margaret passed without question through a door which one of the guard unlocked.

She found herself in a low, square chamber, hung with faded arras, and lighted by narrow windows, through which gleaming rays of sunshine turned the particles of dust floating through the room into a golden haze. The day was warm, and the atmosphere of the place unpleasantly close, for rushes three months old strewed the stone floor, moist and mouldy in the damp corners, but ground to powder where the sun struck upon them. Some articles of massively carved furniture stood around, and a couch, covered with tapestry, seemed to have been but recently occupied, for a cushion was indented, and an open volume lay upon it.

Margaret looked around for her husband, but he was not there. Now all her fortitude gave way; a glow of life, which was light rather than color, came back to her face; the heart in her bosom swelled with a storm of tumultuous passion; the sound of a low, monotonous voice came faintly through the hangings; she flung them back, and saw a small oratory, with low, bleak walls, and an altar draped in white, against which an ebony crucifix stood out, black and sombre as death.

The arras dropped from Margaret's shaking hands—she was alone with her husband, for he knelt before that altar, meekly praying.

"Henry, my king, my husband!"

These words, thrilling with anguish and burning with mad joy, aroused Henry from his devotions. He stood up, tall, white, and bewildered, looking, almost with terror, on his wife, whom he did not recognize.

"Henry! Henry! It is I—it is Margaret!" whispered the wretched wife, sobbing out the words, and moving toward him with both hands outstretched. "Will you not know me, oh! my husband!"

He knew her voice, and over his still features came a joy so luminous, that the dull face was transfigured.

"My wife! My poor, poor Margaret! Let me look! Let me make sure!"

He lifted the cap from her head, and revealed that beautiful, stormy face, bathed with quick tears, and quivering with smiles that seemed so unaccustomed to those features, that they died out mournfully under his sad eyes.

"Margaret!"

He folded her to his bosom; he smoothed her shorn hair with a caressing hand. Through the mist, which half blinded him, he read, with a sorrowful heart, the changes which years of woe, privation, and bitter, bitter mental strife had left on her person.

"My Margaret! My poor wife! How this fierce warfare has changed thee!"

Margaret drew back her head, and regarded him earnestly. Those who said that she did not love her husband, wronged the proud woman, and would have confessed it, had they looked upon her then; for her great, black eyes were flooded with tenderness, her lips quivered, and her form shook with alternate throws of joy and pain.

"Margaret! Margaret!"

It was all the good king could say. Next to his God this woman had been the object of his idolatry from the day that she became his wife. Thoroughly believing in her, he had yielded up

the best strength of a calm, unambitious nature to her control, and in all worldly things looked up to her superior strength with the confidence of a devotee. But even then he had no power to express the swell of thankful tenderness that filled his heart almost to bursting. They stood close by the altar. Henry sunk to his knees again, drawing Margaret down also, and, with his meek face uplifted, thanked God that she was by his side once more. The habit of devotion had become so strong with him that even in that supreme moment his full heart bowed itself before God.

A tall chair was in the oratory. The back, of carved ebony, formed a cross, and on its cushion a rude picture of the crucifixion was embroidered. Henry drew his wife to this seat, after he arose from the altar, and knelt beside her, happy as a child.

"Edward is merciful at last, and will permit us to dwell together," he said, softly kissing her hands. "But, tell me how it all came about. And our son, oh! we have much to say!"

"And but brief time to say it in," answered Margaret, looking upon him with mournful sadness. "Edward Plantagenet knows nothing of this visit."

Henry's visage fell, his hands dropped away from hers, and he sighed heavily.

"Then we must part again. God help us both! It were almost better that this meeting had never been."

"No! No!" cried Margaret. "It will give us strength to suffer and struggle."

Henry sighed heavily.

"Nay, my wife, there is no struggle. Since the great earl died, nothing is left but submission."

"Submission! Oh! Henry! in a just cause like ours there can be no submission. Bethink thee, my good lord, there is no being on earth so abject as a discrowned king content with his destiny."

"Thou wert always brave, Margaret, and far more kingly than the man on whom God put the heavy burden of government all too soon."

"For our son's sake, Henry, we must both be brave."

"For his sake! Oh, Margaret! must our boy take up this evil inheritance? Let it pass! Let it pass! Why set his young life afloat on this sea of blood, in which our happiness has been wrecked? What matters it whether—"

"Nay, do not say it; I would not be angered with thee, Henry. Our son's inheritance is his birth-right. We have no power to yield it up."

"Ah, Margaret! The same old spirit of

dominion! Will nothing daunt it?" said Henry, shaking his head.

"Not while I have a husband's wrongs to avenge, and a son's inheritance to maintain."

"But how can this great task be accomplished? Warwick is killed, our troops dispersed."

"Our son is in England."

"What! Edward! My son, Edward!"

"Ready to lead the armies which his name and thine will raise."

"God protect him!"

"Ah! if he could but stand here in the person of his father—so beautiful—so rich in honor—so chivalric; his very face, beaming with martial ardor, would arouse my Henry to action."

"As thine does now," answered Henry, with a touching smile. "Oh, Margaret! thy brave soul must ever take the lead."

"One more effort we must make," continued Margaret, answering the smile with one that shone upon him like a burst of light. "Our son, Edward, can do much—but he is not king. Give but thy sanction to a new levy of men, and he will lead them, while your wife rides with him, to victory or—or—"

"Death! Alas, alas! that victory and death ever go hand-in-hand."

"That is ever the sure fate of war; but there shall be less danger here, inasmuch as we will strike quickly and with force—already are the people flocking to our standard. We lack only the king's name, which is ever a tower of strength."

"And didst thou come alone for this?" said the poor king, with a mournful shake of the head.

"No! No! On my soul, no!" Margaret answered, with eager truth. "Oh, Henry! my heart pined for its lord—my very soul grew sick with loneliness. I could have written—another might have brought thy signature, so important to our success; but I risked danger, humiliation, death itself, only to look into those dear eyes, and feel the clasp of these arms again."

"My Margaret, forgive me."

"Forgive thee, Henry! What have I to forgive? Or if I have, take it thus, and thus"

She kissed him upon his lips, his forehead, and on the eyelids that quivered above a sudden rush of tears.

"It is over, this is, perhaps, our last meeting on earth," she said. "If I am weak and childish—nay, we must not talk of these things, it takes away all wish for sterner action."

"Ah, if it could," sighed the fallen monarch,

"how much happiness we might find even in this prison."

"Even here Edward's malice would pursue us," answered Margaret, shaking off the tender weakness which had made her so womanly for the moment. "We may be interrupted any moment. Is there pen and ink at hand?"

Margaret opened the illuminated book at a place where some leaves of parchment, written in manuscript like the rest, had been carefully introduced. It was a proclamation calling all adherents of the Lancastrian king to resume their arms and follow Prince Edward to battle.

"Read it quickly, and write the signature here," she said, with prompt authority, which Henry had never yet disputed; "we may be interrupted."

Henry took the open book in both his hands and began to read. A footstep in the next room alarmed Margaret. She started from the chair, snatched up her cap and drew it over her face. That moment a guard looked in. Henry turned pale, his long, brown robe, which swept the floor, rustled to the quick shiver that passed over him.

"Be calm, and seem to examine the book," said Margaret in French. She spoke quietly, but her voice was hoarse with agitation, which destroyed all its feminine tones.

"I come to say that John Halstead's lad is waiting in the court," muttered the man.

Henry did not answer, he was too much disturbed by the thought of parting with his wife so suddenly for the utterance of a single word. When the man had withdrawn, he laid the book down upon the altar, brought pen and ink from the next room, and signed his name on the spot Margaret had pointed out.

"It is signed, but I cannot read it; God forgive us all if I have done wrong in this!" he cried, in great agitation, closing the book and giving it to Margaret. "Thus," he continued, "let us shut out all thoughts of war—we have but a few moments, Margaret. Now tell me of my son."

Margaret lifted her face to the soft blue eyes bent so lovingly upon her.

"My Edward shames his birth in nothing," she said.

"Has he thy look, Margaret?"

"In his face—yes. I am sure this will please my Henry, or I would not say so; but his smile has the sweet tenderness which men so love in his father; besides, he is tall, like thee!"

"But strong of limb?"

"Edward is brave, young, strong, and comely. Once seen, the people will worship him."

"God grant it! Well, Margaret, we must hope for the best; but promise me, if the victory should be ours, that there shall be no executions, no enemies beheaded."

"I promise," answered Margaret, sadly.

"Sometimes the memory of these things paralyzes my resolve. Fear not, Edward has his grandfather's spirit in the fight, and his father's sweet mercifulness afterward."

"Heaven guard the boy!" cried the unhappy father, falling upon his knees before the altar.

"Amen!" whispered the wife and mother, kneeling by his side. "Now, Henry, farewell!"

Her arms stole around him; her head rested on his bosom; a shiver of terrible anguish swept over them both. At last Margaret arose and went slowly from the room, carrying the book with her. Henry watched her through his tears till the arras fell together with a sweep that made him shudder. Then he fell forward upon the altar, and, burying his face in the folds of his long robe, stifled the sobs that were breaking his heart.

Margaret conquered her grief, as she had before subdued the fierce anger aroused by Elizabeth Woodville. With an equal, quiet step she passed through the outer chamber, and down the stairs. At the entrance to the tower, she met Philip Gage carrying the silver tray under his arm. He was talking gayly with the sentinel, bewailing his evil fortune in not finding Lord Hastings in his apartment, and promising himself another trip to the Tower, when he would come alone, and see the great bear batted in company with his good friend, the sentinel.

"Oh! here comes my French comrade, with his book under his arm. So the good prince does not effect his work. Well, well, he is but young."

"More likely by far his highness, Prince Henry, has not the golden angels which might answer thy comrade's demand for the book. If so, he would not take it at a lesser price; for in everything but war Henry has a right kingly spirit. Tell thy comrade this, for he looks desperately down-hearted."

"Oh! he will soon win over it," answered Philip Gage, laughing carelessly. "It is not every youngster that can get a king for his customer, even though that king be kept under guard. He will come again some day and speed better."

With these words, Philip settled the cap on his head, and followed his seeming companion from the court.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KNITTING-BAG.

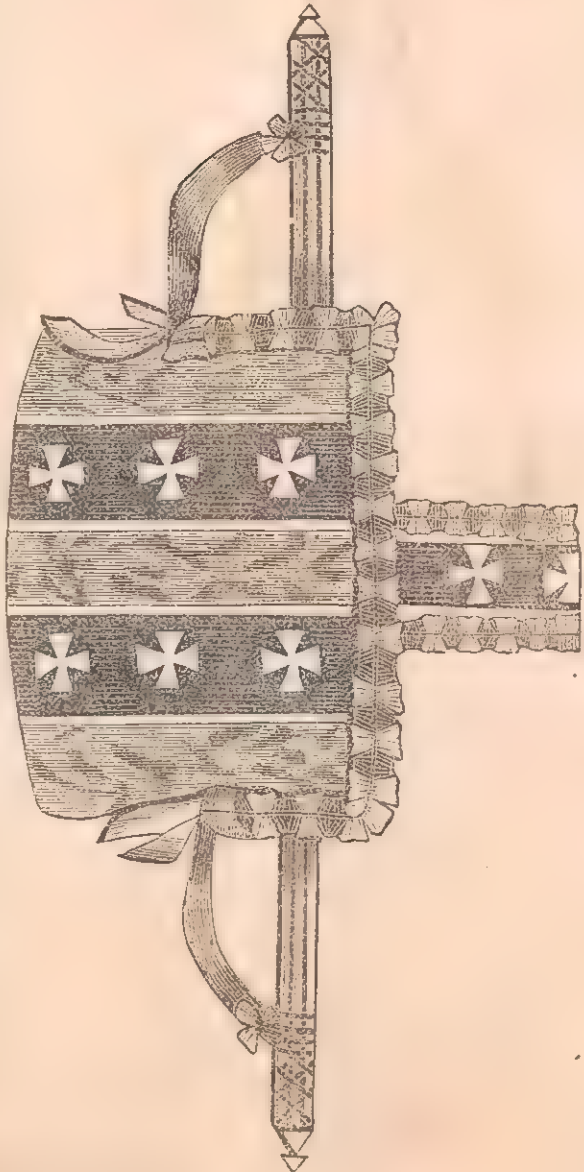
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A piece of canvas, (the usual size for working with single zephyr,) ten inches square, and a piece nine inches long and two inches wide for the handle; two yards of mantua ribbon, (dark green) one inch wide; half oz. of single black zephyr; half oz. of shaded green zephyr; two skeins of white floss silk; a pair of ivory knitting-sheaths; if ivory cannot be procured, silver, or even tin nicely japanned, will answer the purpose; four inches of elastic.

Work the pattern in cross-stitch in stripes, two of black, with the Maltese cross done in white flosselle, one row of white between the stripes. The remaining stripes are simply filled in with the shaded green zephyr, giving the effect of a chene pattern.

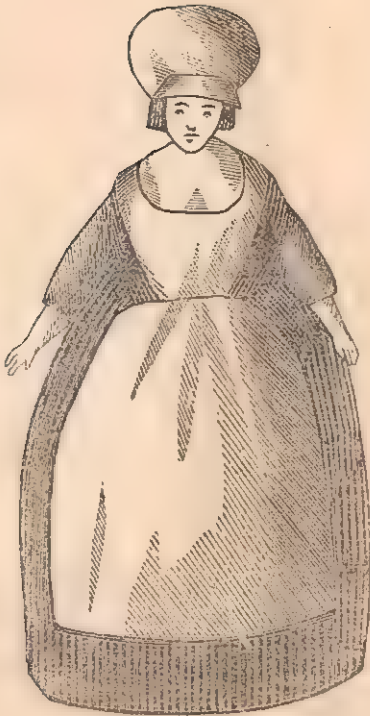
The ten inches of canvas will form both sides of the bag; it is to be joined at the sides, within about an inch of the top; line the bag, leaving it open for the handle to be sewn on between the outside and the lining; the ribbon to be quilled in the center round the whole bag. Sew the sheaths on one end of the elastic, which is to be divided and covered with a piece of the ribbon; the other end to be fastened to the bag, and the knitting-needles, when not in use, to be placed in the sheaths.

This is a very beautiful affair, can be easily made, and is necessary to almost every lady; knitting being now so general. When going out to spend a sociable afternoon, a pretty bag, like this, is really indispensable.



DOLL PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



GET a small china doll. Break off the legs. Cut a round of cardboard two inches and a half across; sew securely round it a piece of calico

the size of the round, and three inches and a half deep. Stuff it firmly with wadding at the bottom of the round, and put less wadding as you get toward the waist, so as to make the doll a nice shape. Fasten the calico neatly round the waist. For the frock, procure a piece of scarlet flannel ten inches wide and five inches in depth. Join it round, turn in the bottom and gather it, put in the doll and cushion, and draw the gathering round beneath the cardboard bottom. Fasten it firmly; gather with a strong thread round the top, which needs a small turn in, and make another gathering one inch below for the waist. Tie these two gatherings round the shoulders and waist. Two holes must be made to pass the arms through, and two small, straight pieces of flannel sewn round the arms for short sleeves. The frock is then complete. The apron is a piece of white muslin three inches square, gathered at the waist, and pinned on. The bib of the apron must be cut out to the diagram. The cap is of the same muslin as the apron, cut three inches and a half in depth, three inches and a quarter in width at the widest part, and two inches at the plain part, which ties with a piece of cotton round the face. The whole is cut as nearly as possible in the horse-shoe form, gathered from one side of the front to the other, and drawn tightly up at the back. Then a little bit of china ribbon is tied round, with ends waving at the back. The doll is very quickly dressed.

BRAIDED TOILET-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

IN the front of the number, we give an engraving of this pretty cushion. The cushion may be worked with braid or chain-stitch, either in white or colored, on pique or muslin. The prettiest and most durable is scarlet. The lower edge of the border should be in button-hole stitch with single zephyr, same color as the braid; and the upper edge should be whipped, or cross-stitched with the wool. The same design worked in velvet, satin, or silk, makes a very handsome cushion; for instance, a black velvet cushion braided in gold-colored braid, with a border of black silk pinked at the edges, and braided according to the pattern, is exceedingly effective. The top of the cushion makes a pretty design for a braided toilet-mat.

TURKISH TOBACCO-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



In Constantinople, whence comes our model, the Turks, who consume much of the fragrant weed, wear these bags or pouches attached to

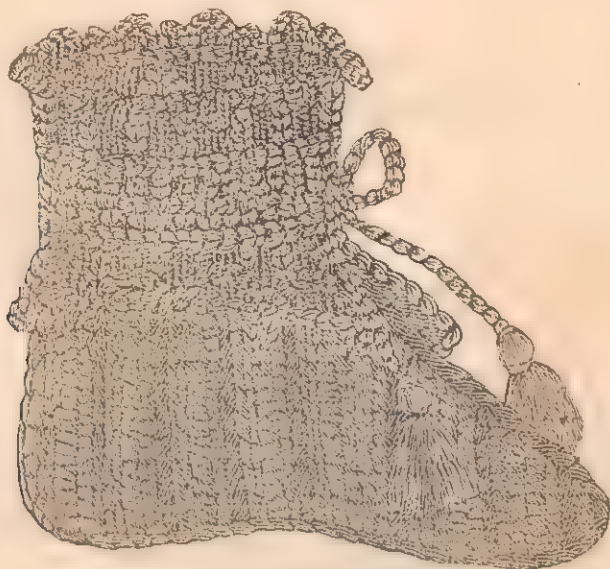
their ceintures. Here their novelty and utility will render them suitable little presents for gentlemen, or will make a nice variety in contributions for bazaars, where gentlemen are expected to purchase largely, yet the supply of articles, suited to their needs, is usually confined to smoking-caps and slippers. Our model is formed of crimson cashmere, herring-boned with coarse white silk, and embroidered with gold thread, it is lined with a striped Persian-patterned foulard. The bag is formed of a piece of cashmere, nine inches in length and thirteen and a half inches wide, lined with silk of the same size. Run up the seams separately, fix the outside and lining together, and herring-bone them with white silk, as seen in the engraving; a round of cashmere is cut to fit the bottom, and is sewn in afterward. A fringe is placed over the seam and at the top of the bag. Embroider a band about two inches in width with any pretty little pattern with the gold thread; put it over the seam the entire length of the bag. The narrow band, forming the fastening, has little diamonds worked on it in chain-stitch, and is afterward lined with a piece of ribbon; it is sewn on one side of the bag. An opening of sufficient width to pass the band through is cut and worked in button-hole stitch to form the fastening.

BABY'S SOCK.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—A small bone hook, half oz. of scarlet wool, and half oz. of white. 12 chain, 1 chain to turn, 2 double in first stitch, 12 double; you have now 14 stitches. 2nd row—1 chain to turn, 2 double in first, always taking the back part of the loop all through the shoe, (to form the brioché,) 14 double. Continue working in the same manner, increasing 2 stitches every row until you have 36 stitches. Work 2 rows across without increasing, fold the two edges together and crochet them down the front. Take a needle, draw the toe together,

and secure the ends. Commence leaving 5 stitches from the center, work 25 double, which will leave 5 stitches on the other side. 1 chain to turn, and crochet backward and forward in the same manner for 7 more rows; then 11 double, miss 1, 1 double, miss 1, 11 double, turn; 10 double, miss 1, 1 double, miss 1, 10 double, turn; 9 double, miss 1, 1 double, miss 1, 11 double. Fold it in halves, and crochet the heel together in single crochet. The lower part of the shoe is now complete. With white wool, work a row of treble crochet all round the



top of the shoe. There will be 36 stitches. Join round; 4 chain, 1 treble, 1 chain, 1 treble. Work the round in open treble for the cord to be run in. 4 chain, 1 round of long, putting the wool twice round the needle, another round of treble open, 1 round of plain treble. With scarlet wool, work 3 chain and 1 double, missing 2 chain; 2 chain, 1 double all round, turn and work 5 chain, 1 single, in the same loop.

As the last round, it will form the trimming. With white wool, do a round in the same way as the last, but work the single stitch into the white treble row round the scarlet part of the shoe; 3 yards of white wool doubled and made into a chain drawn through the first row of holes, and finished with 2 small tassels, completes the shoe, making a neat, warm, economical, and really pretty one.

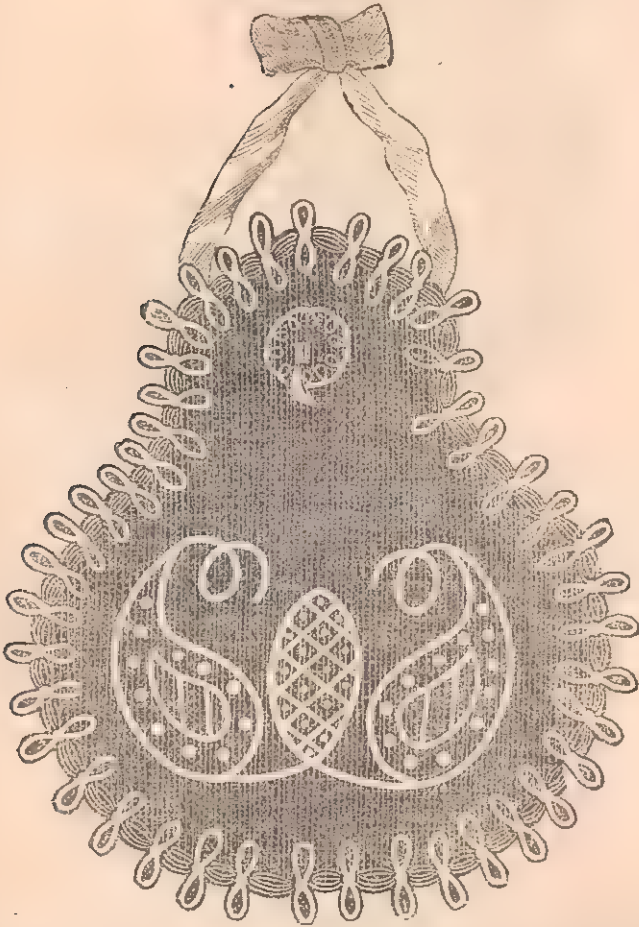
HANDKERCHIEF CORNERS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



WATCH-CASE.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Use any pieces of silk or velvet you may have by you. Trace the design upon the silk, and braid with silk or gold braid. A narrow ribbon, caught up at equal distances, forms the border, with the addition of small loops of braid with a bead sewed in the center.

EMBROIDERIES.



PATTERN FOR AN EMPRESS SLEEVE

BY EMILY H. MAY.



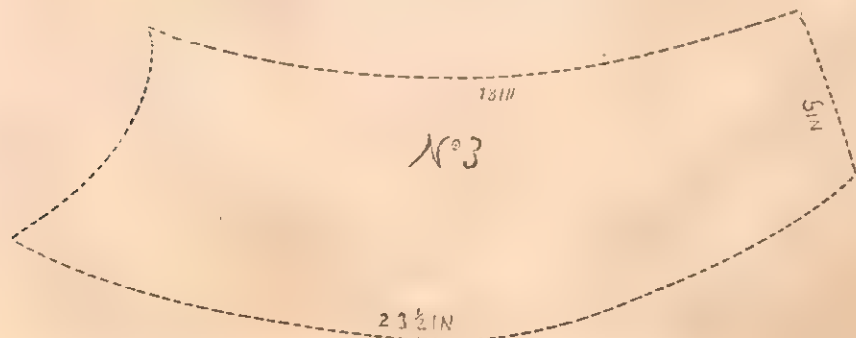
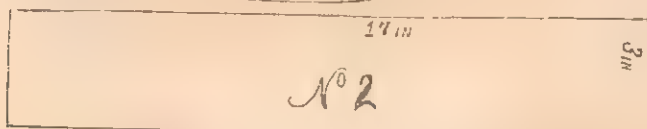
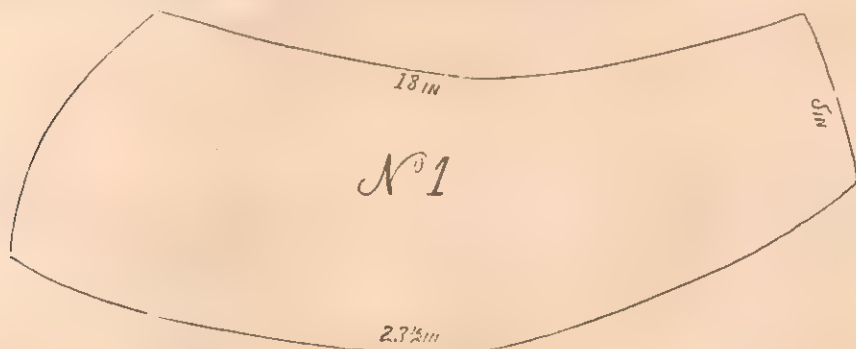
As the Empress Sleeve is now all the rage in Paris, we give here an engraving of it, and also a diagram by which to cut it out. The sleeve, it will be seen, is very narrow at the wrist, and cut with a seam at the elbow. The sleeve has a cuff composed of two puffings,

edged with braid, velvet, or gimp; epaulet in velvet or passementerie. The pattern is composed of three pieces.

No. 1. UPPER PART.

No. 2. CUFF.

No. 3. UNDER PART.



EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Who's bit My APPLE?—You laugh, don't you? That little fellow, crying with rage and disappointment, because somebody has had a bite out of his apple, provokes you to mirth. And yet, if one was in a mood for moralizing, one might say that it was no more a laughing matter than hundreds of things at which you do not laugh. There are few of us who find our apple what we expected it to be.

Good little Mrs. Brisk, who might be very happy with her husband, children, and neighbors, if she would only content herself with them, has an ambition to rise into what she calls "a better set;" and after infinite trouble, after countless intrigues, after doing many things that are but little short of meannesses, she thinks she has succeeded. She soon discovers her mistake. She finds that her new friends are not as true as her old ones; or that she is only in her "better set" on sufferance; or that this fashion and show do not pay. Or, if her success is more complete, if she becomes really a leader in society, she discovers that there is always some one who has been before her, and whose empire is more despotic still. Another has had the first bite of the apple.

Or a young girl marries for wealth. Perhaps she has rejected one whom she could have loved, in order to wed another for whom she has no real affection. She believes, for awhile, that she has done well. She has a house in town, and a house in the country; she goes to Saratoga and Newport at will; her carriages, India shawls, diamonds, and dresses, are the envy of all her acquaintances. At her balls the most exclusive people are seen. Her dinner-parties are as select as they are elegant. The world thinks she has everything to make her happy. But is she happy? Alas! she soon discovers that wealth palls on the possession, and that marriage, without love, is only a galling chain. A thousand times she wishes she had listened to the dictates of her heart. The poor clerk, whom she discarded, is now, perhaps, a successful merchant; he has a happy family around him; his home is said to be a very Paradise. At her hearth there is nothing but bickering. No one there would shed a sincere tear if she died. Has she not cause to cry over her apple?

A young man is ambitious of political distinction. For this he neglects his business, the culture of his mind, and the happiness of those about him. Perhaps he even gives up a dream of love; he is too poor, he says, to marry. Sometimes he fails from the beginning, and ever after has a soured heart. More rarely he succeeds for awhile. The lower offices in the gift of the people, or of the executive, are so numerous, that even moderate abilities, or ordinary influence, may hope to attain them. But when he aims higher, he finds the competition increasing; and in this fierce struggle only a very few prevail. Of the thousands who begin a political career, expecting to be a Governor, or a Senator of the United States, a dozen, perhaps, achieve their ends. The number of successful aspirants for the Presidency is even smaller. More than one eminent American statesman has died, broken-hearted, because he missed this goal. In the career of ambition there is always some one who gets a bite out of the apple before you.

It is often no better with literary distinction. To the few, indeed, fame comes at last. But even then, it does not always come without heart-burnings, or shattered nerves, or something else to make the apple disappointing. Who, after reading of the closing years of Sir Walter Scott, that narrative which is so full of tears, would be willing to take

his reputation, if all the rest had to be taken with it? Napoleon the First is the idol of many a youthful mind. But Napoleon at St. Helena, tied to his rock, eating his proud heart out with rage, is the saddest of all spectacles. Everything is disappointing, but doing good. Ambitions cheat us as we grasp them, except the ambition to do unto others as we would be done unto. Make those around you happy, and you will be happy yourself. Nobody gets the first bite of that apple.

BRACES are becoming favorites again, and are added to high dresses in the same material, or of broad ribbon put full upon the shoulders should the dress be trimmed with it. Braces are made quite separately from the dress, and are then usually in black lace and black velvet edged with with lace, and forming knots upon the shoulders. These braces finish in front, losing themselves in the waistbelt, and behind descend in two tails over the skirt. When these braces are in ribbon, the ends are doubled, making four behind, and these are cut in vandykes and edged with a flounce of lace. Sometimes this trimming is repeated three or four times up the skirt, in which case it must be cut from piece silk instead of ribbon, as the tails have to be graduated. Dresses are no longer caught up with strings. If they are very full dress, they are not taken up at all; but if they are to be taken up, it is done by means of fastenings made in gimp, with two or three tassels hanging from them. Petticoats, similar to the dresses, are most generally worn, but when not the same, must be either white or red, with ornaments of black velvet. The striped petticoats have become vulgar, and may only be worn quite in undress.

BOOTS MADE OF BROWN OR UNBLEACHED LINEN are the last novelty abroad. They ascend half-way up the leg, and are fastened at the side with rock-crystal bell-buttons. White linen boots are worn with muslin dresses, a bow of the same color as the dress trimmings being added in front. These are much more sensible than the silk boots which have been hitherto adopted with dresses of thin materials; the linen boots can be washed, and will always look fresh. For picnics, the boot is replaced by kid shoes with high heels, to which a gaiter, made of unbleached linen, reaching to the knees, is added. In town, when the weather is doubtful, kid boots are worn with black and white check poplin gaiters.

THE EMPIRE BONNET is definitely accepted in Paris, where it is considered more distinguished than the Fanchon. In London the Empire bonnets are to be seen but rarely; they are only very scantily trimmed, and the crowns are flat and wide, edged, we might say, with a narrow band of straw, below which the plaits of hair are arranged in such manner that they are quite as visible as with the Fanchon shape. There is much doubt whether this Empire form will be accepted so readily in this country as it has been in France.

A PRETTY DRESS.—We have just seen, at a fashionable dress-maker's, a white muslin, scalloped out round the edge, bordered with Valenciennes lace, and looped up over a plain blue silk petticoat; sky-blue ribbons, covered with lace insertion, commenced at the waist and descended each breadth of the skirt, looping it over the petticoat; a half-bodice of blue silk was to be worn over the high, white bodice.

THE LEADING MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND.—The Stoughton (Mass.) Sentinel says of this Magazine:—"It is the cheapest, as well as the leading one of its kind in the country in every feature." The West Union (Iowa) Record says:—"It is the cheapest Magazine in the world, and probably has a stronger hold on the popular heart than any other ladies' magazine." The Lafayette (Ind.) Advertiser says:—"No magazine of equal worth is afforded for the price this is. Only two dollars per annum, and to clubs at a lower rate." The Poughkeepsie (N. Y.) Press says:—"We venture to say there is not a publication in the country that has a more talented corps of story writers." And the Springfield Republican says:—"In the department of fashion-plates, patterns, etc., the rule with Peterson is always excellence, freshness, variety, and profusion—of which this number is an example."

FIFTEEN HUNDRED DOLLARS.—The publisher of the "Home Weekly," one of the best of the Philadelphia literary papers, has just offered tempting premiums for good stories. He announces that he will give one thousand dollars for the best story, three hundred dollars for the second best, one hundred dollars for the third best, and fifty dollars each for the two next best. A committee of well known literary men is to make the choice. The stories unsuccessfully competing will be taken, by the publisher, at a fair valuation, or will be subject to the orders of the respective writers. The only restriction on the stories is, that the scene of each shall be American. These very liberal premiums ought to bring out first-rate talent. It was for the "Home Weekly," then known as the "Dollar Newspaper," that Edgar A. Poe wrote his prize story of "The Gold Bug."

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—Do not be too late in starting your clubs for next year. We contemplate great improvements for 1896. "Peterson" will be better than ever. Vastly more will be given, for the money, than by any other magazine. Talk to your friends about "Peterson."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Miss Mackenzie. By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Anthony Trollope is the most charming of realistic novelists. He never rises to the ideal, but stunts of that he is perfect. In "Miss Mackenzie" some of his very best points come out. The heroine is the only character who is not hopelessly commonplace. And yet, though we almost despise some of the people, and some that the author intends us to consider good, we are forced to confess they are true to life. Miss Mackenzie herself is amiable, without being a fool, which is more than can be said of Thackeray's heroines. Between her three lovers she has trouble enough; but she deports herself invariably with modesty, if not always with wisdom: and we learn, at last, to love her, in spite of her thirty-six years and her temporary weakness toward Mr. Rubb. Two of the best chapters are those in which Miss Mackenzie keeps a stall at the Fair, and in which her cousin brings Sir John to book, and makes him propose to the heroine.

The Martyr's Monument. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: American News Company.—This is a capital summary of the speeches, messages, orders, and proclamations, of President Lincoln, from the Presidential canvass of 1860 until his assassination, April 14th, 1865. The volume is very neatly got up, and ought to have a large sale.

Miranichi. A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—The scene of this story is laid in the province of New Brunswick. It is a religious novel, pleasantly told. Like "Hunted To Death," it belongs to "Loring's Railway Library," the volumes of which are well printed and bound in paper covers; and are just the thing for summer reading.

The Gayworthys. By the author of "Faith Gartney's Childhood." 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—One of the very best books of its kind, which has appeared for some years, was "Faith Gartney's Childhood." But the present fiction, by the same author, is even superior to its predecessor. It is a story of New England life, with a good deal of religious feeling, but free from cant; and the characters are particularly well drawn. Joanna Gayworthy, Gersham Vorse, and Aunt Prue, have all striking individuality. The heroine, Sary (hair, is also vigorously sketched. One of the best characters is wealthy Hooga, whose quaint philosophy, delivered in her broad New England dialect, is deliciously refreshing. The book is full of quiet pathos, and shows great versatility. The volume is very elegantly bound in cloth.

Mildred Arkell. By Mrs. Henry Wood. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—This is a new novel by Mrs. Wood, and is printed from the author's MSS. It is full of action, as all her works are, so that the interest never flags. In the development of character, Mrs. Wood, as a general rule, is inferior to many other novelists, but no one surpasses her, and few equal her, in the absorbing curiosity she awakens by her plots. It is not easy to lay down one of her books till the end is reached; and it will be no easier, in the case of "Mildred Arkell," than in others of her stories. The volume is well printed.

On Guard. By Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a writer comparatively unknown to American readers, but who is destined, we think, to become quite a favorite. "On Guard," at least, is one of the best novels of the season. The characters are honestly sketched, which is saying a great deal. On this account, the heroine charms us in spite of her faults; and we even like Claude, her second lover, better than Stanley, whom she discards for him. The ultimate fate of the latter is unnecessarily hard, we think; and this is the only objection we have to make to the book.

Theo Leigh. By Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We like this novel, in some respects, less than we do "On Guard." The Saturday Review says truly of this excellent writer, that "the people she draws have plenty of vitality and distinctness; they are fresh and active, and she never confuses or bungles them." It is, says the same high authority, "in elaborating the airy harmless plots and counterplots of society" that her skill consists.

Essays in Criticism. By Matthew Arnold. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—The author of these capital essays is a poet as well as a critic, and inherits ability, for he is the son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. The articles in this volume have very great merit. They are particularly remarkable for earnestness.

The Squibb Papers. 1 vol., 12 mo. By John Phiniz. New York: Orlinton.—A capital book of its kind, full of humor, and illustrated with comic illustrations by the author, who was one of the best writers of his class, if not the best, in America. He was a Capt. Derby.

Hunted To Death. A Novel. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Loring.—A story of love and adventure, which ends happily, and which will help to wile away the hours of travel. The volume is one of "Loring's Railway Library."

Wayside Blossoms. By Mary H. C. Booth. 1 vol., 18 mo. Philada: J. B. Lippincott & Co.—A volume of poems, which show more than usual tenderness and grace; the book is very neatly printed and bound.

Alfred Hogart's Household. By Alexander Smith. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—A quiet sketch of domestic life, with touches of simple pathos. A very readable book.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Pumpkin Soup.—Take a quarter of a pumpkin, cut it in pieces, after removing the rind and seeds; add three pints of water, some turnips, celery, potatoes, parsnips cut in slices, as for *julienne*; add two ounces of butter, salt, and pepper; let it stew slowly till the vegetables are done, and the pumpkin reduced to a marmalade. This is very good, but we prefer it made as follows: Boil in water about a quarter of a pumpkin till tender enough to pulp through a tammy; to this *puree* add milk enough to make it the proper consistency, a blade of mace, or a little nutmeg; about two ounces of butter must first be stirred into the pulp. Season it to taste with either a little Cayenne or white pepper, and salt. Before serving, add a few drops of orange-flower water, or you may in place add about an ounce of sweet almonds, pounded fine. It is a delicate and delicious soup *maigre*.

To Make Stock for Soup.—On six pounds of beef pour six quarts of water; put your soup-pot on a slow fire to heat the soup; stew slowly an hour; then increase the fire till it boils; skim it well as the scum rises until it is clear; then add some carrots, parsnips, turnips, leeks, celery, and an onion stuck with six cloves, and a few whole peppers. The vegetables will cause the scum to rise again, so it must be well skimmed. Then take off the soup-pot from the fire, and let it simmer by the side of it (or on a hot hearth) very slowly, keeping it closely covered. Let it stew six or eight hours. When it is done, it will be a pale gold color; strain it off for use, and carefully remove the grease or fat.

Palestine Soup.—Use stock of white meat. Boil three or four potatoes, the same of onions, and at least a dozen large Jerusalem artichokes, until quite soft, and rub them down to thicken the soup. Season to taste with pepper and salt, and add a little cream, or a pint of milk. As the soup must be quite white, great care must be taken as to the cleanliness and brightness of all the utensils which are used.

MEATS.

Hung Beef.—Take a piece of flank or brisket of beef, and hang it up in the cellar as long as it will keep good, and until it begins to be a little suppy. Then take it down, cut it into three pieces, and wash these, one piece after another, in sugar and water. Take a pound of saltpetre and two pounds of bay-salt, dry them, pound them fine, mix with them two or three spoonfuls of brown sugar, and rub the beef with it thoroughly all over. Strew a sufficient quantity of common salt all over it, and let the beef lie close until the salt is dissolved, which will be in about six or seven days. Then turn it every other day for a fortnight, and after that hang it up in a warm—not in a hot place. It may hang a fortnight in the kitchen; and when you want it, boil it in bay-salt and water until it is tender. It will keep, when boiled, two or three months, rubbing it with a greasy cloth, or putting it two or three minutes into boiling water, to take off any little mouldiness it may have.

A Savory Stew of Veal.—Cut the knuckle into about four parts; cover it with cold water, and stew it for three hours very gently with two ounces of rice, some whole peppers, and a bunch of parsley tied up; the parsley should only remain for a short time in the water, and then be taken out and chopped up quite small. When the meat is cooked, it should be put on a flat dish: some melted butter, in which the chopped parsley has been put, should be served in a tureen. Beat up two eggs, and pour them into the broth, stirring it well at the time. A little white wine may be added, if approved, and the broth be served separately with sippets of toast.

A German Side Dish.—Boil eight eggs quite hard, and when cold, cut them in two lengthways. Take the yolks out very carefully, pass them through a fine sieve, and mix them well with half a pint of cream, (or more, if required,) and then add pepper, salt, and herbs. Pour this sauce into a very flat pie-dish that will stand heat, and place the white half eggs carefully in it, arranging them in the form of a star, or any other pattern preferred. Fill up the vacancy left in them by the yolks having been removed, with the same mixture, and strew a few bread-crumbs over them. Bake this very slightly, just enough to give it a bright yellow color, and serve it up in the dish in which it had been baked.

PICKLES AND KETCHUP.

Mushroom Ketchup.—Put a layer of mushrooms; sprinkle with salt, stirring it every day with a spoon; then boil very gently for an hour, after which wring them through a coarse cloth to extract the juice; let it stand until the next day; then strain off the sediment and boil the liquor gently for an hour and a half with ginger, pepper, and allspice, a few cloves and blades of mace, shalots, and some horse-radish. Let it remain a day or two to settle, and pour it off bright.

Artichokes Pickled.—Boil the artichokes till you can pull the leaves off; take out the choke and cut away the stalk, but be careful that the knife does not touch the top; throw them into salt and water; when they have lain an hour, take them out and drain them; then put them into glasses or jars, and put a little mace and sliced nutmeg between; fill them with vinegar and spring water, and cover your jars close.

Pickled Red Cabbage.—Take about a quarter of an ounce of cochineal, and put it into a little bag, and boil it with as much vinegar as you think enough for the cabbage, with a little salt, and bay-salt; when it boils, scald the cabbage with it, then boil it up again, and put a little ginger and pepper into it; then put it somewhere to cool; when cold, put the cabbage into jars, put the pickle upon it, and tie it down.

DESSERTS.

A Rich Pudding.—Stir a large tablespoonful of fine flour into a tencupful of new milk; then add a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, the well-beaten yolks of five eggs, and sufficient pounded loaf-sugar to sweeten the mixture, flavoring it with either vanilla, lemon, or almond, as desired. Mix these ingredients thoroughly together, and put them into a saucepan at the side of the fire; stir continually, and on no account allow the contents to boil, but only to thicken. Line a dish with puff-paste, and over it place a layer of preserves, (apricots, strawberries, or raspberries,) according to choice; then pour in the mixture. Whisk the whites of the eggs, so that they may be ready; put the pudding into the oven, and let it set well; then pour on the whites at the top, and sift some loaf-sugar over them. Put the pudding into the oven again, and let it bake for twenty minutes. It should be slightly brown at the top when cooked. It is eaten hot.

A Simple Marmalade Pudding.—Take a quarter of a pound of homemade marmalade, (that which is bought ready-made is generally too thin and juicy for the purpose;) melt two ounces of fresh butter before the fire; pound finely two ounces of loaf-sugar, and add the well-beaten yolks of three eggs, (each yolk must be beaten separately.) Warm one pint of new milk, and whisk all these ingredients together, adding, by degrees, three sponge cakes, which must be broken up into the mixture. Pour all into a pudding-dish, and lay lightly and evenly on the top the whites of the three eggs, which must be beaten up with the loaf-sugar until they resemble snow. Bake the pudding in a moderate oven from an hour to an hour and a quarter.

Nursery Pudding.—To use up the crusts. Put your crusts into a large basin, with any other pieces of stale bread you may happen to have; pour over them as much hot milk as you think they will absorb; cover close, and let them soak all night. Beat thoroughly one or two eggs, according to your quantity of bread; add, on the same principle, raisins, stoned, and sweeten at discretion. Then work in a little flour to solidify the materials; butter your basin well, and boil from an hour and a half to two hours, as your pudding is larger or smaller.

Apples à la Frangipane.—Having peeled and cored a dozen apples, cut them in slices, and place them in a deep dish, having first sprinkled powdered sugar over it, and spread it thinly with apricot jam, and very thin slices of butter over that. Mix one ounce of potato-flour with one pint of cream, (or new milk, if cream cannot be had,) a small piece of butter, and sugar to taste. Stir it over the fire till it begins to boil, then pour it over the apples, and bake the whole in a moderate oven.

Bread Omelet.—Break six eggs, season them with pepper and salt, or sweeten with sugar, if preferred; add a good tablespoonful of finely-grated bread-crumbs made of stale bread. Beat the whole well together, and fry in the same manner as for the plain omelet. This omelet requires a little more attention in the dressing than those which are made without bread, being more liable to burn and break. It is an excellent accompaniment to preserved apricot, or any other description of rich jam.

Economical Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of rice, put it into a small saucepan, with as much water as the rice will absorb. When boiled enough, add a pinch of salt; then set it by the fire until the rice is quite soft and dry. Throw it up in a dish, add two ounces of butter, four tablespoonfuls of tapioca, and a pint and a half of milk, sugar to the taste, a little grated nutmeg, and two eggs beaten up. Let it all be well stirred together, and baked an hour.

Water Pudding.—To eight tablespoonfuls of water, add the juice and rind of one lemon, a quarter of a pound of sugar, a quarter of a pound of butter, the yolks of four eggs, and the whites beaten to a froth. Bake it for one hour in a slow oven.

Snowdon Pudding.—Half a pound of beef suet, shred very fine and small, half a pound of sugar, half a pound of bread-crumbs, two tablespoonfuls orange marmalade, three eggs, raisins round the mould; boil three hours; wine sauce.

CAKES.

For Making and Baking Cakes.—Currants are so frequently used in cakes, that you should be very particular in having them nicely washed, dried, and all sticks and stones taken from them, and then put before the fire to dry, for if damp, they will make cakes and puddings heavy; before you use them, dust a little flour lightly over them.

Eggs should be always a long time beaten, the whites and yolks separate, taking out the tread.

Sugar should be well pounded, and sifted through a drum or lawn sieve, and kept well dried.

Lemon-peel should be either rubbed on sugar, or grated fine, and some sifted sugar sprinkled amongst it to keep it a good color.

The lightness of all cakes depends upon the whipping of them, and at last being well incorporated.

If you use yeast to your cakes they will require less butter and eggs, and will eat equally as light and rich; but if the leaven be only of milk, flour, and water, it becomes more tough than if the butter was at first put with the ingredients, and the dough set to rise by the fire.

The heat of your oven is of particular importance for baking cakes or pastry—more particularly large cakes—as at first, if not pretty brisk, they will not rise; if likely to brown too quick at the top, put a piece of paper upon the top of the cake so as not to touch the batter. The oven

should be lighted some time beforehand, to insure a good solid body of heat. If the oven is not hot enough, add more fire to it.

Bread and tea-cakes made with milk eat best when new, as they become stale sooner than others.

Never keep your bread or cakes in wooden boxes or drawers, but in tin boxes or earthen pans, with covers.

Crust, Short, and Rich, but not Sweet.—To eight ounces of fine flour, rub in well six ounces of butter, and make it into a stiffish paste with a little water; beat it well, roll it thin, and bake it in a moderate oven.

Citron Cake.—Beat one pound of butter to a cream, then weigh one pound of fine flour, one pound of sifted loaf-sugar, half a pound of almonds (cut small), quarter of a pound of candied citron, and the same of lemon-peel (cut into strips.) Beat up eight eggs separately, then mix the above ingredients in the following order: First, the butter to a cream, then the eggs, then the flour, and beat these continuously for one hour, then add the other ingredients, flavoring the whole with almond or orange, according to taste. Line with paper the tins or dishes in which the cakes are to be baked; and previous to dropping in the mixture, beat up into it half a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda mixed in a very small quantity of new milk. Bake in a moderate oven.

A Good Family Bun Loaf.—About four pounds of flour and a spoonful of salt put into a kneading-pan or basin, rub into this about half a pound of clean dripping, add one pound both of stoned raisins and nicely picked currants; beat three or four eggs well, add them to a cupful of yeast and sufficient warm milk or water, and pour this into the flour; stir all thoroughly well together, cover over, and set it before the fire for about three-quarters of an hour, when knead up again, and put into buttered bread-tins and set before the fire to rise, and in about half an hour put them into the oven to bake.

Fanchonnettes.—These are most delicious, and very useful as a pretty supper dish. Put two ounces of flour into a saucepan, with three of sugar, one of butter, one of pounded almonds, some lemon-peel, two yolks of eggs, and one whole egg, a little salt, and half a pint of milk. Place the saucepan on the fire, and let the mixture set like a cream. Line some tartlet tins with puff-paste and fill them up with the preparation; place them on a tin, and bake the fanchonnettes in a brisk oven. Take them out when about three parts done; put some whipped egg on each, sprinkle sugar over them, and put them into the oven again to finish the baking.

A Good Receipt for a Soda Loaf.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, half a pound of moist sugar, three eggs, one teacupful of milk, one teaspoonful of carbonate of soda; rub the butter into the flour, add the sugar, whisk the eggs well, stir them into the flour, etc., with the milk; dissolve the soda in the milk, and beat the whole up together with a wooden spoon for some time; it should not be allowed to stand, but be placed in the oven immediately, in a small loaf-tin with paper round well buttered. Bake for nearly an hour in a moderate oven.

Ammonia Cakes.—These will keep fresh for any length of time. They are made as follows: One pound of flour, one pound of currants, quarter of a pound of butter, six ounces of sugar, half a pint of cream, a piece of ammonia rather larger than a filbert, and three eggs, leaving out one white. The cake should not be cut for a fortnight.

Cheese Biscuits, to Eat with Cheese.—Take as much flour as you want for your biscuits, and with skim-milk mix it into a very stiff paste, after which roll it out to about the thickness of a penny, then cut it into small pieces, the size of a shilling, and, after rolling them out very thin, bake them in a quick oven.

Kringles.—Beat well the yolks of eight, the whites of two eggs; mix with four ounces of butter just warmed, and with this one pound of flour and four ounces of sugar to a paste. Roll into thick biscuits; prick them, and bake on tin plates.

SANITARY.

For Corns.—Apply a piece of linen, saturated in olive oil, to the corns night and morning, and let it remain on them during the day, it will be found to prove a slow but certain cure; they will wear out of the toe, and some of the corns may be picked out after the oil has been used for a time, but care should be taken not to irritate the toe.

Immersing the Feet in Hot Water.—Remember never to have the foot-bath so hot as to occasion a disagreeable sensation—this would drive the blood to the head, instead of drawing it from it. If possible, when bathing the feet, have a warm bath for the hands also; the object being to bring the heat to the extremities.

Antidote Against Poison.—Hundreds of lives might have been saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt—a large teaspoonful of made mustard mixed in a tumbler of warm water, and swallowed as soon as possible; it acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

To Strengthen the Gums and Fasten Loose Teeth.—Take one ounce of myrrh in fine powder, two spoonfuls of the best white honey, and a little green sage in fine powder; mix all well together, and rub the teeth and gums with it every night and morning.

Tooth-Ache.—Pulverize about equal parts of common salt and alum. Get as much cotton as will fill the tooth; damp it; put it in the mixture, and place it in the tooth. This is also a good mixture for cleansing the teeth.

Ague.—Infuse an ounce of well-roasted coffee in three ounces of boiling water, and having strained the fluid, addulate it with lemon-juice. The whole is given at once, five hours before the paroxysm.

Weak Eyes.—There is no better receipt than cold water. Suffer plentifully, not only the eyes, but the ears, especially the orifice.

Gargle for Sore Throat.—Tincture myrrh, two drachms; common water, four ounces; vinegar, half an ounce. Mix.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF BUFF ALPACA, trimmed with blue velvet.

FIG. II.—EVENING DRESS OF PEARL-COLORED SILK.—The skirt is very long, and finished with a puffing of silk at the bottom. The basque slopes very much at the back, and is trimmed with a deep goat's-hair fringe, with pearl-colored silk fringe intermixed.

FIG. III.—WALKING DRESS OF WHITE ALPACA.—The petticoat, skirt, and basque are trimmed with golden brown silk.

FIG. IV.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—The under dress is of blue and white striped silk. The upper dress of blue silk. The under dress has a high body and long sleeves, whilst the under dress has a low body, and only caps for sleeves.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF NANKEEN-COLORED FOULARD, trimmed with gimp, and looped up over a petticoat of the same material.

FIG. VI.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRAY SILK, trimmed with white guipure over black.

GENERAL REMARKS.—September being an intermediate month, as it were, nothing is as yet decided for late fall and winter fashions. There is still a great inclination displayed to have all the toilet match in color, skirt, petticoat, basque, parasol, and gloves, are all of one hue. The bonnet may be of a different color, but with trimming which assimilates.

DECIDED CHANGES are predicted in the make of dresses, but nothing very novel has as yet appeared. It is hinted that the enormous quantity of trimming now in use will be dispensed with. We hope so, for it is certainly not elegant.

SHORT WAISTS, with no plaits in the skirt, at the hips, are talked of. This approaches the Empire style, and would accord with the present mode of dressing the hair; but other prophets inform us that double skirts, the upper one of different color or pattern from the under one, and looped up in the Louis XV. style, will be the fashion. Whatever may be decided on in Paris, the head-quarters of the volatile goddess, will take some time to become universal here.

THE GARIBALDI BODIES, and pretty little jackets, with white under bodies, are as popular as when first introduced for young girls. This fashion is both jaunty and economical, as old skirts, with worn out bodies, can thus be made useful.

SACQUES still continue to fit the figure rather closely. We do not know as yet what the winter fashions will produce in the way of out-door coverings. Scarfs have been somewhat worn during the warm weather, and, when well put on, nothing can be more graceful.

BONNETS have undergone a decided change in Paris. Here the small bandon, or half-handkerchief style, is the only thing worn as yet; but our taste for novelty is so strong, that we have no doubt the pretty, becoming bit of head-dress which we now call a bonnet, will be displaced by the Empire bonnet, with the large, flat crown. We give an engraving of this style of bonnet in our wood-cuts. A correspondent says that we "must not imagine that this shape which has triumphed is at all large; on the contrary, it is a consolation to find it is rather small than otherwise. The crown is flat and wide, the curtain is not more than the breadth of two fingers in width, and it is made of the same straw as the bonnet, being sewn to the crown quite flat without any pleat."

THE FACE TRIMMING, or **BONNET CAPS**, have also somewhat altered. Tufts of tulle, bows of ribbon, and bunches of flowers have all given place to flat bandelettes, with a butterfly, humming-bird, a leaf, or single flower.

THE HAIR is now dressed in a much more simple style than for two or three years past. The huge disfiguring puffs in front have given place to little curls, or plain bands somewhat frizzed and turned carefully back. Masses of very light ringlets are worn at the back of the hair sometimes, but a large, full twist, such as was fashionable many years ago, is worn also. We do not mean to say that "waterfalls" are not worn, but they are moderate in size, and are placed higher on the head. We give one of the prettiest styles of dressing the hair in a wood-cut this month.

EAR-RINGS, **NECKLACES**, &c., are a good deal worn yet, and have not decreased in size. Steel ear-rings and brooches are as popular as ever.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—DRESS OF BLUE POPLIN FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is trimmed with black velvet, and long hanging buttons.

FIG. II.—A GIRL'S DRESS OF NANKEEN-COLORED FOULARD, striped with white. Coat of Nankeen-colored cloth. Chinese hat, with a blue ring.

FIG. III.—DRESS OF SCARLET CASHMERE, for a small child.

FIG. IV.—A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF BLUE SILK.—It is scalloped and bound with velvet, and trimmed with black velvet buttons. It is square in the neck, and worn with a white plaited chemisette with long sleeves. Blue velvet bandelettes in the hair.

FIG. V.—DRESS FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—The skirt is of gray poplin, trimmed with black. A black velvet coat-jacket is worn over a white under body. Gray felt hat and plume.

FIG. VI.—LITTLE BOY'S DRESS OF DARK BLUE CASHMERE.—Black velvet jacket, black gaiters, and black Scotch cap.

FIG. VII.—DRESS FOR A BOY SOMEWHAT OLDER.—Dark gray pants and jacket, trimmed with blue.





THE GAME OF CROQUET. (SEE COQUETTE.)

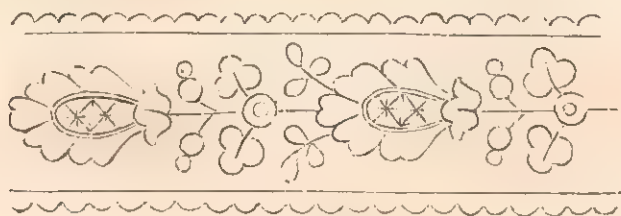




EMBROIDERY IN MUSLIN.



ALBERT JACKET AND DRESS.



INSERTION.



PRINCESS COTILDE COAT.

Emily Esther

NAMES FOR MARKING.



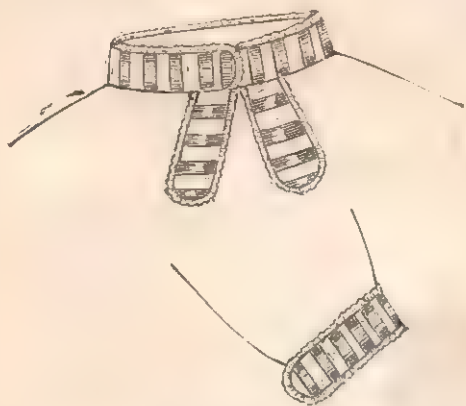
WALKING DRESS.

Kate Sarah

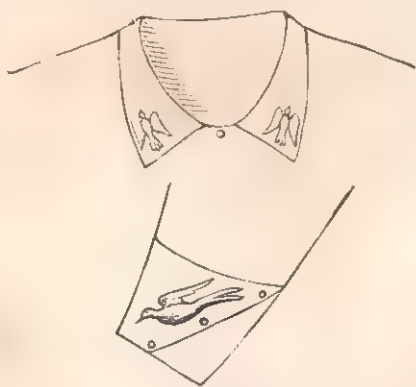
NAMES FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS.



COLLAR AND CUFF.



COLLAR AND CUFF.



SILK COAT, TRIMMED WITH LACE.



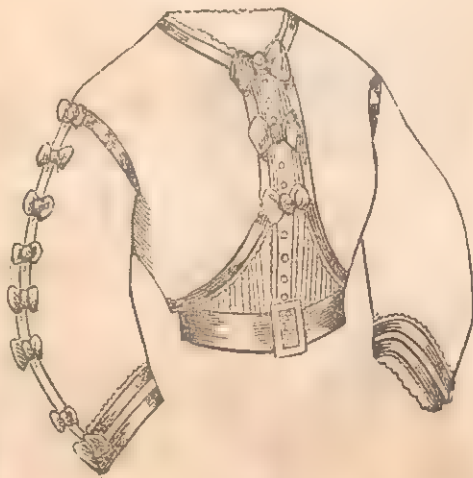
BONNET.



HEAD-DRESS.



BALL HEAD-DRESS.



MUSLIN JACKET.

DREAM MARCH.

BY ROLLIN A. SMITH.

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MODERATO.

PIANO.

The musical score is written for piano and consists of four systems of music. Each system contains a treble staff and a bass staff, connected by a brace on the left. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'MODERATO' and the dynamics are marked 'PIANO'. The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and includes triplets in the final two systems.

DREAM MARCH.





LACE CAPE, COLLAR, AND SLEEVE.



MISSES' COAT: BACK AND FRONT.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 4.

THE LITTLE STREET-SWEEPER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE winter night-wind cut sharply after the dull, sickly heat in the crush-room of the opera; but it was clear and bracing. Dr. Bruno loosened his cravat, and stood a moment, gulping it in, thinking that men, like himself, who had to carry through life a heavy-built, bilious body, and the worse weight of a melancholy, foreboding brain, were trebly fools to expose themselves to impure air, and music such as that which had scarcely died away within. The opera was Don Giovanni. Bruno, more than any man in the theatre, perhaps, felt the meaning in it which no words of the libretto could reach. Even now its unwholesome fire sent his blood quivering through the veins; the broad, chalky face paled; humdrum citizen as he was, husband and father, he had been made to feel the something within him which would shake off all hold of God or man, and for a fierce spasm of joy and triumph dare the Christian's death and hell. He stooped to button his little boy's overcoat—for he was a kind-hearted fellow; wondering if this tigerish vim in animal life belonged but to him and the long dead Don Juan, or if the music had wakened any of it under the dress coats and opera-cloaks about him.

His wife was stretching her head over the crowd to find their carriage, her thin face heated, her black eyes glittering; one of those physically nervous people on whom music acts like liquor, making them maudlin, or feverish, as the case may be. The cold air, Bruno thought, would do her less harm than this unhealthy excitement, so he drew her arm within his, and, covering her throat, led her down to where, more than a square from the door, their carriage was waiting, while Johnny ran on before. Mrs. Bruno was not blind to the admiring glances of even the cab-drivers as she swept by them, her delicate head rising out of the folds

of pink velvet and ermine; conscious of the velvet and ermine, too, not having long been used to them, and wishing vaguely that the world was differently sorted somehow; that everybody could go to the opera, and appreciate it as she did.

Bruno, who, in spite of his heavy body, had a feeble frame-work, and was ten years nearer the grave than his wife, hurried on, his brain rasped and worn out by its night's work; the scene he had just left present to him still; the music, lights, brilliance; the tier swelling above tier of beautiful women, and exquisite drapery; the unclean perfumes; the hard, critical faces in the dark gallery above—it inflamed, vexed him as if he were a child. The dark clearness of the winter sky, with its few stars, came with its full power of contrast—the solemn ages through which they had watched and waited. "If it had not been for that aria of Don Giovanni's, I would not have noticed these things," he muttered, wishing that, when he got home, Jack would not be too sleepy for a game of romps. The boy and his father were very intimate. He was tired in body and soul; craved something healthy and invigorating. He called John back, taking his fat, little hand, from which the glove was half torn already.

Their carriage was at the crossing of a back street. He had ordered it to wait there as more easy to find than if nearer the opera-house, where there was such a press of carriages. A dim light was shed on the scene from a church window, where there had been late services; a few people were even yet going away. As Bruno turned to assist his wife to enter, the dull flicker fell on an object close beside him in the gutter. He shivered nervously, and was silent a moment.

"Look here, Charlotte," he said, after the pause, in a hoarse whisper—"here."

As she leaned out of the coach-door, trying to distinguish the shape in the darkness, and then muttering some broken words of pity and horror, he stood quite motionless, his teeth set, wiping, at last, the clammy sweat from his face.

His wife looked at him. "Come away," she said, hastily. "Relieve the child, and come in the carriage at once. Your nervous system is overworked, or these little things would not thus affect you. You know Dr. Woods counselled you against undue excitement." But Bruno felt vacantly in his pockets, his eyes still fastened on the child.

There was nothing unusual in the sight that it should touch him so nearly, she thought; no point of misery greater than met your eyes daily on every street of a great city. It was a little girl, who ordinarily swept the crossing of the wider street above during the day. She had her broom in one hand now: but near her was one of the barrels filled with ashes, set out by the servants of the neighboring house, to be removed by daylight; and she had been rooting in this for any unburned cinders that remained; a few she had found were in a rusty tin pan in the gutter. She was covered with ashes; her feet bare, were red and bloody on the frozen stones; the bed-gown and petticoat thin; but her eyes were beautiful, and there was an inexpressibly sweet expression in her face. That was all; for the rest, somebody was starving, freezing at home, waiting for the cinders she might find to keep them warm until morning. One guessed at that part of the story—she told nothing; only, as they came near her, she had lifted herself up from the ashes, and, coming a step closer, held out one hand stiff and dumb.

Do not blame Charlotte Bruno if the story seemed to her an old one. It was old. If she had been born and lived in an inland country town, it would, from its rarity, have filled her with horror; here, in the Atlantic cities, it was but the hackneyed tragedy of misery and hidden vice going on in every street-corner, and on which the curtain, day or night, never fell. No wonder that she and the well-dressed throng pressing into the coaches for shelter, grew weary and hardened, and, like the Levite of old, went by on the other side.

Mrs. Bruno looked at her husband's face with a vague alarm. What was there in this particular case to move him so strongly? "You have no money with you?" she said, impatiently. "Of course not, you never carry money at night, you know. What matters a few hours, Joseph? The child will be here in the morning, and then you can take measures for her permanent relief. It

is too late for her to buy coals to-night, if you found it."

There was some truth in this. Dr. Bruno buttoned his overcoat slowly. He did not see clearly what could be done; his own house was too far to return from if he went for money, and he could not keep the child freezing there while he sought relief. It was curious what a swarm of small difficulties always beset him when he wished to do good, he thought.

The child stood silent, her hand still outstretched, with neither hope nor disappointment on her face. She, too, had grown hardened, maybe, into her heart, and used to the whims of the people above her. Or, had the pain and want become breathless, having almost done their worst?

The horses chafed, the coachman shuffled the reins impatiently. "To-morrow, my child," said Mrs. Bruno, "you shall be attended to—you will be here? Come, Joseph! I at least have care of your health, let the rest of the world be nursed by whom it will. What can you do?" as he sprang into the carriage, and she adjusted her skirts to give him room. "Think of the mountain of misery in this life. Those pretty bits of grief that come in our way are but straws—puerile nothings compared to the whole. I should go mad, sometimes, did I not know that God has care over all."

Yet she and the boy both glanced uneasily back at the child as the carriage drove away. The girl had started forward, as though she could not believe them gone, pushing her cotton bonnet back with both hands.

"Look at her hair in the gaslight! Look!" said Jack, pulling his mother irreverently.

"See, Joseph! It really is wonderful! Shall we go back? It seems dreadful to leave the wretched child on such a night."

"Because of her hair?" said Jack, slyly; "that's just you, mother!"

Mrs. Bruno's hand was raised to the check-string, but she hesitated, glancing at her husband. "There is such a curiously familiar look on that child's face? One I have known long and well."

But Dr. Bruno made no reply; his head was buried in the collar of his overcoat.

"I am quite certain I have seen that peculiar curly, yellow hair before?" continued his wife; but meeting with no response she was silent, and soon fell into a doze.

Dr. Bruno felt a vague relief that she had not identified the yellow hair. His memory was better.

When he was a boy, carpentering, studying

for college, and starving all at once, thinking the way to conquer the world was to give it hard-fisted blows, he used to carry a long wisp of just such yellow hair in his waistcoat pocket, with the feeling with which a knight of old fought under his lady's colors. He smiled now, looking out, as the carriage rolled along, on the long rows of two-story bricks, thinking of what chivalric fancies throbbed in his boy's heart then under "the golden tress," as he called it; how he meant to be a great reformer, the "coming man" in America, who was to bring truth, order, charity, into all this chaos of parties and classes. What a fool he was, as a boy, to be sure! How he used to tell his vague dreams to Mary Haskill—"Mary of the golden locks"—and how real as gospel truth they were to her simple, pure heart! When she married Joe Cullom, boss carpenter at the shop, he was just admitted to practice, and was in love with Charlotte yonder. Joe and Mary and he used to joke about their old engagement; the wisp of hair tossed about in one of his old trunks, until once Charlotte took it to sew on a rag-baby's head she was making for Jessy.

Well! well! He never had kept a lock of hair since that, nor cared for any except this; catching a handful of Jack's stiff bristles, and pulling him over on his knee. The boy liked rough play. He romped a little, and then settled himself, with his head out of the window, to watch the darkening houses, and count the policemen, asking his father how much pay they had, where they carried their billies, giving an account of an encounter which had taken place yesterday between one of them and black Jake in their alley. While his father listened, half asleep, thinking of little Jessy, dead years ago, wondering if Joe Cullom had lived—he was a hectic, consumptive-looking fellow—wondering if he himself would not have lived a higher, different life if he had married Mary Haskill. "By George! she was a saint of a woman! She'd have made a preacher of him, or fanatic of some sort, ranting about helping the world somehow." So he thought then, as he answered Johnny about the chances of skating to-morrow, and the merits of highs and lows, his life came up dully in the undercurrent of thought, as it had passed in these last ten years. He had not been a reformer—no, truly! A man found other work to his hand than castle-building in the air after Kossuth or Wilberforce's fashion. He had made for himself a good paying practice in one of the suburb towns of New York—no easy job, either. There was Dr. Flint, that old quack, to oust. It took hard, patient druggery; then

Charlotte wanted a house in town, and he speculated a little in coal—a little, but it paid better than anybody knew but his banker. So here they were—he had almost given up practice now. His work seemed, in a manner, done; he could sum it all up now, take account of stock. Well? They had enough to eat, and drink, and wear; but he had no especial tastes to gratify; so there the uses of his money stopped. It was not much, after all; one day after another was humdrum and empty enough. There was the boy, Jack—yes; and he chafed the rough, black hair, and turned up the honest, ugly, little face to his. If he had married Mary Haskill and tried to do some good in the world.

Here they were at their own door.

"Better, Joseph?" said his wife, kindly, as they crossed the icy pavement. "Your nerves were a little unstrung to-night. For me, Don Giovanni exhausts me utterly—utterly," ordering tea to be brought up to her dressing-room immediately. "Yet one needs some higher touch to be laid upon our natures than the coarse, commonplace of every day affords," she continued, drawing up her dress, as she settled herself before the fire, for fear the heat should shrink it. It was a habit she had learned when she was Lotty Johnson, and earned her dresses by slop-shop work. "A fine picture, a strain of rare music now and then," pensively sipping her tea, "to remind us whence we came, and whither we go. You agree with me, my dear?"

The doctor, who did not drink tea, and was meditatively poking the fire, said, "Certainly," looking at Jack on the hearth-rug, and questioning if the truths of whence he came, and why he was here, would ever be hammered through that bullet-head by music or painting. "Is there nothing in the commonplace of every day?" he began.

"No, my dear, positively *not*. Don't, I beg of you, begin to quote Mr. Carlyle, and Sartor Resartus to me. My ideal lies quite outside of my actual, I assure you. Music, art—quicken the soul to ideas of its capabilities, for which my daily life is no theatre."

"I never read Sartor Resartus," said the doctor, meekly, and began to untie poor sleepy Jack's shoes, not listening to the peroration of his wife's harangue.

When she had finished her cup of tea, she lay back in her chair, tapping it with the spoon.

"I remember now who that child recalled to my mind so strongly. Cullom's wife—your old chum, Cullom, you know, doctor? Well, well! how many years that is ago! She was a pretty,

but a faded-looking woman then, even with her first child."

Dr. Bruno did not break the silence that followed.

"They began to go down," said his wife, in a softer voice, "from the day they married."

"Joe never was a good workman."

"No? Ill health, too. I kept my eye on them longer than you did, Joseph. I used to fancy you and Mrs. Cullom had some old grudge—there was a nameless restraint between you."

"No."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it. Poor creature! Do you remember the Christmas dinner they took with us—the first after we were married? They brought their little girl with them. I forgot the child's name, but a delicate little body; and how you nursed her all day, Joseph, like a woman. It surprised me, I remember. As I was coming and going from the kitchen, there she was cuddled in your arms all the time, with such an anxious, tender look on your face. I never liked children, to be honest."

"It was but a little while before John was born, Charlotte." He hesitated. "I thought—I was full of foolish fancies then," his sallow face suddenly red and ashamed. "I remember the time. I think Mary Cullom understood; she left the baby alone with me whenever I took it."

"Well," shaking the crumbs from her napkin, "it is natural for some people to overvalue babies: it never was to me. It seems weak, I think," and so bade them good-night.

Dr. Bruno was shaken. He was not his usual easy-going self that night; and being a weak man, according to his wife's code, and afraid of bearing pain alone, found himself before morning in Jack's low trundle bed, with his arm about the boy's shoulders.

CHAPTER II.

THE chance meeting had stirred the same old fermenting memories in another brain than Bruno's—one where they were not so easily quelled to sleep. There are cellars, inlets to hell, in New York, to give them their plain name, running deep underground, ventilated only by the door of entrance. Boards swung in these from the ceiling, bunks in the wall, and benches over the floor, are dignified by the name of beds, and hired to white and black of both sexes for a couple of pence. The police know them as dens, from which a criminal can rarely be drawn, so deep are they sunk, and so extensive are their channels of egress under the streets, and through the sewers of the city.

Beside a bench, nearest the door of one of

these cellars, the little street-sweeper was lying an hour after Bruno left her. A woman sat on the bench, holding the child's head on her knee that she might sleep more easily. One or two tin lanterns, hanging from the walls, dimly lighted the room and made half visible the stretch of dusky figures, the foul vapor, the damp-reeking walls. This woman alone was wakeful and watching, glancing from under her heavy black brows suspiciously at every faint movement or snore, holding the child's hand tighter. She herself coughed often, a hard, racking cough, that shook her whole body.

The negress who kept the cellar stopped, in the first part of the night, and looked at them both. She remembered the woman as a decent tailoress in the outer court. "What you heab for, Missus, hey?" she demanded, with a look on her foul face akin to pity. "It's your fust night, shore?"

"We had no fire; I could not see the child freeze," the woman said, dully. After that no one spoke to her.

Once or twice, some of the men hearing her cough and stertorous breathing, had muttered something about her being "boaked;" and one asked the negress if it was safe to have her there till morning. "She'll be ready to plant afore another day's over, Bet," he added, "and it's onereditable having such things in your place." Bet shot an angry glance at the woman, but did not disturb her. Some old remembrance of kindness from the tailoress kept her silent.

The child's head rested heavily against its mother's knee. All night long her wasted hand passed over it—over the soft, yellow hair; over the chubby face, as if it were the last time it should touch them. Whatever thought she had of this, she hid it; for down in these lowest depths of want, the long battle with poverty affects men as other battles do, deadens the terror of death: they touch his hand every day; he is a hard-faced but commonplace companion.

Bet came up to the woman at last. "You're sick, Missus?"

"I am not dying, if that's what you mean. I'll hold out a day or two more. It's not consumption ails me, it's an affection of the head. This starving life has hastened it." She spoke rapidly, glad of even this half brutish listener. It is not easy to die quite dumb and alone.

"I'll bring you anything you like," said Bet, coming closer, looking at her curiously.

"No, no," eagerly. "I'll be quite well by daylight. I'll hold out another day. I am going to place my little girl with friends," with a certain sort of dignity.

"Oh!" said the woman, moving away.

"If I grow worse, may I call for you?" the other said, turning her ghastly face after her. Bet nodded, and went to her own lair in the den.

Once or twice after that the mother touched the child hastily to rouse her, but only by a momentary impulse, frightened at the deathly chill, maybe, creeping so near. "Let her sleep," she said to herself, "I'll be well enough by daylight. It's selfish to want to see her dear eyes, and she so worn out. But the time's so short now."

When the day began to break, she roused her, however. "Lavvy!" she cried, "Lavvy!"

The child awakened sharply, completely, as used to sudden calls to work, and stood facing her, quiet and collected.

"How did you know his name was Bruno?" said the mother. "Tell me again."

"The driver named him. His wife called him, too, 'Joseph; Joseph Bruno,'" she said.

"Yes, I remember," holding her head with her hand. "You understand what you are to do? Tell him you are Mary Haskill's child. Bring him to me: and if it's too late, Lavvy, tell him I asked him, for his old friend James Cullom's sake, for the sake of Christ, to be kind to you, to take you from the street, to make you a woman your dead father will not fear to own."

She sank back, pressing both hands to her mouth.

"I'll tell him all, mother. But I'll cure you first," Lavvy said, tugging at her mother's gown to open it with a forced smile on her face, which was white with terror.

The spasm of pain was soon past. Mary Cullom lay quiet, holding little Lavvy's face close to her own.

"It's a pretty little face, and a good one," she said, with an attempt at playfulness that was more sorrowful than any tears; "and I want it to be a happy one, my pet, even if it's late—even if it's late. He is a good man, Joseph Bruno. He will make your life what mine might have been. Tell him how this all came about, Lavvy; of the shop we tried, and the tailoring, and all; and how it all wouldn't do. Oh! if I could have found him years ago. And then forget it and be happy, baby—nothing but happy."

So she lay, waiting for the day to break, still passing her hand over the chubby, watching face, over the soft limbs, over the yellow curls. "He'll remember the hair," with a half laugh at their childish folly, thinking all the time of the child as a woman, good, and beautiful, and happy, shutting her eyes, and trying to see her

as she would be at twenty, thirty years old, when her own flesh would have been dust long ago; moulding the little hands and arms in her own fingers, looking into the firm-set, brown eyes, nearer to her and dearer than her own flesh or blood. This baby she had nursed since it lay on her breast. Her baby—her all; that would be a woman, and she would not know her, never kiss, touch her again. "Oh, Lavvy!" she cried, holding her fierce and close. "Oh, my baby girl!"

"I'll go now, mother," said the child. "He may come early."

"So he may—so he may," pushing her off hurriedly. "And he will take us, and cure me even yet. A little wine every day—something to eat. Oh, God! I want to live!"

About ten o'clock, the woman Bet, and one of her lodgers, carried Mrs. Cullom to her own garret, and made a fire for her. They waited until noon until Lavvy should come back.

"My little girl is going to meet her friends," she said again, and again to them. "If my health would have permitted, I would have gone with her." Her face grew brighter every hour, more contented, peaceful. At last she lay quite quiet, with a smile on her face, plucking at the bed-clothes, bidding "James" shave and dress; talking of the new frock Lavvy was to wear, and that it was time to put it on, for that Joseph Bruno was coming to tea that evening. The negress listened in a grave silence, but did not interrupt her. Her cheeks flushed into pink; a long absent smile lighted her eyes; her voice grew tremulous and eager, broken by bursts of happy laughter.

When the door was slowly pushed open and Lavvy came in, her mother welcomed her with outstretched hands and a glowing face, bidding her, in a hurried whisper, bring her father. "It is so long since he has seen Joseph Bruno, and they were staunch friends—staunch friends." Then some perception of the truth came to her, but vaguely and far-off.

She patted Lavvy's hands, said something at intervals of the happy home waiting for her little girl, and that she herself was going to be well again. That she was very tired now, and would sleep; and so turned over and lay quiet, for so long that Bet came and touched her hand with an awe-struck face. Mrs. Cullom looked up with a sharp cry to "Joseph Bruno, for God's sake to—to—" Then her voice died out, and the restless hands grew still, never to move again.

"She meant," said the child, looking up. "for him to take care of me. But he did not come."

"No," said the woman, stooping to carry her away; but Lavvy, with a dawning perception of what had happened, clung to her mother's arm. The negress had seen glimpses outside of this life in which she and they were wallowing. She knew what the girl had been shut out from that day; and, God help the foul, black creature, she knew too well the life to which she was condemned! She let Lavvy sob out her grief over the dead woman undisturbed.

"Poor chile! poor chile!" she said, touching the ragged little dress, "that's but a little of yer loss this day."

At that moment, two squares off, Dr. Bruno was slowly descending the steps of a house whose bell was muffled; he entered his coupe, and was driven home. He wondered as he went, if Simons had found that girl this morning. Simons was a trusty, shrewd fellow, yet, perhaps, he should have gone himself. But the operation in which he had just been called to assist, was one that, more than all others, required a cool brain and steady fingers, and something in that child's look and voice had shaken him strangely last night; it was only justice to his patient to avoid such a chance again.

The next night he was standing at his library window, looking out into the dark street, when the butler, Simons, came in. "It is quite useless, sir, I can find no trace of her," he said. "This is the fourth attempt to-day," with an aggrieved tone.

Dr. Bruno grew hot, swore at Simons, was silent the rest of the evening, and that was the last of it.

Mary Haskill, in the gathering night, was quietly buried; and her little girl went slowly down unnoticed into that deeper grave, from which the world knows no resurrection.

CHAPTER III.

TEN years after that, Dr. Phillips, a physician of long standing in Philadelphia, received a visit from his old friend and fellow practitioner, Bruno, of New York. It was a pleasant holiday for the two gray-headed old fellows; they drove out together, talked of their young days, of the new modes of practice, sat long over their wine; dined out every evening with some of the grave, out-of-time clique of physicians to which they belonged.

Phillips was anxious to divert his friend by every means in his power, to take his mind off of a subject which disquieted it greatly. The yellow fever had broken out severely in Norfolk,

Virginia, and his son, John Bruno, had gone with a party of young men as nurse, against his father's will, it was said.

"John is but a reckless, fool-hardy boy," Bruno had told his friend. "What need had he to meddle with this matter? There are enough common, useless lives to throw away in it. Life's short enough. I've done what I could to make his easy and bright, and now he flies in my face, and goes to hunt out danger. I'm an old man, too. I want my boy with me in my old age;" and so on, and on with his peevish complaints, whenever an opportunity occurred to bring them in.

Dr. Phillips did not say what everybody thought, that this business was the first chance of John Bruno's proving himself a man, or other than a shallow idler in a town, leader in boat-clubs, a judge of horses and wine, for to that point his father's indulgence had brought him. Nor when the old man extolled the bravery of the act, and its moral heroism, did he hint his doubt that Jack had gone into the midst of the plague, as he might to a tragedy or a battlefield, for the new sensation, not for the good to be done. "Let the boy row his own canoe a bit," was all he said, "it will do him no harm;" striving meanwhile to interest his father in the news of the day, and his curious cases, for his practice, old as he was, was still large.

They drove out one morning to an asylum for madmen.

"The House of the Good Shepherd, they call it," said the old doctor, as he stopped the horse in front of a plain, rambling brick building. "They will admit you with me, being a physician. I know of no place where you could better pursue your favorite studies in human nature than here."

It was a lobby of Dr. Bruno's, the study of faces, and that which lay beneath. He had grown to be a silent, rather morbid man, as old age approached. Fond of quiet researches, it pleased this whim to trace the effect of different circumstances of life on characters resembling each other, to guess at their past history by its ineffaceable writing on the countenance; to say, "blood thus far—vice here, resistance there," following the marks. So he went into this hospital for souls with a quickened step and observant eye.

If austerity and meagreness of outward life could "minister to minds diseased," here was remedy. In the bare walls, the plank floors, the hard, square, inflexible outline of every apartment, or bit of necessary furniture, barren of all trace of beauty but that of cleanliness,

there was nothing in which to refresh or rest the eye. A prison, bald, poor, monotonous; with not a flower in its ruled yard, a picture on its walls, to appeal to the too strong emotional natures that had led its inmates away from God. Bruno shivered, glancing about him, surveying the long lines of downcast faces, the still-moving figures clad in sombre brown.

They had gone into one of the wards where some of the most miserable inmates lay ill. Dr. Bruno sat down on a bench by the door opening into a little yard. He looked out here, his wrinkled face paler than usual. "I'll stay here, Phillips," he said. "Go on; let me get a breath of air."

"I am sorry I brought you," said the old man. "It's a sad place; but I thought you were used to sights of suffering."

"Sad! What are dead bodies to these? Go on—go on. But be quick."

Phillips bustled off, thinking what a nervous, morbid old fool his friend had suffered himself to become, shrinking from pain like the veriest woman.

He was absent longer than he intended; an attendant came to him. "Dr. Bruno is gone," she said; "he will meet you outside." Her face was greatly troubled, anxious, and frightened; but some of the patients were present, and Phillips asked no questions. Something unusual had occurred, he saw; but Bruno would explain.

He did not find the old doctor outside, however; nor was he at the house when he drove there.

It was late in the evening when Bruno returned, very quiet and grave, with a something in his pale face that made his friend silent as to the occurrences of the morning.

"Joseph Bruno," Phillips was used to say years afterward, "never was the same man after that day. God only knows what chanced there, nor whether I was to blame. But it wrought a change in him that lasted until the day of his death."

The next morning Dr. Bruno announced his wish to return immediately home. Phillips took courage to hint his fears. "You are not well," he said. "Something has troubled, shocked you?"

"No," he said, slowly, "no. It is not the shock, nor the pain, though. But it's the gray hairs, Charley Phillips, the gray hairs," touching his beard with a sorrowful smile. "It's to think there's so little time left, and that there's a life wasted—wasted."

Phillips was silent, puzzled and troubled; for his old friend was very near to him. But Bruno

did not heed him; the few remaining hours of his stay were marked by the same grave, silent pain in his face and manner.

"After that day," Phillips used to say, "I saw him no more. A week afterward, Mrs. Bruno wrote to me that he had gone to join Jack in Norfolk. I never understood it."

Nor did his wife; she and many of his friends to this hour think that Dr. Bruno was partially deranged during the latter part of his life.

John, perhaps, thought differently. He told me, in his vague, harum-scarum way, of that summer in the midst of the plague; his mouth growing set, and his voice hoarse, as it always did when he spoke of his father. "We were there five weeks together," he said. "The governor and I always were chums since I was a boy riding pony on his foot. I thank God for it now. That made his old life happy, I think. I never kept the worst of my scrapes from him at home; so, when he came to Norfolk, he was just one of us. If you want courage, there it was for you, such as I'd never seen; for, you see, we young fellows weren't afraid—but he was. The sight of the pain and loathsomeness about him kept him sick, shivering; but there was none of us could keep up at work with him. Night and day, the boldest to go into danger, never out of the sight of the dead and dying, and with such a tender, awful pity on his old face, and such a gentle touch! I tell you," (his eyes growing fixed at some far distant point, and with the dark circle about them that comes instead of tears to such men as John Bruno,) "the sight of the old boy's face in those days made a different man of me. I saw there was some terrible pain urging him on, a dread, growing every instant, lest he should be too late to ease some miserable life before his own was required of him. He explained it all to me. One night, I remember—a dark, rainy night—sitting by the window of a sick room, where one of the patients lay sleeping, he told me the whole wretched story.

"No; let it pass," John Bruno added. "I cannot tell it. Yet it was a thing that might have happened to any of us—you or me. Only carelessness, neglect to help a child once that came in his way. An every-day matter. But years after, in an asylum, he met her. Well, no difference; it's all over and gone now. But I'll never forget," his voice sinking unsteadily, "my father's gray head, as he leaned against the window-frame, the rain beating in on it and his white face, when he cried, 'To think that she knew me, Jack! To think of the lost soul for which I must answer to God! I!' He

had some very soft, curly, yellow hair, which she cut off because it was like her mother's, and she was not fit to wear it. She gave it to him.

"He was very feverish and in distress—father," John went on, after a pause, "in the first weeks of his coming to Norfolk. Afterward he grew calmer, went about his work steadily, and, until the day he was taken down, he talked to me in the same quiet way, but with the earnestness of his whole soul in it, knowing his time was short. 'It's a wasted life, Jack,' he'd say, 'a wasted life. God didn't send us here to eat good dinners, or speculate in coal alone, but to grow stronger and purer by living outside of ourselves, by helping the souls for whom Christ died. And I never did it, boy—I never did it.' That was his cry, night and day, to me. Until just at the last. He wasn't ill long—it's a sharp thing with old people, that fever, you know. But the last evening, I was sitting holding his hand, when he looked up suddenly, and said, 'What's that about the laborers who came to work at the eleventh hour? They all received the same. But I was very late.' I never was good at preaching, but I said these words of His beginning, 'I was sick, and ye came unto me.' I think he understood, for he pressed my hand. Soon after that, about nightfall——"

Bruno broke down here, and, rising, walked to the window.

He's a rough fellow, Jack Bruno, people think who know him slightly; uses slang, is

fond of a joke and a laugh. But he has succeeded in business, married happily, and has a merry, cheerful home, with two or three children's faces peeping out of the door as he comes home. He has no connection with societies, charitable or sanitary. "I've my rough edges," he says, "I don't fit into committees." But there is no household where helpfulness to the poorest of God's creatures is so much a part of the family life, so commonplace and ordinary a thing as in Jack Bruno's; children, wife, and father giving, not alms alone, but head work, and heart-sympathy, to bring those beneath them up to their own level.

I met Bruno the other day, haggard and pale, just out of an hospital. He had spent three years in the war. "I wanted to give these poor fellows a chance," his eye kindling as he looked at some wretched negroes passing. "They've got it now—thank God! I knew the governor would have liked me to put my shoulder to that wheel."

And it seemed to me, looking at the broad, gracious, liberal life that shone out from this man and those near to him, and at the countless blessings it brought to the weak and poor, that the seed of ill, sown in that long-ago night, had turned into bounteous and good harvests. And I thought, too, that remembering how the poor nervous brain and fevered heart, laid to rest down yonder in Norfolk, yet spoke in all this, that we should count no life or word wasted until we had seen the end thereof.

ONLY A FEW WILD AUTUMN FLOWERS.

BY PHILO HENRIETTA CARE.

Only a few wild Autumn flowers,
Gathered along the way,
Where the falling leaves in gorgeous showers
Of gold and crimson lay.
Some pearly blossoms that tell a tale
Of the endless love of God;
A few wood asters, sweet and pale,
And a spray of golden rod.
And like all fair and beautiful things,
They have woven a spell for me;
Yet their voice is sad as the bird that sings
From the mournful cypress tree.
Only a trifling gift, to be sure,
But I've taken them into my heart;
And every blossom, fresh and pure,
Seems of my life a part.
I've preserved them all, these sad days, here
In this antique, Eastern vase,
And kept them fresh, with the bitter tears
That fall, for a still, white face.

He gave me the blossoms, and bade me "good-by,"
And then went back to the light:
And the hand is sweeping a harp in the sky
That gave me these flowers that night.
He was only one of the host that stood
Finner than Spartan band;
Only a drop in the river of blood
Trailing over the land.
And yet he was all of life to me,
And hope with him is dead;
And in the future I only see
A desert wild and drear.
Only a few wild Autumn flowers,
Gathered along the way,
Like a low, sad song they thrill the hours
Of this still September day.
A few wood asters, pale and sweet,
And a spray of golden-rod,
Yet they whisper that we shall surely meet
In the great bivouac of God.

THE OTHER SIDE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Who is it?"

Unpleasant lines were cutting down through the smooth brow of Mr. Bostwick.

"A young lady, sir."

"What does she want?"

"I don't know, sir. She asked for you."

"Did she send up her name?"

"It is Wild, or White, sir. I couldn't just make it out, she spoke so low."

A hard expression condensed around the mouth of Mr. Bostwick, as he went to the parlor where the visitor awaited him. She was young—by her face, though deeply shaded with care and trouble, not over nineteen.

"Miss Wild," said the visitor, in a timid voice, introducing herself.

"Miss Wild? What Miss Wild?" Mr. Bostwick knit his brows closer, and hardened his mouth to a severe expression.

"I am Mr. Howard Wild's daughter."

"Oh! Ah! Yes." The forehead of Mr. Bostwick became a trifle smoother; the mouth a line more flexible. He knew his visitor now. Mr. Wild, her father, was dead. It was nearly a year since he dropped away from the business circle, where Mr. Bostwick had met him almost daily. Out of sight had been out of mind. Mr. Wild had passed to the forgotten ones. The daughter's presence not only reminded Mr. Bostwick of her father, but of things heard after his death. How that his estate had proved to be insolvent, and that his family was left, in the ordinary phrase, without a dollar.

We will not here describe what passed at the brief interview between Mr. Bostwick and Miss Wild.

"Who was she?" asked Mrs. Bostwick, as her husband came back to the family circle.

"Howard Wild's daughter," was almost abruptly answered.

"Howard Wild's daughter!" responded Mrs. Bostwick, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes."

"What did she want?"

"Money."

"Money!"

"Yes. Asked me to lend her twenty dollars!"

"You didn't do it."

"Oh, no!"

"The girl must have considerable assurance," said Mrs. Bostwick.

"So it strikes me. She tried to look very sad and embarrassed; but I saw through her poor disguise. It was a mere speculation on my purse; but it didn't succeed."

"Was it Mary Wild?" asked a low, interested voice; that of Mr. Bostwick's eldest daughter.

"She only called herself Miss Wild—nothing more," returned Mr. Bostwick.

"Was she about my age and size?"

"Yes."

"It was Mary! Poor girl! I'm so sorry. I wish you'd given her the money," said Annie Bostwick.

This was met by an almost harsh rebuke from the father, who denounced, rather intemperately, both Mrs. Wild and her daughter.

"Why don't they go to work, like other poor people, and make an honest living?" he said.

"Begging is immoral, no matter who engages in it; and I, for one, shall give no encouragement to the vice."

Annie looked hurt by this response, and shrunk back into silence.

"It was all a sham—all a speculation," went on Mr. Bostwick. "I haven't lived fifty years in the world without learning how to detect a false coin. Twenty dollars! I wonder how many she has called on to-day?—how many twenty dollar bills she has received?"

No one answered. After muttering to himself for awhile, the annoyed gentleman, who really believed all that his denunciations implied, dropped down into an uncomfortable silence.

There is another side to all this. Let us see what it will unfold. Mr. Bostwick may be right in his judgment of the case; but we will not accept that judgment until we have examined for ourselves.

Only three short blocks distant from Mr. Bostwick's comfortable, or, we might say, luxurious home, lived Mrs. Wild, the widow of Howard Wild. At the time of her husband's death, twelve months before, she and her children were dwelling in equal comfort with the family of Mr. Bostwick. Misfortune came with sorrow. Death took from them sustenance as well as love. The home in which they lived had too costly furnishing to be spared. Creditors, eager to get their own, seized upon and sold everything not secured by law; and when the wreck

and dispersion ended, only a few necessary articles of household goods remained; and with these Mrs. Wild shrunk away, stunned, frightened, shivering in face of a dark and dreary future, and sought shelter for herself and children in a small house, the rent of which was moderate.

The ways and means to get bread—these came next into consideration. The extremity was close, and had to be met by early action. What could Mrs. Wild do? Alas! In girlhood her educational advantages had been limited. She was not competent to teach. In the needle-hand alone lay all of her resources. There were four children, of whom Mary was the oldest; and she was still at school when the storm broke suddenly over them. Very soon after her father's death, Mary began to comprehend the new relation in which she stood to the world, and to have faint glimpses of the new duties devolving upon her.

"I must do something," she said. "But what?" There came the perplexing question. The willing heart and ready hand never long remain idle. Mary was not skilled in any work by which she could earn money; nor did she feel competent to teach in any department. She had been for years at school; but, like too many girls, she had merely skipped along the surface of things, and was profound in nothing.

"If I had dreamed of a time like this," she said, tearfully, one day, several months after her father's death, and when absolute want began to look her sorrowing mother in the face, "how different my life would have been! I had such good opportunities. Might have been so well educated. Might have been competent to teach in almost any department."

She laid her face against her mother, and sobbed.

"If the piano had not been taken," she said, mournfully, a little while afterward, "I might try to get a few music scholars. But, without an instrument, I can do nothing."

"Don't they hire pianos?" asked a younger sister, who had been a silent and almost unobserved listener.

No answer was given to the suggestion, but it dropped, like a word of hope, into the mind of Mary, and her thought dwelt upon it.

"I will hire a piano and take music scholars," she said, to herself, not long afterward. Acting upon this resolution, she called at a store where she had been in the habit of getting music, and asked if an instrument could be obtained in the way desired. From the music-seller she received the address of a man who kept pianos for

hire. The rent charged for a passable instrument was ten dollars a quarter; and as Mary was a stranger, payment in advance, or security, was demanded.

The next thing was to see if scholars could be found. Mary was no hesitating, half-hearted girl. She saw before her only one way in which she could help her mother; and in that way, if the path were not too difficult, she meant to walk. First, the scholars; then the instrument. But where was she to go for scholars? Not among strangers, for that would be a fruitless search. She must call on the friends she had known in sunnier days—and particularly on her mother's friends. Pride, native independence, and a sensitiveness about intrusion, held her back; but stern necessity urged her forward. Bravely she walked in the way of duty, though every step was in pain—such pain as only they who have walked by the same path can comprehend. Four ladies, who sympathized with Mary in her effort to help her mother, promised her each a scholar, at eight dollars a quarter. On the faith of this promise the piano was hired, and the rent for a quarter paid in advance.

Only three of these scholars came. Older sisters, in the other case, interfered. Their little sister, they said, must not receive her first lesson from a girl who had never taught, and who was but indifferently educated in music. At the end of the first quarter, one of the three scholars was removed under the pressure of a like influence. It was all in vain that the child's mother, who thought more of helping Mary than of her daughter's music, urged that she be permitted to give another quarter's instruction. The older sisters clamored against the arrangement in an almost heartless manner, and it ceased.

Poor Mary Wild's heart sunk when this scholar was taken away. She had only two left. Faithfully had she tried to increase the original number, but without success.

The owner of the piano called promptly, at the end of the first quarter, for another advance payment. It was made. The second quarter opened discouragingly for Mary Wild. She had only two scholars, and saw no prospect of obtaining others. She had been around among her mother's friends several times, but even those who had manifested interest in the beginning were growing indifferent—some even showed annoyance.

At the close of the second quarter, Mary was unable to meet the prompt demand which came from the owner of the piano. Not obtaining his money, he went away, saying that if the advance

rent were not paid in a week the instrument would be removed. This was only a threat. The rent was not forthcoming; but the piano still continued in Mary's possession.

Everything looked dark for the striving girl. She still had but two scholars, and was beginning to give way to feelings of deep discouragement. Weeks passed, and there was no change. The third quarter was drawing to a close.

One day a lady called. She had two daughters and a niece that were to receive music lessons. She had heard of Mary Wild, and was pleased with what she had heard; asked her terms, and said they were satisfactory.

"My niece does not live with me," she remarked, "and her mother has no piano. She will have to come here to receive lessons. It is arranged for her to practice at my house."

This was satisfactory, and the scholars were accepted with a thankful heart.

"That man is down stairs again," said a younger brother, looking into the room where Mary was sitting one day, about three weeks after this encouraging addition to her number of pupils.

"What man?" The color left the poor girl's face as she asked the question.

"The man that comes about the piano."

Fear mingled with shame in Mary's sensitive heart. She went down, trembling in spite of every effort at self-composure, to meet this rigid exacter of his due. His keen eyes read at the first glance, as she came in, her inability to pay the rent, and at once his looks hardened.

"Have you that little amount ready, Miss Wild?" His voice was cold and firm.

"Indeed, sir—I'm very sorry. But—" she stammered, broke down—then rallied, and said almost pleadingly, "there is no lack of will, or effort, on my part, sir. If I had the money, I would only be too eager to pay it. Scholars were not received in the commencement according to expectation. But things are beginning to look more hopeful. Within the last few weeks I have obtained three new pupils. At the end of their first quarter I will receive twenty-four dollars, and the money shall be kept sacredly for you."

There was a faint, sneering smile on the man's thin lips as he shook his head, and answered,

"I can't wait until the end of the young ladies' quarter. It isn't my way of doing business. When you engaged the instrument, I told you that payment must be made quarterly, in advance. You now owe a quarter's rent. If you cannot pay that, and the advance for next quarter, I shall at once remove the instrument,

and place it with another lady who has the cash in hand."

The white face of Mary did not move him. He was too much interested in the question of dollars to comprehend the meaning of a pale, suffering countenance. To him it was a dumb sign. He buttoned his coat deliberately, and moved toward the narrow hall.

"I will send for the piano in the course of an hour," he said.

In less than an hour one of Mary's pupils would be there to receive a lesson.

"Oh, no! Not to-day! Don't send for it to-day, sir!" She clasped her hands painfully.

"In an hour, I said." He was cold and severe in manner.

"Just give me two days." In her extremity Mary conquered pride, and plead with the unpitying man. "Perhaps I can get an advance from my new scholars."

"Very well. That may be feasible," he answered. "If you can get the advance, and pay me twenty dollars, the piano can remain. Two days, you say?"

"Yes, sir. Give me two days."

"At this hour, day after to-morrow, I will be here. If you have the money, well; if not, I shall wait no longer." And he went away.

"I'm afraid it won't do, Mary," said Mrs. Wild, when her daughter suggested calling on the lady who had sent her three scholars, and stating her case. "She is a stranger, and it may prejudice her mind against you, and cause her to withdraw these pupils at the end of their first term."

"But what am I to do, mother?" asked the disheartened girl. "If I do not pay this man, he will certainly remove the instrument; and I see no other possible way of obtaining the money."

"It is a simple act of borrowing," returned Mrs. Wild. "You would call it an advance; but the lady would consider it a loan. Now let us see if there is not some one else from whom you can borrow the sum needed for a short time. If so, it will be better than to run the risk of losing scholars."

"There is not a living soul to whom I can apply," said Mary, a chill creeping down to her heart, as she imagined herself asking of some old acquaintance or friend the loan of twenty dollars.

"There is Mrs. Lincoln," suggested Mrs. Wild.

"I could die more easily than ask such a favor of her," answered Mary.

"Mrs. Parrish," said the mother.

"No—no—no!" The girl shivered.

"Mr. Burdan is a kind-hearted gentleman."

"He doesn't know me."

"He knew your father, and highly esteemed him. I am sure that if he comprehended the case, he would be only too well pleased to render this small service. Take heart, dear, and go to him. I know it will be a hard trial; but we are in great extremity. To lose the piano is to lose the very means of living."

"Is there no one else, mother? I never liked Mr. Burdan. Something about him always repelled me."

"There is Mr. Bostwick."

"Annie's father?"

"Yes."

Mary dropped her eyes, and sat very still for some time. Then sighing heavily, she answered,

"Annie is a sweet girl. We went to school together, and I loved her very much. She was fond of her father, and often spoke of him as a kind and generous man. He was always making her presents. He doesn't know me; but he knew father. I could go to him a great deal more freely than to Mr. Burdan."

"If that is your feeling toward Mr. Bostwick," said Mrs. Wild, "you had better see him. The favor you will ask is so small, that he cannot find it in his heart to refuse."

But when Mary's thought went forward to the proposed interview with Mr. Bostwick, her courage failed, and the day passed in weak dependency. After a miserable night came another troubled morning. No plain way opened before the stumbling feet of Mary Wild. Her mother, who knew how sensitive were her feelings, said nothing more on the subject of trying to get a loan from Mr. Bostwick. She would not move her to that ordeal by the pressure of a single consideration. If Mary went to him, it must be entirely her own act.

Nearly the whole day passed in weak indecision on the part of Mary. A hundred times almost did she endeavor to brace her mind for the painful work that lay before her; and as often, when imagination pictured her in interview with Mr. Bostwick, did her heart sink down in her bosom, weak and shivering.

The day had waned until it was nearly six o'clock, and still Mary shrunk back from the only path that seemed opening for her feet. She was sitting alone in her room, partly dressed to go out, when a man's voice in the passage startled her. Going to the head of the stairs she listened, and soon understood what was going on below. The man had come from the grocer's where they dealt, for a bill of twelve dollars, which her mother was unable to pay.

He had already called several times, and was now threatening and insolent. Mary stood listening while her mother meekly offered excuses, and asked for more time in which to settle the bill. She hesitated no longer after the man retired, but made hasty preparation for going out. Resolution had become fixed. She would see Mr. Bostwick.

Not until she found herself seated in the parlor of Mr. Bostwick, and awaiting an interview with that individual, did Mary's heart again falter. Now, in face of the ordeal she had so dreaded, she trembled and grew faint. There were a few minutes of suspense, and then she was face to face with the man whom her fancy had invested with a sphere of gentlemanly kindness and humanity. His hard, keen eyes looked into hers from beneath knitted brows with suspicious interrogation.

"Miss Wild," she said, timidly.

"What Miss Wild?" All the girl's fond illusion was gone in a moment. Could this, indeed, be the father of Annie Bostwick?

"I am Mr. Howard Wild's daughter." The voice was faint.

"Oh! Ah! Yes. Be seated, Miss." Mary had arisen, and was still standing. She sat down.

"Well, Miss Wild, what have you to say?" Nothing could have been colder or more unsympathetic than the voice of Mr. Bostwick.

Mary's first thought, after this reception, was to retire, without asking for the help she had come to seek. But her extremity was too great. To abandon this opportunity seemed like giving up everything. So, in a kind of desperation, she answered,

"My father, sir, left us very poor when he died. You knew my father?"

"Well—yes—slightly, in a business way." Mr. Bostwick spoke with the most repellant indifference.

"Nearly everything was taken from us, sir, by the creditors—even my piano," continued Mary. "We had nothing to live upon; and I wanted to do something to help. So I rented a piano for ten dollars a quarter, and tried to get music scholars. But I was young, and had never taught music. People didn't like to send their children. At first I had three scholars—then only two. I have not been able to get money to pay the rent of my piano, and the owner threatens to take it away. If that is taken, sir, I am helpless. A few weeks ago, I obtained three new scholars. At the end of their first quarter I shall receive twenty-eight dollars. But unless I have twenty dollars by to-morrow at eleven o'clock, my instrument will

be removed. If you would be so kind as to let me have that sum for a little over two months, you would do me a favor for which I can never cease to be grateful. The money received for these scholars, at the end of their first term, shall be faithfully paid to you."

"It may be all just as you say," replied Mr. Bostwick, icily; "but I have no evidence to the fact beyond your word. Of course, your late father had personal friends, and you should apply to them. To me you are simply a stranger, and, under the circumstances, I cannot meet your request. I am sorry, of course, to disappoint you; but I never act differently in these cases. If things are as you represent them, you can have no difficulty in procuring the sum required."

Mary did not plead her case. On its simple statement her request had been refused, and in such cold, hurting language, that she felt stunned and humiliated. Rising, she murmured a faint apology for having troubled Mr. Bostwick, and withdrew. He made no effort to retain her; though a little surprised that she failed in importunity, and not altogether satisfied with himself for the manner in which he had denied the unhappy girl. He had taken all for granted against her—nothing in her favor.

On the next day, at eleven o'clock, Mary Wilde stood beside a pupil at the piano. Her drooping eyes, her helpless, almost hopeless face, were evidence of what she had suffered.

"Are you sick, Miss Mary?" asked the girl she was teaching, lifting, as she spoke, a pair of soft blue eyes that were full of tenderness and sympathy.

"My head aches," Mary turned her face partly aside, as she answered, or rather evaded, the child's question. There was a pause and an intermission in the lesson. In that pause a heavy vehicle rattled up to the door and stopped. Then the bell was rung violently. Mary started and trembled, and grew so weak that she had to sit down.

"I'm sorry you are sick," said the child, leaving her place at the piano.

The door was opened, and the tread of a man was heard in the passage. Mrs. Wild, hoping to spare her daughter, had come down to meet him. The visitor spoke loudly, asking if his money was ready. At the sound of his voice, Mary became almost white, and shook with a strong nervous chill. Her young scholar looked frightened. Seeing this, Mary rallied herself, and spoke some assuring words. Then she advanced to the parlor door, and, opening it, said to the owner of the piano,

"I haven't the money, sir, and you must take the instrument. I've tried my best, and can do no more."

The man stood scowling at her for a moment or two, and then went out for the carman and his assistant, who removed the piano. After this was done, he said sharply to Mrs. Wild,

"And now, ma'am, when am I to receive the ten dollars due for the rent of this instrument?"

"If you had left it," replied Mary, not waiting for her mother to answer, and speaking from a state of aroused indignation at the man's brutal way of conducting himself, "the means of payment would have been in my hands, and you would have got your due when I received from my scholars their quarterly bills. Now you leave me helpless, and I can promise nothing."

The man was angry, and answered her insolently, at the same time giving utterance to threatening language.

"Shall I come to-morrow?" asked the child, when the man had gone.

"No, dear—not to-morrow." Mary's voice choked her.

"When shall I come, Miss Mary?"

"Not until I send you word."

The child lingered for a little while, and then went away.

Here is the other side of this case; and the reader will agree with us that Mr. Bostwick did not judge it correctly. He had taken the worst, instead of the best, for granted—had supposed evil instead of good. Perhaps you or I, reader, might have done the same. But that is no justification.

When the child retired, Mary turned, and tearful, from her mother, and went where she could be alone. It seemed young heart as if all were lost. She sat as in the darkness of a narrow cell, from there was no escape. She felt the despair wrapping itself, fold upon fold, a her, and shuddered chillily. Weak, helpless—it was the darkest period that yet fallen upon her young life. For an she had been thus alone, when word came a lady wished to see her. She tried to rally herself—tried to obliterate the traces of tears from her eyes and cheeks; but she tried in vain. With all the signs of suffering about her, she went down to see the lady who had called, and found the person from whom she had obtained her last three scholars.

"What is the trouble, my dear?" asked this lady, kindly, as she took Mary's hand and felt it tremble.

For sobbing Mary could not reply. This unexpected visit, and the interest expressed, broke down what little self-control remained.

"Think me your friend, dear, and tell me freely of your trouble." She drew Mary to a seat and sat down beside her.

As soon as the surprised girl could recover herself, she frankly told her story, not omitting her visit to Mr. Bostwick.

"I wish you had come to me. It would have saved all this," said the lady. "But cheer up! I will see that you have an instrument; and, what is better, as many scholars as you can teach. I like the way my children and niece are progressing, and will do all in my power to bring you into notice."

Mary could not speak her thanks, for her heart was brimming over; but she raised the lady's hand to her lips and kissed it. There was more than a kiss upon that hand—a tear lay upon it, pure and sparkling as a diamond.

Mr. Bostwick had not heeded the injunction to do good as we have opportunity, but suffered the opportunity that came to him in Providence to pass him unimproved. If he had taken a little pains to inquire into the case—thus possessing himself of the facts as they existed—he would have helped the needy one, and so gained that sweet satisfaction which all experience who act from a spirit of good will and benevolence. But the blessing that might have been his, was given to one more worthy to receive it.

THESE WAKING DREAMS.

BY EMMA ELLINGWOOD.

THESE waking dreams! these waking dreams!

How beautiful they are!

They come to me on every breeze—

They smile in every star.

Along the silvery noontide brook

They sparkle as they play,

And sweep adown the waves of time,

As glides that stream away.

The beautiful! the beautiful!

My castles bright in air,

That fade, yet come so clear again,

As transient as fair.

I long to grasp and stay your flight

Within my Summer's world,

And give my heart its dainty gems,

With love and pride imperaled.

Like music passing through the air

So pure, so blest and free;

Sweet angel voices singing soft,

Some cherished melody.

Ah! sweeter than murmuring voice

Of ocean's mermaid song,

Are streams that make my bosom heave,

As thrills the pulse along.

Oh, yes! these sweet imaginings,

That close about me cling;

And round about my inner life

Their golden haloes fling;

Seem like the gentle dew distilled

Upon the sunless'd flower;

Refreshing the weary heart

In sorrow's darkest hour.

THE MIST.

BY EDWARD A. DABBY.

SNOW-WHITE mist hangs over the earth,

And darkens the light of the morning sun;

And it wraps yon mountain, hoary and grim

To its feet, like the veil of a vestal nun.

Like a silent, sad, mysterious spell,

It covers the landscape far and near;

And it haunts the valley, the forest and hill,

Like the ghost of a superstitious fear.

Spurning the land, it goeth far

Out o'er the ocean vast and wide,

Mysteriously and silently,

As the fireless march of the restless tide;

And the ships, bewildered, wander about,

Lost in the mist that covers the sea;

The smothered tone of the warning bell,

Sounds over the waters drearily.

The ship that is brave, and staunch, and strong,

With a crash strikes hard on the hidden reef;

Short space for a thought of the friends at home,

And the time for prayer to God is brief.

Down they go in the boiling surf,

Few their struggles, and faint their cries;

With life crushed out, they are tossed about

With pallid faces and sightless eyes.

No mortal vision hath seen their woes;

Like a pall the mist lies dardly there,

Shutting out, as it were, from God and man,

The terrible sight of their wild despair.

Then get thee gone, white Spirit of Mist,

That the sun may shine on the earth once more;

And guide us aright, lest we search in vain

For the corpses scattered along the shore.

EYES VERSUS BUTTONS..

BY D. A. TROT.

THERE was a party at Mrs. Lee's one evening in June, and the lion of the occasion was Lieut. Lacy, a young officer who had just received his commission, and was, perhaps, a trifle vain of the uniform he was now sporting for the first time. It was early in the war, when uniforms possessed the charm of novelty, and the Perryville girls were bewitched with the glitter of his shoulder-straps. Robert Lacy knew that he looked well "in his suit of blue," and that he was a hero in the bright eyes which glanced admiration at him from every side; and I think it is safe to say (without accusing him of more conceit than usually falls to the lot of man,) that he found his position an agreeable one.

Isabel Horton was neither lion nor lioness, but a quiet spectator, as she promenaded the room with her cousin, Charley Adams, at whose home she was to spend the summer. She had but recently arrived in Perryville, and most of the assembled guests were strangers to her. Charley and his sister Annie were loud in their praises of "cousin Isabel;" but the young people of the village stood rather in awe of Miss Horton, the dignity of whose manner contrasted too strongly with the merry, easy ways prevalent among them, to leave them quite unconstrained in her society. They acknowledged that she was beautiful, but whispered to each other that her dark eyes were a thought too piercing, and her red lips a shade too scornful.

"Who is she?" asked Robert Lacy of Lizzie Boyd, with whom he was flirting under the chandelier.

"My Lady Disdain,' otherwise known as Miss Horton, of New York," was the laughing response of Miss Lizzie. "But never mind her now," added the pretty coquette. "You promised to give me a keepsake, before going to the war; and I'm afraid you'll never think of it again."

"Oh! I always remember my promises, trust me for that. I wish you would remember yours half as well. I dare say you've forgotten already what you are to give me when I bid you good-bye."

"I haven't promised you anything—and you know I haven't, Mr. Impudence!"

"Calling names, are you?" queried Annie Adams, stopping in front of them with Katy

Lee. "Lieut. Lacy, where's the button you promised me to remember you by?"

"Can't you remember me without any reminder?" asked the lieutenant, impressively.

"No, indeed! I should forget you in a week!"

"So should I!" "And I!" chimed in the other girls.

"Well! It seems there's no help for me!" sighed the young man, with comic resignation.

"I'm at your mercy—help yourselves."

"Give us your penknife, and we will," said Lizzie Boyd, taking him at his word.

With a laugh and a shrug of his broad shoulders, he placed his knife in her hand, and Miss Lizzie proceeded to business.

"Which will you have, Annie?"

"Oh! the one nearest his heart, of course!"

Miss Boyd audaciously seized a button upon the left breast of his coat, skillfully severed it from the broad-cloth, and attacked another.

The nonsense was at its height, when Robert Lacy chanced to look up from the bevy of girls by which he was surrounded, and encountered a flash of unmitigated scorn from the dark eyes of Miss Horton, who stood talking with Judge Lee, at the upper end of the room. Till that moment it had not occurred to him how absurd such trifling must seem to a spectator and a stranger, and his own lip curled involuntarily as he said to himself, "What a fool I am making of myself! I don't wonder she sneers. Suppose she thinks me a confounded puppy!"

The result of this mental soliloquy was an attempt at releasing himself from the fair hands so mercilessly robbing him. This, however, was no easy matter, and it was late in the evening when, after promising Lizzie Boyd to spend the next evening with her, and Annie Adams to "call in the morning and make the acquaintance of cousin Isabel," he found himself alone for a moment in the conservatory. He stood in the shade of a large orange-tree just inside the door, when Miss Horton, again with her cousin Charley, approached it slowly, and he heard Charley say,

"I see Bob Lacy has escaped from the girls for a wonder. I'll hunt him up and introduce him, if you like."

"Don't, please," was the answer. "I'm not prepared to fall down and worship his buttons,

so I should find no favor in his eyes. Oh! that such insufferable conceit should wear the guise of patriotism!" As she spoke, her eyes fell upon the subject of her remark, who, having no desire to hear himself discussed at further length, passed out of the conservatory with a nod to Charley, and a glance at her flushed cheeks.

He had heard each word distinctly, and was inwardly raging while, with courteous smiles, he took leave of his hostess. "If there's an expression I hate to see upon a woman's face," thought he, on his walk homeward, "it's a scornful one. None of your pepper-boxes for me! I wish I hadn't promised Annie Adams to call there to-morrow. I'll go, though, just to show 'my Lady Disdain' how little I care for her contempt."

He did care, however. He had never before been so deeply mortified. He was indignant, too, at having his patriotism called in question, for his love of country was genuine. He was making great sacrifices, in a business point of view, to say nothing of leaving home and friends for the sake of entering the army, and, after all, to get credit for nothing but conceit, was vexatious. Lieut. Lacy went to sleep that night with the conviction that Miss Horton was the most thoroughly disagreeable girl he had ever seen.

The next morning was as lovely as June mornings are apt to be, and Annie Adams and her cousin Isabel enjoyed its beauties out-of-doors. There was to be a Sunday-School picnic the following day, and the girls had promised to make bouquets and wreaths for the tables; they accordingly pressed Charley into the service, and while Mrs. Adams was in the kitchen intent upon the manufacture of good things, the young people were in the garden loading themselves with flowers. When the girls' aprons and Charley's basket were filled to overflowing, they repaired to the "side piazza," and commenced work "in good earnest," as Annie expressed it. Which were flying most rapidly, tongues or fingers, it would be hard to say, when they were startled by a peal of the door-bell, followed by a summons to the parlor to see Lieut. Lacy.

"Oh, yes!" said Annie, with an appealing glance at her cousin. "He promised to come over this morning to be introduced to 'the dearest cousin in the world,' so do be gracious, that's a darling. He's splendid, and I know you would acknowledge it if you'd only give him a chance to show you what he really is."

"He has shown all I care to see," was the emphatic response. "So go and rejoice in the

light of his shoulder-straps, and leave me to finish the bouquets."

"Yes, run along, sis," added Charley, "or he'll think you're stopping to prink; and if there's anything a fellow hates, it's having a girl keep him waiting while she puts on her fascinations."

"Lieut. Lacy would prefer to do the fascinating himself," remarked Isabel: while Annie, loth to leave her cousin behind, and still not much averse to a *tete-a-tete* with the young officer, gave her dress a shake and entered the house.

"I'll tell you what it is, Bel," said Charley, seriously, as they were left alone together, "you ought to have too much sense to judge a man what you see him do when he's pestered by a lot of silly girls, or to allow your prejudices to run away with you. Bob Lacy is anything but the conceited fop you think him. He's as true a patriot as there is in our land. I don't know another fellow with as brilliant prospects as he has sacrificed for the sake of serving his country; and if he is handsome, and the girls will run after him, it's no fault of his. He's a good friend of mine, too, and I want you to like him; so just come into the parlor with me, and be as sweet as you always are when you don't think it necessary to keep any one at a distance."

Isabel had no good answer to make to this appeal; but with the certainty she felt that Lieut. Lacy had heard her severe speech in regard to him the previous evening, she would sooner have faced the cannon's mouth than him. Charley, however, would only laugh at her if she told him so, so she said quietly,

"How can I go and leave all these flowers to wither, as they will if they are not taken care of at once?"

"Oh! if that's all," said Charley, "I'll bring him out here;" and off he went without waiting for a word of remonstrance.

For a moment after he left her Miss Horton was in a quandary. The doors and windows were open throughout the house, so that she could not run around to the front door without being seen from the parlor windows, or enter the house from the piazza without being seen from the parlor door opening into the central hall. In either case, she was sure of being captured by Charley. Some workmen, who had been mending the chimneys, had left their ladder standing against the piazza. As her eye fell upon it, she remembered that the windows of her room opened upon its flat roof. Quick as thought (quicker, rather, for if she had stopped

(to think she would not have done it,) she mounted the ladder, and had just landed upon the roof, and turned to detach her dress, which had caught in a climbing rose, when she saw Annie, Charley, and Lieut. Lacy, coming along the gravel walk which led around from the front to the side door. They spied her at the same moment, and shouted with laughter; even the lieutenant (comprehending as he did instantly the cause of her escapade,) had much ado to keep his amusement within bounds. Charley threw himself upon the grass and held his sides; while Annie, after the first involuntary burst of merriment, drew down her face, and proceeded gravely to introduce, "My cousin, Miss Horton; my friend, Lieut. Lacy."

If any other gentleman than the one in question had been concerned, Isabel's good sense would have told her that the affair had better be laughed off as a good joke. As it was, however, she was too vexed to be sensible, and returned his low bow with a stately inclination of her head, which, graceful though it might be in itself, was, under the circumstances, supremely ludicrous.

"Come down, oh, maid! from yonder mountain height!
What pleasure dwells in height?"

quoted Charley, going off into another fit of laughter; while Robert Lacy, too much of a gentleman to wish to revenge himself upon Miss Horton by increasing her evidently painful confusion, turned to Annie with a request to see her pansy bed, which, as he well knew, was at the further end of the garden.

The instant their backs were turned, Isabel bounded through the window into her room, and pulled the blinds together behind her. To think that she, Isabel Horton, who prided herself upon the dignity of her manners, should be caught in such a school-girlish scrape by the very person whom she had regarded with such sovereign disdain! It was too much for her equanimity.

"I know he's delighted at my mortification! I can't endure the sight of the fellow!" she exclaimed, with more vehemence than she usually indulged herself in.

When the dinner-bell rang, she put her hair and dress in order, but did not leave her room until Annie came to assure her that the obnoxious lieutenant had really gone. At the table, Charley and Annie teased her without mercy; and even Mr. Adams bantered her a little upon her "masterly retreat;" but kind-hearted Mrs. Adams, seeing how deeply she was mortified, soon vetoed the subject, and poor Isabel managed to finish her dinner with tolerable composure.

When the hour arrived for starting for the picnic the next day, Miss Horton, knowing that Lieut. Lacy would be likely to be there, longed to decline going; but she was ashamed to show any feeling upon the subject; and accordingly started off in the buggy with Charley in apparently high spirits. The company went in vehicles of all descriptions. Annie took her Sunday-School class in the "Yonker wagon," the carriage not being large enough to contain them all. Upon the road, Isabel and Charley passed another buggy, driven by Lieut. Lacy, with Miss Boyd at his side. Isabel was vexed at herself for blushing as she returned his bow, and vexed at him for the gleam of triumph she detected, or fancied she detected, in his eye.

The result was a degree of stateliness in her manner throughout the morning, which rendered her "perfectly unapproachable," as the village beaux declared, after various fruitless attempts at making themselves agreeable to her.

The picnic ground was in a grove, situated at the junction of a pretty brook famous for trout; further up its course, with "the Pond," a beautiful little sheet of water, whose smooth surface glittered like silver in the unclouded sunshine of this summer day. Many of the gentlemen had brought fishing-rods with them, and in the course of the morning it was proposed to make up a party to follow up the brook in search of trout, which (in case they were so fortunate as to catch any,) were to be cooked for dinner. The knot of young people planning the excursion were all talking at once, and making a perfect Babel with their voices, when Katy Lee came up and inquired the subject of the debate.

"We're going fishing," was the answer given by half a dozen. "Won't you go with us?"

"I can't, my scholars are all little ones, and I must look after them; but do invite Miss Horton, she is a stranger here, and we ought to do all in our power to make her visit pleasant to her."

"Invite 'my Lady Disdain!'" exclaimed Lieut. Lacy. "Well, if she is to be of the party, I shall send my 'compliments and regrets,' for of all the haughty, self-sufficient women it's been my misfortune to meet in this mundane sphere, she is the most disagreeable."

An awful hush fell upon all around, as he ceased speaking, and Miss Horton, who had been kneeling unpacking a basket, and thus been overlooked, rose, and with a low, "Thank you," glided through the dismayed group, and out of sight among the trees before a word of apology could be offered.

Robert Lacy could have bitten his own tongue

off as he recalled his hasty words. He regretted having allowed himself to speak in such terms of a lady, even more than having been overheard by the lady in question. He saw, too, that he was now down, and Miss Horton up, in the game of "see-saw" they seemed fated to play with each other; and his feelings, as he shouldered his fishing-rod and walked off toward the brook with Lizzie Boyd, were none of the most enviable.

Isabel, on the contrary, was highly elated at being once more in the ascendancy, and resolved by no word or deed to lose the advantage she had gained. She was very fond of children, and soon won the hearts of the little folks by the energy with which she devoted herself to their entertainment. She gathered wild-flowers with them, swung them, and ran races with them; played "Oats, peas, beans," and "Uncle John is very sick," until they were tired, and then gathered them around her, and told them fairy-stories that held them spell-bound.

When the fishers returned, hot, tired, and unsuccessful, they found her sitting under a tree, with sprays of elder-blossoms in her hair, singing, "the Mistletoe Bough" to an eagerly attentive audience, one of whom, a little golden-haired child, was nestling in her arms. As Lieut. Lacy's eye caught the pretty tableau, and the low, sweet tones of the singer fell upon his ear, he started in surprise, scarcely believing that this lovely girl, the very embodiment of pure, true womanliness, could be the Miss Horton whose haughtiness he had so decried. He watched for an opportunity of making the apologies he owed her; but none seemed to present itself.

The tables were already set, and, as there were no fish to cook, dinner was announced as ready, and all who chose to make themselves useful found occupation in supplying the wants of the children. Dinner over, Judge Lee and one or two others made short addresses, (during which Isabel was busy among the matrons, helping to wash and pack up dishes,) and then came a general scattering. Many of the elders, declaring themselves "tired enough," started for home, while the younger ones embarked upon the Pond, or wandered by twos and threes through the grove.

In the breaking up of the crowd, Lieut. Lacy lost sight of Miss Horton, and concluded that she had either joined the water party, or gone home with the Lees, with whom she was a great favorite. Feeling completely out of humor with himself, and tired of talking nonsense with girls whose evident delight in his attentions was

losing its charm, he walked away by himself deep into the grove, and throwing himself upon the ground, with a tuft of moss for his pillow, fell fast asleep. He had enjoyed his nap for some time, when he was awakened by the frightened cry of a child. Surprised to find that any one beside himself should have wandered so far, he sprang to his feet and hastened in the direction of the sound; but had not gone a dozen yards when he came upon Miss Horton, prostrate and insensible, with two children at her side, crying with terror. Alarmed at her fall, he kneeled and raised her head upon his arm; but her swoon was not a performed one, for she opened her eyes at the motion, and, starting up in amazement at finding him bending over her, answered his inquiries by concisely informing him that while searching for ferns she had sprained her ankle; fearing that the children might get lost, if she should send them for help, she had tried to limp back, when her ankle again gave way, and she fell and fainted with the pain of the second hurt.

"Will you be so kind," she said, in conclusion, "as to send my cousin, Charley Adams, (or, if you cannot find him, Judge Lee,) to my assistance?"

"Judge Lee has gone home, I am sorry to say, and your cousin is out on the Pond. I am stronger than either. Will you allow me to carry you back to the picnic grounds? There is no other way," he added, as he saw her face flush, "the grove is so dense here that it is impossible to bring a carriage for you."

"It is unnecessary," she answered, frigidly. "I am sorry to be obliged to trouble you at all, but if you will be so good as to give me your arm, I think I can walk."

"It is impossible!" he exclaimed. "If you attempt it you will only aggravate a pain that is already serious enough."

"Allow me to be the judge," was all the reply she vouchsafed. He accordingly assisted her to rise and gave her his arm; but at the first step the old faintness came over her, and, in spite of herself, her head went down against the very shoulder-strap which had been the subject of her sarcasms. Lieut. Lacy stopped, and said resolutely,

"Circumstances constitute me your protector, Miss Horton, and I shall not allow you to lame yourself, perhaps for life, on account of any girlish scruples."

So saying, he lifted her in his arms and strode on through the grove, the frightened children following as fast as their little feet would carry them. Miss Horton could not at first find words

to express her indignation; and when she was about to speak, a twinge of her throbbing ankle reminded her that she was, in fact, completely helpless, and her dignity would suffer less from a quiet submission to what was inevitable, than from a controversy which could only end in defeat. She was a pretty heavy load for the young officer, leaving him no strength to spare for conversation, so the journey was a silent one; but every time his glance fell upon the pale face, now rigid with pain, which rested against his shoulder, he felt his judgment of its owner growing more and more lenient.

The time it took to traverse the grove seemed interminable to Isabel, who at last had the grace to say, "I am afraid you must be very tired; had you not better stop to rest?"

"Never mind me," replied Lieut. Lacy. "I will rest by-and-by."

The burden in his arms, however agreeable though it might be, drew more and more heavily upon his strength, and his lips were compressed tightly, and his face was pale as Isabel's when he at length laid her upon the grass at the feet of the terrified Annie, who with Charley and the rest of the rowing party had just landed. Isabel was suffering too much to be able to make any explanations, so he despatched Charley for the horse and buggy, and while he was gone, briefly related what had happened.

That night was a sleepless one to Isabel Horton; and as she tossed uneasily through the slow-dragging hours, she had time to think over her intercourse with Robert Lacy, and grew heartily ashamed of the part she had performed in it. He called daily to inquire after her while she was confined to her room, and she was just settled upon the lounge, the first day she was able to be carried down into the sitting-room, when he was announced.

"I will see him," she said, quietly, much to Annie's amazement—and the next moment he entered the room. Isabel colored a little, but held out her hand, and said bravely,

"Lieut. Lacy, I thank you for your kindness to me, and am ashamed of the manner in which I received it. Will you forgive me?"

"You owe me neither thanks nor apology, Miss Horton," he replied, taking the hand she offered. "Will you forgive me for the way in which I spoke of you on the morning of the picnic. Believe me, I have regretted the words I used ever since uttering them."

"I deserved it," she answered. "The first time I met you I allowed a mere trifle to prejudice me against you, and treated you so ungraciously from that time, that I do not wonder at

your thinking me haughty and disagreeable, and expressing that opinion."

"I thought it when I said it," was the honest reply; "but I believe I misjudged you, and, if you are willing, we will balance accounts and commence a new score. Shail we be friends?" he asked, with a smile, again extending his hand, and Isabel placed hers in it, answering, "Yes," as frankly as a child.

"There, I think we've had enough of 'humble pie!'" exclaimed Charley, (who had been so much edified by the foregoing explanations as to keep quiet for an unprecedented length of time,) and the conversation became general.

Lieut. Lacy's company did not fill up very rapidly, and his duties were not so arduous but that he found time, almost daily, for a call at Mrs. Adams', to inquire after her niece. Pleasant calls they were. He often found Miss Horton's lounge, or easy-chair, wheeled out upon the piazza, or under the great elm that shaded the grass-plot; Annie rocking lazily in the swing that hung from the branches of the tree, her work lying upon her lap, or fallen unheeded to her feet; while Charley, sprawled at full length upon the grass, chatting with the girls, or playing with Rover, who pawed over the books scattered around as evidence that his master was industriously "reading up" for next term. At other times Isabel would be alone, with only a book for company, when he would often take it from her hand, and read till the subject led them off unawares into conversation, and then talk as he had never talked to woman or man before; no gay nonsense, such as he kept for girls in general, but deep, earnest thoughts, too sacred to be brought out for careless listeners, who "bearing would hear, but not understand."

Isabel's ankle was slow in regaining its strength, but when she was at length able to leave her lounge, they had many a pleasant walk and drive together. And so the days passed on, and grew into a month; and Lieut. Lacy's company was filled and ordered to join the regiment for which it was recruited. The last evening of his stay, he walked slowly down the street toward Mrs. Adams' to say good-by, and, reaching it, entered the open door without ceremony, as he had been accustomed to do of late.

He found Mrs. Adams and Annie in tears, and Charley looking as if he would follow suit.

Isabel was gone, they told him. She had started for home an hour before, upon receiving a telegraph informing her of the sickness of her father. She had left a "good-by, with her best wishes," for Lieut. Lacy, and—that was all. He

felt, as he walked home that night, as if the past month had been a dream, and he had just awakened to the realities of life. Stern realities he found them, when he joined his regiment just in time for the battle of Bull Run.

A year of camp life went by—a year of stern duties faithfully fulfilled, and Lieut. Lacy found himself upon his way home to spend a fortnight's furlough. He had discovered, in that long year of absence, that Isabel Horton was the one woman of the world for him, and had made up his mind to tell her so before returning to the army, and ask her to be his wife. He knew little of what had happened to her since they had parted, beyond the fact that her father had purchased, and recently taken possession of, a beautiful place in Perryville. One letter from Charley Adams had casually mentioned her in this way:

"Cousin Isabel has 'Sanitary Commission' on the brain—runs the sewing-machine, making soldiers' shirts all day, and knits socks all night. How these girls do go into a thing! This may not be very interesting to you, but I put it in for lack of more exciting news."

Little did Charley suspect how interesting this item was to his correspondent, and how happy it made Robert Lacy to think that Isabel, in her peaceful home, was working for the cause for which he was fighting. He was, sometimes, tempted to write to her, but did not, knowing that he could not do so without mentioning the subject so near his heart, and not wishing to do that otherwise than face to face with her.

When he stood face to face with her, however, it was not so easy to mention as he had expected. Her reception of him was sufficiently cordial, but there was an indefinable something about her manner, a shade of her old unapproachableness, which said, (or he fancied it,) "Thus far, no further shalt thou go;" and, as his leave drew toward its close, the conviction that she understood his feelings, and wished to prevent his declaring them, forced itself upon his mind.

So time's swift wing brought him to the last evening of his furlough, and again he sought Isabel Horton to bid her good-by. He found

her at home this time, sitting alone in the summer twilight.

She had "thought it too hot for lights," she said, "but would ring for them now, if he liked."

He answered that he, too, "preferred the twilight." Then came a pause.

She was leaning back in a large crimson chair, and he fancied that the cheek resting against its cushions looked white as her dress, but could not be sure that it was not the effect of the uncertain light.

He broke the silence by telling her that this was his farewell call.

"When do you go?" she asked.

"To-morrow."

Then came another pause, so long that in desperation Lieut. Lacy seated himself, at the piano and began to play chords. Still Isabel was silent, with her face turned toward the window, and as he watched her, and thoughts swept over him of the possibility that this was their last meeting on earth—of the uncertain future which lay before him, and of the close proximity in which he might even then be standing to eternity's awful portals—the aimless chords took shape and purpose, and, with his whole heart in his deep, rich voice, he poured forth the magnificent "Battle Prayer."

Isabel had never heard it before, and wholly unprepared for its effect, as he commenced singing, changed her seat by the window for one nearer the piano. As he went on, however, her proud head began to droop, and bowed lower and lower until it rested upon the arm of her chair. His back was toward her, but, in the hush which followed the last note, he caught a faint sob, and turned. "Miss Horton!—Isabel!" he said. No answer.

Taken by surprise, the well defended fortress of Isabel's proud self-control had been carried ere she was aware, and her humiliation was complete.

Taking courage, Robert Lacy asked the question which had been so long awaiting an opportunity. How it was answered may be inferred from the fact that, when he returned to the army, after his next furlough, Isabel Lacy was left behind him in the place of Isabel Horton.

ALL, ALL ALONE.

BY ALICE DEWEES.

I'm alone! I'm alone! and in all these sad hours,
I have nothing on earth but the beautiful flower—
The beautiful, beautiful, beautiful flowers;
I have nothing on earth but the beautiful flower.

My brothers and sisters have gone one by one;
My father and mother, and I'm all alone;
All alone, all alone, in the sad Summer hours;
I have nothing on earth but the beautiful flowers.

COQUETTE VERSUS CROQUET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT

CHAPTER I.

THE loveliest old country-seat imaginable on the banks of Lake George; the most charming hostess that real life, or, better yet, a novel, ever furnished; a gay, well-assorted party, and troops of eligible men constantly riding or driving over from the hotels—could a more agreeable basis for a delightful summer be conceived, even by a pretty girl's fancy?

Yet Alice Peyton, instead of being occupied, as she ought to have been, in arraying herself for the hop, to which the whole party were going that night, sat curled up on a low seat by the window, looking out across the moonlit water with a face so absent and wistful that it really did not seem like Alice's own.

The festive dress spread its diaphanous blue width out on the bed quite disregarded, and the moments were slipping so rapidly away that it needed loveliness as fresh and youthful as hers was, with the bloom of a first season on it, to bear the haste with which she would be obliged to don her clouds of tulle, and all the delightful odds and ends which work so much more bewilderingly to masculine fancy than the dress itself.

She had looked forward with such eager anticipation to this visit—it had all been so bright and pleasant up to the last week; and then that little misunderstanding with *him* must needs arise, and in the beginning of it that flashing-eyed widow made her appearance, and now—

Well, words are weakness in such cases! The world was just an arid desert, and Alice as learned in suffering as a week's experience, unlimited doses of Owen Meredith, and a persistent neglect of wholesome food could well make her.

"Him," of course, refers to Claude Stanley. Alice had been so glad he owned such a sweet, poetical name, and so am I, too, having of late been so often reproached, by letter and word of mouth, for the common cognomens of my heroes, that it is a great comfort to have stumbled on one with a baptismal appellation so entirely unexceptionable.

Alice was thinking that, perhaps, she had better go home and let it all go—not very definite, perhaps, what the "it" was to be dropped from her hold; but Alice's mind was not in a

state just then for her thoughts to be put in a logical shape.

"It" meant love and dreams, and her summer joy, and, most of all, Claude Stanley; and when she reached that name, Alice dropped her head on the window-seat and gave one great choking sob, forewarner of the tempest of tears that was so near.

"I won't cry!" sobbed Alice, shutting her white teeth so hard together that the sound was like the click of a pistol, and made her start nervously. "I won't go to the ball with red eyes, and nobody shall think there is anything the matter. I won't be pitied!"

Alice sprang up and overturned the stool in her energy; but in spite of all her efforts to be self-contained and dignified, she looked such a picture of distress, so pretty and graceful, and loveable withal, that it was quite evident she was one of those creatures meant to be loved, and caressed, and cherished.

It would be a great pity if her mind must be fully developed through suffering, for with a nature like hers, love and peace would have answered perfectly well, and have left her a blithe little fairy, with a deal of womanly strength at the bottom.

"Alice! Alice!"

The girls were calling her, and knocking on the door—and there she was, not half dressed.

"I'll be down stairs in a moment," she replied, making a movement of very indefinite length, in her own mind, by way of satisfying her conscience.

"Well, open the door and let us in!" called Jenny Snowe—and the others did more execution on the panel.

"No, I shan't," said Alice, "you'll only hinder me;" and goodness knows this time she spoke truthfully.

So they called her all sorts of deliciously dreadful names—for Alice was a great favorite—and waltzed away down the hall.

But though just then she felt herself a hundred years older than her companions, and inclined to wonder at their spirits and frivolity, the interruption had the effect of thoroughly rousing Alice, and causing her to make all speed with the important matter in hand

She was down stairs at last and in the drawing-room, where Mrs. Le Fort and a portion of her guests were gathered.

"Well!" exclaimed Jenny Snowe, the plainest and best natured girl in the world, "if I could look like you by taking time, I'd spend a week over my toilet."

And all the gentlemen admired her, and dear old Mrs. Le Fort kissed her forehead, and Alice might gradually have been induced to take softer views of human life, only just then in sailed the widow, perfectly gorgeous in some wonderful golden-hued dress, with her eyes a great deal brighter than all the diamonds in her black hair.

"Am I late?" she cried.

"Just in time for once," returned Mrs. Le Fort; "the carriages are coming round."

"For once! Oh, you wicked woman!"

And Mrs. Le Fort laughed, and told her she was dreadfully spoiled, for nobody could help yielding to the fascination of the creature's manner, though she was the greatest coquette in Christendom, and as anxious for the admiration of her own sex as that of the other.

Even Alice was softened into a genuine wonder at her beauty; but Mrs. Crosland spoiled all that by saying,

"Where are the others? What has become of Mr. Stanley?"

"You made such a do because the croquet things had not come," said Mrs. Le Fort. "that he went over early to see if they had not been left at the express-office in the village."

"He is a duck!" cried the widow. "I'll beat him beautifully playing, by way of thanks."

"You promised him all the redows if he would go," said one of the men.

"Did I?" she asked, carelessly. "Well, now I promise as many of them to you as you can quarrel him out of."

"You had creature!" Mrs. Le Fort exclaimed. But she laughed, and so did the others, though it is quite possible the young ladies did not laugh very willingly.

As for Alice's feelings, she could only have given vent to them by biting the widow till she squeaked. The impulse was not lady-like, but it was in her mind, and not at all unnatural.

"Oh! Miss Peyton! what a charming dress!" exclaimed the widow. "It's a shame for anybody to look so pretty always. But do let me keep near you, because we make such admirable foils for each other."

"I am not so devoted to artistic effect," said Alice, and tried to speak pleasantly.

"My dear child!" exclaimed Mrs. Le Fort,

"you don't take that mad creature's speeches in earnest?"

"It depends on what they are," retorted Alice.

"One is that I find you charming!" cried Mrs. Crosland, making one of her impetuous movements, as if she would have embraced Alice then and there.

"Take care!" said Alice, shrinking back, "you'll tumble your flounces—it would be paying dear for your affection."

They all thought it sport, and laughed; but the widow said to herself,

"How that pretty creature does hate me! I wonder what for?"

But there was no time to ponder the question, for the rest of the gentlemen rushed in to announce the carriages.

They were soon settled—not packed, the dear hostess had too much sense for that—in the vehicles, and away they drove.

Charley Lynn was charioteer to the widow—the two having taken possession of a little open trap; and as Mrs. Crosland got the reins in her own hands before the end of the first mile, it was not surprising that they were soon out of sight of the rest of the party—the widow's driving being after the fashion of Jehu.

The ball-room was a pretty and brilliant scene when Mrs. Le Fort's troop entered it; but the first sound Alice heard was a heavenly waltz, beloved by herself and Claude during the past winter; and the first sight which met her eyes was the aforesaid Claude spinning round, like airy nothing, with Mrs. Crosland in his arms, and her yellow draperies looking like an expensive balloon in which they had both just begun to ascend.

Alice had admirers enough about her in all conscience. The evening passed as gayly as possible; and Claude helped her on to the culminating point of her wretchedness by carelessly asking her to go through a quadrille with him.

But she hated quadrilles, she said, and turned to listen to what one of the dandies was saying; and Claude went off to flirt with the widow, and Alice did penance by walking the quadrille with an old Senator, who danced energetically after the fashion of the ancients, cutting capers that must have twisted his venerable limbs exceedingly, and setting his senatorial foot right through one of Alice's flounces.

People were beginning to talk about the flirtation between Claude and the widow; it had reached proportions sufficient to deserve that name suggestive of so many sweet and bitter

things—and to-night Alice heard so much said that she was quite dizzy and disgusted.

"I do believe she likes him," Jenny Snowe said.

"Nonsense!" returned Charley Lynn, "she is born, bred, and educated a coquette—and that's all about it."

"Well, he is bewitched by her," added somebody else.

"I can't tell," replied the sapient Charley; "for some time Claude has been like a fellow who had a—a—, what-you-call-it, on his mind."

"What do you call it?" asked Jenny.

"A withered incubus!" quoted Charley, triumphantly. "Don't try to make game of me."

"And don't talk slang to me," returned Jenny; "it's so horrid fast."

Then they all screamed at her having been guilty of the very error she had reproved him for.

"One really can't help it," said Jenny, dolefully. "A pretty girl needn't mind; anything sounds well in her mouth—but we plain wretches ought to be careful."

She looked so animated and stylish that Charley Lynn thought, for the hundredth time, she was worth all the pretty women put together whom he knew.

"It's the age of slang," said he, philosophically.

"And we have become aged in its wickedness," said Alice, just because she felt it her duty to say something; but it passed for a pun among the dandies—they not being well able to give the definition of the diabolical word.

"But about Mr. Stanley's 'withered incubus,'" said Jenny.

"I don't remember," returned Charley. "Getting off the quotation made me forget what it was to illustrate. Oh, yes! I meant he seemed pulled down."

"Pulled down?" interrupted Jenny.

"I'm sure I beg your pardon—slang again! Well, out of sorts; and when that dazzling enchantress—what a lovely phrase—appeared, he just tumbled into her net from sheer recklessness."

Alice felt herself tremble—she could not stay there and listen.

"Is that a gallop they are beginning to play?" she asked Harry Ward.

Upon the hint he whirled her away, and she was soon too much out of breath to be actively miserable.

"How she does love to dance," Jenny said, watching her with admiring eyes.

"Let's go walk on the piazza instead," an-

swered Charley, incoherently—and they went; and it's my belief he took that opportunity to do what had been in his heart for months—that is, "to pop;" and if you don't like slang, why imagine that I said, "lay his heart at her feet," and be blessed to you.

Alice and Claude Stanley had met the winter before, in Havana; and almost all the brief romance of their past had been woven there. So it happened that none of their friends were aware of their story, for neither of them belonged to the spontaneous order of humanity, who never can have any sort of secret without rushing off to share it with their nearest friends. Alice had gone out of town soon after her return. During the pleasant month of May Claude had made a week's visit at her guardian's residence; and there it was that their little romance grew more serious, and Claude told her that he loved her.

Nobody knew of it, not even old Mrs. Le Fort; for her solitary life—that is, solitary in the sense of lacking near family ties—had increased Alice's natural reticence; and she had a great horror of exhibiting herself as one of the twin animals in an engagement—a feeling which Claude thoroughly shared as a sensible man would.

Yet, perhaps, out of that very secrecy had grown their trouble. Had their engagement been known to their friends, each would have been cautious to do nothing that could bring wondering or reproving eyes upon them; and that might have prevented their annoying themselves in the thousand ways they had managed to do.

So they met at Mrs. Le Fort's. The old lady was very fond of Claude, and had always made a pet of Alice. One would have thought, in a house where they were made perfectly at home, a pleasant party about them, and as much as they pleased of each other's society, they might have been in a perfect Eden of bliss.

But the trouble is, when, after much searching, we find the entrance into our Eden, we never can rest until we have got up a tempest that leaves it an utter wreck—and Alice and Claude had been no wiser than the rest of us are wont to be, under similar circumstances.

Claude was young yet—only twenty-five—impetuous, capricious, and a good deal spoiled, as was natural enough should happen to a man who was handsome, clever, and rich. Alice—well, Alice was the sweetest girl in the world; and really had brains, too; but she was fanciful and exacting; and each of them did all sorts of things which looked very wrong when practiced

by the other; and so private pouting and fault-finding, and those wreckers of peace and freedom—explanations, began to be more and more frequent.

It never occurred to Alice that it looked like flirting to have Harry Ward bending over her while she sang, and looking down into her face with all the devotion his eyes could express; but she could see clearly that it was not right of Claude to be so attentive to some other girl—and then they both grew angry, and did all sorts of provoking things.

It went on from bad to worse. It is difficult to put in language the minute things—a look, a word—which go to make up a black storm of trouble. If it is true that happiness is composed of trifles, I am sure it is much truer of suffering. One little breeze after another swept on to join in the grand tornado which so often desolates every fresh and youthful thing in our hearts.

Never mind the details. They quarreled at last, horribly—a quarrel such as I do not like to think of between two young, excitable natures; but it came.

Claude was going to rush away from the place at once, trusting to Mrs. Le Fort's good-nature to accept his excuses about unexpected business, and the like; but as fate would have it, he could not start immediately.

Mrs. Le Fort met him in the hall when he was actually rushing in to utter his white lie, with tidings that her brother, his former guardian, was coming out of his way to have a day or two with his ward.

So he staid, and before the old gentleman went away Mrs. Crosland appeared, possessed with numberless bewitching demons, and full of health and gayety.

Claude was the handsomest, the most brilliant, the most eligible man; consequently the widow cast the glamor of all her spells, and the magic of all her devils upon him without delay.

A week had gone, and Claude was there yet. He wanted to punish Alice for all her errors, her irritability, her secretiveness, her whole list of faults; and with that feeling he had plunged recklessly into the dazzling atmosphere of Mrs. Crosland's presence.

But in spite of his loving Alice, in spite of everything, the widow was more than a match for him: yet his Continental life had given him good practice, too; and with the end of the week he was deeper in than he could have believed possible, and plunged along without giving himself time to think.

I really cannot tell you what she meant to

do with him. It is difficult to decide what any woman means, more especially a widow; and Jeannie Crosland was a sphynx, chiefly, I always believed, because she didn't know what she meant herself.

She was the most consummate flirt that ever lived. Indeed, she was not to blame; she could no more help it than she could help breathing. She would have flirted with a shadow if there had been no substance at hand; she wanted admiration, and sympathy, and appreciation, so she flirted as much with women as with men; and I honestly think that if it had not been for that latter habit her sex would have torn her eyes out.

When Alice entered the breakfast-room, the morning after the ball, she found the whole party so engaged in discussing the new subject of interest, that they had forgotten the festivities as completely as though they had not been up till near daylight, dancing numberless miles during the midnight hours.

With her usual thoughtfulness for young people, and her desire to afford her guests every amusement possible, Mrs. Le Fort had caused a Croquet-ground to be laid out according to the most scientific rules. It had been ready for use before the arrival of the present party; but owing to some error, such as will disturb the plans of the wealthiest and the wisest, the necessary implements had been miscarried, and then mislaid in different express-offices, until Mr. Claude Stanley fished them out at the command of Mrs. Crosland.

He had been out before breakfast to see that the hoops were properly set up, and had been the head and front of the whole affair, partly from his knowledge of the game, and partly because he was one of those men who always are first in whatever may be going on.

He and the widow were holding an animated conversation, and Alice looked at them both with more bitter feelings than ever.

When she was appealed to, she declined showing the slightest interest in the game, and looked so bored and indolent that Claude, although he pretended not to notice, put his chin up higher, and began to talk more diligently to the widow.

But Alice was well occupied; the gentlemen were, several of them, hovering about her, and the party was increased by a knot of officers who had ridden over to breakfast, so that if she was not amused, she pretended to be with all her might—and in this world that usually answers very well.

They were all starting for the Croquet-ground at last; and I suppose no young lady in a be-

witching morning dress ever walked pleasureward with a more rebellious, aching heart than little Alice did, hiding it all with the stoicism of a Pawnee chieftainess.

The ground had been laid out on the east side of the immense lawn, with the green-houses and flower-garden beyond it, and the shrubberies at one end, so that it looked as pretty as possible! with its long sweep of smoothly-shaven turf. Whatever Mrs. Le Fort did was well done.

A party was made up at once, and such as could not play looked on, among whom was Alice, who stood watching the widow's admirable performance with a face as smiling as if she really enjoyed her triumph.

Mrs. Crosland and Claude were decidedly the best players, making their strokes with such vigor and grace it was very pleasant to watch them, unless one chanced to have little private reasons for disliking the exhibition, such as beset poor Alice. The widow wore a bewitching croquet dress, too, which was looped up over the skirt; and as Alice stood watching Claude and her, she could not but confess that Mrs. Crosland was both young and pretty. The widow was tired at last, or said she was.

"Not another game this morning," she persisted. "I relinquish my place to anybody who chooses to take it."

Harry Ward insisted on Alice essaying her skill.

"Excuse me," she said, "I don't know anything about the game; I never even saw it played before." Another reason there was—but of this she said nothing—she had no croquet dress.

"But it's so easy."

"That I doubt, too. I am sure I never could make those obstinate balls go through the hoops."

Of course, she was surrounded at once, and the men plead and insisted; while Claude looked on, and bit the ends of his moustache till he threatened entire demolition to that hirsute decoration, whose silky blonde length he generally cherished with such care.

"Oh! you must learn, Miss Peyton!" cried Mrs. Crosland. "It's the best exercise in the world, and a pretty woman looks prettier than at any other time."

Alice gave her one of those looks which say so much more plainly than words can,

"Creature, don't presume!"

The widow pretended not to see it; but she did, and she would have been more than human if it had not caused her blood to go up to boiling heat at once.

"Some people never can learn," Claude put in crossly; "and if one is awkward, it's a dreadful exhibition."

Alice would have tried them, if she had known that she would have fallen dead the instant she took the mallet in her hand.

She gave Harry Ward a smile which made Claude's arm tingle with a desire to hit straight out from the shoulder; and listened to the absurd speeches of those popinjays, the military, (I am quoting Claude again,) with a grace that probably made each one think her ready to drop into his arms for life if he only opened them.

So they arranged sides for a new game, and it came Alice's turn to make her first essay.

Claude and Mrs. Crosland were standing near her, and she had been listening to the gay badinage passing between them, much more than to poor Harry Ward's explanations given *con amour*, for the foolish young moth had singed his wings dreadfully in the light of Alice's eyes.

"But you are a true woman," Claude was saying, in a lower and more earnest tone, "you are not a child, nor a pretty doll——"

"Now, Miss Peyton!"

Alice grasped her mallet and lost the rest of the speech; but she had heard quite enough to make her hands tremble so that the Malacca stick nearly fell from them.

She hit the ball venomously, and with the natural depravity as common among inanimate objects as human. It spun away, not through the first hoop, but away to the edge of the ground. Nor was there even grace in Alice's performance to atone for her ill-luck; she had exerted so much force that she would inevitably have gone down on her pretty face if Harry Ward had not caught her.

Alice had sense enough to be the first to laugh at her own awkwardness. Indeed, she was not petty enough to have minded the merriment at all, if Mrs. Crosland's laugh had not met her ear, and Claude saying philosophically,

"Croquet requires a peculiar temperament, I tell you. No hasty, ill-regulated person——"

Down went Alice's mallet.

"I am satisfied," said she. "Come here, Miss Folsom, and take my place."

Nothing could stop her now, and Harry was forced to endure having Miss Folsom put under his charge, and Alice made her way toward the path.

"You ought to have persevered," said the widow, coming toward her, no longer angry since Alice just atoned for that impertinent look.

"What did you say I ought to have done?" asked Alice, freezingly.

"Persevered; the game is very easy—one learns it without any trouble."

"Unfortunately, I have not Mrs. Crosland's genius," said Alice, sweetly; "her art in any game she undertakes is beyond all praise."

A very open and unwise declaration of war! The widow was too acute not to know there was a strong motive for Alice's dislike—it flashed upon her at once.

"Why what that Miss Folsom said was true," she thought. "She liked Master Claude—and she ventures to be impertinent. Oh! dear me, Miss Alice Peyton!"

She smiled with seraphic sweetness.

"What exquisite triniting that is on your dress," said she. "Oh, Mr. Stanley!" He was at her side in an instant.

"You know what you promised to tell me? Come and walk—I am tired of this. You shall tell me the whole story—I grant you absolution in advance."

Claude knew no more what she meant than the man in the moon; but he carried his wits in the right place, and made a fitting answer. Alice knew, though—the widow's warning shot had taken effect; she saw it in the girl's face.

Mrs. Crosland moved away, leaning on Claude's arm; and Alice sat down on a bench till she got the better of an odd dizziness which turned the Croquet-ground upside down, and made the players seem flying off at right angles.

Some of the men were talking to her. She was only conscious of one thing—if she could not get away she should certainly do something utterly absurd.

She despatched them on errands in different directions; the Croquet-players were too busy to notice, and she started for the house.

She sat down in the shrubbery to think.

Was Claude going to tell the history of their engagement? Was he so utterly mean and base? Had he become so fascinated with this new idol that the old dream could be served up to amuse her?

She could have killed him and herself, and trampled the widow's life out! She had been religiously reared, and it never had occurred to her that the wickedness at which she shuddered in books could lie undeveloped in her own heart; and when the storm passed enough for her to be able to reflect, she was absolutely frightened at the mad passion which had so distorted her soul.

She had a little cry all by herself, and felt slightly relieved; looked up and saw Claude and

Mrs. Crosland sauntering through the shrubberies, engaged in a conversation so earnest that they did not perceive her, though coming her way.

She hurried toward the house, and never stopped till she was safe in her own room, with the door locked against the outer world; nor did she make her appearance in the lower regions until late, accounting for her long absence by that most frequent of white lies, a headache.

She flirted desperately all the evening. There was a crowd over from the hotels, and she was so brilliant and gay that she seemed to have taken up Mrs. Crosland's line of business.

Rude to the widow she was twice—an unlady-like ebullition very uncommon with her; and the widow began to wonder if she should be obliged to hate her.

Attached to a bracelet that Alice wore was a bunch of charms Claude had given her, and which she had put on without noticing what it was. Unlike the young women in novels, who, if they had not seen, would have felt the little ornaments burning into their wrists.

She saw it in the evening—Claude was looking at it. If he should think she had put it on to remind him of the past; to hint that she was sorry for her share in their misunderstanding and trouble, and ready to be reconciled!

She had held out her hand to be kissed by one of the officers who was taking a final leave, being ordered away on the morrow.

"Ah," said he, sentimentally, "you might give me a souvenir as a gleam of light in my banishment."

"You had better get him a lucifer-match, Miss Peyton," said the widow, "if he wants something to give a light."

Alice knew the man was a fool, but she did not choose her fools to be laughed at by that odious creature.

"You know better about the connection between the two words than I possibly can," said she. "But what will you have, Capt. Grantley?"

The bracelet shook on her arm, and the little bunch of charms twinkled like fairy music.

"One of these," said he, touching them; "that dragon's head."

Claude made a step forward. She saw him, and she saw in his face, too, a stern resolution, which menaced danger to the gallant captain or himself, if she did carry her insanity to the extreme of bestowing the ornament.

"It is too utterly worthless," said she, carelessly. "I hate the things, and put the bracelet on by accident. Think of something else."

But she managed to get away without bestowing any souvenir at all. She was out on the verandah when somebody came up quickly. It was Claude—they had not spoken for days beyond the ordinary courtesies incumbent on people doomed to meet every half-hour.

"You have insulted and outraged me sufficiently," said he; "may I ask you for those charms?"

"I suppose they have a money value," said

she, unclasping them from the bracelet; "it was thoughtless of me not to remember that."

"You can remember to do everything that is wicked and cruel," he said.

"I don't know you, sir!" she exclaimed. "How dare you insult me because you happen to be in the same house?"

She flung the charms out into a laurel thicket with all her strength, and swept into the hall.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WANDERER.

BY MARIA L. HOPKINS.

We two have parted, and the dead to me
Are not more surely dead, than I to thee;
And so, despairingly, thy pictured face
I put far from me, with its pleading grace,
And on the tinest of thy souvenirs,
Have wept most sorrowful and bitter tears;
And now, with heart numb with the buried pain,
Turn with veiled brow unto the world again.

We two are parted, and my broken heart,
Folded and veiled, must henceforth bear its part,
A mocker and a masker at the best.
And when the cold and wintry earth is blest
With the sweet breath of violets, and the sky
Glowe with new beauty to thy poet eye,
My loss will be eternal—for I know
That o'er the pathless ocean thou dost go.

Go, poet one! where earth is most sublime!
Where perished glories mark the flight of time;
Drink in with poet soul the minstrelsy
And loveliness of blue-skyed Italy;
Linger in Greece—"now living Greece no more;"
Worship the glories of her classic shore.
Perhaps those haunted lands will bring to thee
New hopes, new dreams—forgetfulness of me!

But in the dearest of my happy dreams,
Near thee, lost one, I'll wander by the streams;
The mouldering monuments of Palestine;
O'er the Judean mountains, and the green
Plains bordering the quiet sea,
And palm groves of prophetic Galilee;
And by thy side, in many a dream I'll stand,
Beneath the blue sky of the Holy Land!

Will you forget me? I will be with thee
In all those lands beyond the solemn sea—
The lands of which we've talked, and thou hast made
Word pictures for me, lit with light and shade,
Thy poet lips called up from memory,
And tinted with thy words sweet imagery.
Yes! lost and wand'ring one! I'll be with thee,
In all those lands beyond the solemn sea.

Often you will remember, when the glow
Of sunset tints some Alpine mountain's snow,
Some little flower, some distant chiming bell:
The shape, or tint, of some quaint, curious shell,
Will call to mind my name, and bring to thee
Some whispered tone of my sad fate and me;
And then in spirit I will be with thee,
Oh! wanderer o'er the deep and stormy sea!

THERE NEVER WAS AN EARTHLY DREAM.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

THERE never was an earthly dream
Of beauty and delight,
That mingled not too soon with clouds,
As sunrises with the night?
That faded not from that fond heart
Where once it loved to stay,
And left that heart more desolate
For having felt its sway.

There never was a glad, bright eye
But it was dimmed with tears,
Caused by such griefs as ever dull
The sunshine of our years;
We look upon the sweetest flower,
'Tis withered soon and gone;
We gaze upon a star to find
But darkness where it shone.

There never was a noble heart—
A mind of worth and power—
That had not, in this changing world,
Pain, misery for its dower.
The laurel on the brow hath hid
From many a careless eye,
The secret of the soul within—
Its blight and agony.

There never was—there cannot be—
On earth, a precious spring,
Whose waters to the fevered lip
Unfailing we may bring.
All langueth on this troubled shore,
Or fadeth from the sight;
Oh! for that world where joy and peace
Reigns as eternal light!

MR. STILLINGWOOD'S PROCEEDING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CHAPTER I.

"Be careful and not get into the snow, girls," said Miss H——, as her niece Dora and I started out to go to morning service in town. "Don't let the wind take your veil off your trimmings, Molly; don't get cold."

But we were already wading; for, although the walks had been cleared that morning, it had done little good, since the snow was falling so densely, that we could scarcely see the corner of the square where the City Point car, the car we wanted, was waiting. The chickadees, also, were out in the storm; the sight of their lively enjoyment animated us, and would have done so in far more difficult straits.

The car filled gradually with church-goers like ourselves. Several were obliged to stand in the middle of the car; and among these I at length became conscious of a tall, brown-coated gentleman, standing, not supporting his equilibrium by a strap, as the rest did, but with interlocked fingers standing evenly before me. I don't know why I retained my consciousness of his being there as something agreeable to me; or why I looked, by-and-by, up into his face, unless it was seeing with what easy firmness he stood, let whatever bustle, and flutter, and crinoline there would go by him. Having once met his mild eyes fixed unwaveringly, but as if without active consciousness, upon mine, I don't know why I raised mine the second time, (when some silk flounces came in, discommoding everybody but him and me, whom his poised frame protected,) unless his quiet demeanor so attracted me that I could not naturally do otherwise. That time, I remember, he seemed conscious of me, although in the mild way I thought belonged to whatever he felt, or was; and after that I looked at him no more, either by chance or choice, although I confess I would have been glad enough of one more sight of him, when I was coming out by him, thinking that, ah, me! that was the last of him; thinking also, with a shade of pain, that I wished there were more such strong, serene-looking men in the world, so that quivering, sensitive persons, like myself, might see one such wherever they ventured, and thereby have within them everywhere the restful sense of protection I felt that day.

CHAPTER II.

THE next morning, just after Dora started through the still falling snow for the town, Miss H—— came up stairs, saying, "You must come down, Molly."

My name is Malvina. A romantic young Miss, friend of my mother, who also at my christening was young, gave me the name; for although my mother was not romantic, and would sooner, I presume, of her own accord, have had me named Mehitable, or even Priscilla, she could not refuse the entreaties of her friend, who at that time, as I have heard my mother say, was in a sea of troubles on account of her disastrous love-affairs. This was twenty-eight years ago, and before all the copies of the extant edition of "The Children of the Abbey" were quite worn out with the reading they got; and, of course, my mother's friend had been solacing herself with the kindred trials of Amanda Malvina Fitzalan. We all despised the name. The nearest I ever came to signing it was after I had begun to study Latin, when in all my mischievous moods I wrote it *Malum*. My friends all called me Vinia, except a few of the most intimate, including my mother and Miss H——, who called me Molly.

"A gentleman down stairs wants to see you," pursued Miss H——. "It's somebody I never saw before—not that I remember; but I've heard about him from friends who have always known him, and I really suppose he is one of the best men we have. His name is James Stillingwood. He's a merchant; an wholesale and retail merchant; does a very large, and, what is more, a very honorable business on Summer street. I've been there a great many times, and must have seen him, I suppose, but I haven't the least recollection of him. He says he has come on a fool's errand, and I should think he had. He's after the lady in the purple bonnet and plush cloak that went from here in to church yesterday. (It seems that he, too, went to hear Mr. Manning, and that he saw an acquaintance of his speak to Dora in coming out. This, it seems, is the way our gentleman found you out.) I bothered him a little. I told him that two went in from here yesterday, my niece and another lady, visiting me, and that

both had on plush cloaks. He said he wanted the one that wore the purple bonnet, and that's you, you know," smiling; "so there is nothing else for you to do but to go down. I don't know what he wants; you must go down and see."

I went down, trembling and loth, knowing perfectly well whom I would see.

"Here is the lady, sir," Miss H—— said, at the open parlor door; and then she passed on toward the dining-room, saying something about "seeing what Ellinor was up to."

He was standing at a table; and when he saw me the color rose even to his abundant gray and dark-brown hair; and yet, as he approached, he bowed with the easy air of a gentleman with an honest purpose at his heart, and smiled slightly.

He must repeat to me, he began, what he had already said to my friend; that he had come on a fool's errand, or, rather, he had come in a fool's manner to do a wise man's errand; that if I thought so, and derided him, he wouldn't complain of me, for it was no more than he was doing by himself; said that he was ashamed to begin, but would I allow him to without further parley?

I bowed, my eyes fixed on his half downcast, half assured features.

Would I graciously engage not to take him for a blockhead, and run away leaving his story half untold, his motive and feeling in this matter half unexplained, he ingenuously urged? I bowed again.

Would I sit, and allow him to be seated?

We were seated, therefore, he on one end of the long, old-fashioned sofa, I on the other. He seemed to find not a little difficulty at first in beginning, but at length he said, "I might, perhaps, have done this business better than I shall, (or, better, I don't exactly mean, for truth without doubt is best,) if I had gone a round-about way, telling your friend and you that I am after a teacher for some school in which I have an interest, or a president, or visitor, or something else, for some benevolent society in which I have an interest; or I might have found some common friend of mine and Miss H——'s to come out with me on some plausible pretext or other. But that would not have suited me at this time of my life; I would have despised the poor deception, and hated myself for using it—especially toward one with a face like yours. So here I am at your mercy. The lady with you yesterday," he resumed, in graver tones, after a slight pause, "introduced you to my friend as Miss Herner. I know from this that you are unmarried—but this is all I know. All I deserve to know, coming here in such a manner,

on such an errand!" he added, his face kindling. "But please tell me whether you are free? I see; it isn't easy for you to recognize the legitimacy of a proceeding unauthorized by any heard-of precedent, or by one single law of conventionalism. I see the difficulty; I don't know as I shall ever forgive myself for placing you under it; but be generous, I beseech you, and tell me whether there is anybody who has any claims on you as his—as his betrothed?"

I answered No, without looking up from my fingers.

Then there was a pause, broken at length by his resuming in a voice not perfectly steady, I thought, "I am well known to friends of Miss H——. And there is another thing that I must say; I shouldn't have come here on this errand, urgent as I felt other inducements to be, if I hadn't known Miss H——, and what any friend of hers visiting at her house is likely to be. This is in my favor, I think, if anything can be in such a proceeding. I am a merchant. My business is prosperous, and has been for a long course of years. I have a house, with a good many large rooms in it, ready for—for some generous body, on Tremont street. It's a pleasant house; that is, it is large enough, handsome enough, the locality is all right, and I have the idea that it would be a pleasant house if I had the person I want there, to move about in the rooms, to look at me when I come, and show a little gladness at seeing me. My mother is my housekeeper—has been for twenty years. She's an admirable woman, as several of Miss H——'s friends know: but she's getting along in years, as you will easily believe, seeing her son's gray hairs. She needs retirement, and I—I need somebody nearer my own age and feeling—although it was not until yesterday that I have known my need with clearness. I have been knowing it better and better every hour since yesterday. I know it now a great deal better than I did when I came to this house an hour ago—if you will allow me to say it under such circumstances—forced upon you! I don't forget this! I am ashamed to have approached you with such a subject, in such a manner. And yet, in one moment, I am not ashamed. It is, as, under the circumstances, I wanted to do it. I chose this direct path, in part because I am accustomed to straight paths in all my affairs, and think best of them; in part, as I confess, because I was afraid of losing you if I took the time to go round. And now let me ask you if you feel that you can get over my method, and—and respect me and my—the propositions I am desirous of making. You can't tell yet; I

see. But I guess you will get over it," his tones brightening. "You will always think it a queer proceeding—I, myself, always shall. I would give a great deal to believe that, years to come, we—you and I—will laugh over it together. May I ask how long you will remain here?"

"The rest of the week."

"And to-day is Monday. This gives me a chance to—at least to satisfy you that a part of my action is a little less eccentric. That is," his tones again sinking, "if I may have the satisfaction of hearing from you, that I am allowed to send my friend, Mr. Harvey, who is also Miss H——'s friend, out to speak with her. Will you allow me to do so?"

"I—I don't know; I can't tell. I don't know what I ought to do. But I think you had better not send him. I think I can't give my consent to his coming." Raising my eyes to his face, as I spoke, I saw that he looked mortified and pained. Now his face, his entire demeanor, pleased me. I liked the sound of his voice. It would have been a hard thing, I own, for me to see him going, and to know that by my own act I was forever debarred from seeing him, hearing him speak again. I suppose he saw a little of what was passing in my mind; for, rising to stand before me, he renewed his entreaty, urging me to let him (Mr. Harvey, that is,) come, if it were only to convince me that he was not, in all respects, unworthy to entertain the presumption that had brought him out there that morning. However, beyond this, things might terminate between us, would I not have the generosity to allow his friend a chance to—to praise him a little?

I would send Miss H—— down, I replied, now blushing a little, a little ashamed now in my turn. I think the man enjoyed seeing my confusion. At any rate, his voice, when he spoke again, had undergone a change; I distinguished gentleness, I might say tenderness, in it. I could not, after my concession, look up; moving toward the door, I said I would ask her to come. I heard him thank me, standing in his place, and then gladly disappeared.

I was in a tumult. The first thing I did after Miss H—— had left the chamber, with her little thin curls quivering beside her composed face, was to begin walking the floor, thinking of my old father and mother in the far-off, lowly home; and then the tears ran. No, I said, my life belonged to them. Whatever plenty, protection, love, were offered to me, I would turn myself away from all, and go home to be with my parents in their declining years. It was what I would choose, before any other lot, I said;

but somehow I wept thinking of it, and thinking of the gentleman below. I could hear his voice—it sounded pleasant to me. I felt that it was a sound I would be glad to hear daily all my life, if it were for me to have that enjoyment. But it was not. I belonged to the two old people, who that hour, quite likely, sat looking out often on the snowy expanse across which our country road lay, to see if I were not, by some especial good luck, coming. As I sat thinking of that, and thinking how dear they and home were to me; how I would never, never for riches, or any object leave them, I found my tears were silently running. But I wiped them; and while I was bathing my eyes, heard the parlor door open into the hall; heard the two voices settling something about "this evening;" and then they were cordially bidding "Good-morning," at the door. The door was shut; steps were crushing the ice on the walk; and then Miss H—— came into the room, and commenced a quiet search of my features. We neither of us spoke for some minutes. She busied herself at her upper drawer, putting away things; I stood beside a window, looking across the mist-covered bay.

CHAPTER III.

"Well, what do you think of our gentleman?" asked Miss H——, at length, seating herself, and beckoning me to the cushion at her side.

"Oh, I don't know!" answered I. "I am considerably bewildered."

"You are? I hardly see why you should be. The whole man has such clearness about him, I feel as if you, I, and everybody who has anything to do with him, might easily see what it is best to do. As you left it to me, (I am glad you did so, you aren't in the least compromised now, you see, by the consent I have given to his sending my friend, Mr. Harvey, out here this evening.) He is to come, but you aren't to see him. That is, our gentleman isn't to expect you to see him. He isn't to expect anything of you. I have told him some few things about your circumstances"—her looks searching mine for my approval. "I made things appear full more discouraging to him than they are. I told him that your parents are infirm and in very moderate circumstances; I spoke quite discouragingly, and meant to. I did it on purpose to try him. I told him I didn't think you'd consent to leave your parents; and it was the truth—I don't. But I think I should feel it something of a temptation if I were you. I told him I doubted if he ever sees you again; but he wouldn't give it up; at least not without sending

Mr. Harvey out. But he has promised me on his honor that he won't consider me as pledged to his cause, on account of my consenting to see Mr. Harvey; and I am quite sure he won't; he is too much a gentleman to do any such thing. He isn't to expect anything at all from you—not one thing; I told him not to."

I thanked her for saying that to him; I rejoiced in it; it seemed to plant me securely on my feet again, and no temptation near.

CHAPTER IV.

I did not see Mr. Harvey; but the following is Miss H——'s account of what he said:

"Why, our gentleman is the best prize in Boston!" began she, as soon as she had got her breath after coming up stairs. "He's old Dr. Stillingwood's son, of M——; all the son, all the child he ever had. He, this gentleman of ours, began to prepare for medicine, went through college, and read awhile with his father; but didn't like it, it seems; for we hear of him next as the partner of his mother's brother, Abel Cushman, a man my father knew and valued. He had a fine place out in D——, where he went summers with a sister of his that died, I remember. He used to come often to hear my father preach. My father was well acquainted with him, I remember that; but I somehow don't remember the nephew, though he says he used to be out there occasionally Sundays, and go to our church. Well, when the uncle died, he left his business and all his property to this nephew. (The sister, all the sister he ever had, was dead, as I told you; and he was never married.) He was wealthy—our gentleman's father wasn't, not very; he did too much for the poor, I remember hearing people say. Well, our gentleman has prospered. He's done a great deal for the poor, Mr. Harvey says, but has done a great deal for himself, too, as was right, I suppose. Now, what have you to say, anything?"

I told her I would have been terrified with such an array of perfections, if it had happened that he or they were to be anything to me. But, as it was, I had nothing to say to them.

"No, I see you haven't. I haven't got through yet, however. He charged Mr. Harvey to tell us 'this one true thing,' as he called it; that he is completely beset with faults. He says he is in danger of being done with doing anything for the poor, or with doing good anyway, unless he has somebody (unless he has you, he don't want anybody else, it seems,) to help brighten him up. He says he is often frightened about himself, when he sees what danger there is of his

growing cold, dull, and even morose. Mr. Harvey says that, at any rate, he always has been, and is now, one of the pleasantest fellows in the world; but he says he really hopes he will get him a wife now, for the first time in his life he has started for one. Mr. Harvey says our gentleman thinks a wife like yourself will be a great help to him, not only in happiness, but in goodness; and he trusts he can do his little part (he shall try to, at any rate,) to make you happy. So, you see he hasn't given you up, by any means. Mr. Harvey says he is afraid of seeming to persecute you; still he wants permission to come out here to spend this evening with us. With us, you see—you and me. He wants me to give him the permission, and I believe I shall. I'm inclined to have him come. I'll put on my new gown"—and now her pleasant eyes began to shine, and the thin curls, with here and there a thread of gray in them, to quiver. "I'll look as well as ever I can"—there isn't a dearer face, a face pleasanter to see in the world than hers—"and perhaps he'll conclude to take me if you won't have him. I believe I shall have him come. I am to send word in to Mr. Harvey by my market man at once, if I conclude to have him come; and I believe I shall."

She waited for me to speak if I would. But I could not. I would not say Yes, nor could I bear to say No. Some irresistible thing urged me to give both him and myself this one little solace. For "solace" was my word. I knew within myself that solace was what I would a long time need, in putting the so manfully offered, brimming cup away from my thirsty lips. So I bowed my head in silence on my hand, thinking of him, thinking, also, of my parents; thanking the Father for my parents, and for that blessed provision of His, through which my love for them, and my comfort in them, was growing constantly, as their weakness of age and consequent dependence on me grew. While I sat thus, Miss H—— said softly, "I'm going down now; come down yourself pretty soon," and went.

I heard nothing subsequently of any note sent. The subject wasn't again mentioned between us. Meantime the snow, which since noon had been falling, toward night increased, so that we could see neither water, nor cloud, nor even the end of the garden.

We were sitting in that comfortable state of attenuating chit-chat and silence which naturally comes before tea, when we heard Ellenor going though the hall to let somebody in, heard somebody stamping, brushing, to get rid

of the snow in the vestibule. I knew who it was. It seemed to me I would have known if I had had no reason to expect him; the movements seemed to belong there in my life, and were as familiar as my own.

I may as well own it—the room was filled full of comfort as soon as he set his feet inside the door. But I took pains that he should see, in my looks, no signs of any such weakness. I just spoke to him slightly in my place, and then resumed my diligent stitching. But it was not necessary that I should speak; he and Miss H—— were so cordial; they had so much talking and laughing to do about the storm, and the wading he had to do to get there from the car. I thought he felt himself greatly at home there “considering;” and felt like taking him down a little, until, glancing into his face as he stood by the open fire warming himself, I saw looks of such pure goodness as to disarm me of my malice, leaving nothing but good-will and contentment in its place. We had tea together; but I could not eat much, I remember; I don’t think he could; for I remember how Miss H—— kept urging us both.

I hardly know how the evening wore away; hardly know then, in such confused state was I, of joy in life, of pain, of familiar ease with him and shame-facedness. But Miss H—— was a veritable angel of help, as she ever is. She and Mr. Stillingwood found that they had many friends in common, both among the living and among the dead. I enjoyed sitting to hear the sound of their voices. He addressed me only a few times, and then in few words; but I remember how I prized the words. They seemed more to me, I remember, than any number of words addressed to me by another.

CHAPTER V.

Next day a messenger brought us a magnificent bouquet of roses, japonicas, heliotropes, lemon verbenas—especially roses and lemon verbenas. These were disposed of in water, save a white japonica, and some glossy, dark-green leaves, which Miss H—— put into my hair, choosing the white japonica because she said it made the best appearance on my dark locks. Miss H—— had also a note from him, in which he offered her his fresh morning salutations, his flowers, his renewed acknowledgments of the refreshment the evening at her hospitable fireside had been to one whose life was in so great degree solitary; sent messages to Tib, (Miss H——’s tortoise-shell kitten, who purred contentedly on his knee a whole hour

the evening before;) asked her to tell Tib he was coming out to see her again that evening; said a few pretty things about the charms her home had to him; but not one mention of her visitor—only Miss H—— said he meant me in the “etc.” he wrote, after certain specifications of the charms of the place, which specifications included Tib. She called me his etc., the rest of the day; does sometimes even to this day.

Miss H—— brought Tib in before he came; and when he entered, she was sitting like a mouse for stillness on the rug, looking with sleepy eyes into the grate.

Having shaken hands with me, rather carelessly, I thought, he went directly to stand over Tib, and began talking with her about her fine, staid appearance. She looked up when he talked to her, and he had not been a minute seated before she came and took her place on his knee, where she sat and purred herself to sleep.

He seemed pleased to hear us say what delight his flowers gave us that wintry weather. Miss H—— told him she put the japonica in my hair; but he appeared to be sufficiently satisfied to see it there if I did not myself place it. He shone in intelligence and fine humor; told us incidentally about losses of valuable nick-nacks, etc., stolen, so he supposed, by some of the new servants his mother is often trying. He needed somebody to take care of them, Miss H—— told him. “Yes,” he assented.

“May I come out to-morrow evening?” he laughingly asked, as he was drawing on his gloves in the hall to go. He looked from one to the other; after Miss H—— had said, “I, for one, shall like to have you come,” looked steadily at me, until, blushing, I began to say, “I, for another, shall like to have you come;” but I amended it, and said, “I, for another, think that Tib will like to have you come.”

How he laughed and half danced. What a good round laugh it was, and what graceful motion. He should come, he said.

“Might he,” again placing himself before us, after he had once nearly reached the door, “might he come out a little earlier with his sleigh, and take us out awhile before tea?”

Miss H—— told him he might, if I was willing; and when he looked to me, I said he might, if Miss H—— was willing. Again he laughed like a boy, and disappeared thanking us.

CHAPTER VI.

He brought us more flowers the next evening, and a basket of fruit. The evening was mild; the new snow made good sleighing; the moon

shone, casting weird shadows until we were done with the town, and the open country received us, and our hearts ran over with delight. At least mine did; Miss H—— said hers did, and I doubt if either of us enjoyed ourselves any better than he did. We drove to Malden; but the horse went as if he had Mercury's wings on his feet, and we were back at the house just as tea was ready to be brought in. We were hungry; we beamed with animation—at least Miss H—— and he did; I guess I did.

He went away soon after tea; not asking us if he might come next day, but saying that he was coming; saying that he was losing his heart entirely—gravity overspreading his features; then he gave us his hand, and was gone.

"He don't say which of us he is losing his heart to," said Miss H——, as she was getting her sewing. "I guess it's me. Or, I should think it is me, if I hadn't seen how hard it was for him to give up your hand when he went away just now. He didn't seem to care any great thing about mine, I noticed."

CHAPTER VII.

His face was grave when he came next day. He came in the morning, when Miss H—— was seeing to her pound-cake, and couldn't leave it, "Not if every gentleman in Boston came," she said, when I went after her; so I was obliged to return to the room without her. She came in pretty soon with cakes and hot coffee, but was obliged to hurry back after settling us at the table. We weren't hungry, we said; but somehow he got my hand and held it, and told me an eloquent story, concluding it with an eloquent petition.

But I was obliged to say No. I told him about my home, my parents, feeble with years, and dependent upon me.

He knew, he said. Miss H—— and Mr. Harvey had both told him these things; and he wanted me all the more. If I had ten fathers and mothers dependent upon me, why, he had half a dozen rooms with nothing in them but white beds that never changed their aspects, but, year after year, met one with their stony smoothness. Did I know what it would be worth to him to see every one of those rooms enlivened by human beings, bound to him by close ties of affection, interest, mutual helps? It warmed him as nothing, nothing in his life of thirty years had ever warmed him before, thinking of his house so enlivened.

And he was truly in a glow pleasant enough to see. I could have kissed his hand; I wanted

to, but fearing the demonstration would be taken for something else beside over-brimming gratitude, I bade the emotion be still, sat quiet as a nun, and said, "You are kind as mortal can be. I wish I could let you see how much I value such goodness—but I think it must not be. I have heard it said that it breaks old people down at once removing them far from the old places, the old familiar friends. My parents must stay where they are while they live."

I said it with sincerity; for I had in my mind more than one old person who never held up his head after such removal, and in a little while went sorrowfully down to the grave.

"I don't know what I can do to remove this objection," he replied; "but, with your leave, I shall go to see them. And if I am so lucky as to show them that you and I together, and all we can do for them, can avert the results you describe—will you then consent to be mine?"

I said that I thought I would.

"And with your whole heart?" he said, getting more and more of my hand, of both hands, into his. "With your *whole* heart?"

From the eyes, the whole beseeching face, the covetous hands, I knew I would, as we say, "have a time of it," married to him. I foresaw that I must let him do most of the loving there was to be done toward the old people, in our house—toward bird, kitten, dog, and flower; that I must love him. It did not appal me; but, on the contrary, made him dearer to me; made me know with what composedness I would see him storing his good heart with my entire possessions. I, for my part, would stand with profoundest serenity at his side, or sit at his feet, glad in all the pleasure I gave a man so whole-hearted, so true, and attached to me.

CHAPTER VIII.

WELL, since he came over to A——, (more than a year ago it is now,) my parents care less, I think, for everything else than for him. He pets them; he loads them down with benefits—the crowning one being the depth of sincere affection with which he regards them. They have, as it were, grown younger. Enriched before (like any mossy, ivy'd tower) by the wisdom their multiplied experiences in life had brought them; elevated now by the refinements, the reverent care with which he surrounds them, they are as king and queen. Mother Stillingwood is queen, too; my husband is king, too—bless him! I don't know what kit and I are.

I see that Mary gives his linens a snowy whiteness—a perfect polish. Nobody's linens are fairer. I say nothing about it—he says nothing about it; but he looks at me gratefully when he sees their perfection. He keeps our parlor register closed, keeps an open fire burning, for the sake of wholesome air and of brightness. I see that this is glowing with light and heat, when the hour for his arrival from business and for dinner approaches. We say nothing of this either; but, standing on the rug, his face beaming, as neither chandelier nor open fire can make the face that hasn't a happy heart beneath it beam, he looks at me, tells me one little thing and another, shows me what book, or *bijou*, or useful, elegant household thing he has brought home; and my heart is filled to overflowing with the comforts of my lot. Then he strokes the kit's head, asks about the old people. Soon the dinner-bell rings, when we all meet to go down together, and he and our father, and our two mothers, talk about the war news.

We go out sometimes to hear a lecture, or some good music, or to some private entertainment given by our friends. We go out every week or two to see our dear friend, Miss H—. We now and then drive, some mild, moonlit night out the Malden road; and I know we both

love the very walls, and trees, and shrubs along the way. We have an interest in every one of those houses along the Malden road; we want everybody who lives in them to prosper. If any one of them doesn't, I think he had better come to my husband; I think such would be received by him almost as a brother.

Every Monday evening he sits, after eight o'clock, and counts his weekly gains, preparatory to his Tuesday's bank deposits; that is the time I take to finish my letters—and my stories. He is all done now for this evening. I hear him move his papers—hear his key turn.

"James!"

"What, Molly?"

"I have been writing here in my story that our father is king; that both our mothers are queens; that you are king, too; but I don't know what kit and I are."

"You're two contented pussies—the very best thing that wife and kitten can be."

He laughed in the good, boyish way; but he came and gave me one of his loyal kisses on my forehead, took me up to his loyal arms, and we had our walk back and forth across the parlor, and our talk. I don't believe anybody else's puss ever had walks and talks quite so pleasant.

THE SEA OF MEMORY.

BY INEZ INGLEFORD.

OVER the sea of memory,

Come sail awhile with me;

Where onch proud billow beareth

Its freighted argosy.

From the mystic isles of the by-gone,

They rise a shadowy band;

Weird forms and voiceless phantoms,

That people the silent land.

A countless throng of voyagers,

Push out from the shelly strand;

I hear the dip of their golden oars

Glide forth from the silver sands.

There are infant vessels toying

With the buoyant waves of life;

And shattered barques which have battled

Long with its toil and strife.

Oh! the human hopes we cherish,

And the human loves there be,

Afloat o'er the trembling billow—

Borne to Eternity.

Afar in the glimmering distance

I watch a snowy sail,

Rocked by the wind and billow

A vessel slight and frail.

Soft ringlets stray in the sunshine;

A fair hand plies the oar;

And far from the white deck floateth,

The name of my lost "Le'more."

Seven beautiful Summers I called her

My heart's cherished idol—my bride;

As long as the shores of the earth-land,

Our luges sailed side by side.

But one night the portal of Heaven

Opened wide her golden bars;

And she went to her home 'mong the angels,

In the realm beyond the stars.

Alone on the wide, dark waters,

The last sail vanished from sight;

At anchor their life-barques are lying,

Close by the haven of light.

Over the fathomless river

They wait and beckon to me;

Beyond the mist of the valley

A glimpse of the city I see.

A few more suns shall my life-barque

Stem bravely the wind and tide;

Then my spirit shall join the loved ones

Which wait on the other side.

WHICH IS WHICH?

BY ELLA RODMAN.

A very cheerful-looking upper room was pleasantly littered with all manner of pretty things pertaining to a lady's wardrobe; and two young girls, who were engaged in a valuable discussion of the various articles, harmonized very agreeably with the beauty around them. There were "loves of organdies" spread out on the bed, delicate lilac, and rose, and blue; "perfect" silks hanging over chair-backs, and a simple, but exquisitely beautiful bridal dress arranged in state by itself. Then there were mysterious-looking boxes, and parcels, and things for which it would be difficult to find a name, making the room look as though a dry-goods store had been suddenly emptied into it.

"There certainly is something very exhilarating in a quantity of new things all at once!" exclaimed one of the young girls, as she gazed admiringly upon the attractive paraphernalia. "It is almost enough, of itself, to induce one to get married. But, after all, Jessie," looking around critically, "while all that you have is very pretty, and in perfect taste, there is nothing costly or elegant—I do not quite understand it."

The fair bride-elect blushed, as though suspected of a misdemeanor, while she replied quickly, "You know, Emma, that papa is not rich, and Herbert is quite a poor young clergyman."

"Yes, I know all that," said the damsel, decidedly; "but I also know that uncle Bridges, who is rich, gave you a check for a thousand dollars, 'to be spent in bridal foolery,' as he complimentarily termed it. Now, in looking upon your purchases, unexceptionable as they are, I see nothing like value received for the sum in question; and I ask what has become of the thousand dollars—or, at least, of five hundred of it?"

Jessie's pretty face was in such an evident state of confusion, that her cousin suddenly exclaimed, "I see land ahead, I do believe! Jessie Ingleson, you've given the missing five hundred to that imaginary little church that Herbert is so frantic to have erected in the coal regions! You needn't deny it. I don't consider that the French Empress' appropriation of her diamond necklace for a school, or something, was anything compared to this—for diamond necklaces

were comparatively every-day affairs with her; but five hundred dollars is a sort of meteor that will scarcely cross your path once in a century!"

Jessie murmured softly, "'Neither will I offer burnt-offerings unto the Lord my God of that which doth cost me nothing.' Please do not say any more about it, Emma; Herbert approves of what I have done, and that is sufficient for me."

"Of course," returned Emma, mischievously, "thine handmaid only desireth to do what seemeth pleasing in the eyes of my lord. But really, Jessie, I think I must reconsider my hasty promise to make you an early visit at the rectory; for I have an unpleasant vision before me of sitting down at the dinner-table, fearfully hungry, in full view of my favorite chicken-pie, all impatience and expectation, when suddenly his reverence, for whom we have waited, makes his appearance from outside, saying, in a matter-of-course tone, as he seizes the chicken-pie, 'My love, there is a poor woman at the door, with a drunken husband and six small children, who says that she has not tasted chicken-pie for a month! I am sure that, after that, you and Emma will cheerfully dine off the cold meat. I will likewise take the sweet potatoes, my love,' (another pet vice of mine,) 'as we shall find bread a very good substitute. When we give, let it be of our best.' Now, I can't help being hungry," continued the lady, piteously, "and when I am hungry, I am cross; so I am afraid I should be very uncomfortable, and make every one else uncomfortable among such good people."

"I declare, Emma, you are really too bad!" said Jessie, laughing in spite of herself at her cousin's comical expression while delivering this tirade; and I have a great mind to punish you by not allowing you to come to the rectory at all. But here," she continued, as a servant entered with a large handbox, "is something to divert your thoughts from your anticipated troubles."

Two exquisite bonnets of white crape, trimmed with lilies of the valley, and made exactly alike, soon sent the mercurial Emma into ecstasies of admiration.

"One for each of us, dear," said Jessie, with an affectionate kiss.

"You should not have done this," was the

reply, "especially after the deficiency in your accounts; there, don't look so reproachfully at me, I promise not to mention the subject of accounts again. But do you know, you little idiot! that bridesmaids don't wear bonnets exactly like the bride? How, in the world, are people to know which is which? You must let me take out these lovely lilies, that look so pure and modest, and put in a staring pink rose, in order to notify a credulous, trusting public that I am not Mrs. Herbert Wylie."

"No, no!" exclaimed Jessie, eagerly, "promise me that you won't, Emma! You don't know," said the poor little bride, trembling all over, "how dreadful that first Sunday in our own parish seems to me. I fancy myself walking up the broad aisle with Herbert, and every one pointing and looking at me, as they whisper, 'There's the bride!' 'That is the rector's wife!' 'What do you think of her?' I know that my face will be the color of a beet, and I shall not know what I am doing. You must promise to be with me on that first Sunday, like a dear, good girl, and wear the bonnet like mine."

The "amethyst eyes," as her lover called them, were looking most beseechingly into Emma's dark orbs, who exclaimed in delight,

"What a head it is for plotting, to be sure! under those innocent-looking waves of auburn hair. Yes, my dear, I will enter, heart and hand, into your diabolical scheme; and I do devoutly hope that, as no one could possibly take us for twin-sisters, there will ensue a most delightful state of confusion."

Jessie looked rather alarmed. "Do you think it would be wrong?" she asked, timidly.

Her cousin immediately assumed a solemn expression of countenance. "I always had a great admiration," said she, "for that woman who, being reduced to selling crumpets for a living, added to herself, after calling out her wares, 'I hope to goodness no one hears me!' Now, if you feel at all uneasy respecting the deception of your admirably-arranged plan, you can pin a slip of paper on your bonnet with the words, 'I am the bride—but please don't see this.'"

Jessie's pretty under lip had something of a pout, as she exclaimed, "I really think, Emma, it is very unkind of you to tease me so; when I am going away, too!"

The wedding was over, and the wedding-trip, which had occupied a blissful month, spent in lounging through quaint, Canadian cities, and dreaming on the beautiful waters of the St. Lawrence; and Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Wylie, with Mr. Allen Wylie, and Miss Emma Raybold—

the brother of the groom and cousin of the bride—arrived at the rectory on Saturday evening.

Poor little Jessie dreaded the Sunday ordeal so intensely, that her mischievous cousin was quite moved in her behalf; and when service-time arrived, Mrs. Wylie appeared in her gray traveling-dress and straw bonnet, trimmed with blue, and took her brother-in-law's arm, while Miss Raybold looked very lovely and bride-like, in the bonnet with lilies of the valley, and a white barge dress, with a mantle of the same, and coolly took possession of her new cousin.

Now the Rev. Herbert had gone into such lover-like ecstasies over the becomingness of Jessie's traveling costume, that he innocently supposed she wore it this morning to pay him a particular compliment; he was also ignorant that it was not the custom for unmarried girls to attire themselves in bridal white. Thinking, too, that Jessie was particularly kind to Allen as his brother, she became more lovely than ever in his eyes; and the unsuspecting man walked blindly into the snare that these two artful girls had prepared for him.

A bright color glowed in Miss Raybold's cheek, and an enthusiastic young man declared that "she was a vision of beauty," as the party advanced to the rector's pew; but a mischievous light sparkled in the downcast eyes, as she found herself the object of curious, inquiring stares, that speedily assumed an admiring character. She knew that she was pretty, although by no means unpleasantly conscious of it; and this enabled her to bear with equanimity the wrapt gaze of a young man in the adjoining pew. She rather wished that he had not gazed at her quite so frequently, however; for, in the one glance he had directed that way, she saw enough to impel her to look again—but that was impossible when she was certain of meeting his eyes. He was first her *beau-ideal*—outwardly, at least; tall, fair, and aristocratic-looking—and Miss Emma was by no means as attentive to the service as she should have been.

Mr. Wylie was comparatively a stranger in the parish, having been there but six months; and all his doings, therefore, were still a subject of interest. People were unanimous in their praises of the bride; and not a few young gentlemen sighed that so fair a vision should be appropriated. Some admired the sweet face of the quiet-looking little cousin; but it was generally agreed that she was a very pale star beside the moon-like bride.

As they returned to the rectory, Mr. Wylie, who had seemed to be looking for some one, observed: "I am quite disappointed that Frank

Beechcroft did not come up to us after service, as I supposed he would have done. I wished particularly to introduce him to you, Jessie, for he is my pet parishioner, and has been of great assistance to me. He is a very gentlemanly, intelligent fellow, too. What is the matter, Emma?"

The damsel had heaved a deep sigh. "I don't know," she replied, "unless I am in love. "Who is that nice-looking gentleman who sat on my right, and was so very devout and attentive?"

"The very friend of whom I was speaking!" exclaimed Mr. Wylie, with his face in a glow of enthusiasm. "I look upon Frank Beechcroft as a model man; he is superintendent of the Sunday-School; is devoted to the poor and sick in an unostentatious way; and yet he is the very incarnation of fun and frolic wherever circumstances warrant an outburst. We must have him at the rectory, Jessie, and let Emma give him some of her delicious music."

Allen Wylie was only a college-boy, rather at a loss what to do with himself, or his brother's fair guest, and far more disposed to devote himself to Jessie than to the bright and formidable Emma. The latter laughingly declared that he was too hopelessly "venal" for her to have any patience with him—and they seemed to enter into a tacit agreement to let each other alone.

The bride was not left long without callers; each one of whom was apparently more astonished than the last to find that the bride was not the bride at all, but only her cousin. This ordeal was bad enough, to be sure; but Jessie felt intensely grateful that she had been spared that first Sunday appearance, for, by next Sunday, all wonder would have died out. The feminine portion of the community were now fully acquainted with the identity of Mrs. Wylie, as were also certain young gentlemen, who could scarcely conceal their joy at the discovery that the fascinating Emma was not forbidden fruit.

But Frank Beechcroft had no sisters to enlighten him, for his home was in a distant city; and on the very day after the arrival of the party at the rectory, he most unaccountably took himself off there on a visit of a week's duration. The young clergyman was considerably puzzled and disappointed; he had quite looked forward to displaying his prize to Frank, and he was the very one of all others who seemed to avoid them.

But the rectory became so transformed by the two bright presences that seemed to fill every nook and corner of it, that the master found himself afloat in such a sea of happiness,

as left him very little opportunity to trouble himself about secondary matters. Even Jessie displayed quite an elfish and mischievous propensity, incited and abetted by Emma; and with Allen's contributions from his college stores, the inmates of the rectory conducted themselves in such a manner as rather to astonish the head of the house, and gave people generally the idea that they were "having a good time."

The rectory was a very pretty, picturesque-looking place, with its vine-shaded verandah, that was very aptly designated "the summer-parlor." A young man passed slowly by, one evening, looking lingeringly through an opening in the vines, where a bewitching vision in a white dress and scarlet shawl, that contrasted brightly with the rich coils of dark hair, presented itself.

"Why, Frank!" called out Mr. Wylie, "is that you? Do come and show yourself!" and he rose to welcome the expected visitor.

But the gentleman, raising his hat respectfully to the ladies, passed quickly on, murmuring something about "business," and "great hurry!"

"I am very much afraid," said Mr. Wylie, solemnly, "that Frank is in love."

A sort of hysterical giggle proceeded from Emma's direction; but the next moment she was commenting very calmly on the stars.

The morning after, Mrs. Wylie was considerably surprised by the abrupt entrance of her cousin in a glow of excitement, and looking her very loveliest. The jaunty little hat, with its rose-colored feathers, was a most becoming contrast to the dancing eyes beneath; and the white dress, with rose-colored ribbons, was exactly like Emma, for she understood dressing herself to perfection.

"Such an adventure as I have had!" she exclaimed; "I feel so delightfully wicked!"

Then, throwing her hat on the sofa, she continued, "You must know, Jessie, that I rambled off by myself to explore that delightful piece of woods just opposite the orchard; and I was enjoying the cool, fresh greenness exceedingly, and feeling quite good and sentimental, when I heard an individual, like one of the brothers in 'Comus,' wandering near me, and repeating poetry to himself. I could not distinctly hear the words, but they referred to some 'she' of whom the speaker professed to know very little, but who had evidently made sad havoc with him generally. Animated by the spirit of mischief, and just to see what effect it would produce, I repeated the words; 'She only said, my life is dreary.' The effect was not at all what I anticipated, being nothing less

than the sudden apparition of that very good-looking Mr. Beechcroft, who glared at me so wildly that I believed I screamed, or did something foolish. You see I was reposing very comfortably on the grass, in an attitude that rendered a speedy and graceful retreat out of the question; and I was, moreover, engaged in the infantile occupation of twining butter-cups into a wreath. Had I been a queen, he could not have approached me with more deference. 'Lady,' said he, in a most fascinating voice, 'do not be alarmed, I know too well what is due Mrs. Wylie to cause you any uneasiness.' I believe I sighed, (for the life of me I could not help it, Jessie,) and it all sounded so delightfully, like what you hear about French novels, (you know we were not permitted to read them,) where the heroes and heroines are always in love with other people's wives and husbands, that I quite held my breath in wonder as to what would come next. What *did* come next was, that the individual, after a prolonged gaze, (which I saw out of the tail of my eye) suddenly stooped, and kissed my lips in the most melancholy manner imaginable, and saying, as he did so, 'Farewell forever in *this* world!' seemed to vanish into thin air. I cannot imagine, I am sure, how he could suppose that a kiss was 'due Mrs. Wylie.'"

"Oh, Emma!" exclaimed her cousin, "this is really dreadful!"

"Isn't it?" continued the heroine, gayly. "Only fancy how Herbert will storm when he hears of this interview between Mrs. Wylie and Mr. Beechcroft!"

"Why did you not tell him at once that you are *not* Mrs. Wylie?" asked Jessie, rather indignantly. "It would save a great deal of trouble, besides putting at ease this man, who has evidently fallen in love with you."

"Because, dear," replied her cousin, demurely, "I do so love to be engaged in a little bit of romance; and I do not think that men who fall in love with people ever should be 'put at their ease'—it just spoils them. The unattainable is always most attractive; and should Mr. Beechcroft discover that there is only a plain, commonplace 'Miss' before my name, I am afraid that his devotion would sink down to zero immediately. Only think of the fascinating enormity of his conduct; to lose his heart to the wife of his rector."

Jessie laughed a little at Emma's nonsense, but she did not feel quite easy on the subject. Allen came in just then to bid them good-by, as he was going back to college; and all conversation on the matter ceased.

The next day, at dinner, there was a very perceptible cloud on Mr. Wylie's face—he looked sad and troubled.

"Has anything occurred to disturb you, Herbert?" asked his wife, anxiously.

"Yes," he replied, as though he scarcely knew how to begin it. "I had a very painful letter from Frank Beechcroft this morning, explaining his strange conduct, and informing me that he intends leaving the place at once. He is an upright, noble fellow, and I cannot blame him; but I would have given much if this had not occurred. He has told me everything."

Very much to his surprise, Jessie, who had turned crimson at the beginning of his speech, burst into tears, and suddenly left the table; while Emma sat there, pale and trembling, under a powerful effort to command herself.

"What does this mean?" asked her cousin, anxiously. "Can it be possible that Jessie——"

A dreadful solution of his wife's distress rose to his mind, and almost maddened him; but, with a forced smile, Emma exclaimed, "Don't be making mountains of mole-hills, cousin Herbert; the whole affair, from beginning to end, is only a piece of girlish nonsense, as I will soon convince you. When I get through, you can give me a good shaking, if it will be any relief to you."

Mr. Wylie did not exactly administer the shaking; but he did administer rather a stern reproof, which Emma professed to laugh at; then, going in quest of Jessie, he found her such a wretched little bundle of tears and trembling, that he was obliged to take her in his arms, and soothe her with caresses and protestations of the most lover-like character.

His next performance was to seize Frank Beechcroft, just as he was packing his trunk with an air of the fiercest melancholy, and drag him, almost by the hair of his head, over to the rectory; where he was presented, in due form, to the wicked Emma, whose face burned painfully at the remembrance of that kiss; and then to the *bona fide* Mrs. Wylie, who looked so pretty in her confusion, that her husband thought it would have been an easy matter for the youth to commit himself as he thought he had done.

It took but a short time, after such a promising beginning, for Miss Raybold and Mr. Beechcroft to feel very well acquainted; and matters progressed so rapidly, that Mrs. Wylie was not at all surprised, when her mischievous cousin informed her, that she had given a promise to a certain individual to wear her bridal bonnet to church on the first Sunday after the ceremony that converted her into Mrs. Beechcroft.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

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CHAPTER XII.

ANOTHER awful battle-field, red with slaughter and black with ruin. Men reeling to and fro amid the melee, staggering blindly through flights of murderous arrows, and trampling on broken pikes. Others, beaten to the earth, struggling for a gasp of air, or moaning piteously for water. Volumes of black smoke surging up through forest-trees, that seemed crowded together in affright; battalions charging over the dead, breaking, uniting, and dashing across the field like waves dashed by a tempest; horses sending up groans of horrible suffering; all order lost—panic—defeat—victory. One of those terrible scenes that haunt the imaginations of men through all history, was enacted on that lovely summer's day on the banks of the Severn. Here Margaret of Anjou had struck her last blow, and Edward Plantagenet was again victorious.

As the sun went down, shooting its sultry red through and through the rolling smoke of the dying carnage, this woman, whose valor at least deserved a better fate, sat upon her white war-steed proudly as a monarch fills his throne. The shock of defeat had driven every gleam of color from her face; but the pride in her heart burned hot and fierce as ever. The horse was wounded, a stream of blood ran down the snow of his flank, and red foam curdled around his mouth. Heedless of this, heedless of the very dead who had fallen in her cause, she urged the noble steed on so rashly that he had distanced the followers who had rallied around her, and still sought out the thick of the fight—for there she knew that Edward her son would be.

The horse stumbled on with great leaps and pauses of quivering anguish. Before him was a clump of trees, bending and moaning under a rush of arrows, and turned into black billows by the smoke of culverines planted under its boughs in cruel ambush. Here something like a regular battle-charge was going on, with all the clamor and rush of sustained action. Above all came a terrible sound to that poor mother—the battle-cry of Gloucester.

Margaret carried a javelin in her hand. With

a thrill of such courage as only a daring, desperate woman can know, she poised the weapon, and drawing her bridle tight, cried out,

"One struggle more, White Archie! Bear me to his side, and then let us both die!"

As she spoke, a group of her own followers, wounded and spent, gathered around her, and, feeling other war-steeds near, White Archie put forth his last strength.

"On! on! Death for our queen!"

This was the battle-cry that broke from those desperate men; and John Halstead, side by side with his sovereign, led the last forlorn charge of that terrible day. Into the clump of oaks, into the very jaws of death they charged—men and horses, forgetting wounds and pain, in a wild thirst for death. The smoke from the hidden culverines rolled over them, and the trees shook tumultuously as they charged through them; the tumult deepened, and a hoarse shout came thundering through the smoke. A moment of profound stillness, during which the sun went down amid waves of foaming crimson, like a broken heart bleeding to death, and out from beneath the trees, from whose leaves spent arrows were still slowly dropping, Margaret reappeared, with her son, young Edward, by her side, both alive and prisoners. With a cold smile upon his young lip, and courteously, as if he had been conducting her to some festival, Duke Richard rode by her side, curbing in his black charger, that his pace might keep time with the halting steps of White Archie, and with one hand laid tightly on her bridle-rein, as a lover might guide the steps of a mistress.

Margaret neither resented or shrunk from this mocking courtesy. Indeed, she did not heed it; her whole being was centered on the noble youth who walked close by her side, between two stalwart soldiers, each firmly grasping an arm.

The noble boy strove to smile when the dead whiteness of his mother's face was turned upon him, for he was brave as a lion, and held a single defeat of less moment than a more tried soldier might have done. Margaret saw the smile, and knowing well how terrible was the calamity that had fallen upon them, turned her

great, shiny eyes away with a moan, which only reached the quick ear of Duke Richard. The sound was music to him, for he was thinking of the battle of Wakefield, where the woman on whose anguish he gloated, mocked the sacred remains of his own father with a paper diadem—an act which better men could not have easily forgiven.

"Yonder stands the king, turn this way!" cried the duke, "our pace is too slow."

The men who held young Edward of Lancaster quickened their steps, dragging him irreverently forward.

Richard saw this and checked his horse again. Just then one of the wandering steeds that was careering to and fro on the battle-field, came toward them, the empty stirrups on his saddle clanging, his bridle flying loose, and his long, black main streaming on the wind like a banner.

"Catch yon steed!" said the duke, addressing the nearest soldier. "Mount our prisoner in the empty saddle, and let us on. See you not they are pitching the king's tent across the field yonder?"

A rush was made for the horse, which had paused for an instant in his career, and stood with his burning eyes fixed on the group around Margaret. When he saw two horsemen coming toward him, the animal made a sudden bound, and flung his heels in the air; but a hand had caught the loose bridle, and, after one fierce struggle, he was led willingly enough to the young prince, who turned his fine eyes on Richard, and bent his head low in gentle acknowledgment of what seemed to him an act of kindness.

A strange light came into the eyes which the young duke turned upon his prisoner. The erect form, martial air, and wonderful beauty of the young man, filled his soul with a new and most barbarous thought. "It is well we cut his career short, and kept him from the people," he said, inly. "That is a face and form to win hearts: but we have him safe—we have him safe!"

The hand, which was not needed to quiet his horse, closed with ruthless violence in its mailed gauntlet as these thoughts took possession of the duke, and, during the next ten minutes, he was lost in thought, that sent cold smiles like lightning across his face.

Of the three princely persons who rode at the head of that broken squadron, Edward of Lancaster was, undoubtedly, the least anxious. High-minded and honorable himself, he had no dread of treachery in his captors; and with the elastic hopefulness of youth, felt unlimited faith

in the ultimate success of a cause which he believed to be just.

"They shall not find it an easy matter to cage me up in the Tower of London, or any other fortress," he thought. "God overrules all; and I am no longer a boy to stand aside while others fight for my inheritance. It is dark enough with us now, but life is full of power, and disaster only makes me strong. The people love me; I know the people love me, for they fought like lions. Poor fellows! Poor fellows! See how thickly they lie!"

The young prince drew a sad, deep breath as he saw the white, set faces of his late followers turned upward, almost under the hoofs of his horse; and a look of solemn mournfulness came over his face, which thoughts of his own evil fortune had failed to impress there.

Margaret did not speak. The heart within her bosom was like rock. All the pride of her haughty nature had rolled back upon itself. She had no fear, no hope; but for the gloom in her eyes, that seemed looking thousands of miles away to find only blank darkness, she might have been a statue, sitting pale and cold on that wounded horse.

When they were about half across the battle-field, a man broke loose from the cavalcade, and rode toward a tent pitched on an eminence, which lay in the direction of Tokesbury. A great oak-tree sheltered the tent, which rustled and shook in a purple glow from the sunset, while a soft, violet haze clouded the royal banner, and half blotted out the silver sun which blazed in its folds.

In sight of the battle-field, yet lifted above its horrors, Edward had ordered his tent to be pitched. But the evening was sultry, and he only remained under its shelter long enough to take off the heaviest pieces of his armor, and fling his helmet aside. Then, with the soft night wind lifting the golden masses of hair lightly from his forehead, he threw himself down at the foot of the oak, and called for a flagon of wine.

"It has been a glorious day," he said, drawing a deep breath as the flagon left his lips. "Some of the bravest warriors England ever saw lie stark down yonder; but those who fall for their king die nobly. Has any one heard aught of young Lancaster and his tigress mother? The gloss of our victory will be wiped off if they escape."

"Sire, here comes a horseman up the hill full speed, as if he brought good tidings."

Edward started up from the grass, and took a rapid survey of the battle-field. All was still

there. Some stragglers moved to and fro among the dead, and a few horses were still careering through the gathering mist with ghostly indistinctness.

"Methinks I see Gloucester's banner moving this way," said an officer who stood near the king.

"Ay, by the rood, it is our brother, Dickon! and close by him rides a woman. It is that she wolf of Anjou. But they come slowly—her horse stumbles. Well, what care we how the woman comes, so that we have her safe. Look thou, Hastings, and make sure: it is long since I have looked on her insolent face."

"Sire, here comes the messenger; he will solve the question."

The horseman rode up, making directly for the king.

"Well, sirrah, what is the news?" demanded Edward, stepping forward in his anxiety to hear that Margaret was in his power.

"Sire, the Duke of Gloucester bade me say that he was close at hand, with the woman of Anjou and her son both taken prisoners by his people."

"What, the tigress and her cub! The whole family at one swoop! Here are more golden angels than thou ever sawest before in payment of this good news. Now get thyself out of the way; I would not lose the first sight of that woman for half my kingdom."

The man wheeled his horse and rode down the hill, peeping at the gold clenched in his hand with glowering curiosity, as if he feared that the coin would fly away if he but loosened a finger.

Nearer and nearer came that mournfully assorted cavalcade. The courtiers around Edward watched it with interest; while he stood foremost among them all, with a glow of such triumph in his blue eyes as no one had ever seen there before.

"Poor dame! how her horse stumbles under her! Proud as she is, it will go hard if we do not unseat her thoroughly now. I marvel she was ever taken alive—for she has the courage of twenty warriors. So that is young Lancaster-Nay, by St. George! I did not think him so much grown! Why he is taller than Richard by half a foot, and sits his horse like a Plantagenet. Hastings! Hastings! Look at him as he rides up the brow of the hill! That is a youth to fear, if once known to the people! Mark him well! Mark him well!"

There was no need of this command. The group of victorious officers resting from their toil of blood under the huge oak, were in themselves sufficiently curious regarding the two

illustrious prisoners advancing slowly toward them. Blinded as they were with partisan hate, and embittered by recent strife, there was not a man in the group who did not feel the entire force of Edward's observation. Young Edward of Lancaster was, indeed, a formidable rival to Edward Plantagenet, both in a fine heroic character, and in that beauty of person which, in those times, were even more valuable than courage. Tall and manly beyond his years, he had the regal air, finely cut features, and rich coloring which made his mother one of the handsomest women in Europe. But at this period her features had become sharp and stern with wearing thought and disappointment, while his, animated, bright, and warm with vigorous hope, were toned down and softened by the sweet gentleness which had given the father the character of a saint. When the young man smiled, you saw all that was honest and saintly in Henry's nature beaming through his mother's glorious beauty. When he was sad or thoughtful, the bright, poetic genius of King Rena lighted his features into something bright and grand. He was, in fact, of a right kingly nature, which does not always presuppose the wearing of a crown.

Edward was so struck by the appearance of his rival that he, all at once, bethought himself of the state which became a conqueror. Speaking to his brother Clarence, Hastings, and those nearest his person, he retreated into the tent, and seating himself at the head of a small table, waited gravely for the coming visitors. Several of his favorite nobles stood near the table, and the drapery was drawn back in massive silken folds from the front of the tent, letting in the purple sunset, and revealing a feature within at once sumptuous and imposing.

Those who looked closely at Edward, saw that all the pure florid color left his face the moment he heard the confused tread of hoofs on the turf, and into his blue eyes, usually so radiant with animal life, came the sharp gleam of steel, cold and sinister. When the thoughts were born which gave this expression no one ever knew; but surely an evil impulse was there, clouding his handsome face into something demoniac. Hastings saw this, and wondered. Clarence remarked it also, but was incapable of fathoming any deep feeling, so he only knew that the king was angry, and would receive the prisoners harshly.

There was a stir near the tent, the jingle of spurs, and clash of stirrups, as men dismounted from their saddles. Edward sat still, expectant and stern, but apparently self-possessed. A

dagger lay before him on the table, one that he had drawn from his own belt in disarming after the battle. His hand fell naturally to the weapon, and he began playing with it as if unconsciously. The scabbard was of gold, fretted thickly with uncut jewels, rubies, and emeralds, lighted up with a bright flash of diamonds. Edward had seen the stones a thousand times; but now he examined them with close attention, and drew the keen-pointed blade in and out, leaving it in the end glittering, like the tongue of some huge serpent, on the table, with the sheath lying near. Perhaps he had no motive in this; but with thousands of human beings dead or dying down yonder, where the mists were beginning to creep and curl like a huge winding-sheet, the value of one human life more or less did not seem great to him, as it might at another time. So Edward sat, apparently thoughtful, toying with this instrument of death, when Richard of Gloucester came into the tent, side by side with Margaret of Anjou.

Behind these two persons came Edward, towering above them, and walking firmly, like a man born to dominion, and conscious of his august birth-right.

"Madam," said Edward, forcing something of his usual urbanity into the words, for Margaret's presence awed him somewhat, spite of the bitter hate which he felt for her, "why have you again brought war and bloodshed into our kingdom?"

Margaret turned her dark eyes full upon her enemy, but made him no answer.

"Woman, has the weight of this last treason struck you dumb, that you have no answer?" said Edward, sharply.

"When Edward Plantagenet leaves the throne he has usurped, and at his queen's feet sues for pardon, she will answer him, but not till then," was the proud reply.

"Ha! do you dare to brave us here, and now!" cried Edward, casting a fierce glance at the weapon near his hand. "Would that Henry had ventured so much!"

"Henry being a king, born to the throne, mates himself only with kings," was Margaret's fearless reply.

Edward's face flushed scarlet, and his blue eyes took that steel-like gleam which is far more terrible than the fire of a black orb. His rage was too fierce for speech—so he turned from her in scornful silence.

"Nay," said Duke Richard, in a soft, bland voice, that seemed out of place in the midst of such strife, "the king but asked a reasonable question, lady."

Then young Edward of Lancaster came forward and stood by his august mother.

"It is to me, King Henry's son, and the heir of England, to whom these questions should be propounded," he said, with a low, clear voice, which neither shook with passion or faltered from fear. "The troops, now unhappily defeated, followed the banner which I unfurled."

"Ha!" cried Edward, fiercely drawing in his breath, and almost hissing it forth again, "what brought you to England?"

"I came," replied Edward, in a voice so full and clear that it was heard distinctly outside the tent, "to wrest back my father's crown and mine, our inheritance."

Edward Plantagenet turned white as heated iron, wrath filled his eyes, and flecks of foam flew from his lips. He sprang up with the force of a tiger, and dashed his iron gauntlet against the mouth which had so boldly defied him. That instant a slender, white hand darted across the table and seized upon the poignard; it flashed upward sharp and quick, like a gleam of lightning, and descended into the very heart of young Lancaster.

"Thus perish all who dare our vengeance!" said Richard, casting the blood-stained weapon to the ground, and speaking in a low, almost sweet voice—for with this man rage intensified itself into a stillness that was more horrible than violence.

For one moment a deathly silence filled the tent. Then a cry rang out so sharp with anguish, that soldiers, who had cast themselves down to sleep on the battle-field, started up in wild affright, and listened, wondering what the sound could be; while the royal pavilion seemed crowded with ghosts, for every face there turned whiter than whiteness.

Margaret of Anjou had thrown herself to the earth by her son, and gathering his head up to her lap, was madly striving to check the blood which gushed from his bosom with her hands.

"Help me! Oh! help me!" she pleaded, lifting her ashen face to King Edward, who, shocked and repentant, stooped over his dead rival. "It was I who brought him here! Help! or he will bleed to death!"

"Poor lady! Unhappy mother!" exclaimed Edward, attempting to lift her from the ground. But she resisted him.

"Give me wine! Give me water! See how blue his lips are! Who was it struck him—you, or you?"

The great, black eyes wandered from face to face till they rested on that of Duke Richard. He was pale, like the rest, but a strange smile

quivered across his lips—and this was all the answer he gave to that wretched, wretched mother.

At last, some noble, more merciful than the rest, quietly withdrew the dead prince away from those clinging arms; then a faintness crept over Margaret, and she sunk to the earth death-like as the son she mourned.

Edward looked down upon her, and a shade of sadness came to his face, softening the horror which had made it so pale a moment before. At last he turned to Richard, who had seated himself by the table, and was shading his young face with one hand, white and delicate as a woman's, but with a stain of red upon it. "Richard, was this well done?" he demanded, more sternly than he had ever addressed the youth before.

"We are not alone, sire," was the almost quiet answer. "Our friends will do well to withdraw."

One by one, and in dead silence, the officers and nobles who had filled the tent, went out. Though they had come hot and fierce from the battle-field, this scene struck them all with horror and stillness, like that of the grave; fell upon the royal brothers, both murderers in fact, though one was free from the direct crime.

"Richard," said the king, at last, "we shall have to answer for this night's work to the world."

"Be it so!" was the firm reply. "This night has made Edward Plantagenet king of England, free of all factions, independent as he has never yet been. Feel my pulse, sire, and then say if this hand slew our enemy in blind wrath or from a settled purpose. It neither heats slower or faster. Actions that spring from the brain, leave the circulation to its natural currents. It was not I who killed young Edward, but the woman there, who, in her blind ambition, forced him into this deadly peril."

"True! Oh! my God! it is true!" moaned the wretched mother, bending her great, wild eyes on the dead with such woe in her voice and look, that a pang shot through Richard's heart.

"Let us go forth," said the king, turning his troubled face away from the woman, "I cannot speak here."

Richard arose and went out of the tent, leaving Margaret alone with her dead.

How long the unhappy woman sat with that cold, beautiful head on her lap she never knew; a stony despair had seized upon her; she could not have looked up, or shed a tear, had a battalion of war-horses trampled over her. Some

pitiful soldier had let down the silken curtains of the tent, and thus her awful state was shut in and wreathed by a glow of light that streamed through the rich silken folds from the flambeau outside, and bathed her in a flood of rosy fire. But even this was insufficient to arouse her; there she sat prone upon the earth, helpless, white, stupefied. The ermine border of her tunic was stained with red, and soiled with the dust of a lost battle. The pale lips were partly unclosed, but there was no appearance of breath passing through—it seemed to freeze upon them like a white frost. Her hands, which had been clasped in wild anguish, were fallen apart, and lay like fragments of marble among the soiled masses of her robe. Thus the woman sat, hour after hour, all alone, locked up in an awful trance.

After midnight, when everything was still, save the tramp of sentinels, and the distant cries of camp-followers, who prowled among the dead, this dethroned queen heard, distinctly as sensitive people hear whispers, the sweep of a woman's garments along the turf. Then the draperies were uplifted and rustled back again, leaving a third party within the tent. Softly, and with a timid hesitation, the intruder moved toward Margaret and bent over her, thrilled with such tender pity as only a woman can feel for her sister woman.

"Oh! lady, can I help you! Is he quite dead?"

Margaret looked up. The compassion in that sweet voice sent a shiver through her. The pity so eloquent in that lovely face fell upon her like sunshine on ice. Still she could not speak, but her poor, weak hands were slowly lifted, and the fingers worked together with an instinct of returning life.

"Ah, me! Ah, me! He is cold; he does not breathe! How beautiful, and how still! Lady, dear lady, let me help you!"

Gentle tears were in this strange woman's voice; her lovely features quivered with sympathetic grief. She made an effort to lift that lifeless face from under the stony gaze fixed upon it. But Margaret started then, and flung her arms around the dead body of her son, guarding him wildly from the stranger's touch.

"Nay, let me," pleaded the strange woman.

"I know—I know why it is that I may not touch him; but there is no one else to give you womanly aid in this terrible place; we two are the only women, except the camp-followers and timbrel-girls, who are fitting, like unclean ghosts, over the battle-field. Let me lift him from your lap."

Margaret still kept her arms around her son, and shook her head in a dreary negative.

Then Jane Shore—for it was that guilty but tender-hearted woman—went to a couch, which had been spread for the king, and smoothed the ermine-lined covering with the gentle touch of a mother arranging her infant's cradle.

"Let us lay him here," said Jane, with gentle tact. "It is not meet that the son of a king should rest upon the earth. Sweet madam, give him up."

Margaret loosened her arms from around the dead, and a long breath came quivering through her lips.

Jane lifted the entrance curtain, and whispered a word to the sentinel who paced before it. The man came in, and with more gentleness than his bluff strength promised, lifted the dead prince from the earth, and laid him on the couch which early in the evening had been prepared for the king. Then Jane Shore motioned the man to withdraw, and covering the body with the rich drapery that fell from the couch, left only the pale young head exposed. The light from a silver lamp, which stood on the table, fell upon the face. The sweet calmness which often follows death had settled upon it, and a heavenly smile lay like moonlight there.

Jane stole softly to the queen, who still sat prone on the earth, with her head bent, and rocking to and fro with a dull, incessant motion.

"Look at him now," she whispered, kneeling down before the mourner. "See how the angels have touched his lips with smiles."

Margaret turned her black eyes toward the couch, and lifted herself from the ground with a dead, stony heaviness, as if a statue had risen from its recumbent position. She saw the gentle whiteness of the face she had loved better than anything on earth, and, moving toward it, fell upon her knees, moaning piteously. Jane Shore bent over her with tears welling to her eyes.

"Oh! if I could but comfort you!" she said, in a broken voice. "But how can I—how can I?"

Margaret all at once aroused herself, and, flinging one arm over the dead, cried out, "He is gone! My God! Oh! my God! Everything has forsaken me!"

"But he is happy. It is better to rest in heaven than struggle on earth," said Jane, out of her kind heart, which could never be entirely hardened.

"But I—I am alone, and, oh! how helpless! His prisoner, and alone!"

These words broke out from that tortured heart with a wail of such bitter grief that Jane began to tremble and weep afresh.

"Alone! Alone! Alone!" wailed the wretched mother. "Oh! if these eyes could but open! If they could but look into mine once more, we would go away together, and be content, without crowns, without sovereignty. Oh! my boy! my poor, murdered boy! why did I bring you hither! It was he, our arch, cunning enemy who struck the blow!"

"Oh, madam! do not say that! Do not think it!" cried Jane, eagerly. "The king grieves over it. He mourns like yourself. It was his brother—his hard, cruel brother!"

"I know—I saw it. Before the very eyes of his mother, they struck him down. My son! My son! Would to God I had died for you!"

These words broke up the stony anguish of that proud heart. All its grief was now pure, womanly. Margaret's head fell forward; tears swelled up from her bosom in a bitter flood. She sobbed till the sentinel outside paused in his walk to listen, and drew the back of his hand across his eyes as he moved on again.

But for these tears Margaret of Anjou would have died that night, when her heart was broken—that proud, strong heart which had battled so fiercely and suffered so much, but wounded so, was condemned to live on.

Then Jane Shore knelt down and laid Margaret's head on her bosom, weeping over her with piteous tenderness; and the suffering queen, not knowing who she was, thanked her meekly for so much womanly kindness.

As these two women, so far apart both by nature and circumstance, knelt there together, a female voice outside pleaded with the sentinel.

"I must see him! He was my betrothed lord!" it pleaded, with plaintive earnestness. "Not even your ruthless king would keep me back!"

Then Margaret burst into a fresh passion of grief, for in that voice she recognized Anna of Warwick, the betrothed wife of her son.

"Let her pass, poor lady! Let her pass! God knows we mourn this mishap as much as she can! Let her pass!"

It was Duke Richard's voice, calm and sweet, which sent deadly spears after those that had already torn Margaret's heart.

Then the drapery was lifted, and a fair young girl, white with terror and wild with grief, came into the tent, and fell down at Margaret's feet, with her great, blue eyes, too wild for tears, turned shudderingly on the dead. Margaret withdrew herself from Jane Shore's support, and gathered the young creature to her bosom with a gleam of comfort. She was something to protect—a creature more helpless than herself

to soothe. Her sovereignty was gone, her crown turned to iron—but the woman's heart made her a queen still.

When Anna of Warwick saw that all was over, a faint, sick feeling crept around her heart, and she lay in those supporting arms silent and motionless, while Margaret tenderly caressed her and wept over her, half forgetting her own grief, as such women will, in compassion for the shuddering young creature to whom sorrow was so new.

Then Jane Shore, reminded of her own shame by the pure young creature whom she dare not touch, crept out of the tent, and wandered away alone, feeling painfully that the scene she had left was too sad and holy for her presence. She did not betake herself to the tent which had been pitched for her accommodation back from the battle-field, but wandered down among the dead and wounded, where lanterns flashed out a gloomy light through the mists that settled on the field like a gray shadow. Here she saw robbers of the dead flitting to and fro like spectres, and heard the riotous shouts of timbralers reveling over their booty like hyenas wrangling for some unwholesome prey. But Jane was anxious to make atonement for the one great wrong of her life by kind acts, and moved on through the uneven ground, turning aside whenever she heard a groan to assist the sufferer, and braving all the horrors of a spent battle with the heroism of a warrior.

"Give me water! Oh! give me water!"

The cry came from a little hollow, whose margin was fringed by a hedge of hazel bushes on which the night was hanging drearily. Jane went down into the hollow, trembling terribly, for the voice had startled her by its familiar sound.

"Who is it? Who is it speaks?" she said, holding her breath.

The wounded man was silent; the voice of a woman on the battle-field warned him of danger—for of all the fiends that rioted among the dead, they were ever the most ruthless.

"Speak once more," faltered the woman, who hoped to expiate her fault by charity. "Speak, and I will help you, if I can."

Then John Halstead recognized the voice, and cried out, as with a new pain.

"I asked for water," he said, hoarsely; "but not from thee, woman."

Jane did not hear this. Away to the left she saw the glow of a lantern which some one had set down on the earth, and probably could not find again. She hurried to the spot and secured the light. Then a sound of water gurgling

through the long grass reached her ear a little farther off, and she looked around for some hollow thing in which to convey some of the precious fluid to the man who had clamored for it so eagerly. An iron helmet rolled away from the touch of her foot, as she was searching the earth around her. It had been cleft in twain by the terrible blow of a battle-axe, but was sufficient for her purpose. Down to the tiny rivulet she went, and eagerly dipped up some water from among the tangled grass. It was turbid and tinged with red; still she did not see that, but went her way, eager to help the suffering man, whoever he might be.

Jane reached the hazle hollow, and went down its slope, calling aloud as she moved,

"Have patience; I have found some water! A moment more—have patience!"

These kind words were received in dead silence. She stood still and listened. Nothing but the sigh of the wind in the hazel bushes answered her. Not a sigh or moan came up from that hollow, which was choked up with shadows and clouded with floating mist. Down into what seemed to her unfathomable darkness she went, holding the lantern before her. It shone up into her face as she went to search the ground, revealing all the horror in her blue eyes, and the sickening anxiety which had seized upon her.

Down in the depths of the hollow the black outline of a man defined itself through the gray darkness—a tall, stalwart man, with his head bare, and his limbs stretched out motionless, as if cut from dusky marble. Jane held down the lantern and forced her shrinking eyes to look on the face. It was turned on one side, and masses of iron-gray hair had been swept over it by the wind. Holding her breath, and shivering from head to foot, the woman swept the hair softly back, and saw the face. It was that of John Halstead—the man who had married her husband's sister. Then a panic seized upon the guilty woman. She forgot the casque full of water, which she had set upon the ground, and dropped the lantern, which shed an awful light over those lifeless features till the sun quenched its radiance, and lifted the shroud of fog from thousands of dead bodies that lay stark and cold on the broad battle-field.

Through this rolling mist, and across that death-strewn field King Edward marched his victorious troops, before the sun was an hour old, on his way to London. Following after his own brilliant escort were three litters, one contained Margaret of Anjou, utterly conquered at last; another concealed sweet Anna of War-

wick, and the third was curtained so closely that no one could catch a glimpse of its inmate. But the nobles smiled on each other meaningly as it came up, and glanced at the king, who, more than once, rode back, and drawing the curtains with his own hand, spoke gentle words to the person within.

Thus Edward's army moved on from the battle-field of Tukesbury. Days went by, during which that victorious army swept its slow progress toward London. At last the king, with an escort more magnificent than had ever followed a monarch before, entered the Tower—that mighty structure which was at once the palace of one monarch and the prison of another. Two of the litters which left the battle-field followed the king within the fortress. The other had quietly dropped out of the procession before it reached the walls, and disappeared.

When they entered the palace garden, the first litter was lowered to the earth, and Anna of Warwick, pale, grief-worn, and weary, was revealed. She cast a look of timid apprehension around, doubtful if she were prisoner or guest; but before she could step to the earth, Duke Richard had flung himself from his saddle and stood beside her.

"The king grants me the great boon of escorting you, his most honored guest, to the presence and protection of her grace, the Duchess of Clarence," he said, with a gentleness that was almost humble.

A glance of mournful reproach filled Anna's eyes as she lifted them to his face; and he saw that a shudder passed through her frame. She settled back in the litter, shrinking from the hand he offered.

"Sweet lady, do not fear me so," he pleaded.

"It was *that* hand," she whispered, hoarsely.

"No! no! On my soul, no! Do not believe the slander. I strove to protect him. It was a rash servant that took the life I would have died to save. Turn those eyes away, they kill me with reproaches."

Anna of Warwick shook her fair head with mournful slowness, and stepped from the litter, sighing heavily.

"Lead me to my sister, since it perforce must be so," she said, gently. "But first let me take leave of this unhappy lady."

"It is against the king's express order, and I dare not disobey him; but, rest content in this, she shall be tenderly cared for."

With this assurance Anna was compelled to be satisfied. With a heavy heart and many a lingering glance at the closed litter that bore her queenly mother-in-law, she was led away

toward the range of apartments occupied by Isabella, Duchess of Clarence.

Meantime Margaret of Anjou was carried into the close court overlooked by her husband's prison windows. Then, with promeditated cruelty, her guards flung back the curtains from her litter, and exposed her lying there, worn-out with fatigue, and haggard with suffering. The face that had once been so beautiful, lay stony and locked beneath the masses of short hair, which had turned white as snow since that awful night which left her childless. It was a miserable, broken-hearted woman that Henry the Sixth looked down upon from the prison window, to which he had been drawn by the tramp of feet in that usually quiet place. At first he did not know her, the hair was so white, and the face so strangely old; but she rose feebly to one elbow, and looked upward with a forlorn hope of seeing him. A cry, so faint that it died in the utterance, broke from the wretched man. His arms were outstretched for a moment, and then he sunk away from behind the rusted bars, and the soldiers carried her out of sight into the solitude of a more remote dungeon. From this dreary place she issued five years after a helpless old woman.

Henry had been ill. Since the interview with his queen confinement had worn upon him terribly, and he was slowly sinking out of life. His keepers saw this, for they loved the de-throned monarch, and pitied him, spite of their iron calling. Since his last capture they had deprived him of an attendant; so, when his feeble hands dropped away from the bars which shut him in from the woman he had loved, he lay upon the floor in a dead swoon for more than an hour, and might have died there alone, and thus saved his enemies from a miserable crime, but for their over haste.

It was nightfall when the royal cavalcade rode into the Tower, and the last red quiver of sunset died out from the window as Henry fell. Slowly the atmosphere around him turned purple, and then deepened into a dull, black gloom, which gathered around him like a pall.

A flambeau in the court sent arrows of real light through the bars for a moment, then the cautious movement on the stairs broke up the profound stillness, and a man came into the chamber with a small iron lamp in his hand. He looked around the room so far as the light penetrated, and went up to the bed, which stood in one corner, searching, like a midnight robber, for its inmate. At last he approached the window, and saw Henry lying near it senseless, and, to all appearance, dead. He touched the

forehead and the thin hands lying on the floor, bruised by the iron bars they had grasped so desperately.

The man who had looked down on those pinched features was pale almost as they had become. Something more than sympathy or fear was stamped on that face. He satisfied himself that the poor monarch was dead, and went his way, moving cautiously, as if the crime he came to perpetrate had been committed.

He was gone, perhaps, fifteen minutes, and when he came back Duke Richard was with him, asking low, eager questions, which ceased the moment they entered the arched door which gave access to the tower. A stranger might have noticed that no sentinel was there, and that the court was in profound darkness. Richard, who was a strict disciplinarian, exhibited no surprise, but moved up the stairs with quick, noiseless step, followed by the man, who had shrouded the lamp he carried, while crossing the court, under his short cloak.

"He is here, your highness, close by the window, stark and dead."

The man gave a start as he spoke, and the lamp shook so violently that it almost went out; for Henry, whom he had left for dead, was sitting half upright on the floor, with his back pressed against the wall, and the long, blue folds of his dress falling around him like the garments of a monk. Richard shrunk from the glance of those pale, sunken eyes, and stood a moment speechless from surprise and bitter disappointment.

"Take thyself away," he said sharply to the man who held the lamp. "Set that thing upon the floor, and wait for me below."

The man obeyed, and Richard drew close to his prisoner, who was watching him eagerly.

"Tell me, was it her—was it my wife?" he inquired, with piteous meekness. "I would like to be sure; sometimes I dream of her, and it seems real as this. Tell me, did I see my wife, Margaret, as I stood by the window?"

Henry spoke faintly, and seemed to draw his breath with pain.

Richard regarded him keenly, and saw how feeble was the life that trembled in his frame; his answer was cruel, deliberate, murderous, for he calculated the effect of his words, and knew them to be deadly as poison, sure as the blow of a dagger.

"Yes, it was your wife. She has forced on a battle at Tukesbury, and lost it."

"My wife! my wife!" wailed that feeble voice; and the thin hands that clasped themselves, shook apart from their weak hold.

"All the traitors who followed her were cut down; some on the very altars of the sanctuary," said Richard, dealing another blow, which made that poor frame shiver.

"But my son—my son!"

Henry's voice rose to a feeble shriek, and his shivering hands clasped themselves convulsively.

"He was killed."

A deathly gray fell upon that meek face; but there was no sound, save a faint rustle of garments, as the dead king settled downward in the shadows, never to rise again.

"Come hither," said Richard, moving to the stairs, and calling out hoarsely. "Lift his body to the couch yonder, and put thy weapon out of sight; words are sometimes sharper than daggers."

"Is he dead?" asked the man.

"Ay; see to the rest."

Then the Duke Richard went softly down stairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BLIND COLOR-BEARER.

BY CLARENCE F. BUEHLER.

ONCE, as we hailed our volunteers
Returning from the wars,
One, blind with honor's noblest badge—
A scar in front—I saw.
But while, as they were boys again,
The gray-beards seemed to cheer,
He, weeping, bowed his head in grief,
That never bowed in fear.
Said I, "When Heaven above is blue,
And earth beneath is green,
With blossoms like the rosy snow,
Of gardens hung between,
'Tis hard you cannot see the flowers
You smell, and birds you hear."

"But that were not enough," he said,
"To force a soldier's tear."

"I'd care not for the sunbeams' lance,
That splinters on the crag;
Or Spring, with beauty on her wings,
Could I but see the flag!
For over many a traitor's corpse
I've borne it; and they say
That all its stars are back again,
And not a stripe away.
But when I'm mustered out by our
Great Captain in the sky,
Perhaps I may look down and see
That dear old banner fly!"

ALGERIAN KNITTED OPERA-HOOD.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIALS.—Two ounces of white, and one ounce of colored Shetland wool. Two needles, No. 7. White and maize form a becoming hood for a brunette; white and blue, mauve, pink, or scarlet, will be equally pretty, and are more suitable to the blonde. This hood is well adapted to the present style of coiffure, as it is so light and soft that it will not injure the most delicate flowers or curls. The above quantities are intended for a white

hood with a colored border. A colored hood, with a white border, is equally good.

The hood is begun at the back. Cast on one hundred stitches with white wool; knit every row plain; increase one by knitting two stitches in one the last stitch but one of every row, until you have two hundred stitches, then knit thirty rows without increasing.

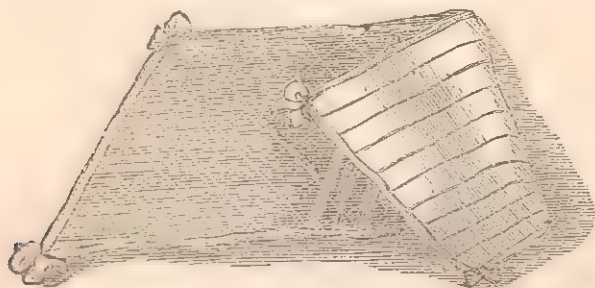
131st row—Join on the colored wool for the border; knit forty plain rows without increasing, and cast off very loosely; turn this border twice over to form a roll, and slip-stitch it along on the wrong side, arranging the roll so as just to fall over the right side of the hood to meet the white wool.

A row of double crochet may be worked along the back edge of the same color as the border.

Finish with three tassels—one in the middle of the back, and one at each corner—mixed tassels of the white and colored wool, laid in lengths of nine inches, tied firmly in the middle. Make a chain of crochet about an inch in length, put the chain through the middle of the tassel where you have tied it, and sew the two ends together underneath, leaving the loop to fasten the tassel to the hood with; then arrange the wool neatly for the hood of the tassel, and tie it round about three-quarters of an inch from the top. Some pleats will be necessary in the middle of the back, under the tassel. They are best arranged on the head of the wearer, and must be then sewn with a piece of wool before putting on the back tassel. Sew on the other two tassels, and the hood is completed.

SCENTED SACHET FOR HANDKERCHIEFS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



A PIECE of silk or satin twenty-five inches and a half in length, and eight inches and a half in width; another piece for the lining, of the same width, but not quite so long. Tack to the wrong side of the satin a piece of wadding, and quilt the satin in a diamond pattern. Then put in the scent, in a piece of muslin, and afterward fit all to the lining. Turn over to form pockets, leaving an inch in the center of the back so as to fold over neatly. Put a bow of ribbon at each corner. White satin quilted with violet, green with gold, or blue with white, form very pretty contrasts. The whole makes an exquisite affair.

CROCHET SCALLOP EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—For children's petticoats, dress trimmings, etc., 1 inch deep, use Boar's-head crochet cotton, No. 16, and Walker's uncotopic needle, No. 3. For $\frac{3}{4}$ inch deep, crochet cotton, No. 20, and needle No. 4.

1st Scallop—Make 17 chain, turn, miss 9, 3 single on the chain, leaving 5 chain.

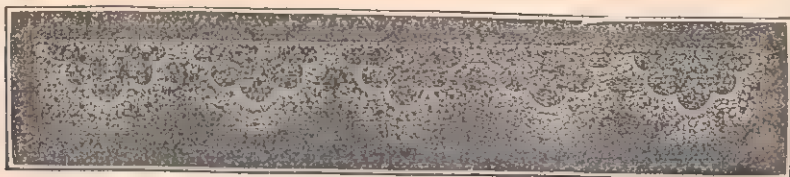
1st row—Turn so as to cross the chain, and

in the 9 chain work 1 treble (2 chain and 2 treble 4 times in the same 9 chain,) turn back.

2nd row—(6 chain, miss 4 and 1 plain in the 3 chain of the last row, 4 times,) 4 chain, turn back.

3rd row—Join to the third stitch of the 5 chain left at the commencement; then work 7 plain in the last 4 chain, * miss 1, 3 plain in the 6 chain,

(5 chain and 1 plain, 3 times in the same 6 chain,) then 2 plain more in the same 6 chain, 3rd row—Join to the third stitch of the 5 chain, then 3 plain in the 4 chain, join to the



making in all 8 plain. Repeat from * twice more, then miss 1, 7 plain in the last 6 chain. center stitch of the 7 plain in the first scallop, then 4 plain in the same 4 chain, and repeat from the * in the first scallop.

2nd Scallop—Work the same as the first to the end of the second row; and for the

THE EMPRESS JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



PERHAPS the most fashionable affair, which has come out for early fall wear, in Paris, is the Empress Jacket, of which we give an engraving above, and a diagram on the next page. This jacket is made of silk, trimmed with Chantilly lace and beads. It sits very close round the waist, is in the waistcoat style in front, and is fastened by a wide band.

The upper part of the front is very open and rounded at bottom; four ornaments are placed behind to simulate pockets.

On account of the size of this garment, Nos. 1, 3, and 4 have been shortened four inches. Our subscribers will only have (after enlarging the pattern,) to prolong the different lines of those parts to that extent to have them of the proper length.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. TOP PART OF FRONT.

No. 3. SIDE-PIECE.

No. 4. BACK.

No. 5. SLEEVE.

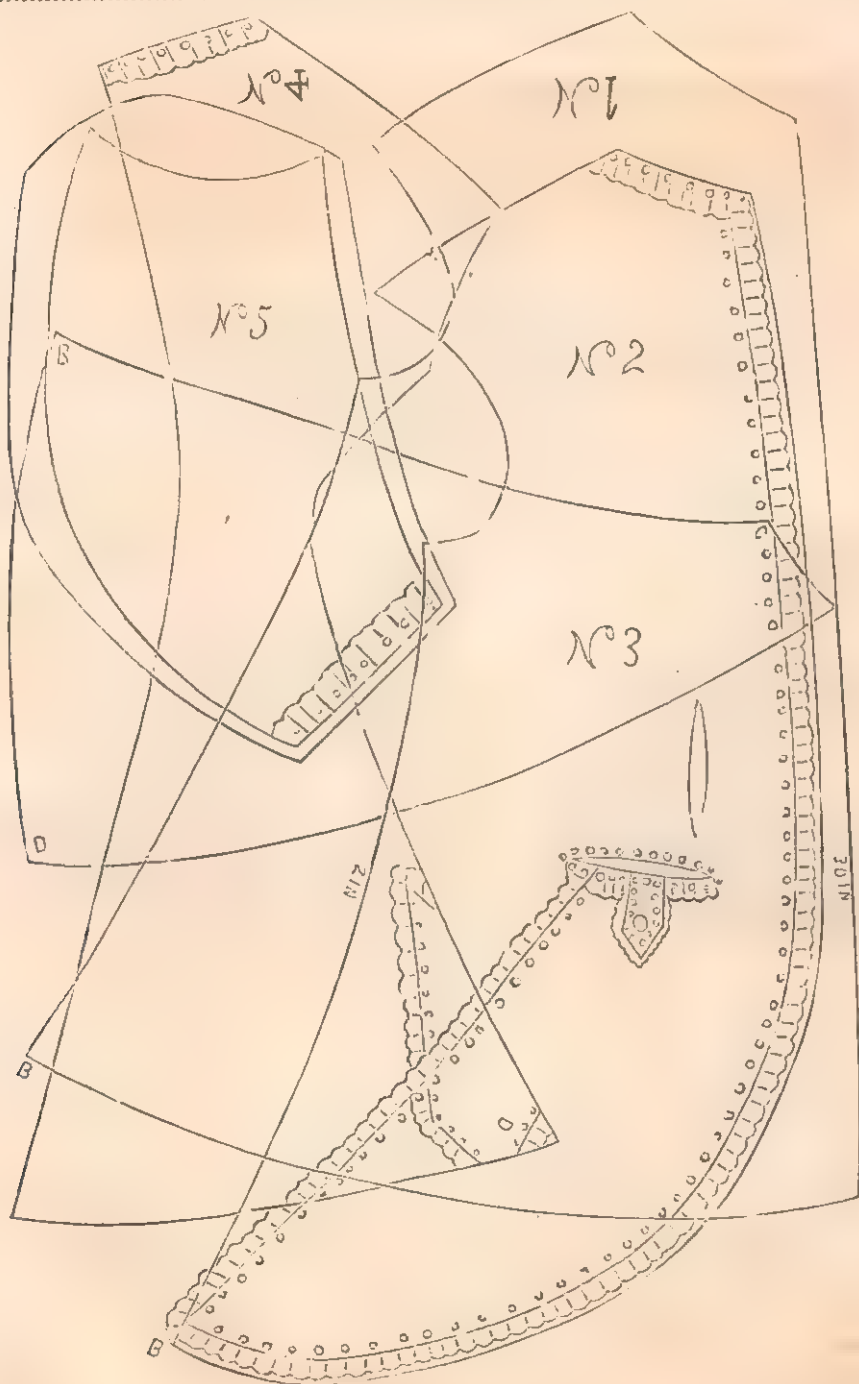
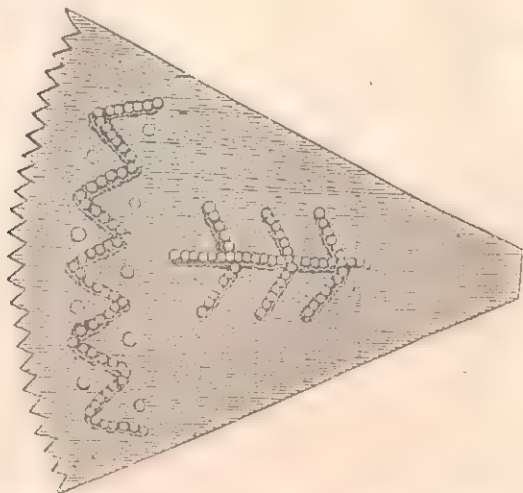
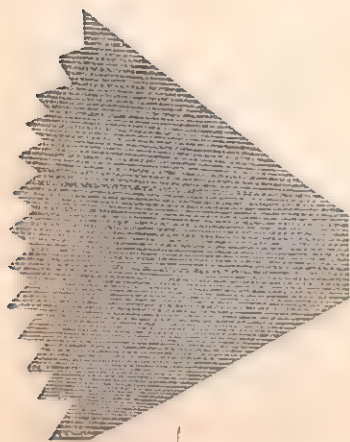
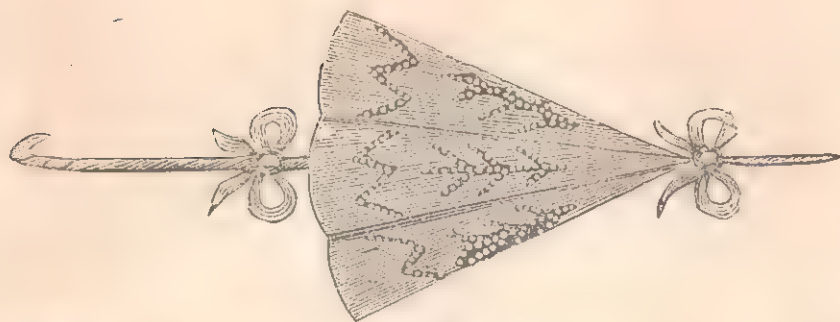


DIAGRAM OF EMPRESS JACKET.

PARASOL PEN-WIPER.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



To make this pretty affair, get a piece of wire covered with silk, six inches and a half in length. Wind closely over it orange-colored Berlin wool, and bend about an inch over to form the crook or handle. Next cut six pieces of cloth of each size of the two little diagrams. Work the beads according to the dots on the larger six pieces, place the smaller pieces inside the larger ones, and join them together by running them slightly on the wrong side. When you have joined all the pieces, put the wire through, leaving an inch of the wire at the top; put a stitch through the cloth to secure it to the wire. Cut out a little piece of leather or cloth, notch it round, and slip it over to hide the fastenings; then tie a bow of narrow ribbon round the stick. At the other end of the Pen-wiper sew the cloth to the handle, and tie another little bow to finish.

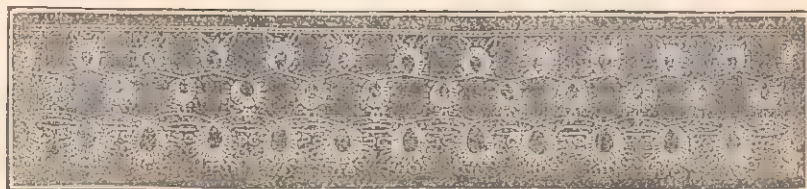
ROSETTE PATTERN EDGING.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.—For $\frac{1}{2}$ inch deep, use Boar's small shuttle. For $\frac{3}{4}$ inch, cotton No 18, pin head cotton, No. 24, ring and pin, No. 1, and a No. 2. For 1 inch, cotton No. 10, and pin No. 3.

1st *Coillet*—Fill the shuttle and commence a loop; work 2 double and draw close; join to the pearl loop of the next small *coillet*, leaving the *coillet* which has two pearl loops turned down off the edge.

2nd *Rosette*—Commence a loop, work 2 double, join to the extra pearl loop of the first *rosette*, 1 double, then (1 pearl and 1 double



reverse the work so as to keep the first *coillet* at the top, and repeat these two *coilllets* until the required length is made.

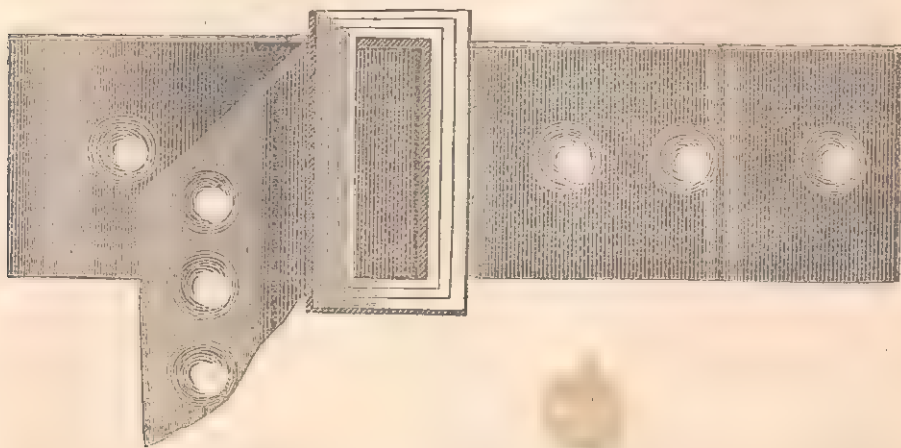
1st *Rosette*—Attach the cotton to the pearl loop of the first *coillet*, then commence a loop, work 2 double stitches (1 pearl and 1 double alternately, 9 times;) then one extra pearl loop, formed by turning the cotton twice round the

alternately, 8 times,) 1 extra pearl loop as before, 2 double, draw close; join to the next small *coillet*.

Repeat as the last *rosette* to the end.

The Heading—Use a crochet-needle and cotton a size finer than the tatting. Commence in the first pearl loop, and work 2 chain and 1 single in every pearl loop of the *coillet*.

VARIETIES FOR THE WORK-TABLE.



WAISTBAND OF BLACK VELVET, WITH CRYSTAL BEADS AND BUCKLE.



INITIALS FOR MARKING.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"THEY ARE ALL RICH."—We fear it cannot be denied that wealth is worshiped too much in this country. It was only the other day we heard a father say, "My daughter has married so happily in Boston; she has made many acquaintances, and they are all rich." To his mind the being rich included all the moral and social virtues.

Now we are far from thinking that wealth is an evil. On the contrary, in the right hands, it is a blessing. It enables its possessors to give largely in charity, to sustain the fatherland in hours of distress, to do a thousand other generous or useful deeds. Regarded from a more selfish view, it is still not wholly a misfortune. It oils the machinery of life wonderfully. It secures good servants, spacious and well-ventilated apartments, the society of the cultivated and refined, the ability to travel, pictures, books, hundreds of excellent things. It gives, too, influence, and often power. From the Arab chief in the desert, who is obeyed according to the number of camels and mares he owns, up to the English duke, with his hundreds of rich farms, wealth secures to the possessor a better chance for achieving distinction, or having a share in the governing of men, than anything else, except, perhaps, signal natural ability. It is nonsense, therefore, to decry riches altogether.

But, on the other hand, wealth tends to materialize its possessor. Scripture recognizes this where it says, "it is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." The facilities that riches afford for gratifying our every wish, tempt the wealthy insensibly into selfishness. A rich man can only avoid becoming "of the earth earthy," by constant watchfulness. Very soon what were luxuries grow to be necessities; and so we gradually sink into slaves of our appetites and passions. Riches also foster arbitrary habits and haughtiness. We do not say that all rich men retrograde in these directions; but that it is the tendency of riches to make them do it; and that if they remain selfish, it is in spite of their riches. Nor can riches secure happiness. They may oil, as we have said, the machinery of life; but they can do no more. All the money in the world will not buy one a sincere friend. All the mines of Golconda cannot make a bad husband good, or change a peevish wife into a sweet-tempered one. Wealth will not give you dutiful children, or insure you against sickness or shut the door to death. A vulgar fellow is a vulgar fellow still, even if he falls heir to millions. A man may find fifty oil-wells, and yet, as many of us have seen, be no gentleman, with all his ails.

When the father said, therefore, that his daughter had made such nice acquaintances, for they were all rich, he spoke—well, why mince words?—he spoke like a snob, and a very great snob, too. He put riches before everything else: before religion, before good morals, before culture, before intelligence. Yet he represented a very large class. It is a class, too, that is increasing daily. The fortunes made out of contracts; the fortunes made by speculations in stocks; the fortunes made by the rise of goods, within the last four years, have been enormous beyond all former example; and they have made wealth worshiped for its own sake to a degree it was never worshiped before. Great wealth, without a corresponding sense of the duties wealth brings with it, vulgarizes people. We do not say that every man, suddenly grown rich, becomes a snob; we only say the tendency of sudden wealth is in that direction. Hence the fact that so many persons, like the father we have men-

tioned, boast of knowing people, not because they are good, but because they are rich. We hope none of our subscribers belong to that class.

BE EARLY IN THE FIELD.—Every year, persons write to us, that, if they had begun earlier, they could have sent us larger clubs. We hope nobody will make such a mistake now. You can tell your friends that "Peterson," for 1866, will be greatly improved in a variety of ways; in its fashions, its literature, its number of pages, etc., etc. We shall, continue, also, to be the cheapest in the field. Our enormous circulation, which, this year, equals that of all the other ladies' magazines together, enables us to distance competition. It is the interest of the public to keep up, and even increase this circulation; for the more subscribers we have, the better we can afford to make "Peterson." If you begin soon enough, it will be as easy to get a club of fourteen as a club of eight; and you get a club of fourteen for \$1.43 a subscriber, while a club of eight is \$1.50 a subscriber. Our great improvements will be announced in the next number.

WATERING WINDOW PLANTS.—There is one universal law as to watering plants, which a great many people entirely neglect. The neglect of this rule causes more blight and more unhealthy plants than perhaps any single thing that can be named besides. We mean the excellent rule of watering them with warm water, always rather warmer than the soil the plants are growing in. People must surely see the check and injury it must be to plants to get cold food. The organs of tender plants are extremely delicate; and when they are wanted to digest their food, it is a bad plan surely to paralyze them with cold. If we feed them, on the other hand, with food a little warm, they are stimulated at once to make the most of their meal. Another important branch of the watering question consists in the washing that all house plants require.

PRETTY STYLE OF WAISTBAND.—A very pretty style of waistband in Paris is formed of broad gimp, almost covered with beads; the buckle also covered with gimp and beads. One of this sort is in violet, with gold beads, and others in black and steel. They are lined with self-colored silk. Other bands are made peaked, or "Medic" shape in front, but narrow and straight behind. Another pretty style, but difficult to describe, consists of a band formed with a "Medic" peak, but the lower part cut in and out again like an ivy leaf. Beneath this two long wash ends, peaked, descend. The whole is of colored *gros grain*, edged with a trimming of steel beads.

NEW STYLES OF APRONS.—Among the new styles of aprons is one rounded in shape, and formed of rich black moire antique, elaborately trimmed in white silk in tambour-stitch, with the addition of steel beads. Another apron, similarly trimmed, is square in shape, with a belt of the same material, and a buckle joined to the apron.

GO AND SUBSCRIBE.—The *Mina* (Mo.) Herald says:—"We scarcely ever suggest advice to the ladies, but we will venture to say this—go to Samuel H. Agnew, the postmaster, and subscribe for Peterson's Magazine."

NONE CAN VIE WITH IT.—The Springfield (O.) Republic says:—"No other of the numerous ladies' magazines can vie with 'Peterson's' in cheapness combined with excellence."

"THE MAGAZINE FOR THE TIMES."—The Bridgeton (N. J.) Chronicle says:—"Peterson's Magazine is, without question, the cheapest in the world. It is still being offered at the old price of two dollars per year to single subscribers, and to clubs at the rate of four copies for six dollars, and six copies for nine dollars. Nothing but an immense circulation could justify such low rates in these expensive times. Though low in price, the Magazine keeps up to the old standard of merit; indeed, we think, rather goes beyond it. No lady about to subscribe for a magazine should fail to examine Peterson's, and having examined it, she will conclude it is the best Magazine, for the money, that is published. No magazine of similar merit approaches it in cheapness; hence it is the Magazine for the times. Its illustrations are unrivaled, and it is filled with all matters interesting to ladies."

HOLLY BERRIES.—If you have a spare foot of ground and a spare bunch of holly berries, let us recommend you to sow holly seed in it. We never yet knew the garden—from town window-box upward—that would not be the better for these brightest and cheeriest plants. The berries, however, require long steeping to detach the seeds from the glutinous mass which surround them, as otherwise they may lie long in the ground without germinating. The same thing happens, indeed, with many other seeds, though, perhaps, from different reasons—as when many foreign seeds arrive with their cases well baked, infinitely too hard dried for the tender germ to penetrate. Steeping some hours in water does good to most large, hard seeds.

THE HAIR.—During the cold season the hair is cut too short—the ears are exposed. The cold winds not only produce buzzing and roaring in them, but often injure the hearing. While the weather is cold the ears should be covered; the natural protection, and the best one, is the hair. But the common nakedness of the back of the neck is still more mischievous; leaving that vital part exposed to the extreme changes of our climate produces innumerable weak eyes and irritable throats. Women are most fortunate in the present style. That net which hangs the hair on the back of the neck is not only artistic, but physiological. During cold weather, men should allow the hair to meet the coat-collar.

HOW TO HAVE DOUBLE FLOWERS.—When a plant produces a flower with a single row of petals, it must be inexorably torn up by the roots and trampled in the path. Balsams, pinks, asters, and all that class of plants, are apt to have seeds which will produce plants that will bear single flowers; and if the pollen from these be allowed to fructify the flowers of other plants, the whole bed will be hybridized, and the following year a crop of inferior flowers will be produced. On the other hand, if the plants that bear single flowers are firmly sacrificed, the seed will improve, and frequently very fine and curious flowers will be obtained.

LOOPS OR RIBBON are much used for trimming dresses. For example, upon a white muslin skirt, which will be worn over a colored silk slip, a wide waistband is fastened at the side, and the two ends or sashes float at the side of the skirt; at the opposite side a ladder of loops formed with the same ribbon descends as far as the knee. It is a very pretty method of looping up one skirt over another, by making it appear as though it were held up with four ladders of loops. Colored sashes, which contrast with the dress, are worn with dresses which it is desirable to loop up, and they thus form a very ornamental trimming.

CHEAPEST IN THE COUNTRY.—The Lafayette (Ind.) Advertiser says, "Peterson's Magazine is the cheapest in the country for ladies."

THOUSAND DOLLAR STORIES.—We intend, next year, to give our subscribers, among other stories, two that will cost us more than a thousand dollars each. "Peterson" pays more for original stories than all the other ladies' magazines put together.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Story of the Great March! Diary of Gen. Sherman's Campaigns through Georgia and the Carolinas. By Brevet-Major George Ward Nichols, Aul-de-camp to Gen. Sherman. With a Map and Illustrations. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The march of Gen. Sherman from Atlanta to Savannah, and thence through South Carolina to Goldsboro' and Raleigh, will be, for centuries to come, a signal event in military history. In boldness of design, in fertility of resources, and in the precision with which it was executed, it stands almost without parallel. Nothing equal to it has been seen since the famous retreat of the ten thousand, which Xenophon has immortalized. We are glad, therefore, to see an authentic narrative of it from the pen of one, who, like Xenophon, participated in what he describes. Major Nichols is a graphic, as well as reliable, writer; he has, too, considerable humor; and his book, therefore, will be popular with the general reader, as well as an authority for future historians. The map and illustrations are excellent. The volume is neatly bound in cloth.

Denis Donne. By Annie Thomas. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is by the author of "On Guard," and "Theo Leigh." It is a better novel, however, than either of them; and as they were both excellent, this is saying a good deal. Of course, we do not hold up such characters as Miss Conway, or Mrs. Donne, to imitation; but they are capably drawn, and true to life; and so far a relief from the milk-and-water creations of most female novelists. It is impossible not to trace the influence of Trollope in these works; but, nevertheless, there is much originality in them. We commend "Denis Donne," as one of the best fictions of the season.

Gomery of Montgomery. A Family History. By the author of "Philip Thaxter." 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Carleton.—We think this novel a decided improvement on "Philip Thaxter." As that story had considerable popularity, "Gomery of Montgomery" ought to enjoy even more. Two editions are published, one in a single volume, bound in cloth, and another in two volumes. The last is much the finer edition.

National Lyrics. By John G. Whittier. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is a cheap edition of Whittier's poems on national subjects, and forms part of a series spoken of in a former number. There are numerous illustrations, and all of them are good. Some of the lyrics in this volume are among the most stirring in the language.

Under Green Leaves. Edited by R. H. Stoddard. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Bunce & Huntington.—A volume of rural poems, by English and American authors, collected by R. H. Stoddard. As Mr. Stoddard is himself a poet, and peculiarly competent for this task, the result is a selection of rare merit. Several fine engravings illustrate the volume.

Letters to Various Persons. By H. D. Thoreau. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—Some very charming letters, to various friends and relatives of Thoreau, and stamped with the peculiar and original impress of his mind. The volume also contains several of Thoreau's poems. The book has been edited by R. W. Emerson.

Curry's Confession. By the author of "Mattie." A Story. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Not so good a novel as "Denis Dunne," but still a very readable fiction. The book is a cheap edition, double column octavo.

THE PARLOR, ETC.

FLOWER FURNISHING.—One of the first things, in France, that strikes a foreigner, is the use made of flowers in furnishing.

The flowers there belong as much to the rooms, as the chairs and sofas. And another striking thing is, the material used; nothing that is effective is despised for commonness. The common white field daisy, dahlia, sunflowers, golden-rod, and asters, all are perfectly welcome; and, what is more, quite beautiful, and entirely in their place. There you do not see a flower-stand looking disconsolate somewhere; but just in the window-framing, the light as it were, there will be a long flower-box—just an edging of flowers inside. People in a room turn so naturally to a window, that there is no describing the bright effect that this flower-box has.

The windows opening down have simply a low box along them, and the plants at the sides, perhaps, are, now and then, rather higher.

White should be sparingly used. Nothing in its proper place gives such effect of color to other flowers, or such lightness; but when too much employed, it invariably produces a blotchy, muddy look. It sounds, perhaps, paradoxical to say that white gives color. But take a pot of pink hyacinths and another of red tulips, and put in between them a plant of the large white primrose, and you can then decide whether color is lost or gained. The time when white weakens color is, when in a vase, or in anything, you have a perpetual breakage, a little dab of one color, and then an atom of white. There can be no real color—nothing but muddiness there.

Abrad, the beautiful light, ferny asparagus-leaves are very much used. Here, perhaps, they would be pronounced vulgar. The long foliage is cut quite low down, tied carefully into a bunch made up with moss, or other stalks, exactly to fit the size, and then, being tightly tied, the bunch is forced firmly into a hyacinth-glass quite full of water.

Any narrow-mouthed jar would answer the purpose just as well. This method applies, moreover, to many things more in glasses. To be beautiful, these tufts of leaves must be light. Ferns and grasses, and branches of the mist-tree are also charming. These long boxes give an indescribable brightness and home-likeness to a house. But, above all things, avoid a crowding. A couple of pots of white primrose, or sweet aysun, a plant or two of crimson, and a pot of violets, with the green, will be sufficient.

Few persons understand the immense effect produced only by a mass of green. A flower-stand filled with green plants, moss, and even but a couple of flowers in bloom, is most attractive. Setting off one gem is far better than collecting a crowd that detract from each others beauty. Each flower is thus allowed to be distinct.

One of the most beautiful decorations we have ever seen for a dinner-table, was one superb cactus flaming above a mass of dark chestnut-leaves. The celery-stand, in which the bouquet stood, was hidden by drooping chestnut-branches. When more than one colored flower is used, let it be detached from all others by a mass of green.

We must mention, too, the trellises that are covered with growing ivy, and that stand all summer time in front of the empty hearth. In winter they are moved merely to the window. These long boxes have a trellis attached at the back ends. A plant or two of ivy is enough to twine over the trellis, and then, through all the season, a succession of flowers is kept up, in a way that is particularly effective.

A range of hyacinth-glasses are in the box. The glasses are, of course, completely concealed by the moss; and in each of these said glasses is a tightly-bound bunch of something—it may be asparagus-leaves, as I have described

just now, or it may be Japan lilies, or, still oftener, gladioli. Either of these flowers is perfect for such uses. The tall, white lily, also, is exquisite in this way.

The boxes should be lined with zinc, if possible, in order to save the carpet when the watering takes place. They should be about eight inches deep, and say ten wide, a slight cane trellis, looking like rods for basket-work, merely stained dark green on the back and ends, coming about as high as an ordinary chimney-piece; ivy trained over the trellis, to cover it a good deal, but by no means thickly, simply to wreath about it, especially at the edges; purple asters, and scarlet gladioli, in hyacinth-glasses, with, between them, some pots of fern or grass, or of asparagus-leaves, is all that is required to make a particularly effective stand.

The ivy itself, in case of emergency, could be cut, and put in glasses, and trained to look all natural. And, after all, it is well to know this for any quickly got-up decoration, or for a screen to shut off some unused door-way, or ugly view. Horse-chestnut, acacia, and catalpa, could all be used in their season, by way of decoration, only by putting the cut end of the branch in a jar with water and charcoal, and then closing the mouth with a lump of the potter's clay. In winter, the glossy holly, with its clusters of red berries, are very available.

Boxes, like those just described, can be filled entirely with the ivy-grown trellis, branches of holly, some tall and tapering, others low and spreading; and with some one white flower—a calyx, a white rose, or the simple large-fringed Chinese primrose. Then pots of one of these white flowers among the holly would look perfect. Much green, with a little color, is a rule that has a wide reign. Let each flower repose quietly on a bed of green—that is, after all the natural view of flowers.

For actual use on dinner-tables, the prettiest fashion is the large open vase supported on gilt branches, always so arranged so as to look wide and low in proportion to its height.

Of course, in the center of the table, there must be something high; but there it seems so much more natural to have lights—a tall branch, for instance, with candles, and only at the feet two or three groups of flowers: three groups of flowers or fruit, forming a natural ornament round the foot of some high center. Much green is again especially desirable in this place, because there is always a certain glare of light and plate, and table-cloth and dress; and a mass of green is, therefore, more than ever welcome to eyes that feel slightly weary. We should suggest, then, having, if for a large or long table, some center-piece of this kind, and placing the vase already described at the top or bottom. But for a small table, especially a round one, the said vase itself is charming, when used for the center ornament.

Any tall, large glass bowl, such as is usually used for fruit, would answer the purpose. Let it be filled with either wood-moss, or some of the easily-grown *lycopodiums*. The moss must be raised in the center, however not heaped up.

But comparatively few flowers are needed, only be careful to arrange the colors properly. Let each flower be simply laid down on the green, fairly round the vase; no attempt made to fill up the center at all. The flowers should just touch, and each have its own green leaves; the stems, of course, must be hidden slightly in the moss. The effect will be bright, fresh, and beautiful. If preferred, the flowers could be scattered over the moss, one, either scarlet or white, crowning it.

The same general rules apply to hand bouquets. A good deal of green, separating the flowers of different colors, should always be employed; and the fewer varieties of color, even then, the more effective the bouquet.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

DESSERTS.

Orange Soufflé.—Put half a pound of butter into a stew-pan, and mix in three-quarters of a pound of fine flour, without melting the butter. Have ready a quart of milk, lukewarm, and well mixed with the orange flavoring, or bitter orange-peel; pour it upon the flour; stir it over a sharp fire, and boil it for five minutes. To this add quickly the beaten yolks of ten eggs, with half a pound of sifted sugar, and let it cool. An hour and a quarter before it is to be served, whip up the whites of the eggs until very firm; stir them into the mixture, and pour it into the soufflé pan; this should be made of tin, and a band of buttered paper, four inches broad, should be tied round the top. When the mixture is poured into this case, it must be baked in a moderate oven for nearly an hour. The paper should then be removed, and the soufflé served up immediately.

Substitute for Pudding.—Two tablespoonfuls of maizena to a quart of milk, the peel of half a lemon, and a tablespoonful of sugar; mix the maizena with a little of the cold milk; put the sugar, lemon-peel, and milk into a saucepan, and let it stand by the fire to extract the flavor from the lemon-peel. When the milk approaches the boiling point, pour in the maizena, let it boil five minutes; pour into a pie-dish, grate nutmeg over the top, and serve. This is a very favorite nursery dish; it is equally good cold as hot, and much more wholesome to eat with stewed fruit than is pastry for children. With stewed rhubarb or Normandy pippins it is very delicious; if eaten hot, a very little jam is a great improvement.

Cheese Fritter.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, one ounce and a half of flour, four eggs, three ounces of cheese, grated, not quite half a pint of milk. Place the butter and the flour in a saucepan on the hot plate, keep stirring and blending them together; next add the grated cheese; stir on for twenty minutes, when remove it, and let it get cold. Beat up the eggs—yolks and whites separately; add the yolks to the mixture cold, but the whites must only be beaten up and added just before baking. It should be baked in a silver fonda dish, but a round cake-tin, concealed with a frilled paper, answers the purpose. It will take about three-quarters of an hour in a rather brisk oven, and must be served forthwith, as it will fall in cooling.

Artificial Cheese.—Take a gallon of new milk, two quarts of cream, some nutmeg, mace, and cinnamon, well pounded. Boil these in milk, and add eight eggs, putting in six or eight spoonfuls of wine-vinegar to turn the milk. Boil it until it comes to a tender curd, then tie it up in a cheese-cloth, and let it hang for six or eight hours to drain, after which open it, remove the spice, and sweeten it with sugar and rose-water. Place it in a colander, let it stand an hour or more before turning it out, and serve it with cream round it in the dish.

Marlborough Pudding.—Cover a flat dish with a thin puff-paste; then take half an ounce of candied citron, the same quantity of both lemon and orange-peel; cut up these sweetmeats into thin slices and lay them all over the bottom of the dish upon the paste. Dissolve six ounces of butter; add six ounces of powdered loaf-sugar, and the well beaten yolks of four eggs. Stir them over the fire until the mixture boils; then pour it on to the sweetmeats. Bake this pudding three-quarters of an hour. It is even better when eaten cold than hot.

Ginger Pudding.—Six ounces of beef suet chopped very fine, six ounces of moist sugar, six ounces of flour, one large teaspoonful of ginger, and a pinch of salt. The whole to be thoroughly mixed quite dry, pressed very tightly in a basin, and boiled for three hours. Serve with wine sauce.

Almond Custards.—Take a quarter of a pound of almonds, blanch and beat them very fine, and then put them into a pint of cream, with two spoonfuls of rose-water; sweeten to your palate. Beat up the yolks of four eggs very fine, and put them in; stir all together one way over the fire till it is thick, and then pour it into cups.

CAKES.

Barm-Brack, or, Black Cake.—Take three quarts of flour, half a pound of sugar, quarter of a pint of barm, the yolks and whites of two eggs well beaten, half a nutmeg, half an ounce of caraway seeds, half a pound of butter—half of it melted in about two pints of warm milk, the other half broken into the flour. Mix all well together for a quarter of an hour, and put it before the fire to rise; have ready one pound of currants well picked; cut your dough into slices, and shake the currants with a little flour on every piece, and sprinkle them well with brandy; put the pieces over each other, and mix them lightly together; make this quantity into two cakes, and bake them an hour and a quarter; roll them in a table-cloth till cold.

Hot Cross Buns.—Rub quarter of a pound of fresh butter into two pounds of fine flour, add quarter of a pound of moist sugar, and mix these three ingredients well together; after which add a little salt, one pound of well-washed currants, one ounce of candied lemon, the same of citron, both cut into thin slices, the grated peel of a freshly-gathered lemon; mix them thoroughly with the flour and sugar. Warm one pint of new milk, beat up three eggs and one tablespoonful of yeast, and add these to the other ingredients. Make all up into a light paste, and set it before the fire to rise an hour; rub an oven-tin with butter, drop the buns upon it with a spoon, and bake in a moderate oven.

Victoria Sandwiches.—Four eggs, half a pound of pounded lump-sugar, half a pound of fresh butter, half a pound of flour; beat the butter to cream, dust in the flour, and add the eggs well whisked; beat with a fork for a quarter of an hour; butter a tin and pour in half of the mixture; bake from a quarter of an hour to twenty minutes. Remove from the tin, butter again, and add the other half of the mixture. Bake as before. When cool, spread jam thickly over one portion of the cake, place the other part over it, and cut into whatever shape you please.

Banbury Buns.—Prepare some dough with two tablespoonfuls of thick yeast, a gill of warm milk, and one pound of flour. Let it work a little, and then mix with it half a pound of currants, washed and picked, the same weight of candied orange-peel, cut small, a quarter of an ounce of all-spice, and the same of ginger and nutmeg; mix all together with half a pound of honey. Put it into puff-paste cut in an oval form, cover it with the same, and sift sugar over the top. Bake these cakes for a quarter of an hour in a moderate oven.

Swiss Cake.—Take butter, flour, and sugar, of each the weight of four eggs. Beat the yolks with the sugar and some grated lemon-peel, or ten drops of essence of lemon, and one large teaspoonful of rose-water, or orange-flower water, if preferred. Add the butter just melted, and slowly shake in the flour, beating it until well mixed. Beat the whites of the eggs to a froth, mix the whole together, and beat on for a few minutes after the whites are added. Butter a tin and bake the cake half an hour.

Orange Nuts.—Take seven ounces of flour, seven of sugar, and three eggs, one ounce and a half of orange-peel, and the same of lemon-peel. Beat the eggs with the sugar for a quarter of an hour, add the flour and peels, beating it till no flour is visible. Form them into little balls, and bake them like the others.

Gingerbread.—Half a pound of flour, half a pound of loaf-sugar, one ounce of candied lemon, quarter of an ounce of ginger, one egg, quarter of a pound of melted butter. Not to be much browned.

Judge's Biscuit.—Having broken six eggs into a basin, whisk them well for five minutes; put in half a pound of powdered sugar, and whisk again for ten minutes. Add some caraway seeds (if liked,) and half a pound of dry sifted flour, mixing all thoroughly with a wooden spoon. Drop the mixture on paper, each being the size of about a crown piece, and high in the middle. Sift sugar over them, and bake them—if in a brick oven it will be better. Remove them from the paper while they are hot.

Sweet Macaroon.—One pound and a half of crushed sugar, one ditto of grated almonds, the whites of four eggs, and the skin of a lemon. The almonds, sugar, and peel are beaten for some time with the thick froth of the eggs; in the meantime have ready a hot tin plate greased thin with wax, and put on the tin a quantity as large as a walnut. Bake them in a slow oven to a light straw color; they can be baked on wafer-paper.

Cheesecake to Keep a Year.—Take one pound of loaf-sugar, six eggs well beaten, the juice of three fine lemons, the grated rind of two, and quarter of a pound of fresh butter. Put these ingredients into a saucepan, and stir the mixture over a slow fire until it is as thick as honey. Put it into a jar, and you will have it always at hand for making cheesecakes, as it will last good a year.

TOFFEE.

Melt about three or four ounces of butter (which should be very fresh,) in a saucepan or preserving-pan, and stir gently into it one pound of moist sugar; continue to stir it over the fire for fifteen or twenty minutes. Try its merits by dropping a little into cold water, when if it can be bitten through without sticking to the teeth, it is ready, and may be immediately poured out upon buttered dishes, from which, when cold, it can be easily removed. Toffee is also good when made with fine molasses, or what is termed "golden syrup," instead of sugar. About three or four drops of vinegar added when the toffee is half done will make it more crisp, and the grated rind of a lemon is also an improvement. The Everton toffee is made with a much greater proportion of butter, and split almonds blanched are also frequently added, in which case the mixture will require boiling about twenty minutes before they are stirred in, and must then be allowed to remain on the fire until it makes a crackling noise if thrown into cold water, which will prove its crispness.

PRESERVES.

Pressed Apples.—The following is a very simple receipt for pressed apples, care only being required to prevent the fruit bursting. Choose some firm, sound apples, not too ripe, (those called stone pippins are the best,) put them on a baking-tin in a very slack oven, and leave them in all night. In the morning take them out, and pinch them, one at a time, between your finger and thumb, working all round each. Put them into the oven again at night, and pinch them in the morning, and continue doing both until they are soft enough. Place them then between two boards, with a weight upon them, so as to press them flat, but not so heavy as to burst them, and let them dry very slowly.

To Keep Pears.—Choose the soundest pears, peel and cut them into quarters, take out the pips, and put the pieces into bottles, which place in the preserving-kettle. If the pears are intended for dessert, one boiling is sufficient; but if for cooking, they must boil five or six times. Should the fruit thus bottled have fallen from the tree, instead of being gathered, they will require a quarter of an hour boiling.

Apple Preserve.—Procure fresh-gathered, ripe apples, of a fine sort; peel them, take out the cores, and cut them in quarters; place them in a preserving-pan with a glass of water, a little lemon or orange-peel, and a pound of sugar to a pound and a half of fruit. Let it boil thoroughly, and then put it out into preserve-pots.

To Preserve Pine-Apples.—Make a thin syrup, a quart of water to two pounds of sugar. While this is dissolving, prepare the pine-apples, eight medium-sized ones, by removing the skin, and cutting the flesh into slices, about half an inch thick. When the sugar is dissolved, and while the syrup is still hot, throw in the fruit. Give one boil up; let it boil for a quarter of an hour, and put it aside to cool. When cool, boil up again, and repeat this three times. This is some trouble; but the pine-apple will not be enough cooked with less than three-quarters of an hour's boiling, and if boiled for that time without a break, it is apt to get pappy. Lastly, make a thick syrup of four pounds of sugar to a quart of water, and add this to the other while both are hot. Boil up once more for a few minutes, and put away in a well-corked or stoppered bottle with a wide mouth.

Quinces, Preserved.—Choose the quinces very ripe, yellow, and quite sound; pare, quarter, and core them; put them into a little water and scald them, as soon as they are soft, throw into cold water, and put them to drain; clarify, and boil an equal weight of sugar, put in the fruit, cover, and leave them to simmer for another quarter of an hour, then take them from the fire, skim, and pour the preserve into a pan. In two days drain off the syrup, boil it slightly, add the fruit, give the whole one boil, covered, let it cool a little, and then simmer for a quarter of an hour, after which, leave it till next day, when proceed as above, but boil the syrup more. As soon as the preserve is cool, put it into pots, adding to each a little quince jelly. A little prepared cochineal added to the above will give the preserve a fine red color, in which case the jelly ought to be red also.

Quince Marmalade.—To one gallon of quinces, throw pounds of good loaf-sugar. Pare the quinces and cut them in halves, scoop out the cores and the hard strip that unites the core with the string; put the cores and some of the parings in a saucepan with about a quart of water; put the halves of quinces in a steamer that fits the saucepan; boil them until the quinces are softened by the steam; then mash them with a wooden spoon in a dish, and pour the water from the saucepan on them, which is now of a thick, glutinous substance; put them with the sugar in a steamer or enameled saucepan, and let them boil for about half an hour, keeping them well stirred.

SUPPER DISHES.

Lemon Rice.—Boil until soft a sufficient quantity of rice in milk, with sugar to taste, to fill a pint basin or earthenware jelly-mould, and leave it till cold. Peel a lemon very thickly, cut the peel into shreds, about half or three-quarters of an inch long; boil them up in a little water, then throw away the water lest it should be bitter, and pour about a teacupful of fresh water upon them; squeeze and strain the juice of a lemon, and add it, with loaf-sugar, to the water and shreds; let it stew gently at the fire for about two hours, and when cold, it will be a syrup. After this, turn out the jellied rice into a glass dish, and pour the syrup gradually over it, being careful that the shreds be equally distributed over the whole.

Baked Pears.—Take half a dozen fine pears; peel, cut them in halves, and take out the cores, put them into a pan with a little red wine and some cloves, half a pound of sugar and some water; set them in a moderate oven till tender, then put them on a slow fire to stew gently; add grated lemon-peel, and more sugar, if necessary; they will be sufficiently red.

Ginger or Cinnamon Tablet.—Melt one pound of loaf-sugar or sugar-candy, with a little water, over the fire, and put in one ounce of pounded ginger or cinnamon, and keep stirring it till it begins to rise into a froth; then pour it into a dish which has been first rubbed with a little butter; before it hardens, cut it into the size and shape you approve of for table.

Florentines.—These are very delicious, and form a pretty dish for supper. Roll puff-paste to a thickness of the eighth of an inch, and lay it on a thin baking-tin. Spread over it a layer of greengage, or any other preserve or jam, and bake it in a moderate oven. Take it out, and when partially cool, having whipped some whites of eggs with sugar, put the whip over the preserve, and strew some minced almonds all over the surface, finishing with sifted sugar. Put it once more into the oven until the whip is quite stiff. The florentines should be of a pale color, and a few minutes after the paste is finally removed from the oven it should be cut into diamonds, and when served up, placed on a serviette, or an ornamental paper.

To Clean Silk.—One pint and a fifth of gin or whiskey, four ounces of soft-soap, and six ounces of honey; to be well mixed in an open dish. Lay the silk on a clean deal table, and rub it well on both sides with a sponge dipped in the above mixture. Have ready two pails filled with cold, soft water, and rinse the breadths separately, first in one bucket and then in the other, and put them in the open air upon a towel-horse to drain (a shady, cool place is best.) When the silk is nearly dry, iron it on the wrong side. It will be of little use to turn a silk dress without first removing all grease-spots, as any marks very speedily work through.

To Clean Gloves.—Spread them out smooth on a clean board; rub the dirtiest places with cream of tartar or with magnesia, and let them remain an hour or more. Mix powdered alum and Fuller's earth, rub the mixture all over the gloves with a little brush (a tooth-brush, or such like,) and again leave them for a time. Brush off the mixture and rub the gloves with flannel dipped in bran and finely powdered whiteing. After again letting them lie an hour or two brush off this powder, and the gloves will be clean.

To Wash New Flannel.—Cut the soap small, and boil it in a little water. Have two tubs with water as hot as the hands can bear, previously blue the water well to keep the color of the flannel, and put some of the boiled soap into one tub to make a lather; then wash the flannel without squeezing it. Put it into the other tub, and wring it in a large towel. Shake it then out, and, after drying it, smooth it with a cool iron.

To Wash Merino Stockings.—The same method should be pursued as for flannels, and all woolen and cotton goods. Boil the soap to make a lather, wash them in this warm, and rinse in a second lather, (if white, mix a little blue.) Never rinse in plain water, or use cold lather, and never rub the soap upon the merino or flannel; the one shrinks, the other thickens and spoils the wool.

To Dye Gloves the Color of Linerick Gloves.—With soft water make a strong or weak (according to taste) infusion of saffron; sew up the opening of the gloves, and brush them over with the dye.

THE TOILET.

Cold Cream.—Procure perfectly fresh lard, which has never been touched by salt; wash it thoroughly in spring water, freshly drawn, and do this in three different waters; then leave it to soak in fresh water, and in a cool shade for twenty-four hours. Then wash it once more, and beat it until it becomes a cream, in as much rose-water of the stronger sort as it will absorb, during the process of beating. When finished, the rose-water will have penetrated every part, and should also stand in little pools here and there on the soft and porous-like surface.

Almond Paste.—Take of blanched almonds four ounces, and the white of one egg; beat the almonds to a smooth paste in a mortar, then add the white of egg, and enough rose-water, mixed with one half its weight of spirits of wine, to give the proper consistence. This paste is used as a cosmetic, to beautify the complexion, and is also a remedy for chapped hands, &c.

Lip Salve.—Melt a lump of sugar in one and a half table-spoonfuls of rose-water; mix it with two table-spoonfuls of sweet oil, a piece of spermaceti half as large as an English walnut; simmer the whole, and turn it into boxes.

To Make the Teeth White.—A mixture of honey with the purest charcoal is an admirable cleanser.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

Extract of Meat.—The process to be pursued in making the extract is exceedingly simple. A piece of beef, let us say, is taken, and having been separated from all bone, fat, and sinew, which may have been connected with it, is chopped up into mince-meat. This is next placed, with its own weight of cold water, in a vessel, which in its turn is placed in a second vessel, also filled with cold water—in fact, the meat is placed in a utensil very much resembling a carpenter's glue-pot. Heat is then applied, so as to bring the liquid containing the meat gradually to the boiling point. During this part of the operation, all the scum which rises to the surface must be carefully removed; and ebullition having been maintained for a minute or two, the liquid is strained off from the solid residue. The former is the extract of meat, the latter the insoluble, imnutritious matter. When this extract is evaporated to the consistency of jelly, it is then fit for potting, and needs no careful exclusion of air. That it contains the whole of the useful portion of meat is evident from the fact, that dogs fed exclusively upon the residue soon die of starvation. It is strange, however, that the valuable matter should constitute so small a proportion of the entire bulk of meat—a single pound of extract requiring thirty-two pounds of meat for its production. Yet in this lies its immense advantage; it is, truly, the very essence of food, for half an ounce is equivalent to a pound of meat.

Sheep Skins for Mats.—Steep the skins in water, and wash them well till they are soft and clean; they are then scraped and thinned on the flesh side with the fleshing knife, and laid in fermented bran for a few days, after which they are taken out and washed; a solution of salt and alum is then made, and the flesh side repeatedly and well rubbed with it, until it appears well bleached; after which make a paste to the consistency of honey, of the alum and salt solution, by adding wheaten flour and the yolks of eggs, and spread this paste on the flesh side; after this they are stretched and dried, and when dry, rubbed with pumice-stone.

To Grow Ivy.—Ivy should be planted in November, in good soil, about eighteen inches apart, if the show made is desired speedily, and about February or March, according to the weather; any plants that have died should be replaced by fresh ones. An occasional watering with soup-suds will be much appreciated by these plants.

Furniture Cream.—Three ounces of white wax, half an ounce of Castile soap, one gill of turpentine. Shave the wax and soap very fine, and put the wax to the turpentine. Let it stand a day and night; then boil the soap in one gill of water, and add to the wax and turpentine.

Washing Preparation.—Put one pound of saltpetre into a gallon of water, and keep it in a corked jug; two table-spoonfuls for a pint of soap. Soak, wash, and boil as usual. This bleaches the clothes beautifully, without injuring the fabric.

To Make Good Coffee.—Make a little flannel bag large enough to use all the coffee you wish, and leave room enough for the coffee to swell; put in the coffee, tie with a string, and boil a little longer than in making it the usual way.

To Clean Wine Decanters.—Put in a little pearlash or soda, some cluders, and add water. Shake them about well till clean, and then rinse them out thoroughly.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—BALL DRESS OF LIGHT BLUE SILK.—The upper dress is of white tulle edged with lace, and trimmed with pearl beads. The basque waist is of tulle over silk, and the openings are fastened by pearl beads. The head-dress is of the new "Empire" style.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FOREST GREEN SILK, trimmed with black lace over white silk. White bonnet, trimmed with pink ribbons.

FIG. III.—ALBERT JACKET AND DRESS OF DARK GRAY SILK, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—WALKING DRESS, PETTICOAT, AND BASQUE OF STONE-COLORED ALPACA, trimmed with narrow black alpaca braid. The straps which loop up the upper skirt descend from the waist.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS AND LOOSE BASQUE OF GRAY FOULARD, trimmed with black velvet. The upper skirt is much shorter than the lower one.

FIG. VI.—BLACK SILK COAT, trimmed with square jet buttons, and a profusion of guipure.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing new in the materials for dress goods and plaid: stripes and small broadened flowers on heavy silks, are all worn; whilst the plain silk is equally fashionable, and if of good quality, probably the most elegant of any. Shot, or changeable silks, have been popular during the summer, and they are very beautiful. Skirts are still very much gored, and for the house very long. Walking dresses are invariably looped up over pretty petticoats. In Paris, a few of the fashionable women have worn the dress skirts quite plain and short, like those of young girls of fourteen years of age. This is sensible, but not so pretty, we think, as the looped skirts, though much money may be saved in this way, as the ribbon, gimp, etc., used for raising the dress is often a considerable item in the mantua-maker's bill.

FOR EVENING DRESSES, gold cord and gold braid are again in vogue. White silk fringe is also employed on tulle dresses with a most charming effect.

SILK DRESSES are either very much trimmed, or else quite plain. A small quantity of ornament now looks meagre; but a very full skirt, with a long train without any ornament, is quite elegant, especially if finished with a heavy silk cord around the bottom.

BELTS OR WAISTBANDS are not so preposterously wide as formerly, and are consequently much more becoming.

COAT BONNETS are still worn, and are of every style, but we suppose will soon give place to the basque waist, so much worn some years ago. In fact, many of the new dresses are already made so, but they are not very general as yet.

SLEEVES are quite close to the arm, and only large enough to admit the hand through at the lower part where the linen cuff shows.

CASQUES, OR DEEP BASQUES, are the most worn for outdoor wraps. Some are quite tight to the figure, others nearly so. They are trimmed in a great variety of ways. One item is to be particularly observed with regard to *casques*; they are now invariably worn without any epaulet—the upper part of the sleeve is completely divested of all trimming.

THE EMPIRE BONNET is by no means general as yet, though one or two which we have seen are less ugly, when on the head, than we expected to find them. These, however, were not strictly Empire bonnets, only rather pretty modifications of them.

NECKLACES AND DOG-COLLARS are still very much worn. As we have before said, these are composed of black velvet, either very narrow, or about half an inch in width, tied quite close about the throat, with a double bow, having four loops, and the ends of this bow fall almost as low as the skirt. These long ends appear to be now indispensable

to a fashionable toilet. A locket or gold cross are worn on this velvet, though sometimes large pearl beads are sewn upon it.

ON SHOES, large steel, pearl, and jet buckles are worn in loops of ribbon.

IN HAIR-DRESSING, particularly, change is undoubtedly a necessary element in feminine arrangements. The style known as *La Chinoise*, and which has been so long abandoned, is just now the rage with the ladies of fashion; and *La Chinoise* is ornamented in two manners—by placing at the top a thick tress, which joins a large cluster of ringlets at the back of the head; or, by arranging a fringe of the very finest curls at the edge of *La Chinoise*, consequently around the forehead. A cluster of light ringlets at the back then harmonizes well with the front hair. Occasionally both plait and tiny curls are worn in front, and then the two styles are mixed, which, in our opinion, causes a superfluity of ornament.

Another style of arranging the hair, and a very popular one among youthful married ladies, is with waved bands fastened very close round the head; it is quite Greek in effect, especially as the hair is sometimes carried above the ear. Very pretty head-dresses, called *Rachel* bandelets, are sold for wearing with these bands. The bandelets are made of ribbon-velvet, about a finger's width in breadth, and they (the bandelets) terminate with a bow and long floating ends at the back. They are studded with either silver or very brilliant stars, or else they are embroidered with pearls or straw. With the latter, ears of corn are worked most ingeniously upon light blue velvet, and bees upon grosgrain velvet. Small balls of straw are sewn all round the nets which inclose the back hair. Nets are worn with these bandelets; and the round net, which is so useful in the country and at the sea-side, is very far from being cast aside.

THE NETS for evening wear are made either of invisible silk or of hair. Neither of these materials conceals the beauty of the hair; a coronet of velvet, on a twisted roll of fancy straw, is fastened to the net and worn at the top of the forehead. For young girls, these coronets are composed of loops of ribbon—velvet, or silk, according to the taste—as these are more youthful-looking than the heavier coronets. Aureoles of small rosettes made of narrow black ribbon velvet, edged with white, are also much worn with nets made of the same ribbon. Mince nets are composed likewise in this way, and are very popular.

Another new fashion has been introduced in Paris. It is that of the long tulle veil plainly hemmed at the edge, which begins to take the place of that small mask, which of late years has been spread lightly over the face, and tucked in at the sides of the bonnet.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS

FIG. I.—A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF BLUE FOULARD.—The skirt is ornamented at the back with long ash-like side-pieces, trimmed with black velvet and chenille fringe.

FIG. II.—A VERY SMALL BOY'S DRESS OF CRIMSON CASHMERE, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. III.—BOY'S DRESS OF BLACK CASHMERE, with white cashmere vest.

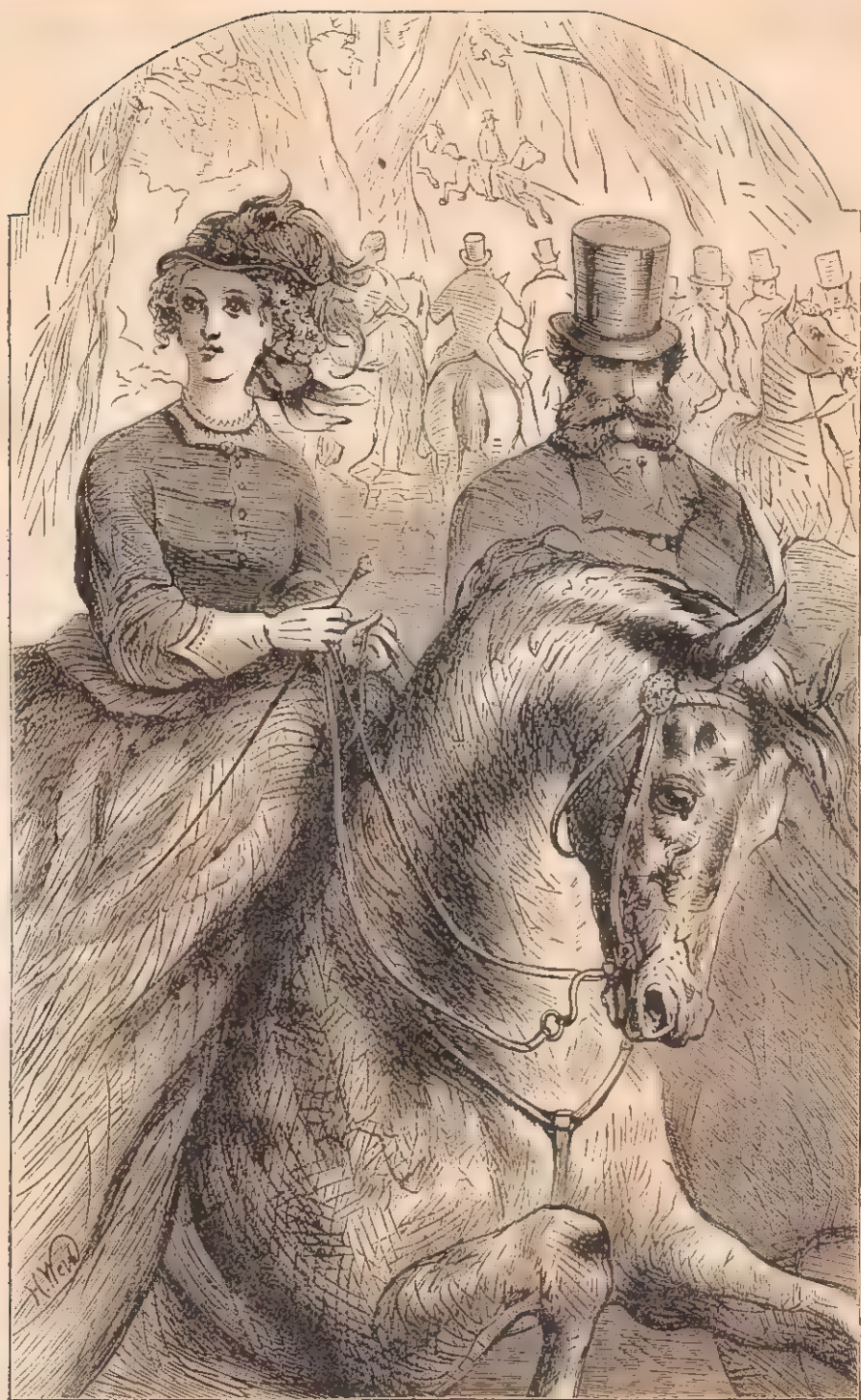
FIG. IV.—DRESS OF STONE-COLORED ALPACA, for a young girl, trimmed with blue and black velvet buttons. The low waist is cut square at the neck and has a deep-pointed belt-waist, with long coat ends made of blue silk, trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. V.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED CASHMERE.—It is looped up over a blue-cashmere petticoat. The trimming of the dress and petticoat is ornamented with black velvet buttons.

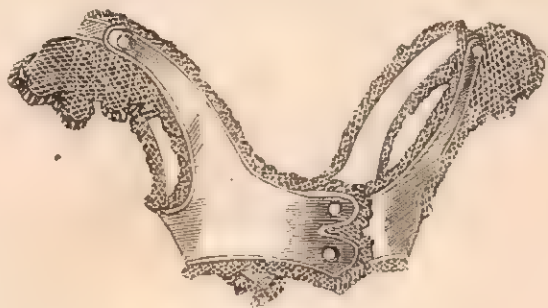








THE RIDE IN THE PARK.



BRACKS.



YOUNG MISSES' DRESS.

Louisa

NAME FOR MARKING.



CARRIAGE DRESS.

Lizzie

NAME FOR MARKING.



WALKING DRESS: CHILD'S DRESS.



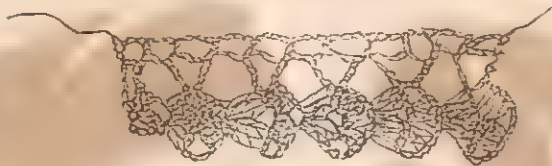
DESIGNS IN EMBROIDERY.



IN EMBROIDERY.



HANDKERCHIEF CORNER.



CROCHET EDGING.



EVENING DRESS.



EMPIRE HEAD-DRESSES.



CHILD'S DRESS: BACK AND FRONT.



EMPIRE BONNET.



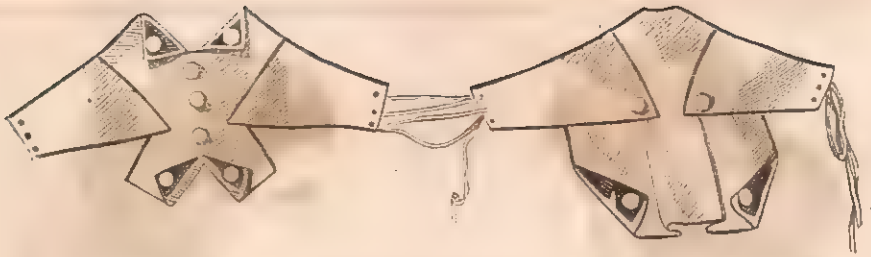
EMPIRE BONNET.



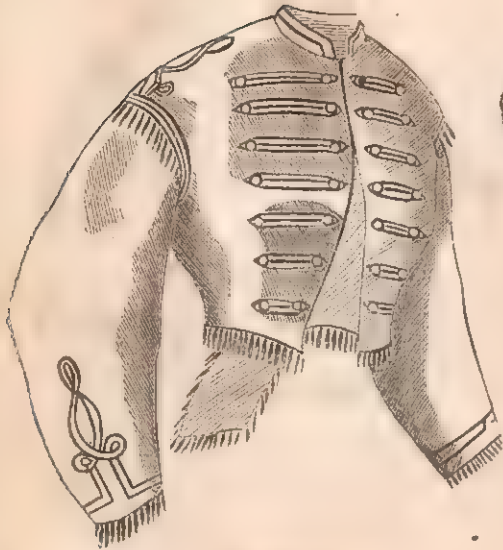
EMPIRE BONNET.



LACE JACKET.



COATEE: FRONT AND BACK.



JACKET.



BRACES AND SASII.



JACKET.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

A TROUBLED HONEY-MOON.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

GEORGE JAMERSON and Katie Vaughan had a brilliant wedding. Everything was faultless—from the icing on the cake to the arrangement of the bride's waterfall.

Mrs. Vaughan cried just enough not to reddened her nose; Mr. Vaughan "did" the dignified *pater familiar* to a charm; and George and Katie were so affectionate as to give the world the idea that here was a match made in heaven.

The bridal breakfast over, the white moire antique and orange flowers were laid aside, and the pretty traveling suit of gray alpaca, with azurline blue trimming, was donned—the sweetest thing, so all the ladies said; the very sweetest love of a thing Madame D'Aubrey had made up for the season. Then there was the little bonnet of gray silk to match the dress, with its blue face trimming to match Katie's eyes, and the golden bird of Paradise drooping its plumage over the crown; and it was such a fine morning, and everything looked propitious; and in the midst of the congratulations and kisses, George and Katie started for the depot.

They arrived just in season. The whistle sounded in the distance. George buckled up his traveling-shawl, and Katie grasped her parasol.

"George, dearest," said the bride, "do run out and see to the trunks! I should die if, when we get to the Falls, my clothes should not be there! It would be dreadful to be obliged to go to dinner in my traveling-dress! Do see to them, there's a darling!"

George vanished; the train, puffing and smoking, shot into the depot. Conductor popped his head into the ladies' room, shouting at the top of his voice,

"All aboard for Danville! all aboard! Come, hurry up, ladies! Five minutes behind time, and another train due."

Katie did not know whether she was bound for Danville or not; probably she was, she said rapidly to herself, and she had better get in

and let George follow. So she entered the long, smoky vehicle, feeling very much at sea, and ready to cry at the slightest provocation. The conductor passed by her seat. She caught him by the arm.

"Is my husband——"

"Oh! yes, yes, all right!" said the official, hurrying on in a way railway officials have. "I'll send him right along," and he vanished from view in the long line of moving carriages.

Meanwhile George, having seen to the baggage—a proceeding that had occupied more time than he had intended it should—returned to the ladies' room to find Katie missing. He searched about wildly, inquiring of every one he met, but without success.

"She's probably already in the train, sir," said a ticket-agent of whom he made inquiry. "You are going to Buffalo, I think you said; that's the train for Buffalo, you'll likely find her there. Just starting—not a moment to lose!"

George grasped the railing of the hind car as it flew by, and, flinging open the door, he rushed through car after car, but seeking in vain for Katie. She was not on the train.

"Most likely she got on the wrong train and went by Groton," said a conductor. "Groton is a way-station fifteen miles further ahead. We stop there fifteen or twenty minutes for refreshments. You'll doubtless find her there."

The cars flew over the track. George mentally blest the man who invented steam engines—he could reach Katie so much sooner. Dear little thing! how vexed and troubled she must be—and George grew quite lachrymose over her desolate condition.

But it seemed ages to George before they whirled up to the platform at Groton, and then he did not wait to practice any courtesy. He leaped out impatiently, knocking over an old lady with a flower-pot and a bird-cage in her

hand, demolishing the pot, and putting the bird into hysterics. The old lady was indignant, and hit George a rap with her umbrella that spoiled forever the fair proportions of his bridal beaver; but he was too much engaged in thought of his lost bride to spare a regret for his hat.

He flew through the astonished crowd, mashing up a crinoline here, and knocking over a small boy there, until he reached the clerk of the station. Yes, the clerk believed there was one lady come alone; she had gone to the Belvidere house—she must be the one.

George waited to hear no more. He hurried up the street to the place, where the landlord assured him that no lady of Katie's style had arrived; perhaps she had stopped at Margate, ten miles back. George seized on the hope. There was no train to Margate until the next morning, but the wretched husband could not wait all night—he would walk.

He got directions about the roads; was told that it was a straight one—for the most of the way through the woods—rather lonesome, but pleasant. He set forth at once, not stopping to swallow a mouthful. Excitement had taken away his appetite. The fine day had developed into a cloudy evening—the night would be darker than usual.

George hastened on, too much excited to feel fatigue—too much agonized about Katie to notice that he had split his elegant French gaiters out at the sides.

After three or four hours hard walking, he began to think that something must be wrong. He ought to be approaching the suburbs of Margate. In fact, he ought to have reached the village itself some time before. He grew a little doubtful about his being on the right road, and began to look about him. There was no road at all, or, rather, it was all road; for all vestige of fences and wheel-tracks had vanished—there was forest, forest everywhere.

The very character of the ground beneath his feet changed at every step he took. It grew softer and softer, until he sunk ankle deep in mud; and suddenly, before he could turn about, he fell in almost to his armpits. He had stumbled into a quagmire! A swift horror came over him! People had died before now in places like this—and it would be so dreadful to die thus, and Katie never know what had become of him. He struggled with the strength of desperation to free himself, but he might as well have taken it coolly. He was held fast.

Thus slowly the hours wore away. The night was ages long. The sun had never before taken so much time to rise in; but probably it realized

that nothing could be done until it was up, and was not disposed to hurry.

As soon as it was fairly light, George began to scream at the top of his voice, in the hope that some one who might be going somewhere might hear him. He amused himself in this way for an hour; and at the end of that time you could not have distinguished his voice from that of a frog close at hand, who had been doing his best to rival our hero.

At last, just as George was beginning to despair, he heard a voice in the distance calling out,

"Hilloo there! Is it you, or a frog?"

"It's me," cried George, "and I shall be dead in ten minutes! Come quick! I'm into the mud up to my eyes!"

Directly an old woman appeared, a sun-bonnet on her head and a basket on her arm. She was huckleberrying.

"The land sakes!" cried she. "You're in for it, hain't ye?"

"Yes, too deep for comfort!"

"Sarved ye right! I'm glad of it! Didn't ye see the notice the old man put up that nobody musn't come a huckleberrying in this ere swamp?"

"Huckleberrying!" exclaimed George, angrily. "You must think a fellow was beside himself to come into this jungle, if he knew it! Huckleberrying, indeed! I'm after my wife!"

"Land sakes! Your wife! Well, of all things! I declare, I never!"

"She got on the wrong train, and so did I; and I expect she's at Margate, and I started from Groton last night to walk there, and lost my way. Help me out, do, that's a dear woman!"

The old lady steadied herself by a tree, and, being a woman of muscle, she soon drew George out—mud from head to foot. He shook himself.

"There, if you'll show me the way, I'll go right on——"

"No, you won't, neither! You'll go right over to our house and have a cup of coffee and something to eat, and a suit of the old man's clothes to put on while I dry yours. And I'll send Tom over to Margate with the hoos and wagon to bring your wife."

"You're a trump!" cried George, wringing her hand. "God bless you! You shall be well rewarded for your kindness."

Mrs. Stark's house was only a little way distant, and to its shelter she took George. Tom was despatched to Margate to hunt up Mrs. Jameson; and George, arrayed in a suit of Mr. Stark's clothes—blue, swallow-tailed coat, homemade, gray pantaloons, cowhide boots, and

white hat with a broad brim, for the Starks were Friends—felt like a new man.

They gave him a good breakfast, which did not come amiss; and while Tom was absent, the old lady made him lie down on the lounge and take a nap.

Tom returned about noon. He had scoured the whole village, but found nothing. Only one passenger had left the train at Margate on the previous day, and that one was an old man with patent plasters for sale.

Poor George was frenzied. He rushed out of the house and stood looking first up and then down the road, uncertain which way to wend his course. Suddenly the train for Groton swept past, and a white handkerchief was swinging from an open window, and above the handkerchief George caught the gleam of golden hair and blue ribbons! It was Katie beyond a doubt. He cleared the fence at a bound, and rushed after the flying train. He ran till he was ready to drop, when he came upon some men with a hand-car, who were repairing the road. He gave them ten dollars to take him to Groton. He was sure he should find Katie there!

But no! the train had not stopped at all—this was the express for Buffalo! But a bystander informed him a lady, answering the description he gave of Katie, had been seen the day before at Danville, crying, and saying she had lost her husband!

George darted off. He caught with avidity at the hope thus held out. It must be Katie! Who else had lost their husband?

A train was just leaving for Danville. He sprang on board and suffered an eternity during the transit, for it was an accommodation train, and everybody knows about those horrible delays at every station.

But they reached Danville at last. George inquired for the lady who had lost her husband. Yes, he was all right—she had gone to the American House to wait for him. She expected him by every train until he came, said the ticket-master.

He hurried with all speed to the American.

Yes, she was there, said the clerk. She was waiting for her husband. Room 221, right-hand, second flight.

George flew up the stairs, burst open the door of 221, and entered without ceremony. She was sitting by the window looking for him, with her back to the door. He sprang forward, and, holding her in his arms, rained kisses upon her face.

"My Katie! my darling! my darling! have I found you at last?"

She turned her face and looked at him before she spoke, and then she set up such a scream as made the very hair rise on George's head.

"You are not my James!" she cried. "Oh, heaven! help! help! Somebody come quick! I shall be robbed and murdered! Help! help! Murder! thieves!"

George stood aghast. The lady was middle-aged, with false teeth, and a decidedly snuffy-looking nose. No more like his charming little Katie than she was like the Venus De Medici!

He turned to flee just as the stairway was alive with people alarmed by the cries of the woman. They tried to stop him, but he was not to be stayed. He took the stairs at a leap, and landed somewhere near the bottom, among the wreck of three chamber-maids, and as many white-aproned waiters.

And before any one could seize him he was rushing down over the front steps. A lady and gentleman were slowly ascending them, and George, in his mad haste, ran against the lady and broke in the brim of her bonnet!

"You rascal!" cried the gentleman with her, "what do you mean by treating a lady in this manner?" and he seized our hero by the collar.

Then, for the first time, George looked at the couple before him.

"'Tis Katie! Oh, Katie!" cried he—for this time there was no mistake; it was Katie and her uncle Charles. "Oh, my wife! My wife!"

He tried to take her in his arms, but she fled from him in terror.

"Take that dreadful man away!" she cried. "I am sure he is insane, or drunk! Only see his boots and his awful hat!"

"I tell you I am your own George!" exclaimed he. "Oh, Katie! where have you been?"

Katie looked at him now, and, recognizing him, began to cry.

"Oh, dear! that ever I should have lived to have seen this day! My George, that I thought so pure and good, faithless and intoxicated! Oh, uncle Charles! what will become of me?"

"My dear niece, be patient," said her uncle. "I think this is George, and we will hear what he has to say before condemning him. Mr. Jameson, I met your wife in the cars yesterday, and she informed me that you had deserted her at the Windham depot. Of course, I could not believe that your absence was intentional, and I persuaded her to remain here while I telegraphed to the principal stations along the road for information of you. Why did I receive no answer?"

"Because the telegraph does not run into old

Mrs. Stark's huckleberry swamp, where I had the honor of spending last night," said George, losing his temper.

"But this extraordinary disguise——"

"My clothes were muddy, and I have got on Mr. Stark's," said George; and though the explanation was not particularly lucid to those who heard it, they were satisfied.

"My dearest George!" cried Katie, rushing into his arms, "so you did not desert me, and I shan't have to be divorced?"

"Never, my darling! and we'll never be separated again for a moment."

"No, not for all the baggage in the world! Oh, George! you don't know how I have suffered!"

The crowd could be kept ignorant no longer, for scores had assembled around the hotel, drawn thither by the disturbance. Matters

were explained, and cheers long and loud rent the air.

The landlord got up an impromptu wedding-dinner, at which Katie presided; and George, looking very sheepish in Mr. Stark's swallow-tail, did the honors.

They proceeded on their tour next day, and soon afterward Mr. and Mrs. Stark were delighted to receive a box by express, containing the lost suit of the old gentleman, and the wherewithal to purchase him another, besides the handsomest drawn silk bonnet for Mrs. Stark that the old lady had ever seen.

"There, old man," said she, turning from the glass at which she had been surveying herself in the new bonnet, "I allers told ye that huckleberry swamp would turn to something, if it was only to raise frogs in! Guess I hit things sometimes!"

THE QUESTION.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Art thou my fate? Dark mists rise up before me,
And hide the prospect of the future land;
A veil impenetrable hangs ever o'er me;
The ground is all unsteady where I stand.

Reach here thy hand, and find me 'mid the shadows,
The sunshine of thy coming I await;
The hum of labor rings throughout the meadows,
And drowns the footsteps of advancing fate.

Shall my fond heart, by some rare intuition,
Know thee, and claim thee for her own at last?
Ner wake to find that like a lovely vision,
Into the realms Elysian thou hast passed?

Here, with an earnest will and high endeavor,
I hear my part amid the daily strife;

God knows a woman's needs, and He will ever
Lead the vexed soul toward a better life.

Where is my fate his chosen work pursuing?
In vine-clad country, or by sounding sea;
Where spicy breezes all the senses wooing,
Fill the whole air with perfumed melody?

I hear a whisper on the South wind trembling;
The flutter of a coming step I hear;
Outside my heart the guards are all assembling,
To warn the keeper if a foe is near.

Somewhere the Heavens are shining bright above him;
Somewhere he labors to be good and great;
And though in secret now I fondly love him,
Some time, perchance, I'll meet and know my fate!

OVER THE MOUNTAIN.

BY EDWARD A. DAREY.

My love has gone over the mountain;
With the fever of longing I burn,
While asking the gods will she ever
To gods, will she ever return?
Her hair was the hue of the sun's beams,
When he kisses the Eastern hills;
And her voice like the notes of song birds,
Whose music the morning fills;
Her eye was bright as the evening star;
Her singing was sweet as a lute;
And the birds of song, when they heard it,
For jealousy were mute;
Her heart was a glowing altar,
And the sacrifice was love,
Brought down by the purest angel

That walks the Heavens above.
Yet she has gone over the mountain,
Whose ever-appalling height
Is covered with clouds that are darker
Than the blackest arch of night;
And those clouds have hid her forever
From the reach of my aching sight.
My sorrowing heart is jealous,
Of the mountain that lies between
My soul and the fairest maiden
That the eyes of man have seen.
So I pray every night to pass over
To the mountain's farthest side,
To live forever and ever,
In the arms of my beautiful bride!

COQUETTE VERSUS CROQUET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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CHAPTER II.

THAT unfortunate attempt at Croquet was the first time in Alice's life she had made a sufficient failure in any effort to give people an opportunity to be amused at her expense.

Under ordinary circumstances her mischance and awkwardness would hardly have been worth a thought; but she had been mortified in the presence of the man with whom she was as bitterly angry as we can only be with one very dear, and before the eyes of her rival. Truly it was not in unregenerate human nature to support the humiliation patiently.

During the following days Alice allowed whoever chose to play croquet—she was occupied with other things. A party of friends just arrived at the hotel, and all sorts of trifles, among which she walked, busy heart and soul, to all appearance, and utterly oblivious both of the widow and Claude.

But if there had been any very early risers among the party, a little secret of Alice's might have been discovered.

Mrs. Le Fort's nephew, Tom, had come up to spend his summer holidays—a great, blundering Newfoundland puppy, as good hearted and generous as he could be, and worshipping Alice with all the devotion of a chivalrous nature that has only walked this weary world for fifteen years, and not had time to kick up any dust to dim the freshness of its roses.

He came to Alice the day after her croquet exploit.

"I say, Alice, don't you mind," said he, "and don't you give in! I'll teach you to play croquet."

"I hate croquet!" cried Alice. "Don't mention it!"

"But it's so jolly," urged Tom. "Just let me teach you. We'll get up early every morning, and have a game before anybody's out. You'll learn in no time, and beat that widow like bricks."

"She does everything well, doesn't she, Tom?" said Alice, so calmly that the boy fell into the net.

"Don't she though! I tell you she's a rorer, and no mistake."

Alice turned her back on her single friend.

"I don't like your horrid school-boy slang," said she, cruelly. "I think I'll leave that, and croquet, and all similar accomplishments to your admiration."

Tom was overwhelmed with grief.

"Whose, my admiration?" cried he. "You know I like you best, you're so nice. I don't care about your widow."

"My widow!" repeated Alice, with a deal of scorn.

"Well, anybody's widow—Mr. Stanley's, if you please. I'll hate her if you do—there!"

Alice smiled at his energy.

"You're a good fellow, Tom," said she; "I beg your pardon for speaking so rudely, and I'll be glad to learn croquet, if you will take the trouble to teach me."

"Now, that's jolly," cried Tom, ecstatically. "You're just a trump, Ally. We'll begin tomorrow morning. Don't say a word."

The compact thus made was faithfully kept. The next morning Alice was down before anybody, except the servants and the robins; and by the time she reached the lower hall, down tumbled Tom, fastening his sleeve-buttons as he ran.

"Hurrah, Alice!" said he. "Come on! We'll show 'em a trick worth a dozen of theirs."

So Alice took her lessons regularly; and Tom was delighted with his pupil's aptness, unconsciously ascribing half the credit to himself, as any of us would have done.

And yet, in spite of his devotion to Alice, and his attempt to fight shy of the widow, because he saw Alice disliked her, poor, blundering Tom did what he would not have been guilty of for the world—knew all the light the widow needed in regard to any affair there might have been between Claude and Alice.

She saw that Tom avoided her, and actually tried "to put her down," if any discussion rose between her and Alice; and, boy though he was, Jeannie could not quite consent to have the young girl, who showed her dislike so plainly, elevated on a pedestal above her own in his mind.

She waylaid him one day in the library, and

it did not take her many minutes to bewitch Master Innocence, for the time at least; and he quite forgot his championship of Alice in the splendor of her great eyes.

She talked to him in the prettiest way—he was such a noble fellow; he never would be a worthless, idle fop; if she only had a younger brother like him—all sorts of delightful praise, and at last,

“Won’t you be my brother, Tom? I can talk to you. I wish you would like me.”

“Why I do,” said Tom. “If I was a man I’d die for you!”

“Ah!” said she, slyly, “but you’d live for Miss Peyton.”

Tom’s suddenly awakened conscience sent the crimson to his face.

“But she is nice,” he thought. “I don’t believe Alice ought to dislike her.”

“And you are quite right,” pursued the widow. “Alice is the sweetest girl I ever knew.”

“Hello!” shouted Tom, astonished. “I beg your pardon for making you jump!”

“Oh! I don’t mind jumping,” returned she, sweetly, recovering from the effects of the thunder-clap. “What made you cry out, though?”

“Why, I thought you didn’t like her,” said Tom, with eyes very wide open.

“You mean she don’t like me.”

“Oh! I don’t know that——”

“Don’t tell fibs, Tom!” she interrupted, pointing her finger at him with a laugh that Tom thought music—and he was right. “You can afford to be honest—that’s why I like you.”

“I am honest,” said Tom; “but Alice is too good to hate anybody.”

“You are a chivalrous knight,” said she, “and I admire you for it.”

Tom glowed at the praise, and she just twisted her pretty fingers through his chestnut curls, and it was all over with him; if he had recently committed murder, Tom would have told her all about it, if she had asked.

But she only praised him, and then chanted Alice’s eulogy, and when he was ready to explode, she said artfully,

“But I don’t think she seems quite happy—do you, Tom?”

The tone in which she said it, as if he had been a man of experience equal to Solomon’s, the one person in the world to whom she could speak freely!

“I wonder if she has any trouble? I hope not—don’t you, Tom? You don’t mind my calling you Tom, do you?”

“Why I like it,” he howled; and the widow

pulled his hair a little, and he grew more ecstatic. “I don’t know but you’re right about Alice: I vow she don’t act like she used to. I wonder——”

“Yes,” said the widow, when he hesitated.

“Oh, I don’t know!” said Tom, trying to wake up, lest he should say something he ought not.

“What lovely neck-ties you always wear,” said she; “I am so glad you don’t think it’s nice to be careless. But about Alice. I wish we knew what troubled her. We might do something, you and I together, you know.”

Lord bless me! Socrates himself couldn’t have withstood those eyes—and Tom wasn’t Socrates.

“I do know one thing,” said he; “but even aunt don’t——”

“And it don’t count telling me,” purred the widow. “You can tell your sister everything. I am your sister—mayn’t I be?”

“And a duck of one, too!” cried Tom.

“Oh, you naughty, flattering brother! And so Alice told you——”

“Lord bless you, no! She wouldn’t say a word; but I can put two and two together.”

“I should think I knew that! I’ll always tell you things, Tom, just to keep you from finding them out! Of course, Alice wouldn’t tell; but you guessed——”

“Why, I knew she and Claude Stanley were at Havana together last winter.”

The widow sat perfectly still. Claude had never told her. How deep a game had he played? But she was getting near daylight.

“And isn’t it queer they never talk about it?” said she, frankly.

“Oh, you know it! Did he tell you?”

“Mayn’t I find out things, too, you bad Tom! So you think she liked him, and they quarreled——”

“Why you know all about it,” cried he. “Did Claude tell you?”

“Nobody told me; but you see we can talk honestly. How pleasant it is.”

“I know he had a little seal of hers this spring,” said Tom, “for I saw it in his rooms in New York, and an envelope with her writing on it.”

There, it was all out; the widow put “two and two together,” and the matter was clear as noonday.

“Dear me, how late it is,” cried she; “I must go and dress. I declare, none of these other men could make me forget the time so.”

These other men. Tom felt six feet high!

“Not even Claude?” asked he, eagerly.

"Claude, indeed! Why, don't you know I'm a flame for those moths to singe their wings at? You're the only honest one—I do like you, Tom! Good-by; mind and bring me a bouquet at dinner, won't you?"

Off she glided, swift and graceful as a canoe down the stream; and, going along the halls to her chamber, Mrs. Crosland meditated, and continued her meditation as she stood before her mirror.

"Has that man been playing with me? Has he wanted to annoy and punish that girl? The impudence of him! Goodness knows I only wanted to amuse myself; but if he has dared to make me useful!"

She was downright furious. She never had met her match, certainly she would not in Master Claude.

"I can fascinate him anyway," cried she. "I don't care who he loves, he forgets everything when he is with me, he is in earnest then. I've three minds to make him propose, and then tell that saucy girl of it."

Now the widow was not downright wicked. She would not have had a broken heart at her door for the world; but she dearly loved power, and in her reckless thoughtlessness might have been guilty of a great wrong.

The more she reflected the more angry she grew; a little unsafe for any person who had crossed her to put his or her happiness within the widow's reach just at that moment, when there was that dangerous flash in her eyes.

Before she went down stairs, she opened a fanciful box on her dressing-table filled with notes and miniatures—trophy won in the guerilla warfare of her life. She selected a picture and put it in her pocket, and turned again to take a last look in the glass.

"Being jealous might do it. He is just the impetuous creature to make a fool of himself!"

The widow smiled at her own image, half wickedly, half with a droll feeling of amusement, and then with a little scorn.

"I declare, I believe I was meant for something better," sighed she. "What a poor, empty affair my life is! I wonder if it would have been different if I had married Robert Sherman? But they wouldn't let me. It's all over ages ago. Poor Robie, he's sound asleep under the China seas—and I? Well, I'm dashing Mrs. Crosland, with everything good and honest worn out of me. Oh, dear! *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle!* I wish I were a Catholic, I'd go into a convent, it couldn't be any more tiresome than this existence."

She stood there and thought of the old buried

life away back in the past; the girlish life that had looked so bright and had promised so much, all perished ages ago—she walked among the ashes of that brighter time.

"What a goose I am!" cried she. "Actually making my eyes red! What's the use of being a humbug to myself! If I'd married Rob we should have quarrelled, and the romance would have worn out as fast as other people's does! It's all over—let it go! The world calls my life a success—maybe all successes are just as hollow! Dear me, there must be daylight somewhere, if we only could reach it! Poor Robby! what eyes he had; I declare, to this day his voice sometimes comes over me so distinctly. Oh, poor Rob! oh, my poor, wasted youth!"

She fairly hid her face in her hands; the next instant she swept it all away. Very seldom that she was weak enough to allow that past to intrude into the idle festivities she made of her life.

"There, Mrs. Crosland, you have been sentimental long enough—*revenue a nos moutons*—but such very stale mutton—oh, dear!"

Then she laughed, and then she felt harder and more wicked from the reaction of her thoughts.

"So much the worse for anybody that comes in my way," thought she. "If they suffer, they must take the consequences."

In the meantime, a portion of the party had made their appearance down stairs, after the period of noonday privacy, which all wise people seek during the two or three hours of a summer day, when even a seraph couldn't stay presentable.

Somebody was playing broken fragments of operas; somebody singing; a few pretending to read, and the rest talking in an idle, lazy way upon all sorts of subjects, and among these was Claude Stanley.

A novel that had been the rage a few seasons before came up; the plot involved disagreements and separation between the hero and heroine, and Claude was firm in the belief that it was the woman's fault.

While they were talking, Alice and Harry Ward strolled along the verandah toward the library.

"That really begins to look serious," said faded Miss Folsom to Claude. "I do believe she'll marry him; you know before she went to Havana people said they were engaged."

A pleasant speech for an angry lover to hear on a warm day! Claude mentally called Miss Folsom opprobrious epithets, gave one furious glance at the pair, and launched forth into fresh

denunciations of the woman—in the novel—growing bitter and impetuous.

"What do you think of it, Miss Peyton?" some one asked, as she stood in the window. "We are talking about that book of Miss Yonge's—do you blame the young lady, or her lover?"

Alice had heard Claude's speech. She arrayed herself on the other side; the argument became general, but Alice and Claude managed to say any quantity of things that were Sanscrit to the rest, but fearfully distinct and galling to each other.

In the midst of it, Mrs. Le Fort put her head in at one of the glass doors which opened on the side verandah, where she had been looking at her roses, and talking to her birds like a darling as she was, who had carried more freshness of enjoyment into her age than the youth of the present day ever knew.

"There's a shower coming up," said she; "stop arguing, good people, and come and look at this mass of wonderful clouds."

Everybody rose whether they cared for wonderful clouds or not; but when the others passed out on to the verandah, Alice walked on into the next room, and Claude followed.

"You need not have taken so public an opportunity to display your hatred!" he exclaimed.

"I was talking of the book," said she. "I suppose I have the same right as you to my opinion."

"No wonder you like the character," cried he; "she was fickle, secretive, cruel——"

"And he made her so," interrupted she.

"It was in her nature, I tell you."

"And you may tell me it is in mine, but I am not obliged to accept your verdict."

"It is; you cannot deny it."

"I do utterly—utterly!"

"You have wounded and outraged me in every way possible; you flouted in the most cold-blooded manner; you received a letter from that infernal Spanish scamp at Havana——"

"And you told me we were henceforth strangers," interrupted Alice. "By what right do you address me in this way?"

"You broke off our engagement—it was your own work!"

"I deny it; you know it is not true!"

Then up came that stinging thought, if he should think she relented, she would die sooner than give him that triumph.

"If I did!" she exclaimed, "it was your fault! You wanted me to be a slave, while you were free to act as you pleased! Don't reproach

me—I will not bear it! I know you thoroughly, you are incapable of any real feeling; you are so selfish and heartless, you would see the whole world in ruins at your feet to gratify any passing caprice."

"And you—what are you? Good heavens, don't talk about heartlessness! You, with my kisses yet fresh on your lips, engaged to another man——"

"Who said so?" she cried.

"You can't deny it!"

She would not. How dared he think so vilely of her! How dared he reproach her, if it were true, after his own conduct; after—but he was speaking again.

"I should serve him right if I cut his throat before your eyes; but you wouldn't care! You would go straight to a ball from the man that loved you best."

"No man deserves any more consideration or love," said Alice; "the woman would be an idiot who gave it! I have learned my lesson."

"And I mine!"

"From an apt teacher," Alice was on the point of retorting, but she controlled herself. She would not make the least allusion to Mrs. Grosland, lest he should gain a perception of her jealousy and exult in it.

If she only had spoken it might have been better; but they rushed into fresh recriminations, whose bitterness certainly ill agreed with their professed indifference.

"A man with the least honor or dignity would have gone away," cried Alice; "but you staid to insult me!"

If he had only told her that he had staid because he could not go, that his heart had hoped for a reconciliation, even when his thoughts denied the fact most; that this very flirtation only arose from recklessness and pain—but he would not.

He was mad and wrong, as you or I would have been, and as insanely determined as she to tear away the last possibility of peace or hope.

"Do what you like—marry whom you like," cried he; "it is nothing to me. I sweep you utterly out of my thoughts; you have no place in my heart."

"It would be a degradation to have," retorted Alice. "I scorn and despise you; I hate myself for having cared for you; I must have been mad indeed; I thank you for curing me of my insanity."

She swept out of the room, and left him pale with passion and grief, while the gay laughter of his friends rang up from the lawn without.

And as she rushed away Tom saw her, caught the last words of their conversation in spite of himself, and he followed Alice.

When he reached the door of her chamber it was locked.

"Alice! Alice!" he called.

No answer. He was frightened, and fresh from the perusal of one of Miss Braddon's romances, imagined she had burst a blood-vessel, or fallen dead on the floor, or escaped life in some other improbable and sensational way.

He stooped and looked through the keyhole, fully expecting to see a pale corpse on the carpet, his foot raised ready to dash in the panel at the sight; but after that momentary glance he came to his senses and crept away, his quick sense of honor, when he saw her alive, rousing him to the fact that he was playing the spy on her secret trouble.

He had seen Alice on her knees sobbing convulsively, and moaning out of the crushed pride of her breaking heart.

But if there were no other proof, we might become convinced that life was not intended to be wasted in moaning, from the fact, that we never get comfortably at it without being interrupted, and rudely called back from the luxury of our agony to the petty details of every-day existence.

You never shut your door in your life to be alone with a misery you were fully decided should be eternal, without some abominable wretch taking it into his head to choose that very moment to come and smoke a segar in your chambers.

"You needn't pretend you're out, you know," says he, "because I can see you through the keyhole! If you're gay, we'll be merry; if you are in trouble, I'll console you."

And of all things to be dreaded, the sympathy of your friends is the most horrible. People will go about doing good till everybody hates them.

Sophia never strayed up stairs for a private dampening, during her quarrel with young Hicks, that aunt Jane didn't follow her; and just when she was as wretched as a young woman at the end of the second volume of a novel, call out,

"Come and see this lovely ribbon—such a bargain! Sophia, I say, open the door this minute! Such ribbon!"

Ribbon, indeed! As if she could tie up a wounded heart with it. And people are always offering you ribbon when you want lint and linaments.

So, of course, in the beginning of Alice's

tempest, the girls were inspired by the devil to go and call her. Something was going on, and it just occurred to them that they could not live another moment unless she shared their amusement.

"Come, Alice, quick! Mrs. Le Fort says, come right down. It's no time to be shut up—it looks so odd!"

That roused her. Heavens! those words would make a woman control herself in the agonies of death. As a general thing, men don't care; their vanity is so much larger than their pride, that they like to write their woes on their foreheads, and go about moody and sullen, ironical and Byronical, just to be pitied, and asked what ails them, and be supposed to have a mystery, and asked what it is.

But tell a woman "it looks odd;" and if she had six poisoned arrows sticking their barbed points in her heart, she would smooth her lace bertha carefully over them, and appear before the world as smiling as if the roses in the hair she was tearing so wildly a few moments before were only a poor type of the brightness and sweetness of her life.

So Alice gave one last sob, shook her plumage straight in an instant, like a pigeon, and followed them down stairs, laughing and talking much more than was natural, and yet conscious all the while that her trouble awaited her on the threshold of her chamber, and would seize her in a more relentless grip when she returned, for this brief escape from its solitary sway.

"We are going down to play Croquet," said Harry Ward, taking possession of her as soon as she appeared, after a fashion he had lately assumed. "Now this time you have got to play. We won't let you off—you must learn."

The widow was there, not having been able to find Claude, and do her best, in her wicked mood, to get her velvet paws on his heart, so as to unsheath their claws, and rend it.

"Have you courage to make another attempt?" she asked Alice, with a mocking smile.

Assured in her knowledge, thanks to Tom's careful instructions, and her own diligent practice, Alice could afford to smile in turn.

"How good of you to remind me of my awkward failure," said she, in a childish way, "and to be anxious I should not expose myself again."

"Oh, no, dear child!" retorted the widow; "it was a mere selfish desire not to have a pretty picture spoiled—you put so dreadfully when anything goes wrong."

"Never mind," said Alice, sweetly. "I am only eighteen; ten or twelve years' practice may teach me how to be displeased gracefully."

Pretty good fencing, the widow was forced to acknowledge, even in her anger, and while seeing two or three of the men look at her, as if hunting for crows' feet about the corners of her eyes.

"Now for Croquet," said she, "since Miss Peyton gives her approval. I am sorry now I banished Mr. Stanley; I always want him when I play."

"Why, what have you done with him?" asked honest Harry.

"Never mind; he'll come back quite safe. After all, Miss Alice, these tiresome men always do, *n'est-ce-pas?*"

But Alice had turned away—that was the sharpest arrow in the widow's quiver, and she was not in the humor to resist letting it fly.

Mrs. Crosland would not play Croquet—she was tired—it was hot. Please, if they would let her sit still. She would first watch Miss Alice take her lesson."

"I'll give you one, too," she thought.

But Alice smiled placidly, and made ready for the game with the most perfect assurance.

Nobody knew that she had touched a mallet since that first day; and the general surprise was soon merged in admiration at her grace and skill. Sitting there, Mrs. Crosland saw that she would be forced to look to her laurels.

Alice did wonderful credit to Tom's instruction. She never once got a ball "uried," which even fine players will occasionally do. She "croqueted" Charley Lynn's ball twice, and "dismissed" Miss Folsom's in the most ignominious manner, greatly to that antique damsel's disgust, making points in the most scientific manner, and scoring up like lightning.

Just at the close of the game Claude Stanley strolled down to the ground. When Alice left him he had rushed out of the house to escape all companionship, and give free vent to the burst of wounded pride and feeling which had burst all barriers at last.

He had been so genuinely miserable he had not supposed anybody was playing, or he would have avoided the place. It was too late to retreat, and he came on looking black and dismal enough.

Lo and behold, what should he see but Alice perfectly radiant, to all appearance, receiving the applause of her companions, and looking as though no trouble had ever blown its evil wind within a world's journey of her horizon.

This was the creature for whom he had been grieving—this heartless, frivolous creature! Standing there triumphant, smiling up in Harry Ward's face, and as utterly regardless of his

own presence, as if he had been the mallet just flung from her hand.

He wondered what restrained him from rushing up, dashing poor Harry to the ground, and trampling his life out before her very eyes; or, better yet, hitting out at him in a scientific way, until he made his pretty, booby face a mass of bruises, and there wasn't a feature left.

If he could do something perfectly desperate to wring her heart, if she had any; at least to prove that he had never cared for her; that he had only amused himself at her expense; something that would gall her vanity beyond all possibility of healing, he could be satisfied.

No matter what the consequences were to himself; no matter if the rest of his life were spent in atoning for that one mad act, only show the way, and he would do it—do it, and never flinch, if he trod straight over his own heart to purchase the bitter delight of making her feel.

It was neither noble nor manly—I know that as well as you do; but it was dolefully, humiliatingly natural; and not one of us can look back on the youth we are leaving without acknowledging it.

You didn't rush off for a commission, and expose yourself to bullets, and worse still, hard tack, and the disgusts of camp life, the day after Mary James jilted you—and it was pure patriotism made you. You didn't say to yourself, "If ball can kill, I'll make her repent!" Oh, no! of course not! And you didn't marry your dumpy wife by accident—that is, propose to her after that quarrel with cousin Fanny!

Come, don't let us humbug ourselves. You know just as well as I do, that half the unhappiness of your lives, the desolation and weariness over which you moan, have been the result of your own obstinacy and recklessness, ay, and meanness, too—for no man ever indulged a revengeful feeling without debasing his own nature.

So don't pout your moustaches at Claude, I won't have it! He was young and passionate, and miserable and mad, to suffer deeper pangs. Oh! wretched words that have a significance so terrible! God may forgive us, but you and I, my friend, must live far into eternity before we can forgive ourselves for the wreck we made of our youth; for the poor, miserable, dwarfed thing our lives has become, beyond all possibility of atonement in this world, so far as getting back the hopes and dreams that we threw away, the golden opportunities that we crushed under our feet, all to gratify, in one way or another, our pride, or our obstinacy, or these devils, tempers which we persist in calling firm-

ness and decision to the last, and gnash our teeth over the paltry lie while doing it.

Up Claude came, and Mrs. Crosland waved her fan at him. He gave one more black glance at Alice, and threw himself on the grass at the widow's feet.

They were talking the most utter nonsense, it is true, but Claude looked up in her face as if his soul sat in his eyes, and whispered absurd nothings in the most compromising way to both.

Still Alice smiled, and talked, and drove Harry Ward quite desperate; but she never missed a look that passed between the pair.

"Will you play now, Mrs. Crosland?" they asked.

"I really cannot! Mr. Stanley insists on my listening to him."

"Of course, I do," said Claude, and gave her his arm.

They were passing Alice, and he added,

"You know it is all I care for in this world."

"Parole?" said the widow, wickedly.

"I swear it," said he; "I'll say it before all these fools, if you like."

"Oh! that would spoil the charm. But where are you taking me to?"

"Anywhere to escape. I want to talk to you."

Alice heard—every syllable spoken for her ear reached it; but the lace that covered her poisoned arrows never quivered over their sting.

"Come, then," said the widow; "I'm tired, too."

A malicious demon shot into her eyes; her sharp gaze penetrated the gauze, and saw the barbed points in Alice's heart. She was not a bad woman, only reckless, as we all are in our way; but she saw more, she saw that Tom's romance had a companion.

If Alice had loved Claude, he had returned that affection—her suspicion had been correct. She had been used as a means to gratify his anger.

Heavens! how her taper fingers tingled to meet about his neck; how devoutly she wished the tiger in every one of us need not be subdued and kept chained!

She would have her revenge, that baby-faced girl should pay for her impertinence, and this man by her side. Well, suffering had not made Jeannie Crosland patient, and in her rapid life she had found so many men mean, and base, and pitiful, that she had no faith in any.

If she could have known the truth, she was the woman to have set both these creatures straight, and been glad to have done so much good—but she did not. She only thought the girl a butterfly who could not feel acutely, and the man shallow-hearted and vain. With both in the dust at her feet, she could be contented and make friends again. She did not want any extraordinary revenge, only a humiliating lesson to the girl, a brief, bitter mortification to the man for having dared to enter the list of her adorers, even for the space of a summer holiday, without first blotting out of his heart any previous image engraven there.

She felt partially matched, and the feeling fretted her proud heart, accustomed to utter and entire devotion, as much as sackcloth would have chafed the graceful form accustomed to purple and fine linen.

"Come," said the widow; "I'm tired, too! I know a leafy grot where I am queen!"

"Behold the humblest of your worshipers." Claude quoted in turn.

Then Alice's eyes met those of Jeannie in a mutual flash, like the gleam of two spears. Jeannie passed down the sycamore walk toward the wood, leaning on Claude's arm; and Alice turned back to her task of living in the present like an actor in a play, who has for an instant forgotten the stilted jests of his part in the remembrance of the hard, cruel life that awaited him outside the gilded scene.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THOSE EARLY YEARS.

BY M. L. MATHESON.

Those early years! those early years!
Of childish hopes and childish tears;
How sweet their cherished mem'ry seems
Of guiltless hours and fairy dreams,
When erst a child, in careless glee,
I spouted round my mother's knee.

Those olden days! those olden days!
The joyous tones of other days;
How oft their mem'ry o'er me steals,

And youthful dreams of life reveals,
When o'er my eye of earnest blue
No cank'ring care its shadow threw.

Those buried loves! those buried loves!
Time's fading treasure aptly proves;
Whate'er may change, as life decays,
The thoughts of those once happier days,
Shall closer cling, through grief and gloom,
Till I shall rest within the tomb!

COLONEL HUDSON'S COACHMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA'S COLD," ETC., ETC.

HUGH HUDSON was fortunately alone when he broke the seal of the following letter:

"DEAR SIR—At the request of our client, your great uncle, Col. Hugh Hudson, of Hudson Hills, it becomes our unpleasant duty to inform you of his desire that all communication between yourself and his family should cease from this date; and that you will consider yourself as having, by your conduct abroad, forfeited all claims of interest or affection upon him. Your own property, amounting to some fifteen thousand dollars, which he placed in our hands for your use, some time since, we have appropriated, as you requested, to the payment of your expenses during your foreign tour; and it has exactly sufficed for that purpose, as the inclosed statement will show. You are, therefore, left clear of debt, but otherwise unprovided for. Our client forwarded, with his communication, the accompanying check for five hundred dollars, which he trusts will relieve you from any temporary inconvenience in this sudden change of affairs. Trusting that you will not hold us, individually, responsible for our client's opinions, (in which we yet hope an alteration may be effected,) and that you will still continue to honor us with your regard and confidence, and command us whenever we can be of any service in your future career, we remain, etc.,

Your obedient servants,

LETTON & LETTON."

"A pleasant greeting home," said Hugh Hudson, tossing the letter aside, "after ten years of absence! I could scarcely have had a colder reception from those Newfoundland icebergs, had we sunk among them that foggy night, when we never hoped to see our own dear land again. Step-mother Fortune, it was hardly kind to let me live!"

Half sad, half smiling—for his cheerful custom was to laugh at fate, and gather courage where others found abundant cause for despair—the young man drew his writing-desk across the table, and set himself seriously to the composition of his reply—for this ungracious epistle had been waiting for him a week, and could not be answered too soon. The task was quickly done; a brief but kind note despatched to the old lawyers, in which he "acknowledged the

receipt of their favor," and thanked them for their interest, without giving any intimation of his future plans or prospects, with an inclosure for his uncle, in writing which, some drops of moisture visited his eyelashes—some pang of bitter and not undeserved regret assailed his heart. Within the second of these letters he placed the five hundred dollar check; and having carefully sealed them, "for the last time," as he inwardly decided, with a handsome seal-ring, his uncle's present, he promptly rose, pushed his chair away, and walked over to the fireplace to get a full-length view of his position.

Leaning against the mantle, in his favorite attitude, his hands carelessly twisted in his curling, chestnut hair; his eyes cast down in thoughtful retrospection; he compelled himself to thoroughly review his past career, and accept the future, its disastrous consequence, in a spirit of penitence and penance, that very few people, ruined by their own fault, because weak or wicked, have strength enough to bear, or sensibility to feel. This stern process of arraignment over, the sentence passed, the judgment received, he broke from the musing mood again, and strolled across the room to his old position, with a face full of cheerful sunshine.

"After all, there is no great harm done," he cried. "I have ruined myself, with nobody else to blame for it—that's all. Many a man has done the same before me; I must only go to work, and make myself over again. Thank heaven! I am able to do it! I am young, strong, and active. I should have been ashamed to depend on my uncle in any case—the dear old boy may keep his money; I wanted only his good opinion—and that I will have yet, if it is to be earned!"

A beautiful English pointer, aroused by the unwonted commotion, thrust her slender head into her master's hand, and gazed up into his face with a look almost of human affection and comprehension. Both pair of eyes were handsome; I hardly know which most so, dog's or man's; both were brown, clear, gentle, velvety soft, and tender, yet capable of lighting up with courage and keen intelligence. They evidently understood each other; and Hugh was comforted by his friend's silent sympathy, for his spirits rose rapidly as he played with her silken ears.

"We must take account of stock, Susette," he continued, "and see how near the prodigal is to his hucks." Digging in his pockets with deep solemnity, he brought forth their contents, one by one, and laid them on the table before the dog, who examined all with a ludicrous imitation of his earnestness, successively rejecting them as inedible and uninviting. The pile of property was not very imposing, even after being recruited from his traveling-bag. Handkerchiefs, gloves, shirts, socks, and slippers, properly belonging in the half-filled trunks that stood near, but crammed with characteristic carelessness in this smaller receptacle, were pushed aside to make room for an odd jumble of treasures, collected during his years of foreign travel. Quartz from Derbyshire, lava from Vesuvius, specimens of ore from Russia, Scotch pebbles, Egyptian antiques, Turkish armlets, and Hindoo chains and bangles. A handful of silver and copper coin of various denominations and countries, a box of percussion caps, and a bag of shot; a seal, an uncut emerald, a nautilus shell, a betting-book, a pencil, and a purse. Add to these a Persian hookah, with its cumbersome appendages, intended for his uncle, a set of silver and coral jewelry for his petted cousin, a German gun, a Swiss watch, a dozen dictionaries of different languages, a good wardrobe, a handsome dressing-case, a large bundle of cheroots, and a collection of the current money of the realm—at that time possessing a substantial weight, and sound metallic ring, much missed in it since—not exceeding fifty dollars in value. Upon these assembled effects, Hugh continued to gaze with philosophical cheerfulness, but with some wonder.

"Ten years," he mused, "and twenty thousand dollars; and this is all the result! Susette, my girl, you see before you the reappings of my wild oats. They have been long in sowing, longer in growing, and proved a costly crop. Thank heaven, there is no more money to spend—the planter is a bankrupt, let us administer his estate. The presents we'll keep till those we love are not ashamed to receive them from us; the clothes we'll wear; the curiosities we'll give to some greater fool than ourselves, if such there be; the dressing-case is the appanage of a gentleman who shall take it from me. For the rest, the gun must go into safe keeping, and the cheroots be suppressed till we have an income; but you and I will never part while there is starvation fare for either."

Whistling melodiously, for one of his misfortunes was an exquisite ear for music, he tumbled the miscellaneous pile of property into his

trunks, taking the unusual precaution of locking them; then quitting his elegant apartments with a smile, he strode down the interminable stairs of the hotel, and sought the clerk's office to pay his bill and give up occupation at once. Many people turned to look after the handsome dog and man, as they passed down the street a little later, followed by a patient drayman with the baggage, and seeking carefully among the poorest neighborhood for lodgings, small and uncomfortable enough to meet Hugh's newly-acquired ideas of economy. From these, when at last obtained, he daily went forth on the weary search after employment, of which so many have had bitter experience before him, and which he was both by nature and habit peculiarly unfitted to commence.

Bearded and brown, a model of superb strength and vigor, he walked in upon the pale city men like a handsome Arab as he was, startling them from their stools by demanding a situation. What could they give him to do? A dead shot, a fearless rider, a capital billiard-player, an excellent judge of horses, music, and wine, with a very good knowledge of drawing, dancing, swimming, rowing, and boxing; for the first time he found these athletic and artistic accomplishments despised and held of no avail; they even created a prejudice against him in the minds of many of the strictly business-like persons to whom he applied. His education had not fitted him for their purposes—a careless, happy, desultory life could not so suddenly be turned into a new channel. A thousand times a day he had occasion to wish that since so hard a service in the battle of life had been reserved for him, he might have begun the necessary training earlier, and entered the ranks a younger soldier.

Country born and bred, he had been brought up from his orphan infancy on his uncle's magnificent estate of Hudson Hills, as the heir and successor. At a suitable age he was sent to the military academy, where he excelled in all physical exercises, and with much reluctance took what part was needful in more intellectual studies. Arriving with difficulty at the end of his probation, through numerous pranks and scrapes, it was gently hinted to him that he could never pass the examination, and he promptly resigned; a favorite even with the stern mentors who thus advised, not willing to see him disgraced. Without returning home, he besought his uncle to allow him to finish his neglected education elsewhere, and was immediately entered at an English university. Here his sporting tastes led him into the company of

"fast" men, among whom he was speedily elected the "prince of good fellows," at the expense of his own private fortune and his uncle's magnificent allowance, which came more rarely and reluctantly as the elder discovered how it was expended. His college course over, Hugh found himself not greatly the wiser, but much the poorer; and receiving no invitation to return to Hudson Hills, in which he now considered he had forfeited all right, wrote a brief and kindly letter of farewell, in answer to his uncle's last severe epistle; and finding the remnant of his fortune placed at his own disposal, set off upon a series of travels that continued till it was exhausted. One dark November day, he drew the last draft at his London banker's and took ship for America, not with any intention of claiming aid or support from his uncle, but with a wild longing to behold again the dear western hemisphere; and so full of the prodigal's yearning for home, he yet found himself forbidden to cross its threshold.

I am not about to depict a scene of genteel starvation, with interludes of pawnbroker's shops and penny-rolls—for I do not believe these episodes need occur where people are really willing to work. If there is employment enough for every green Irishman who steps upon our shores, why need a gentleman want who can bring to the task a better head than Paddy's, and hands not less strong? It was on these latter members that my hero finally placed his dependence; for though he was a good accountant, and wrote a handsome hand, had plenty of general information, and a practical acquaintance with three or four modern languages; was eminently intelligent, and quick at learning everything but his detested classics, and the musty lore of the schools. He found his abilities still unappreciated, and himself still unemployed, till he dressed in flannel and velveteen, and became a porter, thereby earning a sufficient sum to keep Susette in her accustomed luxuries, and himself in tolerable comfort. His ideas of economy were still rather vague. He would unthinkingly buy the morning paper, and find himself obliged to go without a breakfast in consequence; or give up a supper for a cigar. Sweet-tempered, cheerful, and energetic, he never failed or faltered; and, owning the justice of his fate, spent no time in idle complainings, but in the silent evenings, and during his hours of leisure, his loneliness and isolation tried him sorely. Not a soul in that great city knew of, or cared for him. Should he die there—which many as strong and young as he had done—he would be hur-

ried into a pauper's grave, unknown and unmissed. Perhaps at home they had forgotten him; even his little cousin, who was his playmate, and was to have been his wife when she grew up, as everybody agreed, and as he had unhesitatingly promised when he left her at twelve years old, frantic because she was not a boy and could not go to school with him. She was sole heiress now and mistress at dear old Hudson Hills; her girlish letters, which had continued to follow him in his wanderings long after their uncle's ceased, he had carefully preserved, and now pored over for hours, trying to picture in his mind the new beauties of the place which she described, and recalling the old; thinking of the fair little writer herself, the sweet, generous, unspoiled nature, sometimes haughty to others, always gentle to him; the innocent, dark eyes, so clear and fearless; the graceful, imperious gestures; the witching, winning ways, the quick, musical tones; the dark curls that danced in the wind, and the light, childish figure that flew so gayly down the lawn to meet him when he had been away on short absences, and was welcome home. These reminiscences could bring only remorse, regret, and enervating sorrow, till, vowing against cowardice and useless retrospection, he locked the letters securely away, and compelled his mind to live on sterner stuff than day-dreams, save when in slumber it escaped his power and reveled in wild visions, in which he revisited that Eden-like home, as Eve in her sleep might have returned to Paradise.

His novel ideas of economy, however, happened to do him good service at last. Seated one evening over his dearly-bought newspaper, for which he had sacrificed half a dinner, his eyes fell on the following advertisement:

Wanted a Coachman and Groom.—A faithful, intelligent man, who thoroughly understands his business, and is accustomed to the care of horses, will find a good situation and a liberal salary on the estate of Hudson Hills, Hudson county, N. Y. Apply to Netton & Netton, 3 Travis' Block, New York, or on the place."

A long reverie followed Hugh's reading of this notice, during which he frequently raised his eyes to the scrap of looking-glass with which his landlady had ornamented his apartment, with an eager scrutiny and interest that contained no vanity. "It's all I'm fit for," he softly argued with himself, "and they would never know me. Eight years have made great changes, and I should like to see little Fontibell." He sprang up, whistling gayly; the dog barked joyfully about the room—youth is elastic

and improvident. He went off at once to throw up the situation at a hardwareman's that was his daily bread; and the next afternoon the pair were walking along the high road that skirted the estate of Hudson Hills.

His heart beat thickly as he hurried on, and almost stopped his breath while one familiar object after another came in view, and lastly, the tall chimneys of the house itself. The broad, winding track he was pursuing seemed to lead to these too slowly; he sprang over the fences, and cleared the hedges at a single leap, in his feverish excitement to take a shorter cut, passing through bloomy fields and waving woods, whose every feature was as well known to him as his own face in the glass, and never resting till he had gained the grounds, and stood in front of the fine old mansion, the gray-stone walls of which had not grown a shade darker in all these years of wind and weather; while its later architectural ornaments of porches, roofs, and bay-windows had been visibly renewed without altering their character.

The returning prodigal looked long and lovingly at his home. His heart was full in that moment, and he could have thrown himself upon the velvet turf and cried like a school-boy, but that the long, French windows in the front were open, and through one of them he saw two ladies seated at their work within, who would be sure to discover him shortly. There remained, therefore, only to walk up to the entrance door and ask to see Col. Hudson by the name of Harris.

The servant, who answered his knock, ushered him into the south parlor, where the master of the house was sitting with the ladies Hugh had seen from the lawn. Both of these looked up at his entrance, and the colonel arose with stately dignity to receive his guest. Time had slightly sharpened the lineaments of his fine face, and turned his gray hair snowy white; but Hugh was glad to see that sorrow and anxiety for his prodigal nephew had ploughed no fresh traces in his broad forehead, nor bowed his grand old head. Except for these trifling indications of age, the colonel looked as upright, stern, and strong as on the day they had parted.

The two ladies were less easily identified, though Hugh soon recognized one as his distant cousin, Annie Orr, some two years since made Annie Asten by his old friend and school-mate, Fred. Slender and childlike-looking, with her light hair and delicate, dimpled face, she sat in a French *neglige*, all ruffles and tassels, though it was afternoon, rocking herself lan-

guidly in an easy-chair, and playing with a waxen baby, as he last remembered her playing with a waxen doll.

But the other—could it be little Fontibell? He recalled her image as she used to come running across the lawn to meet him with her light feet and her flying, flossy curls; but this young lady, slight and girlish as she looked, was much too dainty and dignified a personage to have had such antecedents. She wore a dress of bright brown silk, and what ladies call an "Empress collar" of costly old lace, which almost touched her pretty, sloping shoulders, and was fastened about the white throat by a diamond pin like a single spark of light. Her graceful head rose above it with a little fastidious, haughty poise, that spoke the beauty and heiress, and reminded Hugh of her charming wayward ways, and air of unconscious pride and distinction in childhood. Otherwise she looked gentle and good, as if her impetuous, ardent temper, and warm, affectionate disposition had been only educated, not wholly refined away with the growth of her lovely person. Her clear, dark eyes had the same innocent and fearless expression; they were softly shaded by lashes of unusual length and glossy thickness; her silken hair was rolled back in shining waves from the smooth, white forehead; her brows were defined by delicate arches; her cheeks were oval, ivory pure, lightly tinted with the roseleaf color of her exquisite lips. She looked fair, and sweet, and imperial, conscious of her station, and fitted for it; and the generous prodigal admired her deeply, and did not grudge her one token of their uncle's favor, from the hot-house flower his own hand had placed in her dark hair, to the jewels that gleamed on her pretty hands, half hidden in their lace drapery as she plied her embroidery.

But in this long gaze, and the reflections that crowded swiftly upon his mind among so many familiar and beloved objects, Hugh was forgetting his business there, and the colonel had bent upon him a look of courteous inquiry that plainly asked it. Brought suddenly down from the clouds by encountering his keen eyes, the visitor collected his thoughts and proceeded to make his application. "I came," he said, "in answer to an advertisement."

The colonel looked in evident surprise. The young man before him was plainly dressed, but with an air of quiet elegance, and had the manners and address of a gentleman, an educated and refined one. His accent was pure; his hands were white and smooth; his personal beauty was even less remarkable than his per-

feet grace and ease. Like all amateur stock fanciers, the colonel was an enthusiastic believer in blood and pedigree, as well in the human species as in their quadruped dependents. His horses were celebrated for their beauty and high-breeding; his cattle were all that cattle should be; his own race had never known "a black sheep" till that unfortunate Hugh. He had always been considered an infallible judge of good and bad points in man or beast; but here was a superb creature that puzzled him by rating itself lower than his judgment would have placed it. No wonder he sat amazed, eyeing the applicant with keen regards, and hesitating for an answer.

"I beg your pardon," he observed at last. "I think there is some mistake. My advertisement—hem—was for a coachman."

"And I came to apply for that situation, sir," returned Hugh, with a smile. "I believe I could answer your requirements. I can be steady, faithful, and industrious; and I am accustomed to the care of horses."

"But you are not—you have not——"

"I am not a professional coachman or groom, you would say; but I am a capital driver, and can soon become one—it's all I'm fit for. I don't pretend to have been born to the position, but I will do my best to fill it. The wages are my object, of course; but I shall try to earn them honestly. I suppose a gentleman—so called—is as eligible for the occupation as any other. It is the only accomplishment that I can depend upon in this necessity of supporting myself, and having squandered my fortune in folly, I should not be particular as to the means of retrieving it."

Both young ladies looked up quickly as the candidate thus frankly defined his position—Annie's blue eyes wide with wonder, her cousin's with an expression, not so easy to read, in their dark depths. The colonel sighed; another young prodigal, whose pride had refused his parting alms, was knocking about the world somewhere, penniless and starving, perhaps, or begging for such husks as these.

"I consent, sir," he said, after long consideration, influenced, perhaps, by the reflections thus suggested, "to place you in a situation which you certainly do not seem intended to fill. It is chiefly, however, the constraint and servitude of the position—which I cannot alter—that I regret for you. My horses, sir," said the courtly old gentleman, with a courtly old bow, "are gentlemen, too: I think you will find them so. I have not myself considered it degrading to be much among them, and spend

much time and care on them, nor has my—my family. I am sure they will not be the worse for having a gentleman to wait on them instead of a mere mercenary clown; and though it certainly seems an anomaly, I trust that the same reason will influence our mutual relations."

The anomaly, who had listened respectfully to this discourse, hat in hand, now took his departure, and had the honor of being escorted by the colonel himself to the scene of his future labors.

The stables, which he well remembered, were handsome and roomy, and filled with fine horses; for Col. Hudson's stock were celebrated, and he had in his younger days been fond of racing, and of betting on races—foibles which he quite forgot when banishing his nephew for similar crimes. An old Arabian, rather small in size, but of beautiful shape, and spirit unbroken by increasing years, had the best and warmest stall assigned him, and was fed and tended with peculiar care. He had been imported expressly for Hugh in the days when his uncle was proud of him and his horsemanship; but the heiress owned him now, and, as the stableman said, visited him every day, and fed and caressed him with her own white hands. A chamber immediately above, lately vacated by some departed William or Ben, was the coachman's heritage—and thither Hugh transported his trunk; and after administering upon the effects of his predecessor, by throwing an old hat and a flashy cravat out of the window, sat down with Susette pressing close to his side—uneasy in her new quarters—to breathe his native air, and look about him, wondering at the strangeness of the events which brought him there. It was a clean, comfortable place, neat, sunny, and airy—a Paradise by contrast with his squalid city room; but had it been a mere hole or den, it would have been Paradise still to the wanderer, in being home.

His new duties were not heavy or difficult to learn. The ladies usually took an airing every day "for the baby's sake;" but often in a little pony carriage, driven by themselves, or with Col. Hudson and his favorite horses, whose reins he had never yet relinquished to any one else. When for some change, real or fancied, in the sweet spring weather Annie preferred to shelter her idolized infant in the close coach, the young driver respectfully handed them out or in, and mounted his box with professional indifference. Both agreed that he did not attempt to assert his superiority to his present position, thereby in their minds establishing it the more; and the wayward heiress chose to use her gentlest words

and smiles when she addressed him, as if with womanly kindness intending to soften his servitude, but only succeeding in increasing its bitterness instead, by awakening a sentiment strong enough to have swayed a mind far more firm and well-governed than that of her gentleman groom.

In his restless, roving, robust life, Hugh had hitherto fallen but little under parlor and boudoir influence, and never felt the power of feminine fascinations. He was to learn it now. Thrown daily into the society of a beautiful woman, really his relative and social equal, and whose willful whim it was to treat him as such, and by the graceful sweetness, the high-bred simplicity of her manner, dissolve the distance he maintained between them; he could only yield, and love, and suffer, by honor kept silent and made strong. In the promises exchanged by their dead parents, which pledged them to each other in their infancy by a bond hitherto held sacred in their family, he had a real and tangible claim to seek to renew her romantic, childish attachment to himself, and win her from their uncle's inimical protection to his own, to plunge her into poverty and ruin, and compel her to bear the penalty of the faults and follies of his youth. But of such a course the generous scapegrace never even dreamed. What he had alone invoked must be borne alone; and he did not relax in his resolution, even when he had grown to fancy that something more than sympathy or pity looked at him out of Fontibell's tender, dark eyes.

He learned now to measure time by the hours in which he saw her, the days in which he saw her not; to watch her coming and going, and exercise a secret surveillance over her actions and pursuits. He knew when she would come into the balcony to tend her flowers, or into the parlor to feed her birds; what time she would spend in the garden, and what at her music, and from what hidden ambush this could best be heard; how she sat sometimes in the twilight at the window, her pure, fair profile clear against the soft spring sky, her chin supported by her slender hand, dreaming or thinking, till some officious servant brought in a brilliant lamp and dissolved the dear picture, showing only her shadow on the lighted wall. He knew, too, the first accents of the cooing, murmuring voice, that thrilled him every morning in the stall below, where she came to pet her pony; but he always lingered, listening in his loft, and never dared enter the stables while she stayed. Not so Susetto, who received the heiress' admiring overtures with lady-like condescension, and

usually trotted down to receive her tribute of attention, suffering her silken ears to be threaded through those fairy hands, her gentle head to be pressed against that pink velvet cheek; not unfrequently deserting her master to accompany the fair owner back to the house for a romp with the baby, and wondering at his obtuseness in neglecting this chance of enjoying superior society. But Hugh had learned to tremble at the touch of those soft hands; to avoid the innocent, questioning look of those beautiful dark eyes; to be thrown into a fever by the flutter of her light dress, or the sound of her sweet voice approaching; to pass his days in dreams, his nights in restless wakefulness, and know no peace out of her presence or within it.

The country roads were settling after the spring rains, and growing harder, the twilights growing longer, and the young lady of the house resumed her usual summer evening rides, with the new attendant as groom. Perilous rides they were, when she came down fair and elegant in her becoming hat and habit, rested her light hand on his shoulder, left her small foot in his hand in mounting, gave him her pony's bridle or her whip to hold, while she arranged her dress and fastened up her falling silken hair, received the services he rendered with as graceful gratitude as if he had been, not her paid servant, but her chosen cavalier. She treated him as brother, friend, and equal; she made of him the intelligent, pleasant companion he was capable of becoming; she drew him on with a witchery he could not resist to talk about himself—a subject usually delightful to his egotistical sex, but hitherto carefully avoided by one unselfish specimen—his travels, his history, his faults, his failings, his past life and future prospects, were all unfolded before her soft gaze; she was his confidante before he knew it, as she had been in childhood, reserving only the secret of his identity and his love. In vain he strove against this gentle influence, and tried to maintain the distance, mental and physical, which custom demanded should be preserved between them; in vain he resolutely averted his eyes and closed his lips in determined silence, and persistently reined in his chafing horse to the proper and prescribed distance behind her own, as stolid and automaton-like a squire as the sturdy Bill, her last attendant, “who knew his place,” and kept it. But she always fell back to her escort's side on one pretext or another, requiring his help to adjust her bridle-rein, to lead her pony over broken ground, to push aside the boughs that threatened to sweep

across the path, to pick a wild flower she particularly wanted to wear. If he still remained sternly proof against these innocent advances, she would lift to his face such a bewildering look, half pained, half pleading, as he remembered in her childish eyes, when he first came to Hudson Hills as a boy, and laughed at her odd, old-fashioned name, or failed to give her her own sweet will and way. And then her laughing little head would droop in soft submission to his mood; her lovely, long eyelashes would fall slowly in sad and thoughtful meditation: her coaxing, caressing tones would be suddenly silenced: her liquid laugh would be heard no more till he chose to speak. Proud and pretty as she was, Fontibell was but a spoiled child at heart, and reasoned after the manner of one.

And he? He should not have understood her—but he did. He should not have remembered that he was cousin and lover—but he remembered nothing else; he should probably, in strict honor, have rushed to Col. Hudson's presence, betrayed her secret and his own, renounced his employment forever, or never mounted a horse in her service again. But he was young and impassioned, and did not immediately take this wise course, for, fancying he kept the letter of his vow in governing his words and actions, he rode at her rein and looked in her face; he let his eyes linger and his lips smile; he suffered the natural language of his heart to be spoken through his countenance, and there was a conscious thrill in each clear voice, a happy flush on each young cheek, as they rode home slowly through the summer silence.

The morning after the third of these delightful excursions, the colonel summoned Mr. Harris to the library.

"There is something I wish to see you particularly about," he said. "Your quarterly account and Hedges' my steward or overseer, don't agree. Don't misunderstand me, the deficiency is not on *your* side, I am satisfied. He manages everything, farms my land, sells the proceeds, brings me the returns. I have always trusted to his honesty; half my income passes through his hands; but I begin now to doubt him. He has credited the stables, as usual, with enough provender for a cavalry regiment; but I don't see any signs of such a surplus in your receipts. If you can give me an hour, we'll look them over together."

At the expiration of the hour, the colonel rang the bell and sent for Mr. Hedges. "He is gone down to the city, sir," was the report; "and won't be back for a week."

"He will never be back," said the old man,

quietly; "he has fled with the spoils of a dozen years. For half the sum he has robbed me of I disinherited my poor boy. I took this man into my confidence, I fed him at my table, I lodged him in my house, from which I turned away my nephew. What is his crime to mine? The scoundrel! let him go! My brother's grandson is a homeless wanderer—starved or murdered, perhaps, through my hasty anger; I have none left for my unfaithful servant; I think only of myself, and forget the lesser sin in the greater. I was false to *my* trust—what am I that I should be harsh with others?"

He looked up at a picture which hung above the mantle, with tears in his gray eyes, as they met the earnest and affectionate expression of the vivid brown ones in the portrait. "Poor Hugh!" he said; "poor little Fontibell! she shall not plead in vain." Turning from these, he encountered the soft gaze of a pair—how like!—beneath them. The colonel started, and after a moment said,

"You remind me of my nephew, and, I dare say, are in much the same position with your relatives. Perhaps I can help you. I should like to try. Tell me all about it."

A month before, Hugh would have fallen on his uncle's neck and sobbed out his simple confession; but the love of Fontibell lay heavy on his soul, and his sense of honor would not allow him to take advantage of this ignorant generosity. In great agitation he blundered out his story, of which his kinsman was the only person on earth who would not have recognized the hero. The colonel heard him through with deep sympathy, and wiped his eyes at the conclusion.

"Cheer up, my dear fellow!" said he. "It will all come right—it must—it shall. Your relative has been too severe on your youthful follies. I know what they are, I was young myself. He has treated you badly, though you won't say so. I honor your reserve, sir! I will do my best for you; my nephew, Fred Asten, who will be here to-night, will do his best; he is a lawyer, and may suggest something. In the meantime you will be my manager in Hedges' place, and we will drive over the farm to-morrow. You will live at the house, of course, and take your proper position with my nieces as a gentleman and my friend."

Mr. Asten duly arrived from a four months' business trip, and was eagerly welcomed by his "gentle Annie."

"Your coachman smokes good segars," was his remark, as he returned from a visit to the stables next morning. "He is a very handsome fellow, and looks quite a gentleman. I saw him

last night, sitting at his window in the moon-light, puffing away with rather a lackadaisical expression on his classical features. You have not been playing 'Aurora Floyd,' I suppose, Miss Fontibell?"

"He looks like Hugh," said the unconscious colonel, heaving a sigh.

"He writes suspiciously like him, I should say, if this is his hand," returned the young lawyer, taking up a document from the table. "These are Hugh's very characters. Why, uncle——"

He was cut short by the door opening, and the new steward entering to announce the colonel's carriage. The heiress looked up with a rose flush on her delicate face, and Fred Asten started forward with outstretched hands; but stopped half way in bewildered surprise. There was a moment's agitation and embarrassment, which Annie skillfully covered by proposing to go with her uncle; and shortly after the whole party were seated in the barouche, with the colonel himself as driver.

I don't know whether the ex-coachman—occupied with other matters—had neglected his duty toward the bay-horses, and over-fed, or under-exercised them; or if Col. Hudson's sad abstraction weakened his usual powerful grasp on the reins; certain it is, that his favorites reared, and kicked, and plunged diabolically at every rod, and finally took the bits between their teeth and ran away with him. An instant of terrible suspense followed, during which Annie cried, her husband swore dreadfully, and Fontibell called on the name of her cousin Hugh; then a strong arm seized the reins from

the bewildered colonel—there was a struggle—a stop; an agile figure sprang to the horses' heads and held them till they became quiet, often beaten down and dragged along by their convulsive resistance; but never relaxing his hold till the colonel came to his side, to whom he relinquished the reins and sank down, bruised and bleeding. Mr. Asten lifted out his trembling wife and her baby, and turned to help his cousin; but Fontibell had sprang from the carriage unassisted, and made her way to the body of the fainting steward, over whom she bent like an angel of love and pity.

"Dear uncle!" she cried, "he has saved all our lives and killed himself, I am afraid; can't you forgive him now? Oh! don't you see it's Hugh?"

The prodigal was taken home and laid on the best bed, and would have had the fatted calf killed for his eating, no doubt, had such a diet been good for his broken arm. Who so happy as he, recovering in the bosom of his family, unmindful of the loss of his manly strength, of which he had been so proud; the pain of his broken limb, the bruises and cuts which disfigured his handsome face? The colonel hovered with delight about his recovered heir; the Astens rejoiced over him as over a long lost brother; but it remained for Fontibell to administer the most effectual consolation, which acted upon him like a powerful tonic, when he recovered consciousness on the evening of his accident.

"Dear Hugh!" she said, putting both her pretty hands in his uninjured one, and bending her beautiful face above his own. "I always loved you, and I knew you from the first!"

MARY OF GLEN GARRY.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTA SHEFFIELD.

Along thy lonely banks, Glen Garry,
She wanders light as elf or fairy;
With locks that mock the gold of morn,
And cheeks of evening's crimson born.
Oh! Nature of no charm was chary,
To form my own, my perfect Mary.

She trails no robes of palace splendor,
But royal graces ay attend her;
No costliest diamonds flash and gleam
So fair, as her blue eyes can seem;
They thrill the heart of the unwary
With blissful death—my winsome Mary.

Yon city dame, so wan and pale,
Who'd fade before a Highland gale;
Whose silken feet would shuddering press
Those haunts of savage loveliness;
No dangers for my peace you carry—
It owns the spell of bonny Mary,

I've loved her, ay, this many a year;
And, oh! how bright the days appear,
When I can wander with my dearie,
And give the hours to love and Mary.

By lonely lake and vale of green,
Where Nature's mild relenting's seen,
I tend my flocks—a shepherd gay,
And blithe as bird at dawn of day;
Yet oft forget my flocks to tarry
With my one pet—my bonny Mary.

Oh! Mary, lass! of all there be,
When will you shine alone for me?
In our own home and ingle-side,
My dearest dear, my ain true bride.
If fortune frowns, then naught will cure me;
For love is strength—my bonny Mary.

"UNTO THIS LAST."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

"HEREDITARY," mumbled old Dr. Phelps, as a consumptive patient went out of my consulting-room this afternoon. "Knew his grandfather. You may delay the end a year or two, but there's no fighting against blood," giving his palsied old head a horribly cool nod, as Atropos might do when she snaps the fatal thread.

After he had gone, and I was left to the quiet of my dusky office and its clear fire, with the rain beating against the closed shutters without, his words haunted me somehow. I'm an old man, and an old physician, and case-hardened tolerably thoroughly; but that is one idea that always jars me terribly, common as it is. "It's in the blood." To think that the Nemesis of a man's sin, or weakness, perhaps, not only dogs his own life, but creeps through the secret channels of his blood into the veins of his nearest and dearest coming after him, corroding and making vile. A hell we have wrought for is nothing to this. And yet is it not the old, old truism which so many forget, that the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children to the third and fourth generations?

Physicians, perhaps, have this fact of the influence of blood on the mind and souls of men, more thrust upon their observation than any other class. It makes them, if they are not of the very broadest minds, doubters of some of the orthodox dogmas laid down by theologians, but it gives them, in my opinion, a wider and more Christ-like charity. For example, I, or any other medical man who reasons from facts, and not theory, know that drunkenness is, in eight cases out of ten, the result of a disease, which is often transmitted as regularly as scrofula, from father and son; that treated as such, and combatted scientifically, instead of by a blind fanaticism, it can be conquered. The same truth is evident in greater or less degree of other vices, a tendency toward gambling, theft, etc., etc. To define the point where physical ability and moral responsibility begin is a science, which if those who profess to teach Christ's gospel would study in the children of those who fill our asylums and penitentiaries, it might make them judge more like Him who knows not only the heart, but also the person, creeping into it from matter which the heart

has absolutely no power to accept or reject. Thank God that He sees not as men see. But I had no intention of writing a sermon.

The old doctor's chance remark started me on a hobby, I am afraid. But I know no more curious study than the observation of the ruling vice or virtue in a race, cropping out in the temperament of one generation after another, precisely as a positively physical idiosyncrasy would do; modified by collision with opposing tendencies in the blood, produced by marriage with a differing race: or, sometimes lying in abeyance for half a century, to appear again in conjunction with some old forgotten family feature—a droop of the eyelid, a sinister under-jaw, or what not.

I remember the J—— family, one of the oldest in lower New Jersey. My grandmother used to tell of one Barbara J——, who lived in colonial times, one of those rare, transcendent beauties, whose loveliness becomes the property of the day in which it existed, as men share in the glory of a great picture, or poem, produced in their own age; but in this woman lawless crime rivaled her beauty, breaking out against all restraints of education, or position, with the mad fury of insanity. That was three generations back; the family is one of strict Puritan descent, narrow-minded, honest, bigoted men and women, clinging to their creed with a tenacity that would brave martyrdom. In each generation there have been one, sometimes two, guilty members, from whom the others shrank in horror; mere exponents, according to my notion, of the peculiar taint of blood common to all; not to be judged at the last day of account by the laws laid down for your organization or mine. The instance in the present J—— family is curious; a boy of twenty, a mild, girlish, blue-eyed "mother-boy," the idol of younger brothers and sisters, all of them rougher, more worldly than "Jimmy;" loving books and children; the earnest, sincere member of a church. Well, this boy in the last year has drunk like a sot; not tempted by any genial love of society, or excitement, but locking himself up alone in his own room for days, and abandoning himself to mere animal gratification.

Another case. In my early days one of my living heroes was a member of one of the oldest

stocks in Kentucky; an old man, a gentle, true-hearted, iron-nerved chevalier, with a tender love for all weak and helpless things, and a hot, nasty hand in defending them. Generous, too, even lavish, with absolutely no perception of the weight or place of money; his dollars were ready for your use, and he would accept yours with no thought of obligation on either side; his debtors and creditors increased day by day; he concerning himself about neither. The old man is living yet; he married a woman of stern integrity, but avaricious; their son is a thief! In both cases, the little world in which the boys moved was amazed, looked on them as specially tempted by the devil. If they had been my sons, I would have subjected them to an instant and entire change of physical and mental regimen and habit, and then have cheerfully trusted to God to help my efforts.

Another instance, though not parallel with these; it will require a little more time in relating, also, if I am not tedious to you already.

About fifteen years ago, I was coming from Liverpool to New York. I had been in London to witness an operation of unusual interest to all surgeons, but that honor has nothing to do with this story. I noticed among the passengers, on our return, a lady who had charge of a boy about ten years of age. Something about the woman attracted my regard beyond her mere *personalle*; although that, in itself, challenged observation, partly from its extreme quiet. She was unmarried, about thirty-five, dressed habitually in dark, unobtrusive colors; with a face and figure drawn in strong, clear, thoughtful lines; a woman who held her own life, and trial, and suffering as her own, and not to be obtruded on others: a woman who waited for your thought, never gave her own, unless asked for, and yet you gained unconsciously the idea that, had her life held a warmer sunshine, both her beauty and wit would have shone with no common splendor. A mutual acquaintance on board. Dr. Parrish, of New Orleans, presented me to her. She was a Miss Parker, traveling under his protection; the boy was the orphan child of her brother. Her home was in Delaware.

After one or two brief conversations upon indifferent subjects, our acquaintance fell into a mere exchange of bows; but the lady and her charge were not less the object of a growing interest to me. I thought once or twice she observed my scrutiny of the boy, and, seeming annoyed at it, withdrew with him quietly to the cabin. One day I had been talking to the child, watching his face curiously the while; when he

was gone, I was surprised to see the lady come up gently to me. Her voice trembled, and her eyes filled as she said with much agitation of manner,

"If there is any peculiarity about my little nephew, which you as a medical man have discovered, would it not be wisest and kindest to conceal it from him?"

"From me, madam, he shall never know it. I have been struck with the unusual judgment and skill you are showing in your treatment of him."

She colored painfully, struggling between the strong wish to consult me and her habitual reserve.

"I know," she said, at last, "that you, doctor, have made the malady to which my nephew is heir a matter of study, and I know your skill in curing it. I have wished to ask your aid since I first came on board with you. Dr. Parrish will tell you our history, I cannot." There was a stately courtesy in her manner belonging to a school of the past generation, but especially graceful and winning in a young woman.

Parrish took me aside, in the course of the day, and told me the facts of the case necessary to me as a scientific man to know; but only those. I saw that out of regard to Miss Parker he kept back many incidents which would have given to the tale a more human interest. "It's a sad story—a sad story!" he would say, abruptly, rubbing his hands slowly together and looking gravely down.

It was, even as he told it, sad enough. The Parkers were a leading family in Delaware, both from wealth and intellect; had been so for many generations, men and women alike, strong-willed, honorable, loving authority, and wielding it with justice and mildness when obtained; a race, in short, to obtain an ascendancy, and hold it, over their fellows. A family, also, of cheerful, sanguine temperament, good livors, with strong domestic affections, charitable, hot-tempered, given to a constant and lavish hospitality. Parrish had known them—that is, several branches of the family, among others Judge Parker, this young lady's father. "The judge," he said, "had amassed a large fortune, lived in a style of solid comfort and elegance. I mean good furniture, blooded horses, first-class wines—you understand? Not libraries, or pictures—his tastes were not what you call æsthetic; liked to see his tenantry comfortable, and his table filled with guests. Nothing morbid or bilious about the man. He had three children: Jack, who was in the army; Cadwallader, a merchant in New York, and the father

of this boy; and this girl. The sons were reasonably intelligent men, but in no ways remarkable in any way. Jack committed suicide, some ten years ago, when in St. Augustine, Florida, and though no cause could ever be discovered for the deed, (the distance was so great, and so many years of his life unknown to his family,) yet they supposed some circumstance of which they were ignorant, a loss at cards, probably, had led to it.

"About five years ago, however," continued Parrish, "the judge's mind seemed to be affected with an uncased and unaccountable depression, so utterly at variance with his usual character, that it seriously alarmed his family. They hesitated about taking any measures for its relief, lest by alarming him they would increase it, until he attempted to destroy himself in the fall of 185—, by leaping overboard while crossing the Delaware in a ferry-boat. After that the strictest watch was kept over him, but he contrived to evade them. One morning he was found dead—a bottle of prussic acid beside him. Cadwallader, the second son, three months after his father's death, blew his brains out in his office in New York. I was in the North at the time; and having been an old friend of the Parkers, I began a search, aided by their physician, into whatever records the family had kept, to ascertain if any cause could be found for these mysterious occurrences. We found, during the last hundred years, no less than five suicides in the family, all preceded by a short space of melancholy madness, for which no cause could be assigned other than a taint of insanity, which climate or some local cause has developed in this generation to this horrible degree."

"And this boy?"

"Is the last of his race, excepting his aunt," answered Parrish. "When the truth was told her, she devoted herself utterly to him; and has done so ever since. She has traveled with him constantly, and tried in every way to give his mind and body entirely new air and surroundings; and so far has succeeded in concealing the facts of his history from him, and making him a cheerful, healthy child. But she doubts herself: that is the reason she wishes to consult you—about him."

"She has no fears for herself?" looking keenly at him.

He grew reserved in a moment. "If she has, she does not disclose them. Mary Parker has but little thought or hope in this world outside of that boy, I fancy. She was betrothed when her father died—was to have been married in a few months. But she broke it off; nothing

would prevail on her to marry. 'Enough ill had been done,' she said; 'the curse must remain with themselves, she never would entail it on others.'"

Parrish was a dry, unfeeling old fellow, I always had thought; went into a sick chamber to deal with pain and sorrow as coolly as other men add and subtract dollars and cents. He told this girl's story as if it had been one of a fall in stocks; his gold, gray eye watching the progress of a fly up the window-pane. He did not seem to see how the woman's life, with all its glorious and tender possibilities, had been given up for a stern, hard duty. It was the deed of the old martyrs, without the excitement or glory of the sacrifice.

I watched closely after that; by slow degrees came to know her well, as I was brought into more intimate contact with the boy. She was not strong-willed, nor strong-minded, even—a very woman, who had refused to marry the man she loved because she loved him. Even I could see that she loved him more deeply now than before, whoever he might be (for that I never knew.) There was a certain dress for which she had an odd affection—a shabby old black silk—wearing it always on holidays. It contrasted strongly with her usually rich, quiet attire.

"It's the gown she wore the day I told her what we had discovered," said old Parrish, fixing his gray eye in his usual rigid fashion. "She saw her lover last in it. I think she keeps it as a mourning-dress, eh?" I made no answer. The first thought being dumb wonder at Parrish, who, if he had an eye for a trifle like this, might have some human heart after all, under the network of cold veins. Afterward I realized how much real affection for the poor girl this silly fancy of hers gave me.

To shorten my story, however.

I ought to state, probably, that I had made diseases of the brain an object of special study, and that this was the primary cause of Miss Parker's application to me. Voyages were slow in those days; before ours was over, our acquaintance had ripened into a friendship. As the girl was alone in the world, and mistress of means enough to make her movements perfectly free, I advised her to make Philadelphia her home, so as entirely to separate Shafston (the boy) from all old associations, and to remove the probability of his hearing the details of the family tragedy. I also thought by this means to bring the girl under my wife's influence; for, though Lotty is gray-haired now, and a grandmother, nobody could be in her presence an

hour and not fancy the day was sunshiny and summery—and sunshine and summer were sorely needed by this lonely woman.

When we arrived in New York, therefore, she came on directly to Philadelphia, hired a pleasant house near Germantown, and employed tutors and masters for Shafton. She was but a young head of a family—Mary Parker. I used to think it pitiful to see her affecting age, putting aside every least girlish fancy in her dress or manner; but now and then, in a weak, forlorn loneliness, I suppose, putting on the old black dress.

As years went on, white hairs came slowly among the curly, black locks, crow's-feet at the side of the eyes, the lips grew shriveled and pale. Shafton, even, in a rough, boyish way, joked her about its growing too late for marriage—and that was all. Her life went down into a gray apathetic evening, with other unloved men and women, the saddest and quietest of all human histories. But somewhere God keeps the hour of high-noon for them, waiting which here they never knew.

But it was of Shafton Parker I began to tell you, not his aunt.

I saw a great deal of him as he grew up to manhood. My son, Joe, was about his age, and they were classmates and chums at school and college. Shafton was free of the house—went in and out, as Joe did, at all times and hours. It seemed natural, therefore, that he should begin, with Joe, the study of medicine in my office, when they quitted college. "Not that I've much genius for it, doctor," he said, frankly, running his hand through his hair, "or for anything else, unless it is for painting. But aunt Mary is anxious for it, and I'll not disappoint her. Better give art the go-by, than hurt her, sir." He laughed, but the boy's eyes showed what it cost him "to give art the go-by," as he called it. I am no judge of painting, so I cannot say whether there were any merit in the sketches he was continually making; but I did know the boy's whole soul was in that work, and that he took up the study of medicine in an inert, careless indifference, which forboded poor success. When he came into the office, however, he brought his portfolio with him, the first day, and gave it to my daughter, Charlotte. "I wish you'd put it out of sight, Lotty," he said, "it has all I ever have done in it; and I have said good-by to them forever," and began rattling the bones of a skeleton in the inner case.

Miss Parker came to me anxiously. "I know it was a sacrifice for the boy," she said, "but I thought it best. I try to keep his imagination

in check—you know why, doctor; and the art, and the fitful life of an artist, would only foster it morbidly. As for medicine, it matters little whether he succeeds or not, if it only gives him employment. His income will place him far above all need of exertion."

I thought her right. Shafton Parker showed uneasy and dangerous symptoms to a practiced eye. His very laugh was nervous, his awkward, illy-jointed body moved spasmodically as he walked; his hands were incessantly in motion, tossing back his hair, buttoning and unbuttoning his waistcoat, chafing his whiskers. In this restless habit would occur intervals of absolute quiet, an entire apathy of body, when he would sit looking in the fire, or at a rustling tree, as motionless as if carved out of lumpish clay. What his mind was doing at these times I never dared to discover. He talked fast, nervously, and with a good deal of effect and power for a boy of that age; his ideas crude, of course; his attachments and dislikes strong and lasting. Even in the boy's personal appearance the contrasts were good, his body being loosely and roughly hung together, as I said, making him a "gangling," to use an expressive Western word, and his face one of the most purely cut and picturesque I ever saw.

I don't think "little Parker," as they called him, was a favorite with the young people. "Shafton was like a porcupine at a party," my son said, one day, "running his quills perpetually into somebody, with the best intentions in the world." When he was about twenty, I noticed a difference in the chat of the young men with him in the office—for I listened to their foolish talk, for reasons, whenever this boy was concerned, irksome as it might be. The usual joking and chafing about the different young girls ceased, and instead came quiet and serious allusions to a certain young Quakeress on Arch street. "Shaft is in for it with the Beatmans," Joe said to me one day. "I never saw a fellow so dead in love. He is so quiet about it, that's the worst sign. It's been going on for two years. Mere little whey-faced thing, too—bah!" I know Joe's last flame to be a pretty brunette, twice his age, and understood the last remark, therefore. "Do you mean that Parker is going to marry the girl soon, Joseph?" "Yes, sir, I do. Shafton has an income now, before he comes of age, enough to enable him to do as he pleases; and, as I said, he's in for it with the Beatmans. They know to a dollar what he's worth, and are not likely to let him go."

I knew the family—an old and leading one

among the Friends, but not rich. Joe went out, and I sat a long time thinking, then ordered my horse, to go to Miss Parker. Something must be done at once to stop this. Seen in the light of this new fact, one withholding the boy's condition from him seemed culpable in the last degree. To allow him to bring on this young girl an almost certain misery, with all its consequences, would be worse than murder. Yet what to do? I was slowly drawing on my overcoat, and looking out of the dingy office-window at the driving snow, when the house-door opened, and my wife came in, Shafton close behind her—for the old lady and the boy were fast friends. "Must you go out before the storm ceases, George?" she said. "Who is ill? Is it a matter of life and death?" "It seems to me almost that, Lotty," I said. "She was sorry," she said; hinted something about my rheumatism, and began warming my furl-gloves, and then tied my scarf closer with her white, wrinkled hands. Little Parker stood leaning against the mantle-shelf, watching us. He laughed, presently, as if his voice was full of tears. "That's the best of all," he said, "to grow old and be true lovers still. I wonder, when I am sixty, if anybody will fidget about me with as tender hands as yours, aunt Lotty?" The boy's eyes were away off, dreamy and happy. He had a man's hope before him—the hope common to every man, from which he only was debarred. God help me! and I was going to shut him out from it! I looked at him, then at my wife; I thought how this hope of his was, after all, the life of man's life; the thing that made him a place among men; that went down into the fibres of his soul, rooted nearest to the spot where he held his consciousness of self, and how God dwelt with him. I knew what I would have been without my wife and children—a weak, purposeless, dissipated man. Shafton Parker was weaker of will than I. Where would he drift, if I removed this anchor by which he had moored himself? What if I told him, standing there, a great quiet love shining out of his dark eyes, a fatal infirmity of purpose shown in the small cleft chin, of the insanity that lurked in his blood, and at the same moment robbed him of all hope, of love, and comfort in this idol he had made. What would the end be? My wife followed me to the door, with a warning whisper, "Is aught amiss with Shafton? Do not look at him so fixedly, you may arouse suspicion. And the poor fellow is so happy now—he has told me all about it," her dear old face flushing with a womanly blush and smile. I kissed her, and as I drove off, saw through the

window the boy draw my office-chair near the fire, and seat himself on a low box at her feet. I knew how they would talk the matter over; how she would turn it in a thousand bright, happy lights, while he sat silent, his poor boy's heart throbbing and thrilling. I knew Lotty's way, and how, out of her own love and happy life, she brought joyous prophecies for others.

It snowed heavily as I reached Miss Parker's gate, and went up the walk leading through shivering pine-trees to the house, a guilty weight on my heart, as if I were bringing her back the old pain of her own life multiplied. After we were seated in the cheerful library, she at her knitting at one side of the fire, and I at the other, the room ruddy and warm, a glimpse of the gray sky and falling snow through the bay-window, I still faltered, afraid to venture on my errand. It was a pleasant, bright home Mary Parker had made for her boy. I leaned back in his soft, easy-chair, thinking how like a prince he sat there, lord of nothing so much as of the patient, loving heart waiting for him. She was a thin, stooped, middle-aged woman now, with no beauty left but the great tenderness and repose in look and manner. All the affection, denied its natural outlets, had been poured out upon Shafton. She never tired of him for a subject; her eye kindled and laughed when telling the boy's jokes, or showing, in the cases of books that lined the room, which were his favorites. "He reads to me every evening for an hour before he goes to town, it keeps me from being lonely all day, looking forward to it. The dog you are looking at? Yes, it is Shafton's pet. Beppo and I listen for his step at the gate every night; but my ears are quickest, Beppo's growing old." "And you, Mary?" "I am going to stay young always for my boy," a happy color in her face. "I am all he has. You don't know Shafton, Dr. P.—," eagerly, "seeing him only with young men. He is as gentle as a woman, here at home, full of fun and mischief. The old servants have made him an idol." "Yes, I know," I said, desperately. "Why could he not be contented with such a home?" She did not seem to understand my words at first; then looked up, her work falling on her knee, her face growing slowly colorless. "What do you mean? Is he going to leave his home?" "No, Mary. Only to bring some one else to watch for him beside you and Beppo." She covered her eyes with her hand. "I understand—I understand," after a long pause. "I thought of that before." But she had not thought of it as I had.

"Mary," I said, "that must never be."

"Why?" looking up quickly, the hot blood rushing to her face. "Do you think any one could rob me of my place in Shafton's heart? Do you think I would be meanly selfish enough to keep him to myself. My boy would not love me less because he loved his wife more." Yet her voice nearly broke down in a sob at this. She coughed and sat more upright, looking me straight in the eyes to bear back bitter tears I knew.

"I did not think of that," I said. "Have you forgotten, Mary? Could you, could I allow Shafton to drag an innocent young girl into an almost certain depth of wretchedness, without warning him of it? Would that be just, or honest?"

"You mean," her gentle tones becoming almost vehement, "that my boy can never marry? That he must carry a doom unlike all other men? You do not know what you say, doctor. It is easy for you, in your happy old age, with wife and children about you, to coolly sentence the boy to such a fate. Easy! easy! Better for him to go out into the wilderness like the leper of old, forever crying unclean, unclean, than to bar him out from all love—all——"

She rose unsteadily, leaning her forehead against the mantle-shelf, her hand pulling at the collar of her dress.

I could not speak for a moment; at last I said, "God knows, Mary Parker, it is no easy thing for me to do. My own heart ached before yours did. But right is right."

"You misjudge the necessity. Shafton has lost, by his different training, all trace of the family taint. There is no symptom in him——"

She paused abruptly, reading my face keenly. I could not say to her that the evidence in his case was stronger than it had been in any of the family; but I was silent. She stood motionless a moment, then buried her face in her hands.

"You did not always," I said, speaking with difficulty, for I was tearing open an old wound, "look at this matter as you do now. You thought it criminal once to entail such horrible misery on others. If we suffer Shafton to do it, the crime is ours, not his."

She did not raise her head. I walked to and fro, went to the window, looking out. When my back was turned, she said in a voice hardly above her breath, "It was easier to give it up for myself than for my boy. And then I did not know——"

She lifted her two hands slowly as she spoke, and held them outstretched before her, like one who was blind. In all my life I never saw a

gesture, or figure, so significant of utter loneliness, of the vacant loss of a long life.

Her sense seemed to come sharply back to her. "I tell you," she said, "there are some duties for which the reward never comes. They are hard and bitter to the last—to the last," beating her poor, withered breast with her hand, and crying aloud with a low, sobbing moan. Somehow the thought came to me that it was so; she cried to herself at night in all these years when the trial outwardly had been dumbly, bravely borne.

I left Mary Parker that day; but I went to her again. My hands at least should be clean. One argument she used was unanswerable, that to tell Shafton Parker of the inherited disease would surely hasten its approach. "Tell him that such a malady exists, but not its nature, if it must be done," she said, "then let him choose his own part to act." I consented to this, and rode out the next Sunday afternoon, when I knew Shafton would be at home, glad that the responsibility would no longer rest with me. But his insight was keen, his aunt's pale face and swollen eyes had troubled him too much to pass unexplained, and when I came the most had been told. When I entered the library, Shafton looked up from where he sat, putting his hand mechanically over the dog's head. His eyes were black and dilated, and his weak mouth and chin trembled like a woman's. Miss Parker's face was turned from me.

"This is a strange tale I hear, and late in the day," he began, fiercely. "If there be any such mysterious malady in my blood, it would have been wise to warn me in time, to suffer me to fence it off. At least," his voice growing shrill, "not to wait until I had gained something worth life, to come and stab me to the quick."

I would not check the boy's outcry. "You have told him the nature of the obstacle?" I said to Miss Parker. She shook her head.

"No," pushing his hands from him, "let me have as little of this to bear as possible. I cannot live and suffer pain. If I am to die, let it be like Beppo here, not knowing the reason why. But as for the little girl I love, it makes no difference there. Why, you don't know Hetty!" his face suddenly glowing. "I'll do all that is honorable. You shall go to her mother, if you will, doctor, tell her all; heed nothing back. But it will matter nothing to Hester. If I were tainted with the leprosy, she would be glad to die with me."

"If she loves you, she will not suffer it to part you," said Miss Parker, with a bitter look.

in her face. I saw that she remembered how her own decision had been accepted by her lover. I did not hint that it was hardly courageous to throw the onus of blame on the young girl. Shafston was not a man of moral courage, let him act according to his own nature.

"Doctor," said Mary, rising, "will you end this as soon as possible? Will you go to Mrs. Beatman now?"

The boy took me by both hands, tears in his eyes. "You have been a true friend. God forgive me for what I said just now. Help me through with this, doctor. I'm not strong, like Joe, to bear thumps. I could not tell Hetty this?"

"I will go now," I said. I had the pity for him I should have had for a woman.

"To-morrow morning I will see Hetty," he said. "You will know my girl, then, when you see how brave she is," proudly.

Miss Parker looked at him, put her hand on his sleeve. "Shafston, you will have me still, come what will. You don't forget that? I loved you before you knew her," stopping breathless.

"Of course, certainly. See Hetty herself, doctor, and tell her. You will know then what a true woman is," letting the hand that touched his drop indifferently. It was natural, after all; yet I could not look in Miss Parker's face after that."

An hour after, I sat in a well-upholstered parlor in Arch street, Mrs. Beatman, a small, meek, pale-eyed, low-voiced Quakeress before me; her daughter, a younger model of herself, in a recess by the window, crying in a subdued fashion to herself; good, honest tears, I doubt not, the first, probably, she ever had shed. The elder lady's cheek was slightly flushed, the conversation had been exciting. "Thee may depend on my word, Dr. P——," in a voice which reminded one of mildly acid wine. "I have promised that the cause for breaking off the marriage shall never be divulged by me. I always keep a promise." I did not doubt her, but added, "It is of the utmost importance that Mr. Parker should not be aware of the nature of the malady." "I comprehend. And it is right, assuredly." "You consider the engagement as broken positively then, madam? You would not risk your daughter's happiness——" "I wouldn't be very much afraid," sobbed the young lady. "Shafston never appeared in the least deranged to me, except a little eccentricity about his dress." "Would thee risk thy own daughter in such a case?" said the lady, with a smile of calm superiority. "The match hitherto appeared to me eminently proper and

suitable. We could find no fault with the young man personally, and his prospects were flattering. But an obstacle like this——" "But if the cause is not to be stated," said Hester, "what am I to say to people? My attendants are all engaged, and the wedding-dress is made," her pink, pretty face growing white and twitching hysterically.

I left the Beatmans, not feeling that any consolation in my grasp would be of use in such a case, and wondering, as I went down the steps, whether Shafston Parker would not have suffered more, learning to know his wife through the slow, baring years of married life, than now, by this sudden wrench which left him her image undefaced.

I was not sorry that an important case in New Jersey called me from the city that night. I knew that Shafston Parker would know his fate the next morning, and the sight of me would, probably, only irritate the disappointment.

When I returned, three days afterward, my son was passing the depot as I left the cars, and came up to me. "Parker's gone, father," he said, with a grave look. "Got an appointment as midshipman from Col. J——, and left this morning. Some break with the Beatmans, I believe. He said, 'Tell your father I'll do the best I can with what is left of my life. He knows how much it is worth.'"

I sent Lotty out to Mary Parker, trusting to her finer woman's touch for the fresh hurt; afterward I reasoned with her coolly about her boy; he had chosen a man's career, and would pursue it manfully. Nature had led him instinctively to that course which, from its change and excitement, would soonest heal this hurt; then of the Beatmans—what I had found them in reality to be. I was secretly amused to find how susceptible she was to this consolatory view of the case. She "thanked God her boy's life had not been squandered on this girl. She had seen men of large, generous natures stung to death, day by day, as by a thousand petty insects, in a home such as Shafston's would have been," etc., etc. Thereafter, she and my wife watched the Beatmans' onward course with the interest which woman call charitable and forgiving; "wishing no evil to the poor creatures, but very sure that such and such mishaps were but the righteous judgments of heaven."

Shafston had ability; partially for that reason, and partly through powerful influence, he rose steadily in the service. When he returned, three years afterward, he was a manlier man than ever I had hoped to see him, with a steadier

eye and thought. The sea, with its eternal change of meaning, travel, the forced association with a variety of character, had opened unknown channels of thought and feeling, widened, liberalized his mind. What he had seen, he had the power of putting before you in a few vivid sentences, to which some slight touch of a word would give a curious resemblance. "Shafton has absorbed more of the world, through his eyes and ears, than any traveler I ever met," Joe said to me. "There's something pathetic about it to me—a sort of hunger of mind that devours everything within its grasp, as if he would fill up some aching void." Joe watched me shrewdly. I said nothing. I knew he always suspected me of having a share in Shafton's abrupt departure. Whatever hunger of soul or mind the poor fellow knew, he had learned to hide it under a close reticence of speech where himself was concerned. I was present when my daughter, Lotty, told him of Miss Beatman's marriage. "You know her, Shafton? Why, I remember they said—but that was nonsense, of course. Well, she's married to one of the firm of Perrier Brothers. Hetty had an eye for money ever since we were at school together." Parker bore even this without flinching, but I saw by the gleam of his eye that the woman he had loved stood intact and pure in his heart as at first.

Mary Parker was a proud, tremulously happy woman while that visit lasted; Shafton was strangely tender and watchful of her. I thought he understood now something of what her lonely life had been, and how he had filled it. He was not content unless she went with him every evening wherever he might be; for the young people made much of him, handed him about from one to the other as long as he stayed. When he was going, he bade me good-by. "Only for a little while," he said, "his aunt was not strong. While they lived he would be with her as much as he could. The Parkers were not long lived, he had heard; though for him he was a hale, sound man, despite my fatal forebodings."

And so he went his way again. Previous to that, his life had been idle enough; but the opening of the war gave him work to do. The man-of-war on which he was first lieutenant was recalled from the coast of China and stationed before Charleston. His letters were brief after that, written in few pregnant words. The soul of the man was alive for the first time; on fire for the cause for which he fought—electric with vigor, hope, faith. He fought like a tiger,

one of his brother officers wrote afterward. His men nick-named him, laughed at him to each other, but obeyed him like dogs. Wherever his nervous little body was seen in the fight, there they followed to the death.

His ship was before Roanoke Island, Sabine Pass, New Orleans; lastly, in the blockading squadron outside of Mobile, when Farragut attacked Forts Powell, Morgan, and Gaines. The long routine of carnage had palled upon the public ear, yet a magnetic shock thrilled the people's heart at the story of that strife of heroes—the day when Craven fell.

It was a cool, bright morning when the news came to us. My wife and I had gone out a few days before to Miss Parker's, and were with her still. I wished to keep from her all news of this battle until the truth could be known. When we entered her room that morning, we found her sitting by the open window, her face deadly pale, but a strange, quiet smile on her lips. The air lifted her hair gently. "I think my boy is dead," she said, looking at us as if she did not see us. "I do not think this wind touches his face—it never will touch it again." My wife took her hand, anxiously. "Have you heard anything, Mary?" "Nothing. But I know that God has saved him from the fate of his race." Her face glowed as she said it.

Soon after, the morning papers and letters were brought in—one was in Shafton's writing. I would have read it to her, but she put me aside. "It is to say good-by," she said, calmly. "Let me read my boy's own words."

The letter was dated off Mobile, the day before the battle began. He was going in to volunteer under Farragut, he said. He would be accepted, he had reason to understand. This was to say good-by, for he would never return. She did not know how he had loved her; some day she would know. There was one other, when he was dead, to tell her he blessed God for having known and cherished in his soul so true a woman. Even her husband could not refuse to let him say that, when he was dead. For the rest, it was worth while to have suffered his life to die this death that lay before him. Might God be with us all. Farewell.

Among the names of those who fell were seven officers, volunteers from the blockading squadron, who went down in the *Tecumseh*, inclosed in a solid iron prison, with no moment of time to ask God to have mercy on their souls. I read it, and was silent. "He did not need to ask it," she said, with energy. "God! I thank Thee for the glory of my boy's death!" and bowed her head forward. When we took her

up, she was unconscious; but while she lives, the spirit of that thanksgiving will be the life of Mary Parker's soul.

We met Hetty Beatman on the street, Lotty, and I, that day. Mrs. Perrine, as she is now. "And poor Parker is dead?" she said. "Threw

his life away, too, when he need not have been in the engagement at all? It is provoking as well as horrible"—and so passed on.

"You need not deliver Shafton's message," my wife said, quietly. "That is not the woman he loved. She died with him."

THE SAINTED PICTURE.

BY LOTTIE LINWOOD.

My life is like the midnight skies,
Lit by the radiance of thine eyes;
They haunt my troubled memories
Like thoughts that purify and bless,
And bring us peace and happiness;
Like prayers which make us strong and brave,
That sanctify, and soothe, and save.
A wealth of deathless love there lies
Beneath thine eyes—thy wondrous eyes!

And thou wert mine, thou poet-bird!
Those tender lips, though never stirred
By one sweet uttered human word
That I may hear on earth again,
For thou hast passed life's broken pain,
In trembling music yet I hear—
Those tender lips—those lips so dear!

I know the harvest-moon makes light,
The letters of thy name to-night,
Upon the tablet gleaming white;
That tablet standing cold and stark,
That seems to me so false and dark;
For in this silent face I see
The fond eyes smile again on me,
As if in living constancy,
To guard and bless me till I die.

Oh! when I saw thee dead, no tear
Dropped on the white flowers of thy bier,
More fraught with anguish than mine own;
My selfish heart stood all alone—
Then in Heaven's morn, I in earth's night,
Love drifting with thee out of sight.

But looking now beyond the veil,
And hope has hushed the heart's low wail,
That came and went like prayers unsaid,
When life seems crushed and words are dead,
I look upon thy sweet, sweet face,
That wears its old-time love and grace,
And feel thou art forever mine,
By all on earth, by all divine;
For thou hast loved me once, and Heaven
Will never take the gift thus given!

This picture, which I press to-day
Close to my lips, close to my heart,
Heeds not the tender words I say,
Nor yet the tears which sometimes start;
And yet immortal beauty lies
On lips, and brow, and tender eyes.
And as a meek nun kneels at eve
Before the Virgin, at her shrine,
My soul love's grandest offering leaves
Before this sainted face of thine.

ONE LINK GONE.

BY D. W. TELLER.

TAKE the pillows from the cradle,
Where the little sufferer lay;
Draw the curtain, close the shutter—
Shut out every beam of day.

Spread the pall upon the table;
Place the lifeless body there;
Back from off the marble features,
Lay the auburn curls with care.

With its little blue-veined fingers
Crossed upon its sinless breast;
Free from care, and pain, and anguish—
Let the infant cherub rest.

Smooth its little shroud about it;
Pick its toys from off the floor;
They, with all their sparkling beauty,
Ne'er can charm their owner more.

Take the little shoe and stocking
From the doting mother's sight;

Pattering feet no more will need them,
Walking in the fields of light.

Parents, faint and worn with watching
Through the long dark night of grief;
Dry your tears, and soothe your sighings,
Gain a respite of relief.

Mother, care no more is needed,
To allay the rising moon;
And though you now may leave it,
It can never be alone.

Angels bright will watch beside it,
In its quiet, holy slumber
Till the morning, then awake it,
To a place among their number.

Thus a golden link is broken
In the chain of earthly bliss;
Thus the distance shorter making,
Twixt the brighter world and this.

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 230.

CHAPTER XIII.

A YEAR went by, in which Edward seated himself more firmly on the throne of England than ever. The tree of Lancaster was utterly uprooted and overthrown. Young Edward and his saintly father slept in almost unhonored graves; Margaret was a prisoner, bowed and broken-hearted. Love and ambition had both been ruthlessly slain and swept out of her life. This proud woman, who had made all England tremble with a shock of arms, scarcely gave the haughty Edward a passing care. She had fallen too low for his remembrance. Thus, for a time, England had rest, and her king threw himself into the pleasures of a highly sensual life, with keen relish, after the outburst of war which had made him thoroughly a monarch.

All this time Maud Chichester—for we have no other name to give her—stayed contentedly in her solitary home upon the edge of the forest. She was innocent of all wrong, responsible to no one but the singular man to whom she was wedded, and so isolated from social life that the great historical events of the day reached her tardily, and sometimes not at all.

The persons who composed her household were, with one exception, residents of the forest, rudely bred people, capable of performing the light household duties which fell to their lot, but knowing and caring little beyond that. Still they were all devoted and loving servitors, and Maud felt little need of other companionship, for one sweet hope made the present a heaven to her, and her intellect found ample food in the books which formed an unusual part of the adornments recently added to the lodge. During this whole year Maud had, in truth, little cause for unhappiness. That love, which now made up her whole existence, had received nothing but tenderness in return for its self-abnegation. The young man who had possessed himself of her being neither grew cold or negligent. So far from that, his devotion to her seemed to have rounded itself into more loving completeness as time wore on; as a selfish child hoards its peaches with dainty handling, cautious that nothing shall brush off

their first bloom, this young man kept his wife happy by every gentle means, because all the bloom and brightness of her content was given back to him. As the sun draws heavenward at morning, dews shed upon the earth at eventide, giving and drinking in sweetness, he received back all the grace and love his kindness bestowed on her. Thus in his very kindness he was selfish. In surrounding Maud with objects of beauty, he only rendered her more exquisitely agreeable to his own fastidious taste, and made her home a little Paradise, to which he could retire from the whole world, and receive the worship of one true heart in delightful completeness.

One servant, I have said, was in Maud's household now, raised far above the others by greater culture, and a knowledge of the world more extensive than the young recluse had ever known. He was a stout, middle-aged man, who had evidently seen some service in the field, for he had been wounded, and walked lame from the effects of an arrow which had pierced one leg to the bone, and left a perpetual inflammation there.

This man acted as steward to Maud's little household, master of the stables, which contained one or two strong roadsters, a fiery war-steed, and a pretty milk-white palfrey, which Maud loved almost as if it had been human. Other servants had, from time to time, been added to the household, and the whole establishment had assumed more completely the aspect of a gentleman's residence in all its appointments. Still no guest ever entered those walls. Once or twice the sound of bugles, coming up from the forest, had drawn Maud to her balcony; and once she saw a score of hounds tearing through the trees in hot, brutal eagerness after a deer, whose mad leaps brought the heart into her mouth. Directly this was followed by a train of horsemen, who dashed along the same glades, shedding glow and warmth through the greenness with their gorgeous hunting-dresses. It was a magnificent pageant that came and went in a minute, almost taking Maud's breath away; for in one of the fore-

most horsemen she had seen her husband. He flashed through the trees like lightning, giving the leaves a red glow as he went. Then all was still again, save the sounds of a hunter's horn deep in the forest—so deep that it sounded like a far-off echo, which told her that the whole thing was real.

"What is it, Grantley?—what is it?" she cried, leaning over the balcony and addressing the steward, who had paused to watch the hunt sweep by. "Surely I saw my lord, and another, whose face reminds me of one awful night in my life."

The steward dropped the hand which had been shading his eyes.

"Ay, madam. It was the master sure enough. The king is out hunting with his nobles and their hounds."

"And my husband with him? Oh, Grantley! he must be in high favor to ride so near the king."

"He is in high favor," answered the man, tersely.

"But he will surely come lither; not the king himself could keep him away from home when within sight of its walls."

"The saints forbid!" muttered Grantley. "If Edward discovers this forest nest—" but he broke off suddenly, for up the river-path a horseman dashed with headlong speed, waving one hand in signal that the steward should come over.

Grantley hurried down to the boat and pushed it across the river. His master rode close to the bank and spoke with him as he sat.

"Grantley, see that your mistress keeps out of sight. The king hunts close by, and he may insist on coming to the lodge. Tell her to keep within her bower-chamber, with the boy and everything of womankind about the house. If she consents to bolt herself in, so much the better. At any rate, see that everything is removed that may denote her presence."

As he spoke, the young husband saw Maud coming around an angle of the building, gathering her wimple over her head in breathless haste; but, fearing delay, he waved her an adieu, and, putting spurs to his hunter, dashed into the forest.

"Has he gone? Oh, Grantley! has he gone without one word?" cried Maud, as the steward shot his boat across the stream.

Maud's eyes were full of tears; her lips quivered with keen disappointment.

"Not one word—and it is three weeks since I have seen him."

"He is in attendance on the king and had no

time," answered Grantley; "but go in—go in. The whole hunt may come this way any minute, and you must not be seen."

"Did my husband say that?" asked Maud, wiping away her tears.

"Yes."

"And what more?"

"It was all he did say."

"What, no word?—no regret?"

"My master was in haste. Saw you not how swiftly he rode away?"

"Oh, yes! I saw—without a word for me."

"He had no time—could you not see that?"

"Not a word for me—not one for our child!"

"Lady, the master has greater work on hand. There, listen how angrily the king winds his bugle."

Maud smiled through the fresh tears that were filling her eyes.

"No wonder the king cannot do without him," she said, proudly. "Say, Grantley, you have been at court and should know. Of all Edward's followers, is there one to compare with him?"

"Not one. I can answer for that," was the ardent response. "In this kingdom he has no mate."

"I was sure of it—quite sure; and he will come back soon. It is now ten days since he was here—a long time. Why, our son has learned to notice things since then; that will please him. Oh! I hope he will come alone."

"The saints grant that he may," was the steward's muttered reply; "for if Edward comes with him, there will be a carouse that will shake the old rafters like a storm; and my lord's secret will be at the mercy of every gallant about the court, unless she creeps into a corner and hides herself."

While these half expressed words were on his lips, a wild commotion arose in the forest close by. The undergrowth bent and rustled as if a tornado were rushing through it: and out from the mangled foliage came a stag, with antlers of a dozen years growth, bounding forward in great, staggering leaps toward the river. His efforts were frightful to look upon; ridges of foam swayed around his open mouth, from which the panting tongue quivered hot and red, scattering great drops of blood like a crimson rain behind him. His great eyes, magnificent in their wildness, were strained wide open with terror, for he had distanced the hounds only for a moment. The last reeling leap that sent him on to the banks of the stream, brought a dozen packs of dogs out from the forest like a whirlwind, yelping in one grand chorus, bounding

like coupled demons, deadly and fierce they rushed upon him. Down the banks he plunged in a mighty effort of desperation. His antlers and hot and red mouth rose above the forest: his stately limbs spurned them back with desperate strokes that shot him half across the stream. Now the waters were alive with the pursuit. A crowd of blood-thirsty hounds dashed down the banks, and into the stream with one simultaneous yelp that curdled the very air, and held the stag, for one instant, paralyzed in the water. Before he could move again they were upon him. Two enormous stag-hounds seized him by the head and dragged it under water, others leaped over him and fought brutally for a grip at his hide, or a snarling tug at his tortured throat. The waters, a moment before limpid as crystal, grew muddy and crimson under the awful tumult. The poor stag floated now, and was only held back from the current by the dogs that rested over his death-throes. In the midst of this thrilling scene, while the poor stag had fought his head loose, and fixed his great eyes with a hopeless glance on the opposite bank, that train of huntsmen once more broke through the forest, and gathered upon the bank in one grand, gorgeous group; foresters and keepers swarmed up, all eager and mad for that poor animal's destruction. One last cry, almost human in its anguish, two great drops, more piteous than blood, breaking through the film in those eyes, and the noble creature struggled no more.

"Call back the dogs. Swim in and save the buck, or he will be lost," shouted King Edward, with fierce joyousness, riding up and down the banks of that pretty stream, which was all alive with the hunt.

Half a dozen wood-rangers plunged into the water, and the buck was brought to land still alive, but exhausted beyond a struggle for his last breath. The hunters dismounted. The eager dogs were driven back. A crowd of human beings swarmed up to end the hunt. Foremost of all strode the lofty Edward, radiant, fierce, taking natural precedence.

"Where is my knife? This is a stag worth hunting down. Stand back—stand back, men! my own hand shall despatch him!"

Some one put a knife in his hand. Two rangers knelt down and turned the stag on his back. With a light hand Edward drew his knife across the animal's throat, while a score of courtiers looked on admiringly.

"Now give the dogs a full share, noble hunters, they have done well; and send the buck up yonder, for we will sup to-night in yon

lodge. What say you brother and gentlemen?"

He looked around for Duke Richard, but that courteous personage had left the hunt when the excitement was at its highest, and, fording the river lower down, was that moment in front of the lodge.

Maud met him at the door. He dismounted, kissed her upon the forehead, and led her into the house. There was no haste or undue excitement in this.

"Go in, Maud," he said, "I am in attendance on the king, who will be here anon. Hold yourself close in your chamber while he remains at the lodge; and be sure to keep the child quiet. Nay, love, we have no time for aught but brief words. Go in, bolt the door, and do not look forth from loophole or window."

Maud's sweet, eager face had been full of pleasant expectation when he rode up. But it expressed sad disappointment now.

"Will you not come in one moment and look on the boy?" she said, clinging to his arm; "his little hand took a skein of silk from mine but yesterday."

"Not now—not at all, perhaps; only obey me. The hunt swept this way before I was aware. Is everything ready? Grantley had but little time to remove all female litter from the rooms; but I hope it is done."

He spoke with decision, and put her gently away with his hand. Poor Maud scarcely knew him, his commands were given with such cool composure, while she was quivering from head to foot.

"Go, Maud, go and tell Grantley that the king will be here in half an hour, and must be feasted. No more words, sweet one; but obey me."

It was a needless command, that fair young mother could not choose but obey him. She gave his orders to the steward, then, retreating into her bower-chamber, shut herself in. In a corner of the sumptuous room stood a child's cradle, curtained with rose-colored silk, with an under cloud of cardinal point, such as nuns have spent a lifetime in giving to posterity. Maud sunk to her knees by the cradle, and awoke the child from its sweet slumbers with her sobs—the first her young husband had ever drawn from that bosom.

That moment the young man urged his horse into the stream, and, swimming him over, joined the hunters. Edward had performed his kingly part in slaughtering the deer, and was ready to mount, for a keen appetite followed quickly on the day's sport.

"Here comes our host with tidings of good cheer, doubt it not," he cried, watching the young horseman with anxiety, for the stream was deep there, and its passage dangerous to a horse less perfectly trained than the one which breasted his way through the current. "What tidings, *mon chere?*"

"There will be no lack of food or wine, sire; at least such as a sharp appetite will excuse. But the river is deep here. A few rods farther down the rocky bottom will give safe foothold for our horses."

"Lead the way—lead the way! Mount, gentlemen, and let us forward! It would be better if we had some fair dame to do the honors yonder; but lacking that, which most of us covet before meat or drink, it shall go hard if we do not make the old walls ring again."

With this right jovial speech, Edward leaped upon his horse, and directly, with the attending lords, was riding along the river, which they forded half a mile down stream, where the water was shallow enough to be readily forded.

With all the clang and cheerful tumult which attends a pleasure party, Edward and his nobles entered the lodge, and directly that tranquil dwelling was a scene of such riotous mirth as we of modern days can have no idea of. Wine and wassal raged high that night; song and story rang out from loophole and window, through which the hot radiance of torch and flambeau fell upon the river, turning its waters into great breadths of gold and ridges of molten rubies. Never was there a more gracious boon companion than Edward Plantagenet; his loud, but melodious voice rose above the others with overflowing volume, and his laugh rang out with the silvery clearness of a war-trumpet. Every excuse that gallantry could give to excess was made. Fair beauties of the court, even the queen herself were plighted in overflowing goblets. The very hounds that had run down their prey so nobly, were honored by king and subject, till red wine stained festal board and floor in its rich overflow from hands itself had rendered unsteady. All night long till the cool, sweet breath of morning came sighing up from the forest this wassal kept on. There was no going to rest that night. Those who fell into slumber dropped heavily from their seats, and slept off the riot on the rushes strewn over the floor. Edward threw himself on a couch which sweet Maud Chichester had occupied many a time, where, with hot cheeks and smiling lips, he dreamed over the pleasures that had cast him down to a level with his lowest follower.

But this monarch, who never yielded his mag-

nificent strength to excess of pleasure, or the fatigue of war for any continuance of time, awoke from his sleep with a rebound, and met the bright morning in all the joyousness of supreme health.

"Up, merry hunters, up! We should have been in the saddle hours ago," he cried. "Some one bring me an ewer and plenty of fresh water. Faugh! how the room smells of spilt wine. What ho! let the foresters and keepers know that we start in half an hour! Hark! how the dogs bay with impatience! Now, gentlemen, to the saddle. Our host has his foot in the stirrup already, and, by the rood, does not seem over well pleased."

Thus Edward gave out comment and command, as he laved his face in the silver basin held by a servitor on the knee, and prompt obedience followed each word.

True enough, the master of the lodge had one foot in the stirrup ready to mount, for he was eager to lead that riotous mob of noblemen from his quiet habitation; but he withdrew his foot again, leaving his horse to an attendant, and entering the lodge, disappeared through a side door which led from the entrance hall into Maud's bower-chamber. The young mother was there, still dressed, and lying on a couch she had occupied all night; for, with a scene so riotous and strange passing under the same roof with herself and child, she could not sleep, and had spent the slow hours trembling with dread. She sprang to her feet as his knock reached her ear, and ran to meet him with a sense of infinite relief.

"My poor girl, my own sweet wife, they have frightened all the bloom from this face; but rest content, the king is even now ready to mount. In a few minutes he and his followers will leave my birdie and her nestling in peace."

Maud clung to him nervously. Not that she feared any evil when he was by, but his haste and riding-dress warned her that he must go, with the king, and leave her alone with new thoughts and vague fears in her mind.

"Nay, bonnibel, this is childish!" he expostulated, as she flung her arms about his neck.

"But you are going—you are going!"

"It cannot be helped. Remember I am not a monarch to will my own movements, only the follower of one. Now be brave and kiss me, for I must be gone."

She clung to him closer and tried to smile, but tears would come again.

A knock on the door, struck by the handle of a riding-whip, startled them both. The young husband seized Maud by both arms and strove

to force them from his neck; but that instant the door was flung open, and Edward stood upon the threshold. Maud, whose face had been half loosened, fell upon her husband's bosom, and her face was concealed. The young husband turned upon the king, and the stern contraction of his features might have startled a less brave man. But it only brought a cloud of crimson to Edward's face.

"*Mon Dieu!* I have opened the wrong door, and broken up a pretty scene in this rude haste to be gone."

What more he might have said died on his lips, for the young man's face became so coldly white that it checked the words in their midst. After a moment's hesitation, Edward closed the door, and went away laughing rather uneasily as he passed through the entrance hall.

Maud lifted her face as the door closed. It was pale with affright.

"Be quiet and fear nothing," said her husband, in a low voice, which trembled in spite of his stern will. This need not disturb you. Now farewell for a little time—farewell!"

He put her gently from him, strode toward the cradle, and casting a look at the little sleeper resting there, went out of the room, treading so heavily that she could hear his spurs ring against the granite floor above the general din.

Before she left the spot where that last farewell was taken, the royal party was sweeping through the forest on its route to London. Edward rode a little in advance of his courtiers; but his late host kept close to his bridle-rein—that stern, cold face held even Edward's brave nature in something like awe. For awhile they rode on in dead silence; then an uneasy laugh broke from the monarch, and he turned frankly to his companion.

"Nay, by my soul! this is a merry joke, Dickon! What if my Lady Anna hears of it?"

The young man did not answer, but his very lips turned white with suppressed rage.

"Nay, nay; dread saint, I do but jest. Still I can but remember that this lodge was to have been redeemed from its evil name, and become the seat of hard study and innocent book lore. Oh, Dickon! Dickon! this *is* a rare discovery. Who would have suspected thee of a light-o'-love?"

"Sire, spare me these comments, and do not again apply that epithet to the woman you have seen resting on this bosom. There is not on earth a creature more blameless, or incapable of evil."

Edward turned upon his saddle with sudden

vehemence; a look of stern surprise swept the laughter from his face, and sent the glitter of steel into his eyes.

"Ha! boy, has this folly struck so deep? What do these words hint at? Nothing, I trow, that your king will find it impossible to forgive."

"Sire!" was the cold answer, "where Richard loves, his passion must be pure as its object, else he tastes it not. Men may sin against their own consciences from ambition, because it is the grandest want of a lofty mind. But the heart which sins against itself is base indeed; the lip that meets that of Richard must have felt no meaner touch, nor meet his with a sense of crime. The lady you speak of is——"

"Silence, sirrah, if you would not dare me to smite the words from those lips. If what you hint at exists, smother the secret. Is it not enough that one Plantagenet has played the madman, and flung half his strength away in blind love of a penniless and powerless subject? Or has that astute mind failed to read a lesson from the folly which has filled this kingdom for years with wild commotion? I say, boy, failing the life of our son and heir, the inheritance which carries the crown of England with it must rest with thee."

"With me, sire? There is Clarence!"

"Clarence! Hark ye, boy; that weak hand shall never wield the sceptre thy strong arm has helped me win. The haughty traitress, his wife, shall yet disgorge Earl Warwick's wealth, which has been wrested from the gentle Lady Anna. That power centred in thy hands, Richard, must win the discontented barons back to their fealty. Husband of Warwick's fairest daughter, and master of his vast estates, thy power in this, our kingdom, will be scarcely second to that of the king. Do not mar this glorious fortune, boy, with a folly that even Clarence would blush at."

Richard did not answer. Every word of this speech had aroused the ambitious fiend in his bosom into keen action. Had these thoughts found place in his mind before? Did he know the power his gentle words, and the poetry which breathed in them, had won over Prince Edward's maiden widow? She was beautiful—this Anna of Warwick—and heiress to greater wealth than Edward himself could claim from inheritance. Those who loved her father, and remembered him as greatest among the persistent barons, who made and unmade kings, gave her homage and allegiance such as had never been rendered to the queen.

These thoughts flashed like lightning through

the brain that had given higher range to its ambition than Edward dreamed of. Richard did not speak, but, wheeling his horse suddenly, dashed down a forest-path and lost himself in the woods. When he came forth again Maud Chichester's fate was sealed. Richard had told the truth. He was far too refined in that intense selfishness which takes the utmost enjoyment out of everything that comes in its way, for the coarser pleasures which disgraced Edward's reign. The woman he loved must be innocent, pure, and devoted, because these qualities alone appealed to his fastidious taste. He did not shrink from sin in his own person; but to mate with anything unholy in a woman set his whole nature in revolt. But that love which springs so much from the intellect, is at all times subservient to the master passion which has power to control that intellect. There is no doubt that Richard loved the young creature whom he had married privately, it is true, but in good faith as regarded the future. He was very young then, and love controlled all other feelings with him. Time had not changed him, and could not change him in that. But the growth of a mighty ambition overshadowed the love it could not uproot. With the dim vision of a crown before him, the young man was ready to crucify his own soul, and the heart which had loved him best, knowing well that this great love would be an eternal bar between him and the greatness he dimly groped after.

All day long this young man rode in the forest up and down, never resting for a moment.

He felt no fatigue, and was neither hungry nor athirst. All these feelings were consumed by the burning thoughts which had taken fire from Edward's suggestion—thoughts that had smouldered in his bosom without hope till then; for, while Clarence lived, he was far removed from the throne, even though the infant heir should be taken from his path, as his sickly state seemed to promise.

That day Richard Plantagenet gave himself up to the ambition which was ready to sweep down human rights, and trample out the human life which lay in his path to the throne. "Let me go and look upon the walls that shelter her," he said, communing with the demon that possessed him; "this yearning pain is a sign of weakness, and must be vanquished. He who grapples with destiny must learn first to conquer himself. Happiness or power—both are impossible. This day my choice must be taken. Maud, my poor Maud! how she will suffer—how she loves me! But to one who aspires happi-

ness is nothing. If power is only to be won by suffering, then it is kindest to be cruel!"

With these keen, selfish thoughts in his mind, Gloucester rode close up to the brink of the stream and looked toward his wife's chamber. She was seated near the window, not looking out, for the night had lowered down stormily over the forest; but he could distinguish the lovely outlines of her face defined against the rosy cloud of curtains that swept over her infant's cradle. Clearly cut and pure as a cameo, that sweet side face appeared against the warm background. It was the head of a Madonna, pensive and sad, but imbued with the very spirit of innocent affection.

A groan broke from this hard man. With all his philosophy, the young heart in his bosom ached with intolerable pain, for he loved that beautiful creature above all women in the world—above everything but the crown which his soul grasped at. It was agony to give her up—such agony as only a strong man can feel and conquer.

Slowly that strange being turned his horse and rode away. To the last his head was turned, and his eyes dwelt on the fading outlines of that face. When it died away, the cloud of drapery grew crimson in his mind; and where those beloved features had been, a massy crown broke upon his imagination, burning itself against a sea of blood.

"Be it so," he muttered. "Are crowns ever won without slaughter and bloodshed? What matters it to me if human life goes out on the battle-field, or between four walls? But love her? Love—St. Paul! it is hard!"

Through the black forest he rode, filled with blacker thoughts, and moaning sad echoes to the wind, which sighed gloomily among the branches like grieved spirits praying him to pause before he gave up that which is most precious in human life—human love. But heaven itself had no power to win that hard, brilliant man back to the life he had abandoned.

When Richard entered the Tower, weary and unattended, he passed the king upon the ramparts, and paused to address him.

"Sire!" he said, in the low, calm voice which won so sweetly on the ear, "have I your gracious permission to urge my suit with the Lady Anna? She is fair, and under the promise of your highness will be richly endowed."

Edward looked at his brother searchingly.

"Tell me in all frankness, Richard, are you free to wed this lady, and thus wrest her inheritance from grasping Clarence and his wife, who apes the royalty which she usurps?"

"Sire!" answered Richard, gravely, "no hands hold Richard Plantagenet which he will not find the power to break when the occasion requires it."

"And the fair lady of the lodge? Ah, Richard! Richard!"

"Do not speak of her—not jestingly, at least. No woman worthy of that light scoff has ever stayed Richard one moment on his path."

"Is it so serious, then? Well, well, boy! love lightly or in earnest, as seems you best; so long as no grand passion, such as nearly lost your king a throne, usurps policy and schemes of more consolidated power from our house, I care not. But Edward is not yet strong enough to breast his enemies without the firm support of his kinsmen. The great wealth of Earl Warwick was a mighty prop to his influence; that wealth must not be divided, or pass away from our house. It must be wielded, too, with a firmer hand than weak Clarence ever possessed."

"But he will not give up a fair half of these goods without a struggle," answered Richard. "Before proceeding in this matter I would have full assurance of royal protection in my suit for a generous division."

"Division! Ay, by my crown, I will pledge all that you can ask when the fair Anna is once your bride. But as for division, look you, Richard, if Clarence swerves again, but by a hair's-breadth, from his allegiance, there will be little need of halving Warwick's riches."

A keen, quick glance was exchanged between the brothers. That look of cold ferocity which sometimes hardened Edward's features into iron, thrilled its way to the eager heart of Richard. From that moment the fate of Clarence was understood between the brothers.

CHAPTER XIV.

MAUD CHICHESTER was alone with her child. She had been greatly disappointed in not seeing her husband again after the royal carouse, and watched his coming with more than usual impatience; Duke Richard was never wantonly cruel. He could be hard as steel under an ambitious purpose, but he took no pleasure in suffering for its own sake. He loved the fair, young woman who had cast her life with such unquestioning trustfulness into his keeping, and would have endured pain a thousand times over rather than give it to her. But he lived even then up to the maxim which genius has given to his lips.

"What's bought by blood must be by blood maintained;" and when the price which he

must pay for exaltation was a broken heart for that gentle wife, he did not shrink back weakly, or in half measures wring her soul with uncertainties. Still he could not wholly give her up, or crush her to the earth with a single blow. It was not fear which held him back, for, in good or evil, boy or man, the prince was bold as the greatest general that ever lived; but he loved the woman dearly, and shrunk from sweeping the glory from her life at one fell swoop. With these feelings wounding his heart, without in the least changing his purpose, Richard sent a message to Maud. With all his courage and iron resolution, he could not slay that gentle heart with his own hand. But Catesby, his master of the horse, was sent on the savage errand. This man was Richard's instrument, not his confidant—for, young as he was, the prince told his secrets to no man living. He commanded, but seldom explained.

When Maud heard the tramp of a horse on the forest-path, she started up from her child's cradle like a bird fluttering out from its nest as the father bird approaches, snatched the babe from under its rosy cloud of silk, and kissed it with passionate joy.

"He is coming! Oh, my boy! my sweet, sweet boy! father is here! Kiss me, darling! kiss me back! and he shall take it warm from my lips."

The boy, just aroused from his slumber, opened his great eyes wide, stretched out his white feet and chubby little hands, like a prize-fighter trying his limbs, and broke into a lusty cry that brought the hot blood into Maud's face.

"What, crying, and your father here? You naughty, naughty child! You shall not kiss me with that mouth. There, go back to bed, sleepy thing!"

She lifted the curtains, huddled the child back into his cradle, gave him a little pat of the hand, half tender, half impatient, and ran out to meet Catesby, who that moment entered the great hall.

Maud fell back on seeing the man, so keenly disappointed that she could not speak. All the graceful dignity of her character was lost in this painful surprise.

"Lady," said Catesby, advancing toward her, "forgive this rude entrance. I was only waiting to inquire the way to your presence."

"Come you from my lord?" questioned Maud, forgetful of the secret she had been cautioned to guard. "Have you seen him?"

Catesby took a letter from his bosom and gave it to her.

She looked at the writing. "To the Lady at Hunsdon Lodge," she read. There was no more; but she knew the handwriting, and pressed her lips upon it, blushing crimson the next moment when she saw Catesby's eyes upon her.

"Go in yonder, fair sir; my people will attend to your comfort while I read this missive," she said, with gentle courtesy. "In a brief time I will see you again."

With a bend of the head, she withdrew into the chamber where her child had dropped to sleep again, and lay among the rosy draperies and snow-white pillows like a cherub couched among summer clouds. With fingers quivering with impatience, she attempted to unknot the band of floss silk with which the letter was tied, but only tangled it into a crimson impossibility. Then she tore at it with her white teeth, and flung the fragments away, unfolding the parchment with such eager haste that the writing floated vaguely before her eyes.

Maud read the letter at last over and over again, for it was brief and clear, cutting to her heart like steel.

"Going abroad—the king will have it so. On business of state. Stay for years—for years! Oh, my God! it says for years! My husband! Oh, mercy, my husband! Gone already! Gone without a word of farewell! If I love him I will stay here with the child; the people will remain with me. The man who brings this will see to our wants, and visit us often. He has left Duke Richard's service. Gone—gone!"

The poor, young creature fell upon her knees and clung to the edge of the cradle, which shook beneath her trembling hands like a cloud drifted by stormy winds. She did not weep, and scarcely gave forth a sound; but her lips were white as snow, and her eyes opened wide with a sort of terror, as they looked over the child far away into vacancy.

Catesby had been feasted on cold pastry and wine in another room, and was just draining the last red wave from its silver flagon, when Maud entered the chamber, white, cold, and shivering with nervous chills.

"Tell me," she said, in a low, hoarse voice, "is he gone? You know who I mean. Has there been no merciful storm on the coast to drive him back?"

"Lady," said Catesby, "I know less than the letter tells you. It was given me with orders to place it in your hands. That I have done."

"Then you know nothing?—not even where he is gone?"

"Lady, I know nothing, save that it is my duty to obey your behests in all things, and see

that none of the comforts to which you have been used are wanting."

"Comforts! comforts! and without him! Still I should be thankful for so much care. So I am. But hear you not a wail? I must go and still it. That is the way orphans cry out when God smites them with loneliness."

Maud went into her child's room again, pale as death, and crying unconsciously. She did not return for a full hour. At last Catesby sent to inform her that he wished to take leave; and then she came forth looking like a poor little dove creeping out from the drench of a rain-storm. Catesby looked at her almost in pity.

"Grantley will remain here," he said. "His orders are positive, whatever you desire he is charged to obtain."

"As you will," answered Maud, drearily. "I have but few wants; but let him stay if it is thought best. But tell me, in mercy tell me, where has he gone? When shall I see him again? Do not say that he told you not. Surely, surely you must know why it is that I am made so wretched."

"Lady, I repeat, no information was given me. I was told to bring that letter, and have obeyed the command."

"And is he gone?"

"Surely has he!"

In her eagerness, Maud had laid her hand on Catesby's arm, but it fell off like a flower suddenly broken from the stalk; and she sat down, dumb with the anguish of complete despair.

Then Catesby took his leave, and she heard the retreating tramp of his horse with a shudder. It seemed as if they were beating her heart into the earth beneath those iron hoofs.

Maud did not sleep that night, nor the next, nor the next. There was fever in her heart and on her brain—fever that heated the pure blood in her baby's veins, and made him share her anguish. On the second night, while Maud was delirious, the head servant mounted a horse and rode all night, making his way toward London. When he came back, a leech rode by his side, and for many a day rested in the lodge, tending the mother and the child with unusual assiduity.

At last Maud recovered. No, not that; but a lovely shadow haunted the old lodge, that might now and then remind you of the cheerful, rosy young creature, whose very existence had made the old place bright as a summer bower. But the child grew thrifty, and sometimes made that sad mother start and catch her breath, the glee of his holy laughter sounded so like a

mockery in that lonesome place. Maud took little heed of anything that went on around her; but she was ever gentle and kind to Albert, the idiot boy, who haunted her footsteps with the fidelity of a hound; as for Wasp, his sympathies were almost human. He mounted guard over the cradle, and watched the expression of that sad, motherly face with eyes that seemed to read every pain that flitted across it, and mourn because he possessed no remedy. For hours he would lie and watch his mistress as she sat mournfully gazing out upon the forest. But if the child, by some gay shout or daring crow, won a smile from her, Wasp would go off careering about the room in a wild caper of delight, and make the house ring again with his riotous barking.

This could not last. Human souls are too restless in joy or sorrow for perfect stillness to be anything but irksome. That answers to content alone. In all her brooding, many a strange thought had haunted the young wife. Her mind toiled over its sorrows. Doubt kept her restless, and the natural energy of a character, at once beautiful and strong, awoke in her bosom. One thing she could do. Her husband had belonged to King Edward's court; nearer still, was a follower of the young Duke of Gloucester. That much he had told her himself. Why not go up to London, search out the duke, and demand of him the destination of her husband, and the cause of his absence? True, she was forbidden to speak of him, or to claim him in any way before the world; but her heart was breaking; she must hear news of him or die. She would keep his secret, even though it covered her with shame. In no one thing would she disobey him; but how could she rest there, hungering for tidings with that terrible ache gnawing forever at her heart, and make no effort to appease it?

Sorrow had rendered Maud suspicious. She was afraid to trust any of his servants with a resolve that had been forming in her mind for weeks. Yet how could Albert help her, poor witling? He was faithful as the sun, and had more than a moderate share of that strange cunning, which sometimes seems almost like wisdom in the weak-minded; but the service she desired was far beyond his range of intellect. Some knowledge of the country was important, and familiarity with the great world of London, of which she was profoundly ignorant.

One day Maud ventured to sound Grantley, but he received her hint with grim disapproval; and for days after watched her with unusual vigilance, which only served to stimulate her

fears and confirm her purpose. Maud saw that there was no hope in the servants, and began to suspect that they were, in fact, her jailors. But who placed them there? Not her husband, she never could think that. No, his enemies—for he had confessed to many—had prevailed against him, doubtless, and found a new way of torture through his wife and child.

One day Albert had been sitting at her feet, reading all the eloquent changes of her face, as love will teach the most simple heart to read. His own face was more than usually intelligent. A strange light kindled his pale, blue eyes, and he looked sharp and keen almost as Wasp himself. At last he pulled at her dress.

"I—I can find the way," he said; "Wasp and I. Besides, the black horse knows. Isn't he on it every week? Wasp and I can do it. She, too."

Maud was startled. The idiot had read her thoughts; had decided, also, on the only person of her household who might be trusted to aid in the project that was haunting her mind.

A woman from the forest was that moment holding Maud's child up to the window, where he was making dashes at a great blue fly which was beating its lovely wings against the glass. The idiot's finger was pointed to this poor widow, who had lost both husband and child scarcely a year before.

"Yes," said Maud, unconsciously speaking aloud, "she, too, would be faithful."

The woman turned from the window and brought her blooming charge up to his mother.

"Try me, mistress; only try me," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"I will," cried Maud. "My boy would not love you so if you were not honest. Come with me. Albert, follow us."

"And Wasp?" said the idiot, beckoning to the dog, who stood with ears erect listening.

These four strangely-assorted people went into an inner chamber, and there held council together. Hilda, the forest woman, was sharp of wit, and instantly comprehended the situation.

"I know the forest paths well," she said, "and can guide you so far on the way; beyond that I have a brother, who has followed the royal hunt many a time to the gates of London. He will show us the way."

Albert listened greedily; his feeble mouth worked, his hands were in constant motion. He almost danced with eagerness, while Wasp tore at the rushes with his feet, and gave out a short, fiery bark, more eloquent of impatience than a human voice might have been.

"Be quiet, and wait till night!" said Maud, giving the faithful boy her hand to kiss. "Just before the moon rises we will start. Have three horses ready, Albert—my white palfrey, the black hunter, and any other that you can find. The rest I leave with you, Hilda."

"It lacks but three hours of the time," answered the woman, placing little Richard in his mother's arms. We must have food for ourselves, and milk for the baby. Besides, gold will be wanted."

"There is a purse of broad pieces in the cabinet of my bower-chamber, and jewels of price, if they be needed," said Maud, eagerly. "Prepare the rest, Hilda, and I will bring the gold."

That night, when the sun went down, and an hour of darkness lay between its setting and the light of a cloudless moon, Maud stole forth from her dwelling, carrying the boy in her arms, and equipped for a journey. Hilda would have relieved her from the sweet burden, but the young mother would not hear of it—that little form kept her heart strong.

Down by the ford they found Albert, with four horses equipped for traveling. Wasp stood by, guarding two of the animals as his own especial charge. Maud mounted her own palfrey, who knelt like a camel to receive her, and rose again with a toss of his milk-white mane, and the lightness of a dancing-girl, arching his neck proudly under the burden of his mistress and her child.

Hilda mounted the black charger, and Albert took his triumphant seat on a stout roadster, leading a sumpter-horse by the bridle. In the leathern bag which cumbered this horse Hilda had packed the choicest robes of her mistress' wardrobe, and added to these a small pannier filled with provisions. Thus, with great caution, the little cavalcade crossed the ford, and entered the forest, guided by Wasp, who ran on before, softly as a cat, scarcely brushing the grass in his progress, but trotting onward gravely, as if impressed with the importance of his charge.

It matters not how long this helpless party remained on the road. One bright morning they entered London, fresh from a little hostelry, where they had spent the night. They found the city in a tumult of excitement; crowds of people in holiday-dress were passing up and down the street, all the balconies were hung with tapestry and crimson cloth. Banners floated from the house-tops; and wherever she turned her eyes, Maud saw a cognizance which made her heart leap. The Boar's-Head crested balcony and banner that day wherever armoreal

bearings could be placed—and that was the grim cognizance of Duke Richard of Gloucester—the generous patron and master of her husband. As Maud and her strange companions penetrated into the heart of London, the crowd deepened and became more eager. At last it blocked her onward passage, and she was crowded against the walls of a stately house, close beneath a balcony draped with scarlet cloth, and fluttering with fringes of gold. The horses which Maud and her servant rode had been backed close to the wall, where they were becoming dangerously restive. Little Richard struggled in his mother's lap, and began to cry out. The crowd became so tumultuous that it frightened him.

Albert, who had been separated from the others, heard this cry, and pushed his horse toward the balcony, regardless of the people in his way.

In his bewilderment he looked upward, and saw a lovely face looking out from the gorgeous richness of the balcony. Pearls shone in the bright tresses that shaded this face, and a neck fair as the leaves of a blush-rose, gleamed upon him through a flame of jewels.

With a wild ringing shout, that made the crowd pause and look upward, Albert sprang upright on his saddle; with a single leap he threw himself into the balcony, and flung his arms around the beautiful woman who sat there like some tropical bird in its nest.

"Jenny! sister Jenny! it's me—it's me!"

The woman arose, smitten with joyous terror, and, clinging to the idiot-boy, withdrew from the balcony, almost carrying him with her.

"No, no! bring them up, too—my lady and Wasp, and the little fellow! Didn't you hear him cry?"

"My brother! my poor darling—how came you here? Who sent you? Oh! Albert! Albert! you are not afraid to kiss me—afraid nor ashamed?"

Jane Shore put back the golden locks from that innocent face with both her quivering hands; she rained kisses and quick woman tears on the idiot's forehead, his neck, and even his garments. She strained him to her bosom. She held him at arms-length, laughing and crying like a very child.

"But my lady! But Wasp!" he cried, struggling from her arms. "They have crowded her against the wall; bring her in, or I'll never kiss you again."

"My lady! Is she in truth here? Oh! Albert! I dare not speak to her!"

"But you shall!"

The boy spoke with emphasis, looked around him, and seeing a stair-case through an open door, rushed down it, and out into the street.

"Come in! Come in!" he said. "It is a grand, grand place, and Jenny is here! Sister Jenny wants you, and baby, and Wasp, and her! Come along! See, I have tied the horses to this iron ring!"

While Maud hesitated in bewilderment, the idiot, who had grown strong in his excitement, lifted her from the saddle, and hurried her forward through the passage, up stairs, and into the sumptuous chamber where Jane Shore stood, pale as death, and trembling like a criminal, as she was.

When Maud saw her foster-sister, a flush of joy overspread her face, and she felt the ineffable relief of a wanderer who sees a beloved face in the midst of strangers.

"Oh! June, Jane! is it you? Heaven has sent

us here! My heart was so heavy a moment since! But you do not seem glad—you look so strange. Is it that I and my child are unwelcome?"

Jane had, indeed, been startled, even terrified, but she opened her arms before half these words were uttered, and clasped her lady and foster-sister to her bosom with a close embrace.

"Oh! my lady! my dear, dear lady! not welcome! You not welcome! God help me! it was anything but that. This child, too! Welcome! The angels of heaven are not more welcome! But all this is so sudden. Nay, do not look at me so!"

The woman blushed crimson under Maud's wondering gaze; and going into another room, tore the jewels from her bosom, and the pearls from her hair, ashamed to meet those innocent eyes.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

"LIVING OR DEAD?"

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

"Living or dead?" there was not a line
To tell us to which our thoughts might turn.
"Wounded and missing," the record said—
And that was all we could ever learn.

Perhaps, while he lay on the battle-field,
'Mid the shriek of shell and the cannon's roar,
The Angel of Death with his summons came—
And the dim eyes shut to unclose no more.

"Wounded and missing!" with comrades dear,
Perhaps he was thrust in some dungeon low,
In pain, and sorrow, and want to die—
And we of his fate shall never know.

Perhaps, where the trees, with broad, green leaves,
Made solemn arches 'twixt earth and sky,
A mossy couch for the weary frame—
No loving one but the Saviour nigh;

While the zephyrs sighed a requiem sad,
And the lonely spot in shadow lay;
His mother's name on his dying lips—
Perhaps it was thus he passed away.

He felt that our cause was right and just;
He stood with the foremost, firm and true;
He carried his country's flag that day—
Perhaps he died 'neath its starry blue.

Living or dead? 'tis a sweet, sweet thought,
That he stood where the best and bravest stand;
Living or dying, he loved the right,
And, next to his God, his native land.

Living! ah, yes; for he could not die;
His heart was so full of a Saviour's love.
If he lives not here in this world below,
We know he is "living" in worlds above

WOMAN'S EARLY LOVE.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

I MET her first in childhood's years,
When all of life was young;
Ere care had dimmed her eye with tears,
Or grief her heart had wrung.
Life was to her a pleasant dream,
Unmingled with alloy;
And each fair, sweet, and blissful scene
Was fraught with hope and joy.

I saw her on her bridal morn,
With spirits light as air;
Her cheeks were like the blush of dawn,
And roses decked her hair;

And her pure woman's holy love
Was gushing from her heart,
As she pronounced the solemn words
That caused her tears to start.

Again we met in after years;
But, oh! how greatly changed!
The love that once was fondly hers,
Had grown cold and estranged.
Yet still, with woman's trustfulness,
She clung to him in tears;
For time, nor cold neglect could change,
The love of earlier years.

MISS WOGGLES' WARDROBE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MISS SMITH'S PARTY," ETC., ETC.

WHEN Miss Woggles went to Newport, with her wardrobe of a dozen trunks, she took the Ocean House by storm. Frank Gordon, who saw her baggage delivered, came into the parlor, where his mother and sister were sitting.

"You should have seen the display," he said. "Some of the trunks are as high as my head. Out West, where benighted people like ourselves live, they would be thought nearly big enough for a log-cabin. I understand she has taken an extra room to put them in."

"I have always heard," his sister answered, in the same gay vein, "that the Ocean House was a place where a few women of the first fashion came annually to walk up and down the hall of evenings, and that all the female milliners of the nation came and sat on the chairs at the sides to steal the patterns; and though we have been here only a day, I begin to think it is true."

"For shame!" cried Mrs. Gordon. "I don't believe a word of your story, or of Frank's. For all you know, Miss Woggles may be a very excellent young woman."

"Not with a dozen trunks, mother, dear; not with that purse-proud face of hers," said Frank. "Most of the girls, who come to Newport, have hard, worldly faces; think what faces we saw on the Avenue yesterday: but Miss Woggles' face is the worst of the lot."

Miss Woggles came down to breakfast, at a late hour next morning, in a dress so aggravatingly beautiful, that all the other ladies were in despair. At dinner she appeared in another superb costume; wore still another for the drive on the Avenue; and in the evening was seen floating through the hall amid clouds of diaphanous drapery.

"Four dresses in one day!" said Frank Gordon. "I don't think her dozen trunks will hold out. But look how her hair is dressed?"

"That's the Empire style," answered his sister. "You men never know anything. And she looks very well in it. But who is that distinguished-looking man being introduced to her?"

"That is Gen. De Courcy. Everybody is talking of him who is not talking of Miss Woggles—and most people are talking of both. He belongs to one of the first families of the Middle

States; the head of the house abroad is Baron Kinsale, of a peerage seven hundred years old. He, that is, the general, was educated at Harvard, and having just graduated when the war broke out, volunteered. He rose rapidly. At Bull Run he was a lieutenant, at Williamsburg a captain, at Antietam a colonel. At Fredericksburg he was wounded and left for dead, but managed to crawl back to camp, and recovered. He is now a major-general by brevet. Added to all this, he is enormously rich, and has one of the finest estates in Pennsylvania. He is said, too, to be as accomplished as he is brave. Of course, all the celebrities gravitate together—the hero of a dozen battles, and the heroine of a dozen trunks. A poor country girl, Kate, has no chance."

At this moment Gen. De Courcy came that way, Miss Woggles leaning on his arm. Apparently he had asked who Kate was, for his companion answered, with a toss of her head, loud enough to be overheard. "I don't know—Shoddy, I suppose."

Poor Kate blushed scarlet, especially as several strangers, hearing the reply, looked rudely at her. Frank waited till Miss Woggles was out of ear-shot, and then whispered to Kate,

"Well, that's cool! You Shoddy! when your ancestors fought at Flodden, to say nothing of Bunker Hill and Yorktown! I'm afraid it's Miss Woggles' antecedents that won't bear inquiring into."

Later in the evening, as Kate sat alone in the hall, her mother having retired with a headache, Frank made his appearance with Gen. De Courcy.

"Kate," he said, "you have often heard our father speak of Col. De Courcy, who was in his brigade in the war of 1812. It turns out that the general here is his son; and he asks the honor of an introduction."

Kate's heart was in a flutter at the unmistakable look of admiration with which her new acquaintance regarded her; and, in truth, Kate looked bewitchingly lovely. Her slender, graceful figure, dressed in simple white, attracted attention, by the absence of the meretricious ornaments so conspicuous all around. There was that something in the carriage of her head, in her every movement, which people call high-

bred. Her face was fresh and animated, with eyes of rare beauty, and a mouth of the most captivating sweetness. Gen. De Courcy mentally contrasted her with the commonplace-looking heiress he had just left, and wondered if this charming prairie-flower excelled as much in mind as she did in person.

"I suspected who you were," he said, "as soon as I heard your name. We have, you must know, a portrait of your father; and I recognized the likeness between it and your brother. But I thought your family lived in New England."

"We did," answered the brother, "at one time. But, to be frank, we had to go out West, in hope to better our condition. I am but a poor country lawyer; and I suppose," he added, laughingly, "we have no business here; but we are traveling to old Massachusetts, to visit the place where our family lived for two hundred years; and I thought I would take Newport in my way, in order that Kate, who has never seen anything of the kind, might have a glimpse of this modern Vanity Fair."

After that the conversation became general, when De Courcy found that Kate was as witty as she was beautiful.

As Miss Woggles went by, leaning on the arm of a millionaire, she gave a stare of surprise at seeing who De Courcy was talking with.

The next day Miss Woggles outdid herself. All the ladies declared her breakfast-dress more ravishing even than the one she had worn the day before; and as for her dinner-costume, "nobody out of Paris," as Mrs. Les Modes said, "could invent such a love of a thing." De Courcy had been assigned a seat at Miss Woggles' table, and she exerted all her charms to fascinate him. Kate, who supposed he was sitting there from choice, was the least bit jealous; for no woman can easily forgive a sneer in another, much less likes to see that other preferred to herself. However, she reflected she was only a country girl, "And I am glad Frank told him how poor we are," she added. You see she was proud, this otherwise perfect Kate.

Perhaps this gave something of coldness to her manner when De Courcy joined her in the evening. But it was impossible long to resist his frank cordiality. He wondered what he had done to offend Kate; but this only made him more determined to please. He was now introduced to Mrs. Gordon, and Kate was quite subdued when she saw the deference he paid to this dear parent.

"Did you drive this afternoon?" he said. "I

looked in vain for you on the Avenue; it would have been a relief to have seen you. Such a set of stupid faces! Everybody seemed bored, and as if they would have yawned at you, if they had dared. But, perhaps, you drove to Bateman's or the Fort?"

"No, we sat on the porch, looking at the show," said Kate. "I confess, I thought as you did about the faces. But the equipages were surely splendid. I have heard of four-in-hands, but I never saw one before. It seemed an endless procession of barouches, pony-phaetons, tandems, donkey-carts, equestrians—everything that was extravagant or odd. But," she added, "I couldn't help asking myself, if, with so much misery in the world, it was right to waste money on mere show. I suppose it's very old-fashioned to say this."

"I honor you for it," answered De Courcy. "Half the people here," and he dropped his voice, "seem to me to care only for display. They must be dreadful shams, if we could only find them out."

But the next day, when Kate saw De Courcy dining again with Miss Woggles, who was, as Frank said, in her eleventh new dress, if not in the eleventh heaven, she began to think that he was as great a sham as any one; for he seemed to be quite absorbed with the heiress; and when, after dinner, he handed Miss Woggles into a superb drag, with four horses, and two grooms in showy liveries, (top-boots and cockades in their hats included,) she was quite convinced of it.

"I wonder your new friend don't drive his own horses," she said to Frank, as the magnificent equipage dashed off, the chains jingling, and the horses plunging, while the grooms clambered up behind.

"You dear little innocent," answered Frank, "don't you know that this is the great Woggles turn-out, and that the driver is the brother of the heiress. You see he has another groom, out of livery, at his side, to help him through the tight places. They say the horses are tensed with wire-whips, before leaving the stable, to make them go off in this fashion, and that, in a few minutes, the leaders will be hanging back as if about to sit down on the wheelers. Great are the Woggleses at Newport! As for De Courcy, depend on it, he'd no idea he was going to be made an exhibition of, in such a style, till it was too late to decline. He's too thorough-bred to like display."

The next morning, De Courcy, after breakfast, came up to Kate.

"Your brother tells me," he said, "that you

ride on horseback. May I hope you will ride with me this afternoon? I have been all over Newport, this morning, to see if I could get a suitable horse for you, and have, with great difficulty, succeeded; so do not, I beg, decline. Mrs. Gordon, will you intercede for me?"

The Avenue, that afternoon, was unusually thronged. Kate rode her beautiful, high-spirited mare to perfection. Everybody turned to look after her and De Courcy, for so handsome a couple had not been seen before that season. The gentlemen especially raved about her. "She beats even Rotten Row," said a young English lord, "pon honor, she does." Miss Woggles, jingling by in cumbrous state, turned green with jealousy.

That evening there was a hop. Miss Woggles came down to it with diamonds that were worth a fortune. Mrs. Les Modes declared that the two point-lace flounces on her dress "must have cost a thousand dollars each." All the young men crowded around her. There were dandies with English whiskers; dandies with waxed mustaches; dandies with hair parted in the middle; foreign attaches, English titular lords, cadets in uniform, and drawing young donkies. But he, whom of all others she most wished for, did not press forward with the rest. With jealous rage she beheld him approach Kate, appearing to ignore altogether her own charms. Her anger was heightened when she saw that De Courcy was the hero of the evening, and that Kate shared in the homage which was paid to him. Hitherto, the quiet, retiring manners of Kate had kept her in the background; but now, as she floated around in the waltz, her grace, her beauty, and her stylish air fixed general attention. Her dress was perfection; simple, yet exquisite. All the women wondered how so much effect could be produced at so little expense. De Courcy had hardly led her to a seat, before she was besieged with solicitations to dance. She had been now recognized as the fair horsewoman of the afternoon; and this increased her popularity. At the end of the evening there was only one opinion, which was that she had been the belle of the ball.

The next morning, on descending to breakfast, the Gordons found De Courcy waiting for them at the door. He gave his arm to Mrs. Gordon, and led her to her seat as if she had been a queen.

"I telegraphed for my horses the other day," he said, "and they came on last night. I have been lying in ambush for you, this hour, in hopes to secure you, my dear madam, for my first drive."

That afternoon, a plain, but elegant carriage drove up, with seats for four. The groom got down, and De Courcy, after handing in his friends, took the reins himself. Two such blooded chestnuts had not been seen on the Avenue that season. They started off, tossing their heads, biting and snapping at each other, so that, to a stranger, they might have seemed about to run away; but in reality it was only playfulness; and if it had been more, their owner, a skillful whip, could have controlled them. De Courcy drove around by Bateman's. There had been a gale in the night, and the surf was breaking, wild and high, over the reefs outside and all along that rocky coast. The horses were pulled up, and long after all the other carriages had driven home, our party stood looking at the sea and sunset. When the last bars of gold and crimson had died out from the western sky, and the shores of Narragansett grew ghostly in the shadows, Kate, who had really forgot everything but the scene, began to sing, in a low voice, as if to herself, Kingsley's "Three Fishermen."

"Three fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought of the woman who loved him the best;
And the children stood watching them out of the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, but many to keep,
Tho' the harbor bar be moaning."

Before she had finished the first verse, she became conscious of what she was doing, and would have stopped; but her mother insisted she must go on; so she sang the ballad through, her voice rising, strong and clear, with emotion.

"Three wives sat up in the light-house tower,
And watched the sky as the sun went down.
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
For men must work, and women must weep,
Tho' storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning."

"Three corpses lay out on the shining strand,
In the morning sun, when the tide went down;
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who shall never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-by to the bar and its moaning."

She sang this last verse with inexpressible pathos, her voice full of tears. No one spoke when she finished; but after awhile, De Courcy drove slowly home.

"I did not know you sang," he said, finally, when they had left the sea out of sight; "nor did I ever hear that song set to the air you sang it to. Whose music is it?"

"I don't think it has ever been published," began Kate, evasively.

"It is nothing to be ashamed of, my child," interrupted her mother. "The music is Kate's own, general. She said she never could find

any that seemed to her to express the full pathos of the words—and so she tried for herself."

"Nor did I," was all De Courcy said; and he looked dreamily into the far distance.

From that evening, Miss Woggles felt she was playing a losing game. Not only had De Courcy deserted her, but others, awakened to Kate's rare loveliness, left the heiress for the rising luminary. In vain she wore her most exquisite Parisian dresses, dresses that the great Worth himself had made. In vain she exercised all her shallow arts of coquetry to draw De Courcy to her side. Her star was waning. People no longer talked of her and her wardrobe, but of the grace and modesty of this beautiful Miss Gordon. At every picnic and reception Kate was now the favorite belle.

"What a wicked wretch our friend, De Courcy, is," said Frank, roguishly, one day, when alone with his sister. "I heard Miss Woggles, just now, ask him if she didn't speak English with a French accent; and he had the cruelty to tell her no. I never informed you, did I, what these Woggles were? I told you I didn't believe their antecedents would bear inquiring into. The father made a great fortune in the shoe-peg line, it seems; you must have read the advertisement of 'Woggles' Warranted Wax-Ends.' Ten years ago he went abroad, and died there, leaving these two children, each worth a million. And that's the 'true and complete history,' as the old broad-sheets used to say, of the Woggles family."

The visit of the Gordons was drawing to an end. The season, indeed, was still at its height; but Frank wished to go to Massachusetts, and business compelled him to be home by the first of September; so arrangements were made for their departure.

The last evening of their stay, De Courcy drove out with Kate. The tide was low, at the end of the Avenue, so he crossed the beach, and leaving the groom in charge of the horses, assisted Kate up the rocks to look at the Spouting Horn. How long they stood there, neither over knew. Gradually they became silent. The opal of the sea, and the rose hue of the sky had faded, and an ashen gray began to creep over all. Far in the south-west, the lights of Point Judith twinkled and disappeared, and twinkled again. At last De Courcy spoke.

"And so you must go to-morrow?" he said. "I have been very happy."

"We must go to-morrow," answered Kate, in a low voice. She hardly knew what she said. Any words were less embarrassing than silence.

"But why alone?" And he turned full and looked at her. His voice sank almost to a whisper. "Let me go with you—for life—forever!"

Kate's eyes fell. He took her hand, and the hand trembled. But she did not withdraw it.

And the night grew deeper. And the groom began to think that his master and the young lady were lost or drowned, it was so long before they remembered him or the horses, and came back.

The next day De Courcy left, and in the same train with the Gordons. It was with the free sanction of both Mrs. Gordon and Frank that he accompanied Kate. So it may be considered certain that Kate will be a bride before New-Year's.

Miss Woggles, when she was told of De Courcy's departure, called for her French maid, and ordered her trunks packed. The same evening she left Newport, as she said, forever. And that was the last we heard of Miss WOGGLES AND HER WARDROBE.

IS SHE DEAD?

BY ELIZABETH BOUTON.

Is she dead? Long weeks she languished,
Wasted by disease and pain;
Vain the prayers of hearts that loved her—
Human art and skill were vain.

Is she dead? The church bells tolling,
Called unto the house of prayer,
Friends to look their last upon her,
Lying cold and pulseless there.

And the man of God said sadly,
"Earth to earth and dust to dust;"
But with brighter aspect pointed,
To the rising of the just.

Is she dead? They've borne her marble,
Cold and senseless to the tomb;

Laid it down beneath the lilies,
There to rest in silent gloom.

Is she dead? Ah, no! nor sleeping
In that green and narrow bed,
Where they've laid the worn-out casket,
With Spring flowers above its head.

But she heard her Master calling,
"Well done good and faithful one!"
"Come up higher," where is waiting,
What your faith and love have won.

And the raptured spirit glady
Left its spirit-house of clay;
And on wings of faith uprising,
Sought the realms of endless day.

A PROVIDENCE IN ALL THINGS.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

It was Saturday morning, and Debbie Hunter worked briskly to get her domestic matters arranged in time; for she sacredly observed that beautiful New England custom of having everything in order by sunset, and spending Saturday night in peaceful preparation for the Sabbath. The morning hours soon slipped by; the sunshine reached and passed the noon-mark on the kitchen-floor; and having done until there was nothing more to do, she put on a clean frock, braided up her dark hair, and with her great basket of freshly-ironed clothes beside her, sat down to do her weekly mending.

The afternoon was a glorious one. The air was thick with a glimmering, golden radiance; and the sky hung overhead blue as a summer sea, dotted here and there with little patches of fleecy white, through which the sun, crowned with his brightest aureole of golden beams, was slowly descending westward to a gorgeous pavilion of tinted mist and billowy clouds. Beneath, the earth lay bathed in brightness; every hill crested with green; every valley starred with blossoms; every tree and shrub bursting into tender shoots; and warbling birds, and humming bees, and tinkling bells, and bleating flocks, filled the air with a mellow chorus of sylvan melody.

On the green grass, before the kitchen door, sat Debbie's three children, Mark and Ruthie building mimic houses for the entertainment of their baby brother; and ever and anon, while she worked, sewing on buttons and darning rents in tiny pinafores and chubby stockings, the happy mother glanced toward them with tender, glistening eyes, singing to herself in a subdued voice:

"The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want;
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green, and leadeth me
The quiet waters by."

After awhile the children wearied of their house-building, and had a race with pussy up and down the garden-walk; and then Mark ran in exclaiming,

"Oh, mother! mother! do let us go down to the wood-lot and get some flowers to dress the house for Sunday. Won't you, please, mother?"

"The sun's almost too warm, isn't it, dear?"

"No, indeed, mother; little clouds keep runnin' over it; it ain't warm a bit—let us go.

You know papa liked the last flowers we got so much."

"Well, bring baby in, and get Ruthie's shoes."

The boy obeyed with alacrity; and lifting Ruthie on her lap, tied the little, warm shoes on her fat feet, and put on her flapping sun-bonnet.

"Don't go far, Mark; and take good care of Ruthie."

"Yes, mother; I always do take care of her—don't I, Ruthie?"

Ruthie assented by a nod of her flapping sun-bonnet; and, taking up their flower-basket, the children started off, hand-in-hand, Debbie hearing their prattling voices and merry laughter long after they had passed from her sight. She resumed her song and her sewing, pausing now and then to administer an admonition to baby, who was exploring the depths of the clothes-basket, and making ineffectual efforts to bite off every button that came in his way. By the time the sun had reached the outer edge of the door-sill, she had overlooked the last garment, and rose up to put her basket away.

Then, with baby toddling after her, she went into her chamber, and opening a large chest, odorous with rose-leaves and lavender, proceeded to lay out the Sabbath apparel, and to put fresh sheets on the two beds, her own and the low trundle, where Mark and Ruthie slept. Nothing now remained to be done but to boil the tea-kettle, and spread the supper-table beneath the grape-arbor; and she returned to the kitchen and glanced at the retreating sunlight with a sign of satisfaction. It had left the door-sill, and was slowly creeping over the green sod without. The sight of it brought a warm light to her eyes, for it was a precious dial, and now marked the hour which had for years brought her husband home from his little school-house. Smiling to herself, she lingered a moment to watch it, thinking how slowly it seemed to move in the early days of her marriagehood; and how swiftly it glided, now that her hands were full of cares.

While Debbie stood thus, smiling and watching the sunlight, a muttering roll of distant thunder fell on her ear; and hastening out to see from whence it came, she beheld, extending

along the western verge of the horizon, a long ledge of clouds, which looked black and portentous beneath the glittering light of the descending sun.

"Surely the children will hurry home," she murmured, glancing anxiously toward the wood-lot, "we shall have a storm before night."

Then she ran about, getting chickens into their houses, and putting wood under shelter, and doing sundry other things, such as a coming storm always renders necessary; wondering all the while if Nathan would get home in time, and expecting every moment to hear the voices of the children. But they did not come; and by the time she had finished, the clouds had so extended as to obscure the light of the sun, and zigzag lines of lightning played, at intervals, round their edges; and the warning voice of the thunder grew louder and more frequent.

Catching up her babe, and closing her door, she ran across to her nearest neighbor, requesting her to take care of him until she returned. Then she hastened away in the direction of the wood-lot.

The wind rose in a sudden gust; the leaves on the trees shivered and trembled; and the cloud came on with fearful rapidity. Shaft after shaft of blinding flame shot from its angry breast; the thunder became one loud, continuous roar, and the darkness grew almost as deep as that of night. Calling frantically on the names of her children, the terrified mother ran on until she was lost to sight in the gloomy depths of the wood-lot.

When Nathan Hunter came in sight of his cottage, the first big drops of the storm had begun to fall: and he was hastening on to escape it, when the voice of the neighbor, who had charge of the babe, arrested him, and from her he learned that his children were in the wood-lot, and his wife gone in search of them. Hurrying after them, he soon traced Debbie by her frantic cries, and succeeded in overtaking her just as the full fury of the storm burst forth. But where were their children?

The clouds rolled up in serried lines, discharging peal after peal of deafening thunder, sheet after sheet of blinding flame; and then, as if all heaven had gathered together its artillery, down poured volley after volley of rattling hail. Nathan forcibly drew his wife under a covert of brushwood, and there they waited until the warring elements drew off their forces, and night let fall her starless curtain to cover their retreat.

"We must go for men and torches now,"

Nathan said, as they crept out over heaps of fallen branches, and they started on, fear and love winging their feet.

The news once out, flew with telegraphic speed, and in an incredibly short time men and lanterns were at his command. The wood-lot was nothing more than a bit of thickly timbered land, some two miles square, the favorite resort and play-place of the village children, and every man in the little company knew each nook and cranny it contained. Separating at the edge of the wood, and designating the great chestnut-oak in the center of the lot, as their place of meeting, they started onward with the joyful assurance that the lost ones would soon be found; and in a few moments the whole wood seemed bursting into a grand and instantaneous conflagration, the blazing torches casting a lurid glare for miles around them, making the dripping branches glitter with dazzling brightness.

But the anxiously-listened for signal-shout was not heard; and after an hour of fruitless search, the little band met, with anxious faces, beneath the chestnut-oak. The father and mother turned from one to another in dumb despair.

"We've searched well; but we'll try it again," was the simultaneous acclaim; and again they started out, and in another hour reassembled beneath the chestnut-oak, but without the children.

"There's no hope for this place now—where next?"

Debbie started forward with a sharp cry,

"The pond! the pond! We have forgotten the pond!"

Her words thrilled every heart with a feeling of terrible foreboding; and slowly and solemnly, like a funeral procession, they wound their way to the meadow, in which the little pond lay. Nathan and Debbie were in advance of the others; and as he flung his crackling torch from side to side, the mother's agonizing cry froze every heart with terror, and, following the direction of her pointing finger, they saw, upon the edge of the pond, a small basket, filled with flowers and pine-cones; and as the men came up and flashed their torches over the yellow water, far out in the center, whirling and drifting in the eddies, a little cap, which the poor mother instantly recognized as belonging to her first-born boy. With a piercing cry, and yearning, out-stretched arms, she plunged forward; but strong arms held her back, and unable to resist, dumb-stricken, half conscious, she sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and

watched them while they dragged the pond, murmuring to herself the while, "I did not deserve this! God has dealt cruelly and unmercifully toward me!"

But, with all their efforts, the children could not be found. The men looked in each other's faces in puzzled despair. Was the pond so deep that they could not reach them? What did it mean? They must go to the village for stronger ropes, and more effective means. Meanwhile, the poor mother and father sat, side by side, in silence, gazing with hopeless eyes upon the yellow waters.

Over the black and desolate night the Sabbath morning dawned fair and cloudless, with delicate rose-tints in the east, and purple, curling mist above the valleys. The birds awoke, and poured forth a jubilant outburst of song; the air was clear and balmy; and every blossom and blade of grass hung with lucid drops, gleaming and flashing like diamonds in the rays of the rising sun. God's sun—God's Sabbath morning! Fair and glorious, though born of a fearful night; eloquent in the revelation of the divine truth, that light is brought forth by darkness, and that light is the offspring of death.

But to the poor mother's heart this truth was by no means clearly revealed. God had dealt unkindly with her—that was one thought. Then her half-bewildered mind went back to the preceding evening, and she remembered the merry prattle of her little ones.

"Mother, I shall wear my new suit, with the bright buttons, to-morrow—shan't I?"

And—

"Mother, you'll curl my hair all over my head, and put on my pink sash when I go to Sunday-school—won't you?"

But they would never laugh and prattle, never tease and trouble her again. Why had they been taken from her? Did she deserve such a sharp and sudden trial? She had tried to serve God from her youth up, and love her neighbor as herself. She was endeavoring to bring up her children in the way they should go—why, then, had she been dealt with so harshly? Was there any God at all—any Providence—any guiding Hand of Love? Or was the universe ruled by a blind, fortuitous chance?

Meanwhile, the Sabbath light deepened and broadened; and the sweet sound of tolling bells came floating from the village. The dragging of the pond went on, but the children could not be found.

"I can't understand it," said the oldest man

of the party. "They can't be in there; if they were, we should fish 'em up, certain."

A swift tumultuous hope shot through Debbie's heart. After all, it might not be so. Obeying a resistless but seemingly foolish impulse, she rose to her feet and called, first on one name, and then on the other. Clear and sweet, through the thin, morning air, her voice arose, penetrating the remotest corner of the wood-lot; and, after a moment's silence, a faint, childish shout came quivering back in answer. The father sprang to his feet with a cry of joy, and the men rushed to and fro in happy confusion. But Debbie kept on calling, and following the little voice that replied with flying feet. Over fallen trees, and through tangled copses; through reeking pools, cutting her feet and tearing her clothing, until she came at last to a huge tree, whose trunk was hollow; and there, shaking himself like a young water-dog, and not more than half aroused, stood Mark, just emerged from the capacious cavern, while, on the wet leaves within, Ruthie still lay, her golden curls hanging in disorder over her rosy cheeks, and her dimpled hands clasping her pinafore, which was crammed with the flowers and bits of moss she had gathered the preceding evening.

"Oh! Mark, Mark!" sobbed the poor mother, catching him to her bosom, "I thought you were drowned. Oh! thank God! I have found you once more!"

Mark looked up at his father, and then at the soaring sun, and began to comprehend the scene around him.

"Oh, yes!" he said, "we've staid all night! I meant to come home, father; but while we was at the pond, and I was making a boat for Ruthie out o' my cap, the storm came on, and we run, and run, and left the basket, and my cap, too. But we couldn't find the way home; and Ruthie cried so, I put her in there. But, my buttons! didn't it hail, father? Ruthie was scared—but I wasn't."

Nathan took the little fellow by the hand in silence, while one of the men lifted Ruthie, still sleeping, from her leafy bed; and with glad hearts they turned their faces homeward. Debbie followed after, with a sharp regret at her heart for having doubted God's mercy, looking up at her living children, and at the smiling, Sabbath sky with grateful, streaming eyes.

At home she began to bustle about, making things comfortable, while Nathan received and gratified the curiosity of the rejoicing neighbors who crowded in. Going into her bed-

chamber to get some dry apparel for the children, her glance fell upon the little trundle-bed, that she had spread with fresh linen the evening before; and, lo! it was a charred and blackened mass—struck by the red bolt of the lightning! There had been death and swift destruction there; and life and safety in the stormy forest.

THE RAIN.

BY INEZ INDLEFORD.

’Tis the radiant Summer’s
Dull and languid hours,
When the air grows heavy
With the breath of flowers
Drooping low and dying,
In the shady bowers;
Like a boon or blessing
To the parched earth,
Bad and half-dying
Into greener birth;
Every bright drop echoing
To a glad refrain,
Comes the gentle patter
Of the welcome rain.

Rain! rain! merry rain!
Singing now a joyful strain;
Falling from the mossy eaves,
Dancing on the plain;
Sparkling on the harvest sheaves
Of the golden grain.
In the dry and dusty street,
Gathering in a pool,
Bathing little children’s feet,
On the way from school;
Breathing tiny ripples
In the pebbly brook,
Where blue violets cluster
In some hidden nook.
Rain! rain! blessed rain!

Picturing lost joys again;
Falling like the music chime
Of silver bells;
Bringing back the olden time
On which memory dwells;
When a child I slumbered
’Neath the old home roof;
And a mother’s blessing
Kept all care aloof;
Visions bright and sunny
Filled my childish brain,
Listening to the music—
Patter of the rain.

Rain! rain! mournful rain!
Tapping ’gainst my window-pane;
Sobbing like the wind’s low moan,
Bathing with fresh tears
Cold gray-stone, buried ’neath
Loves of other years;
Folding close with winding-sheet,
Marble brow and silent feet;
Feet that walked with us the earth
One short year ago;
Now beneath the valley’s sod,
Lying still and low.
Ah! I know not whether,
Most with joy or pain,
Thrilled thou my heart-strings,
Sobbing Autumn rain.

CROSS PURPOSES.

BY SYBIL PARK.

He gathered a spray of the sweet wild-rose,
And wove him a wreath of the blossoms red;
He said, “when the wine of the sunset glows,
I shall crown with this rose-wreath some beautiful head.
“And she shall walk with me, my beautiful queen,
Forever and ever in marvelous state,
The happiest maiden that ever was seen—
Where waits she now for her sure-coming fate?”
I gave him no answer, but looking afar,
I saw a white sail drifting in from the sea;
“Let us haste, quickly haste, to the silver-shelled bar,
There’s somebody beckoning landward to me.
“Some one whose smile I would rather wear mine
Than half the bright smiles in the glad world beside;
But, look! there’s a flash of the sunset’s red wine—
’Tis time that you crowned her your beautiful bride.
“Which one of the crew is the happy one, pray?
Maud, Lou, or Jose, our fair pouting Gabriello?

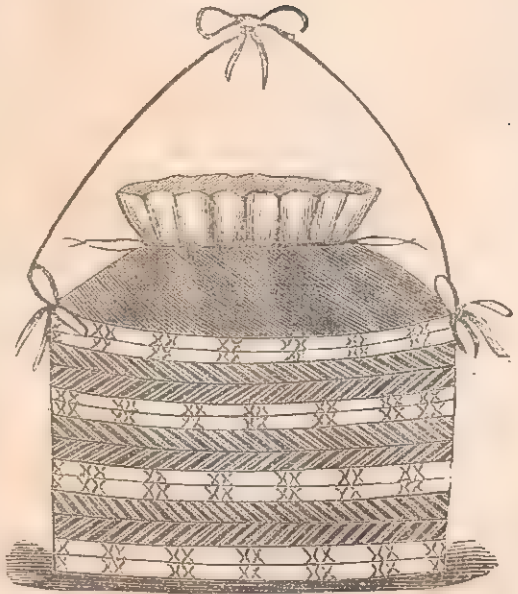
Were I but a fairy, I’d touch them, and say
Which one will give way to the magical spell.”
“Were you a fairy? Well, I am. See here?”
And sunny-haired Maud lightly tripped o’er the sand,
And, breaking a wand from a golden red near,
She raised it aloft in her beautiful hand.
“Kneel quickly, fair Elsie, just here by the sea;
The waves are all crimson, like wine in the sun;
And anything, everything, kneeling to me,
I will grant you whatever you ask, little one.”
I knelt down before her, I cannot tell why;
Was it the golden bloom laid on my hair?
Or was it the strong will, the proud, flashing eye,
Smiling so king-like, and watching us there?
Next thought was the rose-wreath laid light on my brow;
And then the warm kisses rained down on my face;
While Maud, laughing, said, “I had better leave now;
I have granted your wish with such wonderful grace.”

WORK-BAG.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

MATERIALS.— $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of canvas, fine; $\frac{1}{2}$ an oz. of emerald green single zephyr; 6 yards of fine straw braid, or cord; some scarlet floss silk; $\frac{1}{4}$ of a yard of green silk; 1 yard of thick silk cord, green and straw-color; 1 yard of narrow Mantua ribbon.

This pretty Work-Bag for the parlor is made on canvas. Cut the piece of canvas long enough to reach round a circular bottom six inches in diameter, and a little over an eighth of a yard in depth. Begin at the top, and place two (or four rows of the straw braid, if narrow,) evenly around the whole length of the piece of canvas, fastening it down by working a block of four or eight cross stitches with the floss silk. Then take the zephyr, and work in a long diagonal stitch, as seen in the design, covering six threads of canvas each way, meeting in the center, as can be seen. Continue with the straw cord, etc., until you have the piece of work complete; line this with pasteboard same as the bottom, & handle, the thick cord; the bows are made of covering the inside with silk. For the top of some finer cord, with straw or silk acorns at the bag, use the piece of green silk. For the



DESIGN IN BRAID AND APPLIQUE, FOR CHILD'S DRESS.



HANGING BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



MATERIAL REQUIRED.— $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches of crimson; 8 ounces of crystal beads; a skein of gold-colored velvet; $\frac{1}{2}$ of a yard of green velvet; $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards of filoselle; a skein of green crochet silk; $\frac{3}{4}$ of a ribbon velvet, half inch wide, of the same shade; $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of crimson sarsenet to match the velvet; 2

yards of crimson chenille; 1 yard of cord to match; and a pair of small tassels; sufficient cardboard to mount the basket.

Length of cardboard for back of basket, twelve inches—the same depth and shape as front of basket; full width of card for the bottom, $3\frac{3}{4}$ inches, in middle; length twelve inches, straight at the back, and rounded off toward the ends in front.

Cut the crimson velvet for the ground-work to the full size pattern, which will be found on the supplement. Place tissue paper over the pattern; trace the leaves on it, and cut them out, first in paper, then in the green velvet; applique them on to the velvet, and work around them in chain-stitch with the green silk; the stalks and veins of the leaves are to be worked with beads, the balls with gold filosele. The green ribbon

needs only to be backed on, as the beads, when sewn at each edge of it; fasten it sufficiently, and the gold dots can be worked through. Mount the front of the basket on a pliable cardboard, so that it will bend round the corners; line it with the sarsenet; cover both sides of the back (which should be of firmer cord,) with the sarsenet, also the bottom. Make up the basket, and edge it with the chenille, round which beads are to be twisted at intervals. The engraving on the next page, shows how the basket should appear when finished. It is a useful and pretty ornament for the boudoir, or dressing-room, and is intended as a receptacle for any little articles that would destroy the neatness of a room if suffered to lie about. A cashmere ground-work might be substituted for the velvet, if approved.

AUTUMN PALETOT.

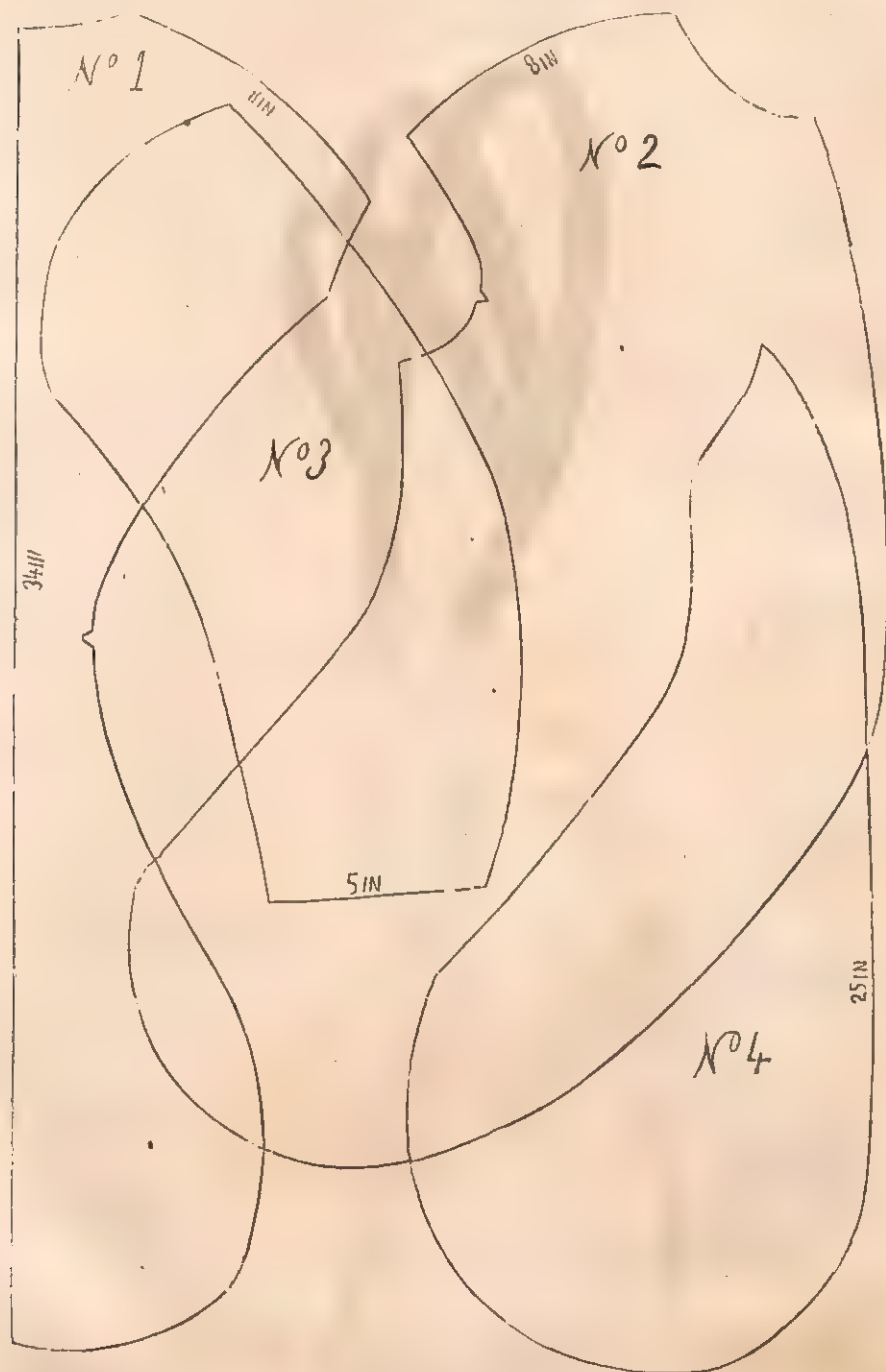
BY EMILY H. MAY.



THIS very stylish Paletot is made in four pieces, by which it may be cut out. The style of trimming is seen in the above engraving.

No. 1. FRONT.
No. 2. BACK.

No. 3. SLEEVE.
No. 4. SIDE-PIECE.



BANDELETS FOR THE HAIR.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



THESE Greek Head-Dresses, or "Bandelets," as they are called in these modern times, are made in every variety of material. Those for very full dress are made of solid bands of treble gilt, either burnished or frosted; sometimes the front band is ornamented with little gilt sequines to match, bands of cut steel are, also, very brilliant; they usually have hair-pins to correspond, which seem to be used to fasten the "Bandelets" with. In our engraving we give the "Bandelet" made of velvet, ornamented with beads. To make one, eighth of a yard of velvet, cut bias, is required; divide this into three equal

parts, cutting the velvet on the bias, of course. Sew the edges of the velvet together with a slip-stitch, so that the stitches may not show upon the right side; make the three bands, graduating them to fit the head. Ornament with wax beads in imitation of pearls; or with gilt or steel beads. A narrow taffetas ribbon, sewed at each end of the "Bandelet," is the most convenient way of fastening the head-dress, as it then can be more easily adjusted in its proper place. Of course, it is understood that the hair is to be entirely denuded of the puffs and frizettes so long worn, and is to be dressed quite close to the head.

SMOKING-CAP: CORAL PATTERN.

In the front of the number we give a design, printed in colors, for a Smoking-Cap of a coral pattern. The crown, and a piece of the side are represented, as also, on a smaller scale, the

cap, when finished. This cap is done in applique with red velvet cashmere on gray, and is finished with a tassel. Dark blue or black may be used instead of gray, if preferred.

CANDLESTICK ORNAMENTS.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Two large rings are required for the center, twelve smaller ones for the middle of the stars, and eighty-four very small ones for the edges. Six stars are necessary for each ornament. Work over the rings with scarlet silk in double

crochet. The rest of the ornaments are very short, white bugles and crystal beads, which may be threaded on the scarlet silk for the tassels, etc. The illustration shows the arrangement of the rings and tassels.

WORK-BASKET.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



Cut a round or oval of penelope canvas the size you wish to make your basket. Work any simple pattern in Berlin wool or bead-work to cover it. Quilt a piece of silk or satin the exact size of your work. Tack the two together, and sew as firm a wire as you can bend with your fingers round the extreme edge, bending it into the waved form of the model; then cover the edge with a ruche of quilled ribbon. Get a piece of plait or chip, and sew a firm wire on to it to form the handle. Cover it with the same material as that with which you have lined the basket, and put a ruche on the upper side.

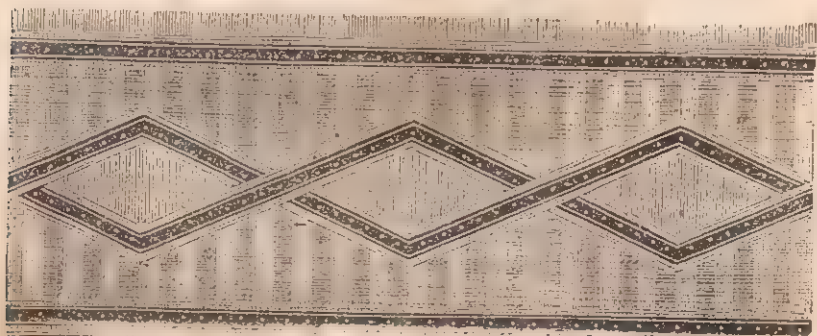
TOBACCO-POUCH.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

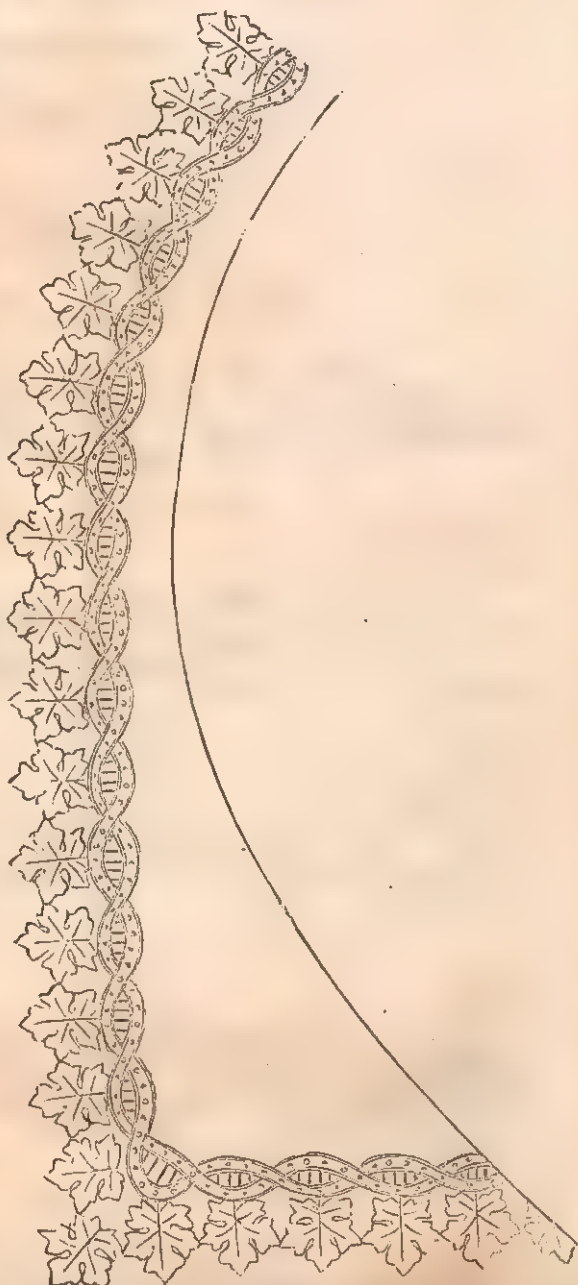


This is made of black velvet applique upon drab cloth. All the little patterns upon the velvet are done in gold thread, sewed down with an over-stitch of scarlet sewing-silk at equal distances. The intervening pattern is done with scarlet silk embroidery braid, and one jet bead in the center of each oval made by braiding pattern. Line the bag with soft chamois leather, or oil silk. Scarlet silk for the top of the bag, and scarlet cord for the strings. The bottom of the bag should be of a pasteboard covered with the leather.

TRIMMING FOR CORSAGE, PETTICOAT, ETC., ETC.



VARIETIES IN EMBROIDERY.



INITIALS, ETC.

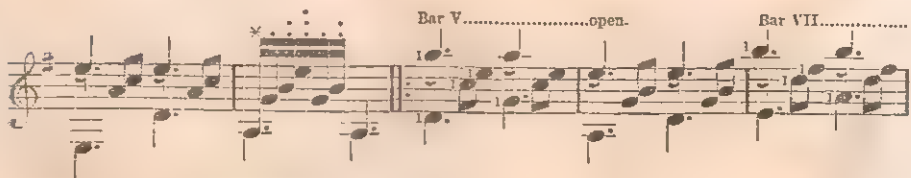
COLLAR.

Spanish Fandango.

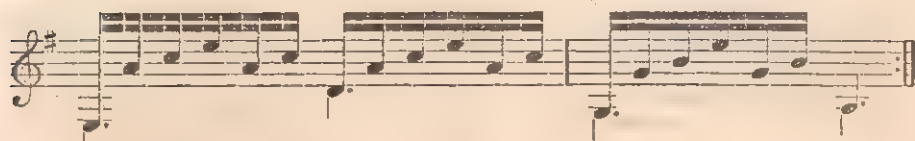
FOR THE GUITAR.

AS PUBLISHED BY SEP. WINNER.

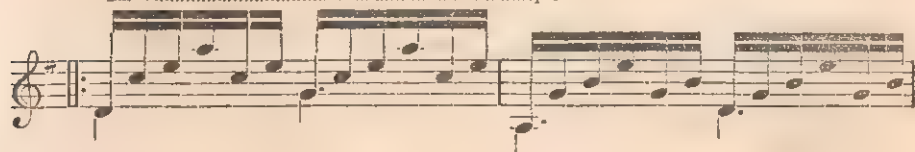
*Tune the Guitar thus: and play as if
tuned in the regular manner.*



SPANISH FANDANGO.



Bar V.....open.



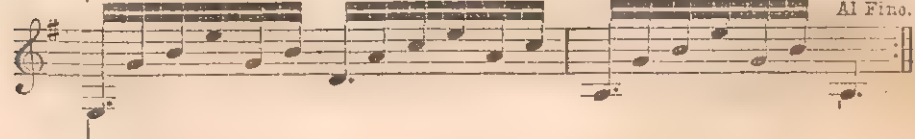
VII.....open.



IV.....V



.....open.



D.C.
Al Fino.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1866. DOUBLE SIZE COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.—We call attention to the Prospectus, for next year, to be found on the cover. It will be seen that we contemplate various improvements, the chief of which will be a double-size, colored, steel fashion-plate in each number.

This single improvement will cost us nearly *twenty thousand dollars extra*. We mention this fact to show the public that we stop at no expense, in order to add to the attractions of "Peterson," relying for our remuneration, not on large profits on a small edition, but on small profits on a large one. This is the secret of our having been able to publish, for so many years, so cheap, yet so good, a Magazine. We have now the largest circulation of any monthly in the United States, and we expect, next year, to double it.

For our mammoth fashion-plate will not be our only improvement. Our original stories have been, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. Our list of original contributors is unrivaled: and such first-class writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Lee Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," write exclusively for us. While retaining the best of these contributors, new writers of acknowledged ability will be added.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine, for it will be, in 1866, the cheapest Magazine in the world. *Be, therefore, the first in the field.* A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

GOLD AND STEEL are again profusely used in all articles of dress. The newest poplins have steel woven in them in the shape of diamonds, lozenges, and circles of the size of a quarter of a dollar. Gold is also used in this way on black. It is profusely sprinkled over all flowers, and is used for bandolots. Gold and steel beads will be sewed on narrow braid, and employed for trimming dresses, jackets, etc. Plaids are also fashionable, among the prettiest of which is the apple-green crossed with black.

MAKING ALL DRESS-MAKERS.—The Penfield (N. Y.) Extra says of this Magazine:—"We have a large club in this town, and should judge that it will be doubled by another year, from what we hear said about it; it is making all the ladies dress-makers." This was written, too, before the ladies knew of the double-size fashion-plates, which we shall publish, every month, during 1866.

A NOVELTY IN JEWELRY is a pair of humming-birds' heads set as ear-rings, the feathers changing color and glittering more beautifully than any gem. A brooch to accompany these may be made round, a bird's head occupying the center, and surrounded by a number of humming-birds' breasts to complete a larger circle.

RAG-KNITTING.—One of the best methods of using up old scraps, or rags, is to knit them into a many-striped rug or carpet. By this process you get, almost for nothing, what is always brilliant in color, as well as heavy and thick. Every conceivable thing that can be torn into shreds can be used; stuff, cotton, cloth, list, faded ribbons, velvet, old stockings, and even discarded tulle caps. Disused dress linings and abandoned crinoline covers are treasures to the rag-knitter; so are red worsted bindings and braids from old skirts. Nor is rag-knitting difficult, for the stitch is that of plain knitting, and the needles should be of wood, measuring one inch in circumference. The first stitch is not to be knitted—in fact, the work is to be commenced and proceeded with as for garter-knitting.

Supposing an old alpaca or mohair skirt is to be the first thing to hand, it should be torn into strips as long as possible, of an inch and a half in width. These strips are to be joined together slightly by needle and thread, till a good length is obtained; said length to be folded down the center to the width of three-quarters of an inch, and the knitting commenced, the doubled strip of alpaca being used on the needles, precisely as a ply of wool or cotton would be. As after a time the work may become inconveniently heavy to hold in the hand, it is best to knit it in strips of the required length for carpet or cover, of about twenty loops wide, and join them together afterward. A five-yard length of material will make two rows of twenty loops wide.

Old stockings, cut into strips of three-quarters of an inch wide, will be equivalent in substance to the doubled strip of alpaca. Tartan, barege, or tulle, should be slightly tacked along and knitted in with worn calico, or print, or any fabric that may require thickening, in order to correspond with some others. Worst bindings and braids may be used as they are, unless they are very narrow, or have been much impoverished; in either of which cases they may be knitted in with strips of faded ribbon, or anything else, according to the discretion of the knitter.

As a mat for a smoke-room, or a summer-house, or even for the bedside rug of a bachelor, we can imagine an appropriation of rag-knitting to be the very thing. So, ladies, tear up your old scraps, and employ your leisure time in making a rug, or carpet, for your brother, father, lover, or other male friend. Remember, Christmas is coming!

OUR COLORED, STEEL FASHION-PLATES.—Our double-size fashion-plates for next year (or mammoth steel fashion-plates, as some call them,) will be engraved, printed, and colored in the same superior style in which our present plates are executed. Many of our contemporaries have their fashion-plates lithographed. We have ours engraved on steel, and printed from the steel plate. It is only necessary to compare the two to see how inferior the lithographs are. To print from the steel plate is vastly more costly than to lithograph; but where greater elegance is to be secured we do not stop at expense. Our fashion-plates have long been considered more beautiful than those of any other magazine; and this superiority we shall maintain, while giving them of double the size, next year.

FASHIONS CENTURIES OLD.—Late, at Pompeii, some new excavations were made, and, among other things found, was a female head in white marble, in which the hair was worn in a net just as it is in the present day. There was a braided twist of hair round the front, and the back hair was suffered to fall into a net. Thus, fashions, after centuries, return again.

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS OF "PETERSON."—The superiority, which we claim for this Magazine in our Prospectus, might seem extravagant to those who cannot compare "Peterson" with other magazines. But we only repeat what the newspaper editors, who see all the magazines, print on the subject. Says the West Meriden (Conn.) Recorder:—"In its literary contents 'Peterson' decidedly takes the lead among the Philadelphia monthlies." Says the Peterboro' (N. H.) Transcript:—"The ladies know the worth of this Magazine, and will have it. It contains everything that they can wish for." Says the Delaware (Ohio) News:—"Always ahead of its competitors." Says the Brooklyn (N. Y.) Family Friend:—"Distinguished for the excellence of its stories." Says the Fall River (Mass.) Free Press:—"The talent employed on its pages is of the first class." Says the Princess Anne (Md.) Phoenix:—"The literary matter is by some of the best novelists in the country." Says the Lawrenceville (Ill.) Globe:—"It is the only Magazine whose fashion-plates can be relied on." Says the Waverly (Iowa) Phoenix:—"We wonder how the publisher can furnish so fine a book for so little money." And the Tiffin (Ohio) Advertiser says:—"We do not see how the ladies can keep house without Peterson's Magazine."

"THE RIDE IN THE PARK."—A public Park, we are glad to see, is being thought necessary for all our great cities. That of New York needs only trees to make it perfect. Philadelphia has a Park, with the Schuylkill river running through it, which, when finished, will be one of the most beautiful in the world. The Park at Baltimore, with its lake of sixty acres, is fast approaching completion. Among the many benefits which these Parks confer on the public, not the least is a growing taste for horsemanship. A woman, especially, never looks better than when in the saddle. Nor is any exercise more healthful. As yet the New York Park is the only one sufficiently advanced toward completion, to attract any very large numbers of equestrians. But, on a fine day, hundreds of ladies and their cavaliers may be seen, in the various rides, and generally mounted on handsome horses. We give, in the front of the number, an engraving of the animated scene, such as visitors to New York may witness at any time except in the heat of summer. But our artist, as artists often do, however, has put the lady on the wrong side of her horse.

COLORS STARCH is the latest and greatest novelty of the season in London. It is made in pink, buff, the new mauve, and a delicate green, and blue will soon be produced. Any article starched with the new preparation is completely colored—died we should have said, but as it washes out, and the garment that was pink to-day may be green to-morrow, and buff afterward, we can hardly say "died." It is intended especially for those bright, but treacherously-colored muslins that are costly, wash out, and perplex their owners. If the pattern has been mauve, they only need the mauve starch; if green, green starch; and they can be rendered one even and pretty shade, thus becoming not only wearable again, but very stylish. White anti-macassar, or lace curtains, may also be colored in the same way, and infinite variety afforded. The inventor has a patent for it.

"PROTECTION."—This charming picture is by a very celebrated French artist. And the French painters now excel all others in the wonderful combination of spirit and action with fidelity in detail. How natural the whole is!

BEST AND CHEAPEST.—Says the Nyack (N. Y.) City and County:—"Peterson's is decidedly the best and cheapest of the Philadelphia monthlies." And in the same paper we verily.

WHAT WE HAVE DONE FOR CHEAP READING.—We have never before told the following fact: and we mention it now only because others have mentioned it first. "Very few readers of other Philadelphia magazines," says the Newville (Pa.) Star of the Valley, "know that they are indebted to 'Peterson' for getting them as low as they do, but such really is the case. When they raised their prices, nearly a year ago, a Philadelphia publisher told us that had 'Peterson' been willing to raise his terms, they would have put theirs still higher." This is all true. And "Peterson" is the only Magazine that never raised its price at all. We stuck to two DOLLARS, and stick to it yet! Rely on it, "Peterson" will always give you more for your money than you can get anywhere else.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Can You Forgive Her? By Anthony Trollope. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have so frequently spoken of the general merits of Anthony Trollope's novels, so often praised them for their thoroughly realistic character, that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them now. Long before any of our American publishers had re-printed them, we expressed our wonder, in these pages, at the neglect. "Can You Forgive Her?" is not, perhaps, in the best vein of its author; but it is better than "Miss Mackenzie;" and better than most of what other novelists write, now that Thackeray is dead. The character of the heroine is drawn with great subtilty, but it is not a pleasant one; and we, at least, cannot, or will not, forgive her for her conduct. She ought to have married John Grey at first. But then, if she had married John Grey, we should have had no novel, no Lady Glencorn, no Burgo Fitzgerald, no Mrs. Greenow, none of the other capriciously drawn characters of the book. Numerous indifferent engravings illustrate the text. The volume is printed in double column, and bound in cloth.

Thoughts on The Future Civil Policy of America. By John William Draper, M. D., LL.D. 1 vol., 8 vo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Dr. Draper is already known by two works of first-class merit: his "Treatise on Human Physiology," and his "History of the Intellectual Development of Europe." The book before us is not inferior in merit to either of its predecessors. It is no hasty compilation, the result of immature thought, but a well-considered treatise, which, in many respects, is also nearly exhaustive. It is a book, too, which not only teaches new ideas, but also stimulates thought. Other treatises, by other writers, will grow out of this. We commend it heartily to every one interested in the future of this country. The volume is very elegantly printed.

History of the United States Cavalry. By A. G. Brackett, Major First United States Cavalry. 1 vol., 12 mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent history of the United States cavalry, from the formation of the Federal Government to June 1st, 1863. A list of all the cavalry regiments, with the names of their commanders, which have served the government since the breaking out of the rebellion, is also added.

Mrs. Goodfellow's Cookery-As-It-Should-Be. 1 vol., 12 mo. Philada: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.—In our younger days Mrs. Goodfellow was the most celebrated cake-baker in the city of Philadelphia. In this volume, she tells the public what cookery ought to be, and prints her famous, but formerly secret, receipts. We suppose the book is really, on the whole, the best cook-book extant; and we advise all housekeepers to order a copy.

Standish. A Tale of Our Day. 1 vol., 12 mo. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.—This is one of that popular series, "Lionel's Library." It is a well-told story of the late war.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS' PUBLICATIONS.—No firm, in the United States, has so extensive a catalogue of cheap, yet good, reading, as that of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, No. 306 Chestnut street. The catalogue of these publishers will be sent, gratis, on being written for, post-paid. The novels of Dickens, D'Israeli, Mrs. Grey, Mrs. Wood, Gustave Aimard, and most of the popular writers, are on the list of this firm; besides some three or four hundred other works, humorous, descriptive, etc., etc. The Cook-Books owned by T. B. Peterson & Brothers are the best in America. To prevent confusion, we will add that the publisher of this Magazine has no interest in the firm, and that, therefore, orders for the catalogue, or books of T. B. Peterson & Brothers, must be addressed to T. B. Peterson & Brothers, and not to Charles J. Peterson.

THE ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL contains Portraits, Characters, and Biographies of leading men, living and dead. Also, ETHNOLOGY, or the Races, PHYSIOLOGY, the Laws of Life. PHRENOLOGY, with choice of pursuits. PHYSIOGNOMY, or "Signs of Character." PSYCHOLOGY, the Science of the Soul, and much other matter, to be found in no other publication. It is a handsomely illustrated monthly, with ninety-six columns of rich reading matter. Newsmen have it. Sold at 20 cents, or \$2 a year, by FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELERS IN THE EAST, by William Pembroke Pettridge, has reached its fourth year, and is complete up to the first of July, 1865, which is later than any of the European hand-books. We commend it to all persons about to visit Europe, or the East, as really one of the best hand-books extant. It is accompanied by a very excellent map, giving the railroad routes, etc., etc. Address Harper & Brothers, New York.

THE BUNYAN MEZZOTINTS.—These two elegant mezzotints, one representing "Bunyan in Jail with his Blind Child," and the other, "Bunyan's Wife Interceding for his Release from Prison," may be had by remitting \$3.00. Or either may be had for \$2.00. Address Charles J. Peterson, Philadelphia.

LADIES' CORNER.

THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES.—A late English journal has a very appreciative article on the women of this country, a part of which we copy here.

"Few women," it says, "are more charming in all the relations of life than those who are denizens of Yankeeeland. As wives they are affectionate and considerate. If, remembering that they are the children of a land of liberty and equality, they object to promise obedience at the altar, they are not the less ready to fulfill their understood obligations. No mothers can be more tender and watchful of the welfare of their children; no sisters can be more loving and disinterested; and if, as daughters, they decline to accept of advice or guidance in their little matrimonial arrangements—'guessing' that they know best who will make them a good husband—they are not less anxious than Mrs. Cuddle to have 'dear mother' come and live with them. It is rare that widowed mothers, or even the old couple, are not to be found domesticated with the married offspring. Then, as companions, they are intelligent, frank, and courteous. Their hospitalities are gracefully rendered; and if a demand is made upon their friendship, few can be more generous and confiding.

"It is unnecessary to say that, in the United States, every body is educated. The public schools are open gratuitously to all classes of citizens, and it would be considered a sin and a disgrace if a parent did not compel his children to

attend the courses of instruction. But, indeed, no compulsion is necessary. At a very early age children discover that school is a pastime; then it grows into a matter of emulation; and as years advance, the value of knowledge becomes as apparent as its possession is felt to be agreeable. That the citizens of both sexes may have a fair start in life, no distinction whatever is made in the kind of education given at the national establishments. The daughter of a wealthy merchant, or lawyer in large practice, occupies no higher position than the poor ragged child of the Irish emigrant. Personal cleanliness is a *sine qua non* of the daily admittance of each pupil, but the quality of the garment is no bar to the occupation of a front place in the school, provided that the little candidate for scholastic honors has aptitude and application. Pride of birth thus receives an early rebuke, proper sympathy is evoked, and a fraternization established, which has a potent influence in enlarging the charities of life at a later period. The 'school-mate' is rarely forgotten. Indeed, the 'school-mate' of the richest lady in the land will often work out a position for herself, to which the possession of wealth alone offers no parallel in a country where intellect is honored. To become a school-teacher is an object of serious ambition with vast numbers of girls, and as there is no royal road to the distinction, close application to the prescribed studies is indispensable, and, of course, the student in time is fitted to occupy the highest place in society. Many of the first men in the land seek their life-companions among the educators. The singular perversity which, in aristocratic England, leads men to think it disgraceful to marry a governess, and which condemns the lady intrusted with the cultivation of the minds and manners of children to a position scarcely removed above that of the menial, and often paid at a lower rate than a *femme de chambre*, is totally unknown in America. People are measured there by an intellectual and moral standard, and happiness is more frequently found to spring from the union of persons of congenial tastes and pursuits, than from the vulgar, but too common, combination of wealth and insipidity.

"The education of the American lady, combined with her peculiarly nervous organization, renders her highly poetical in conception and execution. Her fancy, her constant communings with her own heart, her love of nature in its grandeur and its simplicity, her attachment to domestic life, her piety, her sympathy with her kin, and her earnest patriotism, supply her with a fund of poetical ideas, while her facility of composition, her familiarity with the greatest poets of England and America, and her aspirations after literary distinction, impart the capacity to express her sentiments in appropriate verse. Even her prose compositions are poetical; hence her hearty appreciation of the works of the gifted writers of all nations. Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Hemans, and Jean Ingelow, are household deities in the homes of the States. Hence, for every poetess adorning English literature, there are ten in America.

"With all her predilections, however, for the aesthetics of life, the American woman is eminently practical. In the Southern States the ladies took a considerable share in the government of the plantations, and looked with affectionate solicitude after the material welfare of the slaves. In the North the lady is the prudent and active *menagere*. Indeed, she had need to be so, for the domestic servants, which are, for the most part, Irish importations from the old country, are more of a trouble and a plague than a 'help.' Ignorant and exacting, they require a large amount of patient training, and a skillful combination of indulgence with discipline, before they can be rendered useful and reliable. Cookery, to this hour, in the smaller towns of the States is in its infancy. Baking, boiling, and broiling, are the sole agents for the conversion of fish, flesh, fowl, and vegetables into human edibles. The delicate operations of roasting and

stewing, exalted by a Francatelli, an Ude, and a Soyer into sublime arts, are scarcely understood in Yankee-land. In the manufacture of 'breads' the American lady is without a rival. The wheaten flour of the country is peculiarly fine and abundant; and Indian corn supplies an addition to the farinaceous delicacies of the table almost unknown in our homesteads. Their tea and supper-tables are incomparable for the profusion of appetising eates with which they are covered, and which are pressed upon the visitor with unaffected hospitality.

"While the beauty of an American woman lasts, it is exquisitely delicate and attractive. The proudest salons in Europe cannot surpass Yankee ball-rooms in their assemblages of youthful loveliness. The motions of well-bred American girls are instinct with grace, and their natural hilarity is under the control of a winning modesty. If they dress with somewhat less taste than the Parisians, it is because they follow too literally the pictorial illustrations of *Le Follet*, and are under no conventional restraints. The Prince of Wales and his suite are said to have been greatly pleased with the *coups d'œil* presented at the grand fetes given in honor of his royal highness at New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. An excess of *parure* was not out of place, and the joyfulness of the occasion imparted a charming expression to every countenance.

"In a word, the American lady is an honor to the sex; and we would desire no worse punishment for those who allow their prejudices to warp their judgment, than a six months' residence among the good families of Massachusetts and Philadelphia, and a fair share of the hospitalities the ladies so well know how to dispense."

HORTICULTURAL.

OUR NATIVE CLIMBERS.—There are indigenous to our woods and fields many very beautiful climbers or twining plants, which, in common with most native plants, have been overlooked in the passion for new exotics, and meet with unmerited neglect.

These plants impart the greatest charm to our woodland scenery, twining up the tall trees and robing them in green; converting dead boughs into a drapery of delicate foliage; hiding gnarled roots and fallen trunks, and by fantastic twining from bush to bush, contributing to the endless varieties of light and shade which make one of the chief beauties of our forest scenery. How bare our stone walls and rough fences would look deprived of the drapery of woodbine and blackberry; and what sweet odors would be lost to the air did not the wild grape fling its broad foliage alike over the barren rocks and the tallest trees.

There is nothing which so adds to the appearance of a country house as a judicious planting of climbing plants. Any one can call to mind the bare, desolate aspect of a cottage with no trees, shrubs, or vines around it, and the improvement made when walls and piazzas are draped with graceful foliage, and a few fine trees and shrubs judiciously planted.

The many objections urged against climbers have rather an apparent than real foundation. Unless allowed to grow too luxuriantly, they neither injure the buildings or make them damp; and the little dirt from dropping leaves and flowers is more than compensated for in grateful shade and beauty of bloom.

Suppose the wild-brier, which decks all the hedges in June: the clematis, conspicuous for fragrant white flowers and wavy seeds; the staff-tree, or wax-work, so ornamental with fragrant blossoms in June and scarlet fruit in autumn; the grape, with fragrant flowers, ample foliage, and purple fruit; the Virginia creeper flaming with the touch of autumnal frost, were transplanted to the farmer's house, allowed to clamber at will over doors and windows, or even

to surmount the eaves, would they not give a charm to the house; remove the barren look; relieve the glaring paint or weather-stained boards by a border of nature's own painting, and be a grateful shelter from the rays of the summer sun?

And to accomplish this much-to-be-desired end, it is not necessary for our farmers to spend their hard-earned gains. The fine exotic climbers which are imported at great expense, though beautiful and desirable, are in many cases far inferior to those inhabiting our highways and hedges, and have the disadvantage of being often too tender to endure the severity of our winters. The expense of climbers need only be the time necessary to transplant them, and prepare a place for their reception.

The drills need not be of wire, nor does it require a carpenter's bill for the completion. A cedar-tree, with the branches cut off about a foot from the trunk, and tall enough to allow it to stand a foot above the door after setting it two feet in the ground, is needed—and the woods will supply it. Place one of these on each side of the door, setting them three to four feet out; arch a cross-piece from top to top; slope others from this to the house, and fill in the sides between the house and the posts with pieces of the boughs, disposed in squares, diamonds, or triangles, according to fancy, and you have a very pretty rustic trellis. Leave the bark on it; it adds to the effect. If in a few years it peels off and becomes ragged, you will then have the trellis covered with vines.

If, however, a smooth trellis is preferred, remove the bark, trim off the knots, and give a coating of red ochre or asphaltum varnish, which will preserve the wood and prevent the lodgment of insects. The portion of the post beneath the ground should be charred, to prevent decay. For a window, a smaller trellis on the same plan may be made; and for grass plats or the garden, the posts alone may be used—and they are very ornamental covered with vines. If an arched trellis is built over the gate, and vines twined along the fence, they add greatly to the attraction of the place.

The soil required for most climbers is a common loam, enriched with well-rotted manure.

The species of climbers obtainable, vary in different localities; but there are very few spots where some may not be procured with but little trouble. Let each choose those which are most obtainable.

As a general rule, transplant in the spring; the only argument in favor of fall planting is, that at the latter season there is less pressing work.—*Horticulturalist*.

PARLOR AMUSEMENTS.

THE MOLE.—This simple game consists merely in saying to one of the players:—

"Have you seen my mole?"

The latter answers, "Yes, I have seen your mole."

"Do you know what my mole is doing?"

"Yes, I do know what your mole is doing."

"Can you do as it does?"

The person who replies must shut his eyes at each answer; if he fails to do so he pays a forfeit.

I HAVE JUST COME FROM SHOPPING.—The company form a circle, and one of the party who compose it, says to her right-hand neighbor, "I have just come from shopping."

"What have you bought?" rejoins the latter. "A robe, a vest, stockings, flowers;" in fine, anything that comes into the purchaser's head, provided that, in uttering the words, she can touch an object similar to the one she names. Those who neglect to do this must pay a forfeit. A forfeit can be required also from any one who names an object which has been named by any player previously.

THE COOK WHO LIKES NO PEAS.—The leader of the game must put the following question to his right-hand neighbor, and also to all the players in succession.

"My cook likes no peas, what shall I give her to eat?"

If any player replies, "Potatoes, parsnips," the other answers, "She does not like them; pay a forfeit."

But if another says, "Onions, carrots, veal, chickens," "She likes them, and, consequently, no forfeit is required of the player."

The trick of this game is evident. It is the letter P that must be avoided. Thus, to escape the penalty of a forfeit, it is necessary that the players should propose some kind of vegetable or food in which the letter P does not occur, such as beans, radishes, venison, etc.

THE DIVINER.—The point of this game consists in divining a word which is named, together with several others. Two of the players commonly agree between themselves to place it after an object that has four legs; for instance, a quadruped, a table, etc.

EXAMPLE.—If Emily wishes to have Henry guess the word which Susan has secretly told her, she says to him, "Susan has been shopping; she has bought a rose, a dress, some jewelry, a table, a bonnet, a shawl."

Henry, of course, will easily guess that the object in question is a *bonnet*, for the word "*table*," which precedes it, has four legs.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

Every receipt in this cook-book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

SOUPS.

Soupe Sante.—Put in a stewpan some slices of beef, an old fowl, and when to be had, a partridge; let it warm on a slow fire till brown, moisten it with some stock, and let it stew two hours. At the same time stew some carrots, turnips, onions, celery, cabbage lettuce, and any other vegetable you like. Fill the soup pot with stock, and when the meat is done well, moisten some crumbs of bread with a little of the soup, and then fry them on a slow fire. Strain the soup, and serve with the vegetables and fried bread; skim the soup well whilst stewing. The vegetables should be cut either in thin strips or dice. As soups often require coloring, you should prepare "browning" for that purpose as follows:—Take a couple of onions and bake them; remove the outer skin and put them into your soup, it will brown and give it a good flavor. The shells of green peas dried in the oven, brown, but not black, equally well answers to brown soup, and will keep the whole winter well in a bag hung up in a dry place. It will be found much better to use either of the above to brown soup, in place of the caramel, or brown sugar, used by many cooks, for if too much is added it gives a sweet taste to the soup. These are apparently trifles, but most necessary to attend to. Another thing, remember that ketchup should never be added to brown soups, it is a mark of bad cookery to use it; in sauces the flavor is improved by ketchup, Harvey, or Reading sauce, and for those who like dishes highly seasoned, add the King of Oude sauce. However, an artist should prepare the sauces from fresh vegetables, set without the aid of either.

Mock Turtle Soup.—Stew a knuckle of veal and two calves' feet for four hours (very gently) in four quarts of water, to which has been added two onions, twelve cloves, twelve peppercorns, a little salt, some thyme, marjoram, and parsley. The meat should be put on in cold water, and should not be uncovered while stewing, as the goodness of the soup, by being uncovered, easily evaporates. When stewed sufficiently, strain the soup, and cut the best part of the meat into nice square-shaped pieces, and put it again to the soup. Set it by to cool. When cold, take off the fat. Make about two dozen forcemeat balls to put into the soup when you heat it before serving, and add a quarter of a pint of sherry and a tablespoonful of lemon-juice, a

little ketchup or sauce; some very small button mushrooms have been highly approved of as an addition. This soup is usually considered suitable for winter use, but as the ingredients from which it is made are all in season in the summer, there is no reason why those who like it should not have it on their table during the warm weather.

MEATS.

Veal a la Creme.—Choose the best end of a loin of veal, weighing about eight pounds, having on it a fair proportion of the skirt; trim it square, and place some veal stuffing in an incision made in the flap or skirt; wrap it round the kidney fat, securing it tightly with skewers and string; envelope the loin in well-greased sheets of clean paper, and roast it before a moderate fire for about two hours and ten minutes; but about twenty minutes before you wish to serve, take away the dripping-pan and put a clean dish under, and baste unremittingly with a pint of cream. This will form on it a bright light-brownish, or amber crust, very delicate and delicious. In dishing up, take care not to detach this crust; remove from the dish the gravy deposit which has fallen during the cream-basting with a little boiling water, add to this some white sauce or simple melted butter, and pour it round the veal. This is esteemed a remarkably dainty dish; but we cannot recommend it as economical, or as particularly suitable to the family table where there are children, or persons of delicate habit. It is, however, very well once in awhile.

Veal Stuffing.—To half a pound of bread-crumbs add three ounces of suet finely chopped. Season with chopped parsley, thyme, marjoram, and shallot, first washed and picked; the last then in very small proportions, some persons preferring to omit the marjoram and shallot entirely; add a very little pepper, salt, and nutmeg; mix well together with two whole eggs, and use as directed. If to this you add two ounces of finely-sliced ham, or sausage-meat, you have an excellent stuffing for roast turkey, or fowl. More or less suet can be used at discretion, according to the degree of richness required; but it is scarcely necessary to remind my few friends that less suet is required where the meat is fat in itself, and more when it is lean, as poultry generally.

On Boiling Meats.—All kinds of fresh meats, intended for the table, should be put into boiling water, thereby retaining the juices. If you wish to give a salt flavor to them, boil a piece of salt pork in the water before putting the meat in. A nice piece of boiled salt pork is a great addition to all kinds of boiled meats. Salt or smoked meats should be put into cold water to cook. Great care should be taken to skim the scum off well just before the water boils; for if the thick scum boils into the water, it is impossible to take it all off, and it will adhere to the meats.

Cold Leg of Mutton Minced with Oysters.—Remove the meat from the bones, cut off the fat, stew the bones with any sinewy pieces which may be left, the boards of the oysters, a small onion, some salt and pepper, and enough cold water to cover the bones, and a blade of mace. Let them simmer from an hour to an hour and a half; strain away the gravy, and put it into a saucepan. To one pound of chopped meat put a dozen oysters, a teaspoonful of flour, and a tablespoonful of cream; let them just boil up. Serve with sippets placed round the edge of the dish.

SICK-ROOM, ETC.

To Alleviate Rheumatism.—The following receipt, which should be made up with great caution, is highly recommended in cases of rheumatism:—One raw egg well beaten, half a pint of vinegar, one ounce of spirits of turpentine, quarter of an ounce of spirits of wine, and quarter of an ounce of camphor. These ingredients are to be stirred up well together, then put in a bottle, and well shaken for ten minutes, after which to be corked down tightly to exclude the air. In half an hour it is fit for use. It should be rub-

bed in several times in the day. Supposing the head the part affected, rub the liniment behind the ears and at the back of the neck. But rheumatism requires great care of the general health, as well as applications to the part affected. Keep your feet dry by wearing water-proof shoes, and particularly avoid checked perspiration.

Remedy for Diphtheria.—The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup half full of water, stir well, and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half-hour, one, two, and four hours, as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply one ounce each of spirits of turpentine, sweet oil, and aqua ammonia, mixed, every hour, to the whole of the throat, and to the breast-bone every four hours, keeping flannel to the part.

To Medicine-Takers.—If those obliged to take offensive medicine would first take a bit of alum into the mouth, they could then take the medicine with as much ease as though it was so much sugar.

Infusion of Hops.—Hops, six ounces, boiling water, one pint; soak for four hours. Dose, half a wineglassful. This is a good tonic.

TOILET.

The Nails.—Great attention should be paid to keeping the nails in good order. They should be brushed at least twice a day, and the skin round the lower part should be kept down by rubbing with a soft towel. The sides of the nails need clipping about once in the week. If they become stained, wash them well with soap, and after rinsing off the soap well, brush them with lemon-juice.

For Strengthening and Promoting the Growth of the Hair.—Half an ounce of spirit of ammonia, one ounce of olive oil, one drachm of eau de cologne, one drachm of tincture of Spanish flies, mixed together, and rubbed on the head once a day.

Tooth-Wash.—The safest, cheapest, most universally accessible, and most efficient, is a piece of white soap, with a moderately stiff tooth-brush, every morning.

MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.

The Care of Pianos.—So many erroneous opinions prevail in regard to the care of pianos, that a correction of them would be a public benefit. Both extreme cold and artificial heat are injurious to them—the first rusting the strings and iron work, and injuring the varnish; the last shrinking and warping the wood-work comprising the larger part of the instrument. Rapidly heating a cold room severely tries a piano in various ways. Dampness from steam, or air charged with natural moisture is to be especially avoided. The problem so puzzling to many, whether the piano should be shut or open, is easily solved thus:—It matters little which method is observed, provided the other conditions are right. While the instrument is in use, it is well to close it on ceasing to play, and at night. If in disuse, it is better open; as less moisture would thus be retained. Great care should be taken to keep out pins, needles, tacks, and all hard substances, as they hurt the tone, and sometimes clog the action. Moving the piano does not untune it. The general belief that it does, has a natural foundation in the prevalent ignorance of the strength of the instrument. The absurd notion prevails, that the playing of children harms the piano. On the contrary, the more experienced and brilliant the player, the greater the detriment to both action and tune. To deteriorate is, from the first, the law of the piano. It seldom improves, except sometimes a little in action.

Plain Omelet.—The yolks of six and the whites of three eggs are the average quantity used for either plain or sweet omelets. A little salt and some pepper, one ounce of butter broken up, is to be beaten in with the eggs, which should be thoroughly well whisked. Put two ounces of butter into the omelet-pan; let it almost boil. The fire should be brisk, and the omelet must be stirred whilst in the pan until it begins to set; it should not be turned, as that destroys the lightness. The pan in which omelets are fried should be quite small. When the mixture is set, the edges must be raised from the pan with a knife and folded over. If the omelet is served in perfection, it must be salamandered, or else held in the pan before a very fierce fire for a minute or two before serving, to brown the top. Gravy is sometimes eaten with it, but should be served in a tureen, and never poured over it. The above mixture is the foundation of all omelets. Chopped onion and sage, chopped parsley, the tender tops of asparagus, finely-minced ham or shrimps, are among the number of things with which savory omelets are flavored.

Salad Dressing.—Boil four eggs for half an hour; then put them in cold water and shell them, and afterward pound the yolks in a mortar, or beat them in a bowl to a smooth paste; then, very gradually, work in a teaspoonful of well-mixed mustard, a very little white pepper, and the slightest *soupeon* of Cayenne; also salt at discretion, and four tablespoonfuls of cream. Stir all these ingredients slowly and thoroughly till they are perfectly incorporated, and then blend with them four tablespoonfuls of salad-oil. Now pour in, drop by drop, sufficient vinegar to make the preparation of the consistency of cream; if it be not very gradually added the whole mixture will curdle. The salad should not be added to the sauce till just as it is brought to table. You may prepare enough for several days at once, as, when bottled and kept in a cool place, it will be good for nearly a week. The whites of the egg, cut into rings, make a nice garnish for the salad. Two good-sized very mealy potatoes, beaten up, form an excellent substitute for the yolks, when eggs are not easily procurable. You cannot stir the dressing too much.

French Mode of Dressing a Cabbage.—Procure a large cabbage with a white heart, wash it thoroughly in salt and water; cut it into pieces, and boil it for half an hour; drain the water from it, but do not squeeze it. Brown one quarter of a pound of butter in a saucepan, put in the cabbage, add a teaspoonful of cream, and let it simmer together for another half-hour, and serve.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—HOUSE DRESS OF CRIMSON POPLIN.—The skirt is trimmed with quillings of black velvet. Broad, black velvet waistband, with four long ends at the back. The waistband and trimmings on the sleeves are studded with steel. Hair dressed in the Empire style, with small curls and bandelets.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GRAY SILK, ornamented with Persian trimming. The body is made with a deep basque. Sleeves nearly tight.

FIG. III.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF LAVENDER-COLORED SILK, trimmed with a darker shade of lavender velvet ribbon studded with pearl buttons. Deep coat basque.

FIG. IV.—BALL DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE STRIPED GAUZE, looped up over blue silk with gilt crescents.

FIG. V.—WALKING DRESS OF RUSSET POPLIN, ornamented with Persian trimming. Very deep coat basque.

FIG. VI.—BLACK SILK BASQUE, laced with black velvet.

FIG. VII.—BLACK VELVET JACKET, to wear over a white body.

FIG. VIII.—BLACK LACE JACKET AND WAISTBAND, for wearing over a white body.

FIG. IX.—BRASES AND SASH OF BLUE SILK AND BLACK LACE.

FIG. X.—BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF A COAT WAISTBAND OF PINK SILK, turned up and trimmed with black velvet.

FIG. XI.—WAISTBAND AND BRACES OF CRIMSON SILK AND BLACK LACE.

GENERAL REMARKS.—A revolution seems impending in the make of dresses. In our own rooms the long, sweeping trains still hold their elegant sway; but in Paris, the predilections of the Empress, or the great desire for novelty, are suddenly shortening and narrowing our skirts. The fashion is by no means a general one; but as a few of the leaders of the gay world have ordered short, narrow dresses for Baden, and other renowned watering-places, we may be sure that the change will come. In fact, it cannot be avoided. We have the Empire head-dress, the Empire bonnet, the Empire sleeve, the short Empire waist, the round-toed shoes—and how can we do without the skirt? We shall be sorry to miss the long, trailing skirt from our drawing-rooms, but will most gladly hail them for our streets. The jaunty, looped-up dresses over expensive petticoats were coquettish, and when the hoop was small, were becoming; but the gimps, and ribbons, and velvets, used for these costumes, added fearfully to the dress-maker's bill. These new skirts are only four, or four and a half yards wide, and the hoops worn under them are not abandoned, only made much shorter and narrower than those so long worn. The dress only descends a little lower than the ankle. A correspondent says:—"At a dinner given at Baden, last week, I duly appeared in an Empire dress—a veritable Empire, because in those days short dresses only were worn. It consisted of a white muslin skirt dotted over with small daisies, produced in lace in the material, and a rose-colored silk slip underneath it. The short muslin skirt was trimmed with three rows of Valenciennes insertion above the hem, and three rows down each side of the front breadth *en tablier*. Valenciennes medallions were placed at the points in front, where the lines of lace crossed each other. The bodice was entirely formed with Valenciennes insertion and lace medallions; the very short sleeves were full, like small balloons, and were confined round the bottom with pink satin ribbon covered with Valenciennes insertion. Two lace medallions were placed at the shoulders, and fell on to the short sleeves. The head-dress consisted simply of a natural rose, surrounded with large rock-crystal drops."

BODICES are made quite plain, with a wide (not immoderately wide) belt or waistband, thus shortening the waist, or they fit closely with a very long basque.

SLEEVES are almost tight to the arm, and for dress occasions are finished with a frill of lace falling over the hand.

BUTTONS on dresses are quite large, and are made of jet, mother-of-pearl, coral, ebony, or gimp.

GARIBOLDI BODIES are still worn, particularly by young ladies. White silk braid with jet beads, gray braid with steel beads, scarlet braid, and fancy stitches done in purple-silk, are all favorite modes of ornamentation for these bodies.

BLACK AND WHITE are still favorite combinations for dresses. But if the dress is black, white should be sparingly used, as otherwise the effect will be muddy; but if the dress is white, more black can be employed, as a warm color always looks better on a cold color than a cold color does upon a warm one.

FOR YOUNG LADIES' party-dresses, braces, berthes, and epanlets are composed entirely of flowers to correspond with those which ornament the skirt and decorate the hair. Light and delicate flowers should be used, such as daisies, morning-glories, lilies of the valley, forget-me-nots, clematis, fern-leaves, and grasses.

PETTICOATS are still an item of consideration in this country, as short dresses are not yet adopted here. White petticoats, worked in black or scarlet worsted braid, are popular. Some persons run several rows of wide, black

braid on a white petticoat, and dot this braid with coarse working cotton, which has the effect of white beads. Others work detached sprays of flowers, wheat-ears, palms, etc.; and others again ornament the skirts with two or three bands of blue, pink, green, black, or straw-colored cambric, or plain gingham. Of course, a material should be selected for this purpose the colors of which will not fade. These bands of colored cambric are also used for trimming, dressing jackets, children's dresses, etc., and can be highly ornamented by forming trellis-work, diamonds, etc., with the sewing-machine.

PALETOTS are worn shorter than heretofore, and usually droop into the figure without fitting it tightly.

BONNETS are assuming the "so-called" Empire style, but with many modifications. We give, this month, several varieties of this bonnet, and we have seen several more. Some of the prettiest have only a small, elegant bird perched on the side with long, wide strings. The swallow is a favorite ornament. Others have a wreath around the crown of graceful flowers, ivy, variegated leaves, etc.

VEILS are almost universally worn with these Empire bonnets. If tulle, gauze, or white grenadine is employed, a yard is sufficient with a wide hem. The veil should reach to below the waist. It is a difficult ornament to wear gracefully.

HEAD-DRESSES have also changed completely since last spring. The huge waterfall, which used to hang down the back, soiling the dresses, and making short-necked people look as if the head was set directly on the shoulders, has been discarded, and is now made smaller in a rounder form, and is placed quite high at the back of the head. In some cases it is worn much higher than represented in our engravings, though they show the usual style. This "*chignon*," as it is termed, is no longer combed smoothly, as it used to be, over frizettes, but is crimped, or composed of plaits, or short ringlets. The front hair is sometimes arranged with small tufts of curls on the top of the forehead, and sometimes with a row of tiny curls all around the face, which may, or may not pass around the back of the head under the *chignon*. Sometimes the hair is combed entirely back, and only ornamented with a braid passed, like a coronet, around the front. But for evening dress the curls are more popular.

BANDELETS, OR FILETS, as they are sometimes called, are made of ribbon, or velvet, studded with gold, jet, or pearl beads, according to the dress with which they are worn. Some of the more expensive ones are made of gilt, silver, or steel bands. For a party-dress, one flower is placed at the side of the head.

HOOPS are made quite soft, and cut with large capes. Both hood and cape are pointed in the center, and are trimmed with velvet ribbon, or full tufted ruches.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—A YOUNG LADY'S DRESS OF GRAY POPLIN, trimmed around the bottom and down the seams with heavy black cord. White under-body; black velvet jacket and waistband.

FIG. II.—A LITTLE GIRL'S DRESS OF BLUE AND WHITE PLAID CASHMERE, trimmed around the bottom with blue cord. Blue pointed basque, also trimmed with cord.

FIG. III.—DRESS AND DEEP BASQUE FOR A YOUNG GIRL.—It is made of crimson merino, ornamented with black velvet.

FIG. IV.—BACK AND FRONT VIEW OF A COAT FOR A LITTLE GIRL.—It is of dark blue merino, trimmed with black velvet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Dresses for little girls are certainly worn shorter than formerly, but in trimming they closely resemble those of adults. The boot reaching far up the leg is almost universal.

FOR BOYS, Knickerbockers are almost entirely worn.



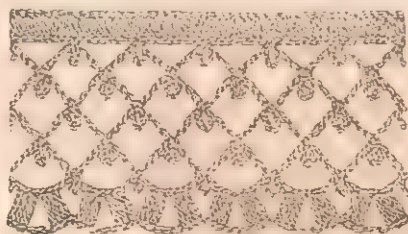
Watch Pocket, in Velvet and Beads.



LOUI'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.



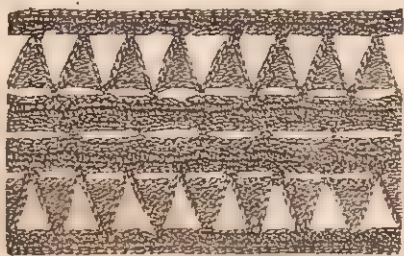
CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.



PATTERN IN CROCHET.



WALKING DRESS.



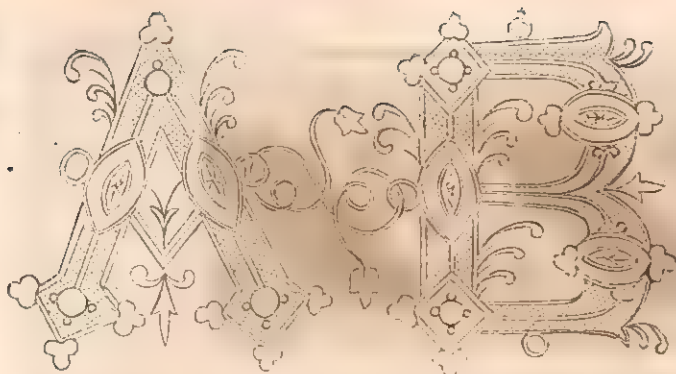
PATTERN IN CROCHET.



HOUSE DRESS.



PENDANT PIN-CUSHION, INSERTIONS, ETC., ETC.



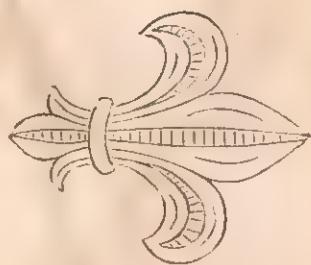
INITIALS FOR PILLOW-CASE.



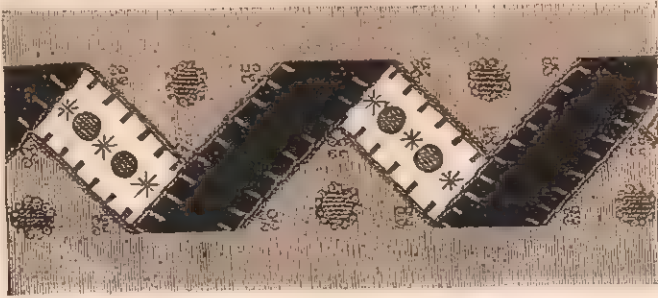
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DESIGN FOR PILLOW-CASE.



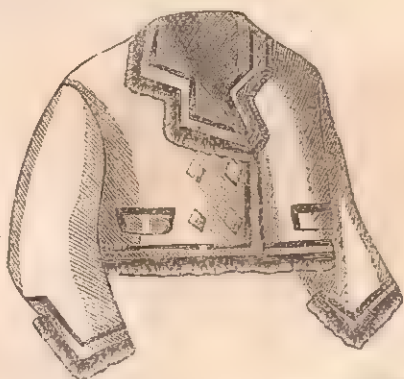
IN EMBROIDERY.



ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY. NO. 1.



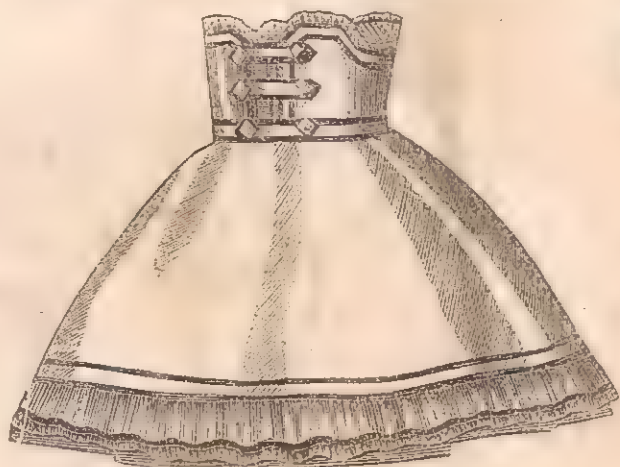
CARRIAGE DRESS.



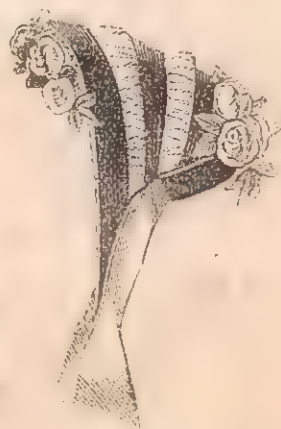
OUT-OF-DOOR JACKET, TO BE WORN OVER SWISS DRESS.



INVALID'S JACKET.



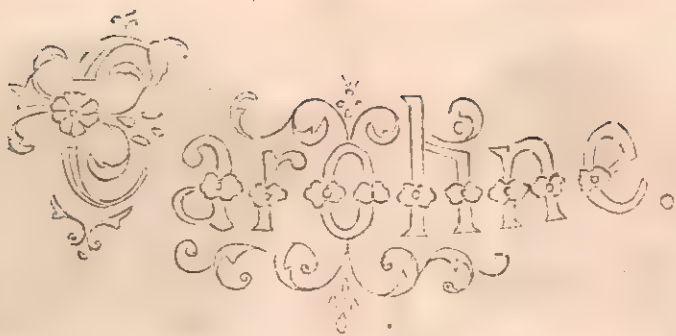
SWISS DRESS FOR CHILD, (JACKET ABOVE.)



EMPIRE BONNET.



EMPIRE HEAD-DRESS, AND EMPIRE BONNET, ETC., ETC.



NAME FOR MARKING.



MORNING DRESS.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XLVIII. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1865.

No. 6.

LOUI'S FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC.

It had been a delicious summer, one of the brightest pages in the romance of youth, and now it was at an end. From Blithewood to New York, from New York to West Point, afterward to the Catskills, thence to Saratoga, subsequently to Lake George, and so on, by way of Ticonderoga and Champlain, to Montreal, Quebec, and the White Mountains! The party, which, at first, had consisted of Loui and her widowed father only, had gradually increased, by acquaintances made on the way, and intending to take the same route, till it numbered nearly a dozen. But, as in all companies of the kind, two or three were the leading spirits. One of these was Loui, now a traveler for the first time, and who was in raptures at everything she saw, as bright, animated seventeen always is, and always should be. The two others were Mr. Beverly, a rising young lawyer of New York, and already talked of as a candidate for Congress; and Miss Julia Conway, a fashionable heiress, with the ripe charms of twenty-one, and the taste and manners of a Parisian belle.

It was the last night, for to-morrow the party was to break up! The Glen, Conway, and Crawfords had been visited, the Profile and Flume had been exhausted, and now one traveler was going to Burlington, Miss Conway was going home to Boston, by way of Plymouth, and Loui and her father were going to Littleton, and so to New York. It had been, somehow, taken for granted that Mr. Beverly would accompany the latter, not so much because he had ever positively committed himself to it, as because it was his most direct way home; but Loui had just heard that he was to escort Miss Conway; and now, as she watched him and the heiress slowly promenading in the shadows of the piazza, she realized, for the first time, why she had been so happy this summer, and why she felt so unhappy now.

Be just to her. Loui was no mere sentimental

school-girl, to fall in love with the first man who talked to her. But Mr. Beverly was really a dangerous companion, and just the sort of person to fascinate Loui. He had been all over Europe, up the Nile, through Palestine, and even to Damascus; the pictures, statues, cathedrals, castles, temples, pyramids, everything, in short, that Loui had longed to see, he had seen, and could describe, with the eloquence of her favorite Lamartine, and the raciness of "Bothen." To hear him talk of the desert and the Orient, was like looking at a picture by Gerome. Nor was this his only charm. Already he had won a name. Men said that wherever there was a wrong to be redressed, wherever a noble deed was to be done, Mr. Beverly's time, and purse, and eloquence were never wanting. Nor did Loui doubt it; for often his whole countenance would kindle, and words would fall from him that made her almost worship him.

Loui was not solitary in her admiration. For she had, heretofore unknown to herself, a rival in Miss Conway, who had lived abroad for years, and who had seen the most exclusive as well as the most gifted society. Older than Loui, she knew herself better, and found out, very early in their acquaintance, that no man had ever been so dear to her as Mr. Beverly. From that time she spared no effort to attract him; and this her knowledge of the world enabled her to do without betraying herself. By a thousand little arts she drew Mr. Beverly to her side, and kept him there. Loui, sometimes, for a moment or two, felt unhappy; but she did not know at what; and her blithe, sunny disposition soon restored her to cheerfulness. Not till on this last night had the truth dawned upon her; not till she heard Mr. Beverly was going to Boston with Miss Conway; not till she saw the two walking and whispering in the shadows of the piazza, did she realize what had made

her so happy for the last five weeks, or why she felt so utterly, so hopelessly miserable now.

And, as if to try her to the utmost, Mr. Norton, another of their party, now joined her. Mr. Norton was a man of forty, who had acquired a fortune by successful speculations, and who had now begun to set up for what he called "a gentleman," meaning by that term, one who did nothing for a livelihood, belonged to the best clubs, and looked down on honest labor. Among other ambitions, Mr. Norton was ambitious of a young and pretty wife; and it was plain that he looked favorably on Loui. But as he was uncultivated, and even comparatively illiterate, Loui avoided him as far as was consistent with good-breeding.

"It looks like a match," he said, taking an empty chair by Loui, and nodding in the direction of Mr. Beverly and the heiress. "And a very good thing for him! There's no end to the pile Miss Conway has, and she belongs to one of the first families our way; the Conways have lived in Beacon street ever since I can remember, and have visited all our big bugs. Them lawyers are always on the look out for rich wives."

Loui was too indignant, at first, for speech. It was more than she could bear, this having her hero called mercenary. Miserable as she felt, she would not be unjust to him. It was the superior beauty and accomplishments of Miss Conway, not her fortune, she said to herself, which had won Mr. Beverly.

"I shouldn't call Mr. Beverly mercenary," she said, coldly, at last. "Besides, he is rich himself, isn't he?"

"Oh! that don't make a bit of difference with some men. The more they have, the greedier they are. Now I'm not one of that kind, Miss Loui!" And he hitched his chair nearer to her.

Loui could bear no more. "The insufferable vulgarity of the man," she said to herself, that night, when thinking over it. "Who gave him the right to call me Loui?" She rose hastily.

"Excuse me, sir," she said. "I see my father looking for me. He probably wishes me to pack his trunk. We go to-morrow, and I shall not see you again." And she bowed haughtily.

"Ahem! Ahem!" said Mr. Norton, clearing his throat, as if he wished to say something particular, but hesitated. "Well, good-by; I did hope to have gone with you as far as New York, but that telegraph I told you of this morning calls me to Boston; you shall hear from me, however, as soon as I get home."

The last words were spoken as Loui moved away, ignoring the hand which he held out. For

a moment Mr. Norton was crest-fallen; but he had always been a sanguine man; and as her graceful figure floated along the piazza, he thought, "What a girl to do the honors of my new house! She's poor and will come round, of course. I wonder what makes her so snappish, to-night, though?"

Loui had enough to do, for the next two hours, to occupy all her thoughts. When her father's trunk had been packed, as well as her own, it was too late to go down stairs again; besides, she did not feel equal to it; so she went to bed and tried to sleep. But, for a long while, this was impossible. When she reflected how her love had been given away, unasked, her face burned with shame, and she hid it in the pillow. "What a little fool I am," she said. "To think that a simple country girl, who knows nothing, and who has seen nothing, could be remembered by one like Mr. Beverly! And especially when he could compare me, day by day, with Miss Conway. I hate her, I know; but she is witty, and well-bred, and everything a man such as he must admire. Oh! I wish I was like her. Because he was civil to me, and walked and talked with me, I mistook his kindness to a poor, ignorant girl for something more. I despise myself." With thoughts like these, humiliated and miserable, she tossed about till nearly daylight, and then sank into a heavy, feverish sleep.

When she woke it was quite late. She sprang up, in some alarm, dressed hastily, and hurried down stairs. Her father was waiting for her, watch in hand.

"I was just about to have you called," he said. "I fear you are getting lazy, my child. Our friends went off to Plymouth an hour ago, and the Littleton stage will be here before long. You'll hardly have time to breakfast."

"Gone, and perhaps forever!" that was what was wringing in her ears. She had overslept herself, and he had left without a word. She was in a daze, as she went into the breakfast-room, and was only aroused by hearing her father say, "Miss Conway left her love, and Mr. Beverly his best compliments."

"His best compliments!" And that was all. Well, her little romance was over; everybody had one, she had read, and for everybody it had the same ending: and this was life! She began to understand now why such men as Mr. Norton so often won such young and lovely wives. Not that she would ever be Mrs. Norton. "The vulgar man! And he talked of writing me a letter—didn't he say something about a letter, as I was leaving him, last night?"

What a difference between him and Mr. Beverly! And yet the latter had gone without even a word of regret, with only "his best compliments." She was sick of the world already.

In this confused state of mind she ate her breakfast, and traveled all that day. In vain she strove to interest herself in the journey; her thoughts went back continually to Mr. Beverly and the hours they had passed together. Yonder, on their right, was Mount Lafayette. Should she ever forget the day when she rode up it, Mr. Beverly walking at her bridle-rein and talking of the Alps? But she must not think of Mr. Beverly, and so she resolutely looked away from Mount Lafayette, and began to converse with her father. But she soon broke miserably down. A manly face was always rising before her, a rich, manly voice sounding in her ears. "What is the matter, Loui? Thinking of Mr. Norton, eh?" her father said, at last, half jestingly. He was not a man of quick perceptions, but he had noticed the millionaire's attentions. "By-the-by, somebody was very particular in asking our address."

"I detest Mr. Norton," broke from Loui. But immediately she was angry at herself for this outbreak. "My head aches," and she looked out of the coach, so that her father might not see her face. "I am not fit to talk, and am cross," she said, after awhile, turning, with a sad smile, to her father. Mr. Thorndyke wondered if his Loui was going to be sick; he had never seen her so irritable before.

They traveled all that day and night, and, the next morning, reached New York by the Norwich boat. Nothing could exceed the care which Mr. Thorndyke took of his daughter. "Let us stay here a day or two, my darling, so that you can rest," he said. "You look as if you were really ill, and not fit to go on to Blithewood." And her answer had been, "No, papa, let us go home." For home now seemed to the poor child a sort of refuge. When there, she thought, she would be able to forget. Her old pursuits would come back to her, and she would learn, at least in time, to forgive herself for her folly.

But she was not able to forget. Her old pursuits no longer interested her. She had been at home for a week, and she grew paler and sadder-looking each day. Her father wondered, in vain, what was the matter, never suspecting the truth; but asking her a hundred questions in reference to her symptoms, all wide of the mark.

At last there came a day, after a sleepless night, when she felt as if she must give up altogether. If she only had a mother, she thought,

in whom she could confide. "But no! not even to a mother," she cried, "could I tell my folly." She was in her chamber, where she had retired, after a walk, on a plea of headache. Suddenly there came a knock at the door.

"A letter, Miss Loui," said the servant girl. "And pray, Miss, shan't I make you some tea? Maybe you would feel better."

As she languidly took the letter, declining the tea, she recognized a man's handwriting on the envelope, and remembering what Mr. Norton had said, and that he had inquired her address of her father, she grew pale with anger. Then, as she turned the letter over and over, as people will sometimes do when they dread the contents, she began to tremble, and had to sit down.

"What a coward I am," she cried, breaking the seal. "It must be done, some time; and the sooner the better."

But what magical change is this! The listlessness, the look of humiliation, the pale, sad face are gone. The crimson blushes have mounted even to the forehead; but they are no longer the blushes of maidenly shame; joy and happiness sparkle in her eyes and irradiate her whole countenance. Eagerly she bends forward, devouring the letter, for she has turned to the signature, and read there "Horace Beverly," and not the hated name she dreaded. What is it that the letter says? We will not violate confidence by transcribing it literally; but may be forgiven, perhaps, if we repeat its substance.

Loui's first love-letter began by saying, that, in writing, without first having solicited permission, Mr. Beverly throw himself on Loui's generosity. He had wished to ask for leave on that last day at the Profile House, he said; and he would have done it before, but his trip had been so happy that he feared to shorten that happiness by risking the depriving himself of her society. On that last evening, he had resolved to speak, but she had disappeared earlier than usual, and, the next morning, he had to leave before she came down. From this avoidance of him, he feared, he said, that she noticed his presumption, and had wished, in the kindness of her heart, to spare him pain. But the wound was too deep. He loved with so entire a love, he felt that so much of his happiness depended on her, that he forgot pride, and wrote, even without permission, and in the face of her coldness. Had he not promised to meet some dear friends in Boston, who had been about to sail for Europe, he would have turned back, even after he had left the Profile House. But he had already delayed going till the very last day,

and had been asked by Miss Conway to escort her home. He could bear suspense no longer. Sometimes, when he thought of the gracious way in which Loui had often listened to him, he took hope; but at other times he realized how presumptuous he was. Much more there was in the same strain. It was a manly, yet eloquent letter. "God bless you," he concluded, "whatever your decision. I shall never love you less, however adverse that decision may be."

For nearly an hour Loui sat there in bewildering, happy thought. Every little while she would read over the letter, and then, with her hands in her lap, gaze dreamily out of the window. It was not till the evening drew on, and the room darkened, that she rose and went down stairs.

"You must have plenty of correspondents,

Loui," said her father, "for Mary tells me that a letter was brought here, this afternoon, by the postman; and I have just got one for you by the evening mail. But, bless me! how well you look."

The second letter proved to be from Mr. Norton, in which he tendered Loui his hand and fortune. It was answered, at her request, by Mr. Thorndyke, and answered in the negative. To the other she replied herself. What that reply was, we may guess from the fact that the missive had scarcely time to reach its destination before it brought an answer in the person of Horace Beverly.

Loui is to be married at eighteen. When not together, the lovers correspond. But she has never received, and probably never will receive, any epistle that will be as dear to her as that

FIRST LOVE-LETTER.

TEN YEARS IN HEAVEN

BY MRS. C. O. HATHAWAY.

Ten years in Heaven!

Oh! blessed sister of the spotless heart!
And can we two have been so long apart?
For me earth's paths, to thee the higher part
Our God hath given.

So long apart!

Oh, no! E'en boundless space cannot divide
The tendrils of a love so fully tried;
Sometimes the presence of the sanctified
Fills all my heart.

When gentle Spring's

Fair forehead, in the tender Southern sky,
Is outlined 'mid her own bright heraldry,
And all things thrill to her sweet minstrelsy,
I hear thy wings.

In Summer hours

A step goes with me that I know is thine;
And unseen spirits all akin to mine,
Entrance my ear with messages divine
Amid her flowers.

And in the throng,

Where reigns the fever of excitement wild,
They sit apart with me, serene and mild,
As sits a mother by her cradled child,
With gentle song.

Ten years in Heaven!

And yet by these sweet tokens do I know,
The beauteous fervor and the fadeless glow
Of youth eternal sits upon thy brow,
As stars at even.

Ten years on earth!

The lengthening shadows deepen as they go,
Casting dark clouds above the streamlet's flow;
They take the lustre from the morning's glow,
The zest from mirth.

I do not mourn

With the wild clamor of a vain regret;
Sweet peace dries up the tears mine eyelids wet;
I shall be satisfied when we have met
In that bright bourn.

ROSES AND BUDS.

BY ETTIE BROWN.

Roses and buds! in the long ago—

I culled them wild where brook-willows grow;
And they faded, though I loved them so—
Roses and buds!

Roses and buds! how my torn heart heaves
At sight of their flushed and waxen leaves;
The sigh of mem'ry that round them breathes—
Roses and buds!

How they gleam like stars, these pale, pink flowers,
In the holy hush of midnight hours,

Their faint, sweet breath in the shady bowers—

Roses and buds!

Roses and buds! in the shining day,
Till their fragile life is bloomed away,
And faded and pale their wan leaves lay—
Roses and buds!

And their perfumed, silent life is o'er;
Like holy, beautiful hopes of yore,
We watch their glory no more, no more—
Roses and buds!

BACHELOR ROGERS' CHRISTMAS PARTY

BY GARRIELLE LEE

PERHAPS you can tell as well as I why Bachelor Rogers sighed, as he pushed away his half-emptied glass of best Madeira, and, his solitary dinner done, took his station beside the fire.

Bachelor Rogers, as he did so, cast a glance outside, where the snow was slipping whitely a-down the December twilight, tapping with a crisp, clear tinkle against the window-pane—prophetic of sleigh-rides beyond a doubt.

A poorer man might have shrunk from the outlook, but the man of whom I write had no need. The fire underneath the sculptured lilies of the marble mantle showed the clear red of the costliest anthracite, and silken curtains interposed a purple shimmer between the firelight and the falling snow.

Yet Bachelor Rogers, thus looking without, sighed again; not a casual, passing sigh that comes and goes unheeded, but one showing a secret pain and uneasiness that, perhaps, would never have confessed itself in words.

For this Bachelor Rogers of ours was a manly fellow; had wrestled with hard fortunes in his day; had conquered against heavy odds; and now, youth past, had a right to sit down and take "mine ease in mine inn."

I call him Bachelor Rogers because that was the name he was apt to go by, especially in the neighborhood. I do not know why he should thus have been distinguished above the rest of his paternity, ticketed and labeled, as it were, with his misfortune, unless, indeed, that, being such a manly fellow, people had come to the conclusion bachelorhood was his misfortune, rather than his fault, and gave him the title to show that in his case they pitied and forgave.

"To-night is Christmas Eve," soliloquized our friend, looking hard at the fire. "Well, well, the years come and go, and somehow every year gets duller. The gold rubbed off of life a long time ago, the silver is going fast, and now, I suppose, I must soon look for the iron age!"

The prospect seemed doleful enough certainly, and to cheer himself our friend looked into the fire, gazed at it very hard, indeed, as if those cheerful, leaping, crackling flames were guilty in the matter, and could help if they only would.

You all know of the magical influence attri-

buted by the modern mind to brilliant substances gazed at steadfastly? Some who wish to be learned call the magnetic power "odyle," and insist that that costly crystal, the diamond, is its favorite abode. But I affirm—and call the genius of the hearthstone to ratify the declaration—that there is no such odyle in nature as that which rays out from the clear sparkle of a glowing fire, just as the twilight closes in with its drapery of mystical gray, bedded all over with the white-fall of snowflakes.

You may call that other genius, Shakspeare, to your aid against me, quote,

"From woman's eyes this doctrine I derive,
They sparkle still the true Promethean fire," etc.,

and declare that in them resides the true odylie force.

But I am not crushed yet, for the light that streams from them is dearest and best when it blends with the sweet firelight of home, to which it is ever and always akin.

Bachelor Rogers, however, having no woman's eyes beside him, was fain to look hard into the fire—very hard, indeed.

The pastime proved a dangerous one. This was a Christmas-Eve fire, mind you! Shifting pictures began to come and go. Like these: First, a little child in bare feet and a night-dress, reached out a dimpled hand to hang up a dangling stocking—borrowed from mamma for the occasion—in an old-fashioned chimney-corner.

Then the little child, grown older, danced around tall Christmas-trees, resplendent from top to bottom with glancing lights, and the sparkle of *bonbons*, and the glitter of trinkets and toys—danced around the festive Christmas-trees that bear such charmed fruitage from the fairy-land of Santa Claus—with other children as joyous as himself. And the boy-child made love to the girl-children. Oh! such beautiful girl-children! with floating curls, and dancing eyes, and rose-bud mouths. And the boy-child played "pillows-and-keys" with the girl-children. But there was one he kissed slyly in the corners, when no one was looking, and she was the blithest of all. Her curls were longer and more shining; her eyes clearer; and her rose-bud mouth had a tempting little pout born with it, that said, "Kiss me! kiss me evermore!"

And the boy-child was fain to comply with the request—only, as I have said, he did it shyly in corners; and if detected in the act, blushed exceedingly, much more so than the girl, indeed; but then she was used to be kissed, you see, on account of that tempting little pout that had such a knack of asking the question without saying a word!

Was it Bachelor Rogers sitting now beside the fire, bronzed with the weather—he had been a sailor before now—worn by hard fights with hard fortunes? Could it be Bachelor Rogers that had blushed so once?

More pictures! The boy-child, grown older now, dragging the girl-child—a demure, little maiden now, but the same mouth still—over the crisp snow in a famous crimson sled barred with gilt, and on it written for a name—Alice. That was the name of the demure little maid, you see, who sat upon it. And the boy was very tender of the girl, and wrapped her closely in her cloak and furs, when he started for a run, for above the stars shone clear with the cold, and the winter winds blew keenly.

Then came a sad picture with tears in it. The boy and the girl, both very young, were parting. He was going to sea—coming back rich, you know. “Will you marry me then, Alice, dear?” Oh! no one else—none but him! How fast the tears flowed. She, too, was going away for the first time from home—to school.

“I will learn to sing and play so sweetly, just for you,” promised Alice.

“Will you, dear—just for me? Remember!”

Then Alice gave the boy one of her longest curls, and he hid it in his breast, and went away. And the girl cried sorely at parting; but the boy was too manly; only, when out of sight, he covered the curl with tears and kisses, then laid it away in his breast.

Afterward there was a storm at sea, and a shipwreck. But the boy floated ashore with the curl clenched fast in his hand. A foreign shore it was; strange sights and sounds, but he would stay there, and come home rich to Alice.

Then there was a wedding. Alice was the bride, fairer and sweeter than ever. But the boy she had parted from did not stand beside her. He was lying fathoms deep, she thought. And her lips trembled when she spoke the solemn words. He was lying fathoms deep—“all on board perished.” She did not know with her curl on his heart, he worked and waited in a foreign land, guarded by pure thoughts of love and her.

Two great, round tears fell down the bronzed

cheeks upon the bronzed hands that had handled ropes in their day, and showed for it yet.

Bachelor Rogers started to his feet, muttered with one bronzed hand plunged in his bosom, “It’s there yet,” and began to walk up and down.

“How thick the snow falls. And to-night is Christmas Eve. To think that I used to be a little fellow, and hang up stockings in a chimney-corner. And, oh! sweet face that shone out upon me from the fire to-night, where are you now? Alice! Alice! Alice!”

Bachelor Rogers sat down and buried his bronzed face in his bronzed hands for a moment; then raising his head, shook it like a man who refuses to be submerged by recollections of the past.

“Every Christmas I get the dolefuls!” exclaimed he. “But it won’t do. I’ll write to my friends up the street, and to-morrow we’ll have a regular old bachelor’s Christmas party. Yes, yes, a jolly—old-bachelor’s—old-fashioned Christmas-party.”

Our friend dwelt on these words, protracting each one as if trying to believe the prospect a delightful one. Then sat down and scribbled off this invitation:

“MY FRIENDS—I shall, of course, expect you to take dinner with me to-morrow, Christmas day. Six o’clock, sharp. ROGERS.”

Our friend’s heart not being in the invitation, he made it as succinct as possible; then touched the bell.

“Ring, sir?” said a stalwart servant man, opening the door, and letting a stream of yellow light into the red radiance of the room, chasing the shadows into the corners. Blessed geni! of the firelight! ye are dearer than ever on Christmas Eve!

“John, take this note and leave it —, block above, third house from the corner. Shut the door.”

John only lifted an eyebrow at the quick, yet broken tone, quite unlike the mellow cadence in which his master gave orders; for all the rubs and hard thumps Bachelor Rogers had got in his contest with life couldn’t knock the sweetness out of his temper, nor the mellow ring out of his voice. John was new to his place; had never, in fact, “taken orders;” been his “own boss,” as he phrased it, till now; but said below stairs that a man might be Bachelor Rogers’ servant “all the days of his life and never feel it.”

John took the note and went, closing the door behind him; and the Christmas-Eve shadows all came back again, glided to and fro; old memo-

ries came with them; a soft touch fell on Bachelor Rogers' hair; a tender, clinging palm slipped in and out of his, and again the cry of "Alice!" startled the silence.

John set his teeth when he got outside, and walked briskly, for it was nipping cold.

"Block above, third house from the corner. 'Tain't quite close enough directions for a fellow."

And John, drawing the note from his pocket, stopped under the corner lamp-post to read the address; blank whiteness, nothing more.

"Whew!" said John, "'spose he forgot the direction. Well, I'll trust to my wits; won't go back and bother him, for I see he's got a mood. And when a man like him gets a mood on to him, better leave him alone."

"Third house from the corner." John took a view, then marched up the stoop of a little brown cottage house nestled in between two aspiring mansions of brick.

The door opening, showed as trim a vision of a servant-maid as one might expect to find anywhere—demure-eyed, smooth-haired, a touch of coquetry breaking forth in a wicked little apron braided at the corners.

I am shocked to state, that John, in view of this vision, nodding his head approvingly, remarked,

"For your folks, my dear."

"Oh!" ignoring the dear. "Will you walk in and wait for an answer?"

"With pleasure," quoth John.

He had not expected to wait for an answer; neither had he expected such a vision of a servant-maid to come to the door. But then nobody is surprised at surprises on Christmas-Eve!

John walked into the hall, and servant-maid into the parlor. A small room, very plain, but altogether homelike; here, also, a fire burned brightly; but it was under a wooden mantle, not one of marble carved with lilies.

A lady sat there netting a pair of scarlet snow-shoes, just small enough and dainty enough for a child, with a flower-soft face, that lay fast asleep on the rug beside her, her head resting on a great Angola cat purring away with all its might.

"Well, Jenny?" questioned the lady.

"A note, ma'am, for 'our folks,' the young man what brought it said it was. And he's waiting an answer, ma'am."

"Take him down in the kitchen, Jenny, and let him get warm."

Jenny vanished.

"My missus says you're to come down in the kitchen and get warm, sir."

A very saucy "sir" that last word was, for the coquetry that lurked in Jenny's wicked little apron, with its braided corners, had dictated it.

"So your name's Jenny, is it?"

"How did you know?"

"I guessed it," solemnly, (mem. he heard it through the door left on a crack.)

"How?"

"Oh! Jennies always wears aprons like yours, and has smooth hair, and nice eyes, like yours."

"Do they?" asked the damsel, demurely, as if the fact were a new and astonishing development in the matter of names, then added, "Since you know my name—what's yours?"

"Plain John, at your service. You see both of our names commences with a J, and has n's in 'em."

In consequence of this coincidence John shook hands with Jenny, then followed her lead kitchenward.

In the meantime Mrs. Lee, glancing at the note, had found the envelope blank, and surmising patent-needles, or a petition for charity, drew out the folded sheet within, and read:

"MY FRIENDS—I shall, of course, expect you to take dinner with me to-morrow, Christmas day. Six o'clock, sharp. ROGERS."

These were the words that met the eye of the reader.

"Alice, Alice! come here and tell me what this means," said Mrs. Lee, in hurried accents.

The window-curtains parted, and from behind them came out something between a young lady and a very sweet princess—out of some sweet fairy-tale that ripples like music through our remembrance of childhood.

"Did you want me, dear? I was only—only looking to see how fast the snow fell."

This seeing "how fast the snow fell" must certainly have been a very doleful process. For the young lady princess made this statement in a voice that quivered oddly, and the long-lashed eyelids were wet—not with casual tears. The princess made a brave stand, however, and, rubbing her hands hard, gave a wee little laugh; then dropping on one knee before the fire, held out pink palms toward the blaze, murmuring,

"It was very cold work seeing the snow fall."

Yet, for all this pretence, a very sorrowful little princess looked Alice kneeling there—the tender mouth in a quiver of mute distress.

Mrs. Lee forgot the note with its curious invitation, and, leaning forward, took Alice's hand saying,

"Oh, my child! You have been worrying about Cuthbert. What shall I do with you?"

It was a mother's voice that spoke, yearning, loving, longing to shield her darling from the rough winds of the world's highway. Until then you had fancied them sisters.

The mouth gave way then—the eyes rained tears.

"Oh! I had fancied that Cuthbert would have done with this miserable business of traveling for other people by this Christmas-Eve! He said last year it would be so; and we were not to part ever any more; and you and May were to live with us, and we were to be as happy as the day is long. But now I could cry my eyes out, for Christmas will be here to-morrow—and, oh! not Cuthbert!"

Mrs. Lee drew Alice into her arms, and, nestled there, she sobbed out her grief. Happy, happy eyes, however, ye weep that have a mother's heart to weep on!

Not for long did Alice yield to this distress. Lifting her head, she smiled and chid herself, saying, "Selfish girl. I know that Cuthbert loves me wherever he is. And I have you, my best, sweet darling, and little May."

Then the princess, very much cheered up, fell to kissing the sleeper on the rug beside her, and she woke up with scarlet cheeks laughing, prepared for a game of romp with "sister Alice."

"But you wanted to show me something, dear," said the latter.

"Oh, my! we're all dreaming here! And the young man waiting for an answer, too!"

And Mrs. Lee handed the note to her daughter.

"How queer! And who is Rogers, pray?" asks Alice, all the woman alive in her face now. "Let's ring the bell for Jenny. Who brought this, Jenny? And who is Rogers? Is it meant for us, I wonder?"

Jenny thus questioned, acquits herself with credit.

"Bachelor Rogers' man brought it, Miss. Bachelor Rogers is a gentleman what lives on the block below, Miss, in a be-au-tiful house, and his man says there never was such a master. He said the note was for 'our folks,' Miss, when I let him in. Shall I bring him up, Miss?"

"Decidedly."

John being brought up and questioned, declared in the most decisive manner that there was no possibility of "mistake." But that "master had an odd way of doing things sometimes," and that "somehow or another people always did get confused-like and do out-o'-the-way things at Christmas." And John finished up his statement by glancing at Jenny, who stood attentively examining the braided corner of her apron.

"Alice," said Mrs. Lee, thoughtfully, "I think we had better accept the invitation. Suppose you write a few words, and say we should be happy to come. Perhaps Mr. Rogers is going to have a Christmas-tree, and wants May to come. You know we are strangers here, and maybe it's the custom to invite one's neighbors."

Alice, nothing loath, did as she was told. And little May catching the magic words, "Christmas-tree," danced about meanwhile in a childish effervescence of delight.

Now John—arch-traitor that he was—what-ever doubts he had had on the subject kept them to himself. If this were the wrong house, he had no objection to calling back and rectifying the mistake. Indeed, John, remembering who would be likely to open the door, contemplated the same as a very desirable contingency.

John, with solemn demeanor, took the delicate missive Alice tendered him, put it with devout care in his breast-pocket, having carefully wrapped it in his handkerchief first, then started homeward.

John found his master still plunged in reverie before the fire, whose attendant genii—the shadows of home flitting to and fro around him in a mystical dance, seemed to promise—for even shadows grow prophetic on Christmas-Eve—something strange and sweet for Bachelor Rogers' Christmas-gift. Poor, lonely Bachelor Rogers! to whom no one brought gifts on Christmas-Eve! So the friendly-hearted phantoms took compassion on his evil state, and danced in prophetic glee for the "good time coming."

"I think," said the master, "you've been gone a long time—haven't you, John?"

"Waited for an answer, sir," handing the note.

A little waft of perfume, stealing out from the same, took our friend by surprise. A strange, pleasant sensation—was it odyle?—seemed to fly out from the missive, as he touched it, and tingle along his nerves.

"Light the gas, John"—the tone brisk and alert.

John complying—lingered.

A rose-colored seal, a spice of perfume, a fairy sheet of satin paper delicately characterized.

"Ha! ha! ha! Why, John, upon my word, it's a woman's note!"

Oh! the mellow ring of Bachelor Rogers' laugh! the concentrated emphasis upon the words, a woman's note—they spoke a volume of yearning, of chivalrous, deep-hearted deference, that only a man, "tender and true," could have kept pure and unsullied through all these years of hand-to-hand encounter with life and destiny.

The words that our friend found inscribed on the satin paper, with its scent of spice, were briefly these:

"Mrs. Lee accepts, with pleasure, Mr. Rogers' invitation for herself and daughters."

"Why, John, bless your heart!" cries his master, "you went to the wrong house. It was gentlemen I expected—not ladies!"

The tone of deference again.

"Well, sir," says John, with solemn demeanor, "I can call back, sir, and say it's all a mistake."

"Call back again and say it's a mistake! Are you wide-awake, John? Take back an invitation to ladies! Not if I know myself. No, John, they're coming—actually coming to brighten up these stiff rooms with their presence. Coming in the place of dull jokes, and stupid wine-draughts, and empty hilarity, that leaves the heart and soul empty. God bless them for being willing to come! and bless you, John, for being the means of bringing them! It's the luckiest mistake you ever made, John."

Bachelor Rogers threw back his head and walked up and down, alert, vigorous, rubbing his bronzed hands in an effervescence of good-humor and delight.

"Yes, yes, John, we'll get ready for them. Oh! I'll have a Christmas dinner, I'll promise you! How many are there of them, John?"

"Well, there's a lady, you can't call her old, but she's older than the other one, which is her daughter; and there's a little one likewise, the daughter of the older lady, and her name is May."

"A little child coming, too?" says our friend, with reverence in his voice.

"Yes, sir; and her mother mentioned that maybe you was going to have a Christmas-tree."

"Well, so I am, John, of course. And if you think of anything else, just let me know."

"I will, sir. Good-night, sir."

"Good-night, John—good-night. I think—at least something seems to tell me that it's going to be a lucky Christmas for you, John."

And the master contemplates his man with such an expression of complete benevolence, that John retreats in a frame of mind sufficiently bewildered for Christmas-Eve; his last words being, as he takes a thorough warming before the kitchen fire,

"She certainly is the triggest specimen I've seen this one while."

"Who's that?" inquires cook, briskly waking out of a doze, and rubbing her eyes.

"Not you, cook—not you," says John, stalking off to bed.

This assertion is not difficult of belief, as cook

weighs somewhere near two hundred pounds; and, in the way of figure, gives the general impression of a stout feather pillow slightly compressed in the middle.

Cook, not at all nonplused at the retort, chuckles, rubs her nose, says, "Not me! Oh, no, of course!—though I did have a figger once upon a time," and relapses again into slumber.

The house falls asleep. The fires burn deep into the night, and their tall, genii shadows come and go, weave mystic dances, while to and fro through the brain of one sleeper wander thoughts of long-ago, joining hands with something strange and sweet that was to be, yet never was—that yet shall be, the shadows promise in their mystic dance.

Once or twice, Bachelor Rogers wakes and ejaculates aloud in accents of remorse, "If my invitation had only been less brusque. They'll think I'm a snappish, snarling old curmudgeon. And if I had only left out 'six o'clock, sharp,' and signed myself, 'yours faithfully,' or 'yours until death,' or something of that sort, you know."

And then our friend falls asleep and dreams like a child of Christmas-trees, and holly berries, and mistletoe, and something strange and sweet yet to be.

The little brown house on the block above, where the mantles are wooden, and not marble, falls asleep also. And the princess that was sorrowful when awake, is very happy in her dreams. Oh! lovely dreams she has, wherein Cuthbert, her lover, comes home, and holding her fast in his arms, says he will go away no more!

The mother dreams also—far back into the years of childhood. A slender stripling, who wears a girl's blushes on his cheek, ever reserved when in her company, draws her, a demure little maiden, on a vermillion sled, barred with gilt, over a crisp expanse of snow-golden lights in the horizon.

Waking, Mrs. Lee hears the tinkle of snow-crystals against the window-pane, and whispers to her heart,

"Yes, he never came back. How could he when all on board perished?"

As for child May, it would be useless to undertake her dreamings. The story of Aladdin were tame beside a child's dreams on Christmas-Eve. Dear old Santa Claus himself is the only one fit to rehearse them!

"We have heaps of work to do this morning, John," remarked our friend, the next day; "and you know the stores close early."

But a well-filled purse, especially if it be on

the Fortunatus order, can accomplish wonders; and at ten minutes before six our friend, entering his drawing-rooms, was almost satisfied with the result. Not quite, you know, for as Bachelor Rogers had remarked a number of times to John, as they prosecuted their labors, "I am expecting ladies! you know, John."

"At six o'clock, sharp"—with what utter contempt did our friend now repudiate that odious phrase, as he called it, to himself—the ladies came.

Jenny, demure-eyed, smooth-haired Jenny, was with them. John led the way up stairs, and watched her, as she, intent on business, deftly removed wrapping, set away over-shoes, etc.

When her task was accomplished the result was radiant. Mother, Princess Alice, and child May, seemed the lovely and loving spirits of Christmas-time, bringing hope and gladness wherever they might come.

When John, throwing open the door, announced to his master the arrival of his guests, Bachelor Rogers came forward to receive them with the air of a knight Paladin. Sir Grandison himself never made a bow half so profound, or so devoutly deferential.

When he lifted his eyes, and the winsome vision of the three stood completely disclosed, our friend became the victim of a bewilderment, so profound and complete, as to be beyond words to tell. He seemed like a man walking in a labyrinth, perplexed, however, not by fear, but by some strange, delicious happiness.

"Your invitation was a surprise to us," murmurs Mrs. Lee.

"Oh! I've been acquainted with you all this long time," declares our friend; and his laugh rang out joyous and mellow as the chime of Christmas bells.

Though no one disputed this extraordinary statement of Bachelor Rogers, yet it was noticeable that after that he seemed incapable of uttering one coherent sentence until—His guests, discreetly unconscious of our friend's unnatural wrappings with his mother-tongue, from which he always retired worsted, having said the very thing he didn't mean, proceeded to admire everything with the most naive and bewitching enthusiasm.

And truly master and servant had acquitted themselves with credit. Festive garlands of Christmas greenery swung everywhere, the scarlet shine of holly-berries lighted them all with its brightness; but no one guessed, not even child May, of the stately Christmas-tree that stood enshrined behind the purple shimmer of the silken curtains.

It were idle to tell of that day's dinner, or of all the singular feats perpetrated by our friend during its numerous courses. How he called familiar dishes by the most perplexing epithets; how he began a story in the middle, and forgot the ending; and how he persisted, at times, in behaving as if he had been acquainted with his three guests all his lifetime, instead of seeing them for the first time to-day.

When they came back to the drawing-room, there was a brilliant surprise for little May.

There stood a famous Christmas-tree, resplendent with lights, and bearing abundantly the fairy fruitage of the season.

"That is for you, *mignon*," says our friend.

"For me!"

May stood transfixed, hands folded on her breast, large eyes coruscant, lips apart. Glancing from the tree to our friend, she made a little run into his arms, gave him a squeeze of untold delight, then pounced upon her treasures.

Princess Alice came to the rescue, and turning herself into another child with laughing and amazement, plundered the willing tree.

The elder couple stood apart. Then Bachelor Rogers, putting forth his hand, led Mrs. Lee to a seat, and took his place beside her.

"I have a Christmas story to tell you. Will you listen?"

Bachelor Rogers' manner was quite coherent now; but his eyes were wet, and his voice trembled strangely.

"I will listen willingly," murmur Mrs. Lee. What strange vibration was it that quivered along every nerve?

"I remember a lovely little child, then, much like your May here—eyes the same, curls the same, rose-bud mouth just the same. She used to let me kiss her then—an innocent little child, you know! She grew older, Mrs. Lee. Your Alice looks like her, only not quite so beautiful—at least I think not. I used to draw her then—we grew up together, you see—on my boy's sled across the snow; the sled was a red one, barred with gilt, and called the—Alice. Is that your name, dear lady?"

Mrs. Lee was trembling now. A strong arm closed around her—a voice that held the music of youth said, "Do not tremble, the end is coming."

"The boy almost a man, the girl very near a woman—but she was always that with her gentle, loving ways—parted. He went to sea. The curl she gave him at parting he keeps it still."

"They said all on board perished," sobbed Mrs. Lee; "but I never forget him—never, never!"

"Do you love him still? Oh, Alice! Alice! Alice!"

Princess Alice and little May turn to look at the outcry. What strange spectacle is this? Their mother sobbing on Bachelor Rogers' breast.

At that moment there is a tap on the door. That excellent fellow John, fearing Jenny was "lonesome," had felt it his duty to take a run up to the little brown house and escort her to his master's house. To his amaze he found her setting forth with a young man so handsome, so self-possessed, so altogether at home with her, that John was posed.

"Oh, Jenny!" whispered poor John, "you never told me you was keeping company."

"No more I am," retorted that damsel, saucily. "He's Miss Alice's husband that is to be. Do you think I'd lift my eyes to the like of him?"

"Oh!" says John, a load taken off his heart.

So Jenny and her escorts arrive, and she taps on the door, then vanishes with one of them to the realm beneath.

Princess Alice somewhat decorously shocked at the mysterious conduct of her mamma, opens the door, cries, "Cuthbert," and follows her mother's example. Poor little May, sorely puzzled, looks from one couple to the other; then discerning in the last arrival a person upon whom she has a decided claim, precipitates herself upon him, and insists upon sharing in his embrace.

Then they all come back to the room. Bachelor Rogers tells his story, winding it up with,

"And you never knew me, Alice? I knew you at once—little May is your childhood, Alice here your girlhood; and the woman beside me, your own dear self, my wife that is to be."

Mrs. Lee denies not. Princess Alice, her tender mouth in a quiver, cries,

"Are you going to leave me, Cuthbert, when they are so happy?"

And Bachelor Rogers answers for him a resonant, decided "No," that settles the question, and makes the lovers happy.

Look forward a little. Bachelor Rogers loses his title, and wins the hope of his youth. Cuth-

bert and Princess Alice find that a wedding is just as joyful on New-Year's Eve as it would have been on Christmas-Eve. In fact, the best beginning in the world for the New-Year, especially when Cuthbert is partner in the famous shipping-house of Rogers & Co. As for John and Jenny—John's master was as good as his word, made it a "lucky Christmas" for him—for the twain found themselves "set up" in housekeeping, and John once more his own boss, as in times past, before a run of misfortune had befallen him, and driven him defeated, but not conquered, into service.

Having thus looked forward, come back again and be content to linger a moment in the happy room where the lovers sit. Firelight was pleasantest, they all said. So they sit in the sweet light of home and talk of the beautiful future.

May, the discreetest of children, has wisely gone to sleep, her hands full of treasures, her head in her sister's lap. Our friend and the elder Alice sit hand-in-hand, and again he says,

"You never knew me, Alice."

"Ah! how I find in the bronzed, broad-chested man the boy who blushed so! But I shall learn to find him now, and love them both in one."

Here the shadows that have been dancing fealty, mutely suggesting, "Are we not fine shadows that keep our promise truly?" Here these fireside genii show two shadows bending toward one another, kissing one another, as those who have remembered through years and trials have the best right to do. Happy, holy, blessed Christmas-time, when even the very shadows love one another, and prophecy only of hope and joy!

I have written you a Christmas story. There are tears in it, but it ends happily, as such stories should. Yet I forget not how lonely many a hearth will be this year at Christmas-time; I forget not how sad the memories we must entwine with our garlands and berries of the holly.

But, oh! hearts that suffer, ye must not be too sad at this holy season. Look up where the Star of the East is shining. Its luster is falling even upon the graves of our beloved, and we dare not sorrow as those without hope!

LOVE'S WITCHERIES.

BY HELEN AUGUSTA BROWN.

Oh! fleeting dream! Oh! music strain
So sad, and yet so sweet!
Oh! charm that cannot bind again!
Oh! beam so fair and fleet!

I bid you hence with every art,
Be every tendril riven;
Oh! let me fix my wand'ring heart
On surer stays in Heaven!

THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 357.

CHAPTER XV.

JANE SHORE came into the room again pale with agitation. Maud could not understand that frightened look.

"But your husband, I do not see him," she said.

A flame of vivid crimson swept Jane's face. She struggled for breath a moment, then faltered out,

"Oh! gone to the country, or, perhaps, to France."

"His trade must be a thriving one to surround you with these things. Well, I am glad of it. No kind-hearted woman ever deserved them better. But you do not look at my child; poor fellow, the tears stand in his eyes yet. You shall kiss them away, Jane; but no other lips should. Why, how strange you look!"

"I—I did not know that you were married, lady."

"No; it was a secret, and is yet. But I will tell you this much, my husband is one of the bravest and best men in the world. I was so happy even in profound solitude—I was very, very happy. But it is all over now. They have taken him away—ordered him abroad—to be gone years—years, as if months would not be enough to kill me. But I will appeal to Duke Richard, and, failing there, to the king himself. We shall follow him to France, Germany, Spain, anywhere, that is what brings me up to London. I want permission to follow my husband; I want to know where the king has sent him. You know all about this great place, and must help me, Jane."

"Oh, do not ask me!" cried Jane, shrinking back. "I am the last person in the world."

"What, you, my own foster-sister? Nay, this is over modest; but where is John Halstead, he will not refuse."

"John Halstead is dead, my lady."

"Dead!"

"He fell at the battle of Tewksbury."

"And has there been a battle fought at Tewksbury?"

"Alas! yes. There Prince Edward was killed, and Queen Margaret was taken prisoner."

"Oh, me! and I never heard it; but it was kind. Why, Jane, my husband would not let a breath of strife reach me; would not mention war in my presence, so well he loved me."

"But his name."

"That I will not tell, because he forbade me; but some day you shall see him, Jane. I have told him of you often."

"And he a follower of Duke Richard!" exclaimed Jane, with a painful flush.

A servant in rich livery came into the room at this moment, and addressed Jane.

"Madam, the procession is in sight, and with Duke Richard and his bride comes the king with a train of lords. Will it please you to step forth to the balcony?"

"Duke Richard! Said he that Gloucester passes this way?" cried Maud. "Oh! if I could but speak with him."

"Nay, lady, he is but newly wedded to the Lady Anna, of Warwick, and this day shows her to the people of London, so that no one could gain audience of him. But if you would see the duke and Lady Anna, who is wondrously fair, step into the balcony, he is sure to come this way if—if——"

She was about to add, "If Edward is with him;" but a pang of shame seized her, and she ended with a painful blush.

"Come you with me, then," said Maud, "I would fain see the man who can give me back my husband."

But Jane held herself aloof. She would not for the world have stood on that balcony by the pure young matron, who was as yet unconscious of her guilt, and receive Edward's careless homage. The very thought made her tremble.

"Nay, I have seen the court, in all its gayety, pass so often, and the hot sun makes my head ache. Let us drop the curtains thus, and look through the folds; for, dear lady, I would not have the court gallants look too broadly on your face."

Jane swept down a torrent of crimson drapery as she spoke, and gently parting the folds with her hand, invited Maud to look forth; for she shrunk from exposing that innocent woman

in the balcony, where Edward's courtiers had learned to pay homage to her shame.

"They are coming," she said. "Hear you not the tramp of hoofs, mellowed by the flowers they are raining in Anna of Warwick's path? Ah! it has been a brave wedding."

Maud looked forth. She was glad to witness the procession without being herself exposed to the crowd which was gathering densely along the street; but while Jane was talking, Albert had softly lifted a corner of the curtain and crept out into the balcony, which gave him a splendid view of the bridal cavalcade. Ladies on horseback, with their attendant cavaliers, all in full dress, and resplendent with jewels, swept down toward that dwelling like a torrent of flowers. In front of all, and moving slowly—for the throng made caution necessary—came an open litter, canopied with cloth of gold and cushioned with azure velvet. In the midst of these cushions sat the bride, Anna of Warwick, with a look of gentle resignation on her sweet face, which filled the soul with pitying interest, despite her lofty fortunes. Anna had rejected the almost barbaric splendor of the time, and replaced it with that exquisite harmony of form and color which avoided all vivid contrasts. The white velvet robe, so far as it was visible, shimmered with an embroidery of seed pearls. From a cluster of noble sapphires that burned their blue fires on her bosom, great pear-shaped pearls fell like centered moonlight, and rattled against each other as she moved. A circlet of diamonds, pure as limpid water, lighted up the masses of sunny hair that fell below her waist, rippling gold in the sunshine, and deepening to brown in the shade. No wonder the populace, who had so adored her father, grew wild with enthusiasm as this fair creature met its gaze; young, beautiful, and, above all, bearing upon her pure brow a promise of union and peace. The great house of Warwick was now absorbed in that of the victorious Plantagenets, and all England rejoiced.

The idiot boy had, been completely occupied by the crowd, which heaved and jostled beneath him, when the guard rode by. Then he saw the lady sitting, as it were, in a blue and golden cloud dazzling to the eye. The concourse of gorgeously dressed persons that followed her set him wild for a time; and it was not till the litter drew up a short distance from the balcony, that he saw anything but the rush and glitter of moving horses, smiling women, and gorgeous colors, floating in masses wherever his eyes turned. But his brilliant confusion cleared away all at once, and he saw riding,

close by the litter, a young man with a collar of jewels blazing around his neck, and a long, white plume floating from his velvet cap. With the cry of a wild animal surprised in its lair, the willing gave a leap and flung himself into the midst of the crowd, through which he struggled, like a desperate swimmer, up to the young horseman, who was that moment bending down to speak with his bride. With a face all glowing, and hands that shook with eagerness, the lad seized upon the short cloak which fell within his reach and gave it a vigorous jerk.

"She is here—she is up there, the baby, too, and Wasp. Come—come!"

Duke Richard turned quickly and saw the boy. One flash of the eye, a gleam of color on the lip, then quick composure. "Step back, my lad, or the horse will trample on you," he said, gently.

The cavalcade that moment came to a halt. Something obstructed the way in front, and both bride and bridegroom were held immovable just below the balcony. All at once the window drapery was flung back and a face looked out—an eager, wild face, suddenly inspired with wonderful joy.

There was a struggle within the chamber, words of eager expostulation; then Maud Chichester darted down the stairs and forced a passage through the crowd close up to the duke's horse. "My husband, let me speak with my husband," she cried out.

Richard heard the voice, and saw that face flushed with a heaven of sudden joy; the voice thrilled him through and through; the face haunted him many a night in his after life; but he neither changed countenance, nor shrunk from the meeting. A look of natural surprise, a half pitying smile he bent upon her; and that was all. Maud had extended both hands in her sudden delight, but as she met this look they fell heavily down; her parted lips grew white, and a look of dismay fell upon her.

"Richard! Richard! It is I."

"Poor creature! will some one see that she comes to no harm?" said the duke, in his sweet, calm way; and bending toward Anna of Warwick, he added with infinite tenderness, "Do not be startled, love, it is only some poor, crazy thing! My people shall make sure that she is tenderly cared for."

While he was speaking, two of the guard seized Maud by the arms and drew her back into the crowd.

"Nay," said Richard, wheeling his horse toward them, "handle her not so roughly, she seems gentle and harmless. I am sure she

is harmless, and will be obedient. What, she struggles yet? Stand back a little, this strange fancy may give me some power over her."

The guards drew Maud toward Richard and released her, while the crowd huddled back, making a good deal of confusion. Richard took advantage of this, and bending from his saddle fixed his eyes, with all their wonderful power of magnetism, on that stricken face.

"Listen, Maud, and obey me. I am the Duke of Gloucester, and was married three days ago, before all England, to the daughter of Lord Warwick. Go back to your home. In due time, when these accursed festivities are over, I will come to you."

The procession was moving again. Richard wheeled his horse back to its place by the litter, and left that wretched woman standing there, cold, white, and motionless as stone. The crowd rushed forward and would have trampled her down, but Albert threw his arm around her, and with one hand fought a passage back to the house, where Jane Shore stood wringing her hands and shaking with terror.

"Oh, my lady! how could you? This was no time to approach the duke. I wonder the guard did not trample you down."

Maud attempted no answer. In fact, did not hear her; but looked around the room as a hunted animal surveying its covert, and sat down in dumb stillness, gazing on the child, which the nurse placed on her lap, vaguely, as as if it belonged to some other person. Jane knelt before her, frightened, she scarcely knew why.

"Do not let this one rebuff discourage you," she said. "The duke is kind, and at another time will do what you ask. But now, with all the city looking on, and his young wife close by, it was not to be expected."

A weak woman would have spoken then, for, from her childhood up, a sisterly feeling had existed between Maud and her comforter; but the sorrows in that young heart were too deep and terrible for common sympathy. What could that do for her? She only shook her head, and tried to smile as Jane kissed her hands, smoothed her hair, and strove with all her womanly power to give comfort. In the midst of these efforts, Maud's arms dropped away from their clasp on her child, her eyes closed, and she fell like a broken statue prone upon the floor.

During three long weeks that poor woman lay helpless, while the struggle between her sorrow and the strong life within her went on. Jane Shore was discreet, and no human being sus-

pected that she had suffering guests under her roof. Nor did Maud know that the roof which sheltered her covered, alas! the degradation of her hostess. She was far too innocent for suspicion, and so went away grateful.

Yes, Maud went away at last, but not to the forest lodge; never again to the roof that claimed him as his master. Down in the heart of England she had inherited an estate too small for riches, but sufficient for her moderate wants. To this place she went, taking with her Albert and the nurse. Neither honor nor disgrace could follow her into that deep solitude.

CHAPTER XVI.

TEN years came and went—ten long, solitary years to the woman who bore her wrongs in secret, but full of intrigue and action to the man who had sacrificed her to his greed for power.

Edward the Fourth was dead. Two children, the late monarch's orphan sons, stood between Richard and the mighty hope to which he had sacrificed so much. With a firm hand, counting the cost as he went, this ruthless man usurped their inheritance, and then they too disappeared, following King Henry, Edward of Lancaster, and Clarence. Now the crown was his. He felt the massy weight outgall his forehead. "Anna of Warwick sat by his side a crowned queen; their son was declared Prince of Wales. This was power. For this he had given up conscience, love, everything that ennobles manhood, or makes sovereignty august. Was this all? Power without love. Ah! now it was that Richard's haughty soul avenged itself. That which makes the glory of a great king, his people's love, was lacking, and in this knowledge lay the bitterness of death to him. He had hungered for supreme authority; and now he thirsted for love, not only that personal affection which can alone satisfy a human heart, but the confidence of a great people. Without that he felt that the crown upon his head was an empty circlet, and his sceptre a mockery.

How should he win this confidence—by an austere life and strict religious observances; by making his court a living rebuke to that of the brother whose place he filled? This was the answer given by his sharp intellect. At once he acted upon it.

One night, only a few weeks after his coronation, when the rain was falling heavily, and cold sleet cut through it with steel-like sharpness, a woman came forth from the portals of a church, where she had just endured all the

bitter humiliations which an outraged clergy could heap upon acknowledged sin. For hours and hours she had been prostrated before the altar, suffering with hunger, chilled to the vitals by the cold stone, shivering under the awful denunciations of a band of priests, utterly broken-hearted and lost.

Now the portals opened wide, a taper was placed in her shivering hand, a draught of icy water was held to her white lips. With her bare feet upon the stones, and a single robe of white linen falling like sheeted snow around her, she was driven forth to perish in the streets. Cold and wet as it was, a great concourse of people had gathered around the church, some in bitter hostility, others simply curious, and more from that most intolerant of all prejudices, religious superstition. For three hours they had stood patiently in the cold rain waiting for her to come forth. This woman had done them no harm; to some she had been a benefactress, for, in her imperfect way, Jane Shore had tried to atone for one great sin by many acts of kindness. But all these things were forgotten now. The ban of society was upon her. That alone had, perhaps, been more merciful; but to this was added the awful power of the church, urged on by kingly authority itself. This wretched woman must be driven out before the people, as a type of the reign which had just passed away, and a pledge for the purity of that which had just commenced.

It was a pitiful sight when that woman—for even then she was very lovely—came down the aisle of the church. Behind her she left an altar blazing with tapers, and bright with cloth of gold, which gave a glowing contrast and luminous background to the dread coldness to which she went. Before her was the stormy night—a crowd of wild, hungry faces looming through it all, mocking and jibing at her, and beyond that starvation—death. The church had driven her forth in sublime rage; and the king had forbidden any one who might have taken pity on her misery to give her food or drink.

She came forth slowly from the church, looking white and ghostly under the rays of a wax-taper, which flickered over her face and fell dimly adown the folds of her white garment, which fluttered in the wind. A howl of rage, mingled with now and then a soft cry of pity from young lips, greeted her as she stood, for one moment, hesitating on the threshold. Then the bell began to toll, as if a dead person were passing away, and gave an awful solemnity to the moment. As she went down into the dark street, a gust of wind quenched the taper, and

for one moment she was lost. The crowd saw the shimmer of her white drapery for a moment, and then broke into hoarse shouts of disappointment. But officers stood ready and lighted the taper again, and the poor creature drifted away into the storm, meekly asking God to be merciful and let her die.

On and on—from street to alley, from alley to lane—that wretched woman wandered, followed by a guard as hounds track a wounded deer. If her taper went out they rekindled it from their lanterns, and drove her forward with ferocious persistence. Daylight came making her humiliation horrible with its hard glare. Then succeeded another night with merciful darkness, and found her drooping with unutterable weariness. She could hardly walk. The taper had burned out, leaving only a fragment of wax in her hand. This she looked at eagerly from time to time, praying for darkness that with this poor morsel she might assuage the pangs of hunger that began to prey upon her like vipers. Another day and night wore her down utterly. She moved with pain, and in such weariness that even hate gave out and left her to perish alone. The idle boys, who had followed on her track so persistently, dropped away, one by one, and left her with a single guard. Three relays of guards had given up and gone home to rest. At each relief one dropped off, for, as life and strength ebbed from that poor soul, the need of a powerful force became less. Curiosity had long since appeased itself, and save that one man who moved after her like a shadow, she was in solitude. She was in the city limits now, and a yearning wish seized upon her to go into the old haunts where her innocent life had found its first blessings.

The guard was a new man, with warm, human feelings, and let her go wherever her faltering limbs could carry her. The streets were dark; the sky heavy as lead. Most of the dwellings were closed, and the whole city was one dreary solitude. Jane Shore gained a sort of desperate strength among those dark-browed houses, where she had once been so happy. She struggled on with fierce resolution to reach one spot. She would perish there. They should see how awfully her sin had been atoned for. Would they know her, so thin and white, with the blue of starvation on her lips?

The house was lighted, and music rang cheerily through the windows. Was it hailing her on, or mocking her desolation? She made a desperate effort, staggered forward, reeled up to the door-stone, and fell upon it like a

heap of snow, which nothing could strengthen into a human form again. There she lay moaning feebly and striving to weep, but nature was exhausted, and had not even tears to give her.

It was the duty of that solitary guard to keep his victim moving; but, having a wife at home, he could not even attempt this last cruelty, but stood over her crying like a child.

"Let her die here," he said. "Poor soul! poor soul! I will not torture her."

There certainly was some revel going on within that house, for its floors shook with the tread of dancing feet, and merry laughter rang out with the music. Then came a rush down the stairs to a lower room opening on the porch where that wretched woman lay moaning out her life. Then a dash of goblets, and the carving of rich pastry was distinctly heard amid a hum of happy voices and little outbreaks of laughter. That woman was perishing of hunger close by so much plenty. The smell of the viands came keenly upon her waning senses. She could hear the soft gurgle of wine, and the very sound gave her strength. She gathered up her limbs and crept to the window. With her poor, thin hands she seized upon the stone sill, and lifted her ghastly face to a level with the sash.

It was a christening party. Philip Gage, who had succeeded to his master's business, and shared the same home since his marriage with Constance Halstead, was celebrating the baptism of his second child. This was the scene that miserable woman looked upon while clinging with a death-grip to the stone-work of the window.

They had heard nothing of her trial, nor the barbarous sentence. That festive scene would never have brightened the old house had this knowledge reached them. But London was large even in those days, and all means of communication imperfect; thus the woman who had once made that home so bright, lay dying in their midst before they dreamed of her downfall.

"William!"

The cry was faint, but so sharp with anguish that it cut like an arrow through all those cheerful noises, and was followed by an instantaneous hush. Shore stood near the window, looking gravely on a scene he evidently only endured with that gentle sadness which had become habitual to him. He started, turned, and saw that white face, those large eyes, bright with the agonies of famine, looking upon him. He knew her, wild, haggard, deathly as she looked, the husband knew her, and went swiftly through

the door, waving those who crowded near him back with an imperative gesture.

She let go of the window, fell back to the porch, and crept toward him, moaning piteously. She wound her arms around his knees, and threw back her white face so pinched with exhaustion that no other man could have recognized it.

"Jane! Jane! Oh, God! have mercy! It is—it is my wife!"

A low, hysterical laugh died in her throat. She crept upward toward his bosom, murmuring feebly,

"He calls me Jane; he said wife! Oh, William! give me food! food! I am starved to death! For the love of God, something to eat!"

It was a cry of mortal agony terrible to hear. Philip Gage and his wife ran out thrilled and terrified. They both knew the voice, changed as it was, and would have carried the wretched woman in-doors. But Shore gathered her in his arms, laid her white face on his bosom, and pressed his own against it with piteous tenderness.

The guard made a feeble attempt to stop him as he bore her into the entrance: but Shore put him aside, and carried his wife up stairs into the chamber which had once been her own. A moment after he came to the door and cried out almost with a shriek, "Bring wine—bring food." Before any one could obey him he had rushed down stairs, seized a flask and some bread from the table, and darted back again.

Jane was lying upon her own bed, looking vaguely about the room as if trying to remember it again. Shore had flung a sheet over her wretchedness, and placed a pillow beneath those sunken temples. He tore the seal from the wine-flask and held it with both quivering hands to her lips. She swallowed a mouthful of the wine with a struggle, and, seizing upon the bread with her weak hands, tore it feebly apart, and dropped the fragment she had secured half way to her mouth.

Shore gathered up the pieces, drenched them red with wine, and forced them one by one between her lips. She swallowed them with pain, and the effort she made to smile was heart-rending. The wronged husband strove to answer that smile through all his heart-ache, and smoothed her drenched hair with one hand, while he fed her with the other.

"Poor child! poor, lost lamb!" he said. "Look up, Jane, and let me feel that the wine is doing you good."

She turned her eyes full upon him, and, to his dying day, William Shore never forgot the yearning anguish of the look. He fell upon his

knees beside her, and bent his head close to the white lips that were moving with a struggle of whispers.

"Forgive you," he cried, laying his face close to hers, and wetting it with tears that were almost holy. "Oh, Jane! if I had the power to carry you in these arms up to the throne of God, there to plead for His forgiveness, we would go together, and I should think it happiness."

Her eyes closed wearily as a child falls to sleep. There was a faint shiver of the linen that covered her, and that burdened soul went out alone to meet its God. Even his love could yield no help beyond that supreme moment.

Then a whisper ran through the house that she, who had once been its mistress, was dead; and that William Shore had locked himself into the chamber where she lay, and was moaning over her, refusing all consolation. The guard, forced to this harsh duty, went softly up to the chamber and pressed the door open. Shore was on his knees by the bed, his face was pressed close to that white cheek which was growing cold to its touch, and he was crying like a child. He lifted up his head and saw the guard.

"She is dead! she is dead! All that is left of her is holy! Go away—go away. She is mine, mine—all mine now."

The guard closed the door reverently, and went away.

CHAPTER XVII.

Two years went by. Anna of Warwick had followed her only son to the grave; and Richard stood almost alone arrayed against a rebellion that had been for months undermining the whole fabric of his power. The Duke of Richmond, a man whose illegitimate claims would hardly have been recognized in ordinary times, was now absolutely invited to seize the crown of England. He had answered this call in person, hurrying a few foreign troops across the seas, and gathering by thousands as he advanced into the country.

Richard was bold and brave as any monarch that ever lived. The crown which he had won with so much blood was dear to him as his own soul. With the first breath of rebellion, he mustered the royal forces and started forth to meet the invader. By quick marches he came upon Richmond within a few miles of Leicester, and encamped his own forces on Bosworth field, choosing the ground. All night long the armies lay close together, waiting for the hour of strife which was to decide the fate of England.

Near the battle-field stood a low, stone house,

that had at some early time been connected with battlemented towers, and other objects of defence, but now it was given up entirely to peaceful pursuits. That portion which had been a fortress had fallen into ruin, and the building, as it stood, was scarcely more than a farmhouse. In a room of this dwelling, which was simple in its adornments, but marked with such evidences of refinement as always bespeak the presence of a highly bred lady, a woman walked to and fro in a state of wild unrest. She had heard the music, seen the royal banners, and watched the troops file by, hour after hour, with a tumult of feeling which no mere mustering of armies could have aroused in that usually calm bosom. As she stood within the embrasure of a window, watching the rear-guard desfile toward the battle-field, a glow of the setting sun fell upon her dark garments, and touched the heavy tresses gathered back of her head like a helmet. Those who had known Maud Chichester in her youth would have recognized her again in that position. Truly she was changed; her air was proud and womanly; her face beautiful as ever, but an expression of thoughtful self-reliance sat upon it with a grace that was queenly.

As she stood watching the soldiers, a young lad came dashing into the room wild with excitement. His dark eyes fairly blazed with delight, his cheeks were hot and red.

"Oh, mother! I have seen the king!"

Maud turned quickly, and, walking toward him, laid one hand on his head.

"Do not be angry—do not look so strange, mother. I was in no danger, but only stood looking on when he called to me."

"What, King Richard? Did he speak to thee, my son?"

"Ay, that did he, sweet mother, and asked if I would not like to be a soldier and fight for my king."

"And what didst thou answer, boy?"

"I said, marry would I, if I had a war-horse to ride, and he would give me a company to lead."

"Well—well!"

"Do not be angry, mother; but he bade me seek him on the battle-field, after the tents were pitched, and he promised to give me both the war-horse and a company."

Maud turned her eyes from that ardent young face and moved toward the window, again troubled and thoughtful. The boy followed her.

"Mother, was my father a warrior? Was he brave?"

"As brave a man as ever lived, my boy."

"And where did he die? On what battle-field did he fall?"

The mother turned white, and then her face flushed scarlet.

"Boy, come thither, close to my lap, and I will tell thee."

Maud sat down in her high-backed chair, and motioned the lad to place himself on a hassock at her feet; but he simply pressed it with his knees, and folding his arms upon her lap, prepared himself to listen.

She told him all briefly, but with a face of truth that ran through his young heart like holy fire. He started up at last, flung his arms around her neck, and kissed her with passionate fondness.

"Mother, shall I go down yonder and run him through the heart, or fight for him till he proclaims thee his queen and wife before the whole world? Do not look on me with that half smile, as if I were too young for this. The son who fights for his mother's honor needs not years to make him strong."

"My brave boy—my noble child!"

"Thy son could not choose but be noble; his son must be brave. Shall I go now, mother?"

Maud arose.

"Not for me shalt thou fight; but for him, thy father, and thine own royal inheritance. He is in trouble, forsaken by his friends, beset with deadly enemies. The lady he wronged in marrying is dead; the son he loved sleeps with her in the same grave. This is the time to prove that thou art the true heir of England. Make ready, Richard. With my own hand will I lead thee to his side."

"But he wronged thee, mother."

"My son, where he safe upon his throne, in full plenitude of power, we might think of that. But now, when the dominion for which he forsook us is threatened, I can only remember that he was my husband and thy father."

"But the world does not know this. It thinks you the widow of a knight who fell in the wars—nothing more."

"But God knows it."

"And I am his son, a Plantagenet! He has wronged us, mother. But he is a brave general, and will fight like a tiger in to-morrow's battle," cried the lad, exultingly. "Oh! if I could but wield the sword of a man!"

Maud smiled.

"But thou hast a strong arm; and the old man who taught my father his first use of weapons has spared no exercise that could give it pith and skill. To-morrow it shall wield the sword in earnest."

"I will not shame my birth, mother," cried the lad, with kindling enthusiasm; "and when thou art Queen of England——"

"Nay, Richard, that time will never, never come. We must not seek our own advancement by his degradation, or wrong the fair fame of Warwick's innocent daughter. When thy father proclaims thee as heir to his greatness, thy mother will be dead to the world. No one shall ever know that she drew one breath after her lord made another woman his queen."

"Mother!"

"Nay, boy, it must be so. Down in the convent yonder I will pray for him and thee. Long ago thy mother died to the world. When those gates close upon her, she will live for heaven alone."

"Oh, mother! this language breaks my heart."

"Nay, thou wilt know of me, and love me still."

"Forever and ever?" cried the boy, with passionate tenderness.

Maud kissed him on the forehead and went into her chamber. When she came forth again, clad in a long, black robe, rich in material, but monastic in form, the boy, who was sitting on a breast-plate, looked at her attentively till his eyes were flooded with tears.

"Come," she said, smiling upon him, "put on thy helmet, and let old Stacey follow us with the sword and battle-axe; by that hushed sound the army should be encamped. That looks brave. Come on, now, my twelve-year-old warrior. To-night our destinies will be complete."

They went out, lady and son, from that peaceful dwelling, and drifted away through the last crimson of the twilight toward the battle-field, never to return again.

"Ho, there! What evil thing is that? Has Edward sent his son to haunt me? These hands never touched the boy!"

"Richard!"

"That voice—that—— Has she come, too?"

Richard started from the couch on which he had thrown himself and sat up, looking around the tent in stern defiance. Even the spirit of evil could not daunt that haughty soul. He stooped down and began to drag forth fragments of his armor, which lay in a heap on the ground, ready to do battle even with the foul fiend himself, so long as it could be done by force of arms.

"Richard!"

He rose up suddenly and dropped the breast-plate from his hand. Well he knew that there was no need of defence against that voice. Its earthly tones thrilled him to the heart.

"Maud—Maud Chichester!"

She came forward, leading her son by the hand. The drapery closed in behind her, shutting out a blaze of torch-light with its rustling folds; a silver lamp swung from the center of the tent, lighting it dimly. But Richard knew the woman he had loved, and stood up to receive her. Of all the people he had wronged, she alone had power to make his heart thrill and his knees tremble.

"Ah, Maud, have you come with the rest? You who never yet reproached me—you whom I loved so?"

"Richard, did I not love you? Can you doubt me?"

He turned one glance on her, fell back, and, covering his face with both hands, shook till the couch trembled under him.

"You did—you did," he cried; "and this was the only love that ever blessed my life. Oh! Maud, Maud! if I had but been content, this day I might have defied these rebellious lords to touch my happiness, or wound my honor. I gave up wife and child to plunge my soul in torture, and all to rule over this turbulent and ungrateful people. Here, like a hunted stag, I sit, while these ingrates hardly do me honor as a king, and go over to the enemy before my very face. I thought that you had come to wound me with the rest."

"I come, Richard, to give up our son, that he may lift a virgin sword in his father's cause."

"Thy son, Maud—our son; for if he lives, I swear by this good sword to proclaim him Prince of Wales, and heir of England, on this victorious battle-field to-morrow. Where is the boy?"

Young Richard stepped forth from the shadows where he had lingered, and knelt before his father.

"Why, this is the lad I met upon the way," cried Richard, putting the hair back from that young forehead, while a luminous smile glanced over his own face. "As a stranger my heart leaped forth to meet him. So you have donned armor, and know the use of the sword, I will be sworn. St. Paul! but he shall ride by my bridle in the fight, and thank his own young valor for it when I make his mother Queen of England."

Maud bent her head, a struggle arose in that noble heart, which soon, however, calmed itself.

"This can never be. To-night, my husband, we meet for the last time on earth. Here I resign the rights both of mother and wife. When the strife commences to-morrow, I shall be in your convent, there to pray for thee and him while this heart beats."

Richard started up. The iron will which had so long defied, or cajoled public opinion, was in full force now.

"I comprehend thee, Maud. Again thou wouldst sacrifice thyself rather than touch thy husband in his honor. But I tell thee, sweet saint, when victory perches on our banner with to-morrow's dawn, I can and will defy these rebel lords, and proclaim thee Richard's first love, his true wife, and their most honored queen. As for our son here, he shall knock the spurs from Richmond's heel, and turn that scum of Lancaster over to manner hands for punishment. Come, sirrah, let us see if you can lift Richard's mace. At thy age he could swing that of the great Warwick around his head."

The lad blushed modestly, but took the great knotted mace from his father's grasp and swung it with vigor around his own young head.

"Bravely done," cried Richard. "How strong his presence has made me. An hour ago this tent seemed full of demons threatening me with defeat. But now I feel the strength of fifty men in this arm, the courage of whole armies in my heart."

Maud smiled. Some of the old admiring fire came back to her eyes; Richard saw the look and answered it in words.

"Speak not of convents, Maud, we are young yet. The first bloom is scarcely off thy cheek."

Maud shook her head; but the boy flung his arms around her.

"Farewell, sweet mother! but only for a little time. Let them prepare to sing a *Te Deum* over our victory to-morrow."

Maud kissed him with passionate tenderness; then turned and reached forth her hand to the king, who clasped her with sudden force to his bosom.

"Pray for us; wait for us. Forgive me, and oh! Maud, my wife, love me: for since we parted I have not known the sweets of affection for one moment."

Maud lay in his arms a moment irresolute, wavering, the woman's pride struggled fiercely against the wife's love. For one instant she received his embrace; then she arose from his bosom and prepared to go.

Richard, hard as he seemed, was a proud man. In that moment of almost supernatural excitement he yearned for one loving word, one fond clasp of the arms which had been so frankly given him in former years. In his soul he was praying her to forgive him; but the seeming coldness with which she freed herself from his arms chilled him through and through. Even in his distress, with misfortunes lowering all

around him, he could not seek to enforce the love which might have perished under the cruelty of his own acts. But as she drew apart from him, anguish that would have been tears in a weaker man filled his eyes, and he cried,

"Oh, Maud! all the world forsakes me. Will you go also? This may be the last time we shall ever meet!"

Then the great love which had swamped that woman's whole existence in the man's ambition swept over her in a full burst of tenderness. Her eyes were flooded, her bosom heaved with it. She flung aside the past—desertion, wrong, everything was forgotten. She threw herself into his arms. She met his kisses of despairing love with broken sobs and soft murmurs of the undying affection which had made him at one time almost a good man.

"My husband, my lord, my king! though all the world forsake thee, yet will not I!"

He held her close; the kisses which he gave her were slow and mournful, for he knew in his soul that they were the last.

"Oh! if I could but live after to-morrow," he said, holding her head between his hands, and looking into her face till such tears as she had never felt before swelled into his eyes.

"And so you will," she answered, desperately.

"To-night I will take shelter in the convent at Leicester. To-morrow——"

Richard shuddered as the word to-morrow fell from her lips, but he spoke out firmly,

"To-morrow, if Richard Plantagenet is alive, thou shalt be proclaimed Queen of England."

Maud gave no answer, for underneath all this new flood of tenderness was the one resolve never to accept the rights in her own person which must proclaim her husband's crime. Her resolution was firm to enter the convent at Leicester as an inmate that very night. It was a grand sacrifice, such as some women can make even when love burns brightest in the bosom. When she reached out her arms again, a cry of anguish rose to her lips, but the brave woman forced it back, and smiling, oh! how sadly, in his face, took her last farewell.

"What ho, Catesby! Bring hither a horse for this lady, and convey her safe to the convent at Leicester; charge the abbess to treat her with all honor, for she is Queen of England."

Catesby was not a man to evince surprise. He turned, bowed his knee to the lady, and, without a word, went in search of the horses. During the few minutes that intervened the husband and wife stood together in silence, locked in a presentiment of evil which neither of them could shake off. Then a horse was led

round in front of the royal tent, and Richard placed Maud upon it with his own hands, while young Richard, full of life and hope, held the bridle.

"Farewell!" she said, stooping down till their cold lips met. "Farewell!"

A groan broke from the lips that touched hers, and the king remained immovable till the darkness swallowed her up. Then he took young Richard by the hand with touching gentleness and drew him into the tent. What passed within those crimson walls between the father and son that night no human being ever knew; but throughout the fierce battle of Bosworth field, which opened with the morning, a boy in armor fought side by side with the king like a creature inspired; and when at last Richard sought out his individual foe in the thickest of the battle, the white charger of the boy kept side to side with the royal war-steed, till both kingly forms were swept from the saddle wounded unto death. The onset had been so sudden that no one among the enemy recognized the king in the leader of that desperate charge; so the fight raged on, leaving the father and son alone with a red cloud falling over them from the sunset. The boy lay white and cold, bleeding to death, close by the fallen monarch, who, unconscious of his presence, strove in a fierce struggle for breath to unclasp his helmet. But his hands wandered from their work and fell helplessly away, while a terrible groan broke through those iron bars.

"Air! water! water!"

The lad heard this smothered cry, pressed one hand to his bleeding side, and dragged himself close to the king. With wonderful strength he unclasped the helmet, and, pressing his last breath upon the pale lips which gasped eagerly for the air, fell across his father's bosom dead.

That night the body of Richard the Third was borne into Leicester, with that of a fair, young boy, who was found lying across his bosom, and clasped in his stiffened arms. The nuns of the convent came forth to meet the dead. Among them, walking by the abbess, was a lady in dark garments, which were not altogether of the order. She held a crucifix in her hand, moving along with the rest in solemn mournfulness. When these good women withdrew from the convent chapel, leaving the royal remains outstretched before the lighted altar, the tapers shone down on the prostrate form of Maud Chichester, and on the beautiful white face of her son, who, at her request, had been laid side by side with his father, of all his proud race THE LAST PLANTAGENET.

HOW I BECAME MR. ASHBURTON'S FOURTH WIFE.

BY MRS. SARAH J. BROWN.

"I'll never marry a widower;" "nor a man without money;" "nor a poor country minister, on a small salary;" "nor a homely man;" "nor a real old bachelor, if he is as rich as Cresus;" "nor a tailor, nor a man with red hair." Such were the confused ejaculations of a merry band of school-girls, whom their teacher was vainly endeavoring to summon to their studies. At length her bell was heard amid the din of voices, all talking at once, and she laughingly exclaimed: "Young ladies, matrimony need not engross your thoughts for some time to come. You will please come and attend to your recitations in astronomy. Doubtless, when the time comes, you will, like many others, act entirely contrary to your present feelings." "As she has done, I remain single," I whispered to my companion; "but I am sure," I emphatically repeated, "that I'll never—no, never, as long as I live, marry a widower!"

At the time I made this remark, I was a laughing girl of sixteen, with jet black hair and eyes, and said to be full of life and animation.

Soon after, I left school, obtaining a diploma, signed by grave and dignified men, asserting to the world that I was now fully qualified to fill any sphere of usefulness to which I might be destined. Mother had this duly framed and gilded, and I never doubted its truth. Neither did father's friend, old Mr. Ashburton. He had accumulated a large fortune in the East Indies, and returned to his native land to enjoy it. From my earliest recollection he had been our neighbor and visitor, generally accompanied by a Mrs. Ashburton. He lived in almost princely style. The village bells had tolled some two months since for his third wife, and Madam Rumor asserted that he was already looking for some one to supply her place. All the widows of marriageable age, and all the spinsters of every age, were on the alert; and surely the little Ashburtons were never as much caressed as when they were motherless.

No one could assert that Mr. Ashburton was the picture of grief, as he wended his way up our avenue every week. His visits were universally conceded to father; and no one was more delighted when they were over than

myself. Although I inherited too much of my father's courtesy to treat any one rudely, a sight of his portly figure and sandy wig entering our dressing-room inspired me with a desire to leave it. Not even his lavish praises of my diploma, which he read through his spectacles, with a complimentary glance at myself, inspired me with the least feeling of friendship. What was my amazement, then, at being summoned into my father's library, one day, and having the following note placed in my hand:

"Ashburton Villa, Tuesday, A. M.

"DEAR MISS EMMA:

*"When Adam was made happy for life,
He was the husband of just one wife;
But my bliss has been of higher degree,
As I have already been blessed with three.
What could mortal man ask more
Than to have you for number four?
We cannot tell how the die will be cast,
Perhaps, dear Emma, you will be the last.*

"Respectfully yours,

"AARON ASHBURTON."

I burst into an irrepressible laugh, such as school-girls only indulge in, thinking the scroll nothing but a hoax, and was much surprised, on glancing at my father, to see him looking as grave as a judge. He placed a note in my hand, in which the billet doux to myself had been inclosed, saying that Mr. Ashburton was a man of good sense, and, like an honorable gentleman, had first requested his permission to address me. The note was as follows:

"Sir—If agreeable to Miss Emma and yourself, I should like, as soon as your daughter can make it convenient, to enter once more into the matrimonial state. You know my ample means, and, if Miss Emma consents, I will, on our marriage day, endow her with one hundred thousand dollars. Hoping, when next I address you, to be able to sign myself your affectionate son-in-law, I am now,

"Yours respectfully,

"AARON ASHBURTON."

I could endure the scene no longer, and, eluding my father's grasp, and donning my bloomer hat, ran to tell my bosom friend, Lucy, of the bliss in store for me. We were quite merry over the poetical proposal, Lucy exclaiming: "Who knows, Emma, if you don't survive, but I myself will be number five. Tell him he had better join the Mormons!"

That night, mother, after tea, came into the council, and, dazzled by the bait held out, gave her influence in favor of Mr. Ashburton; and I, a thoughtless child, yielded to the entreaties of my parents. I was chiefly influenced by the argument, that it would be such an advantage to other members of the family.

It was not my father's method to neglect business, so I was despatched to my room to write my reply. I sat down to my little writing-desk, chose my best paper and pen, when the idea of being anybody's fourth wife, and I only seventeen, struck me as being very absurd. I imagined how Mr. Ashburton must look divested of his wig and false teeth; then pictured myself walking down the aisle of the village church, at the head of the six Ashburtons, three of them being older than myself. "Not for two hundred millions!" I cried, "will I sign away my happiness." And as I thought of Gerard, with his stalwart young frame, his raven locks, and fine teeth, his kind heart, and fortune yet to make, I thought I would tell him of my dilemma.

I had just commenced, "My dear Gerard—Something so strange and ludicrous has happened. Come up to-morrow evening, and I will tell you all," when father tapped at the door, saying, pleasantly, "Well, Emma, my reply has been sent, and ere this Mr. Ashburton is a happy man."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Oh! father, what have you done?"

"Don't be excited, child," he answered; "here is the copy of my reply."

"DEAR SIR—Yours of the 8th instant, is just received. I feel highly honored by your proposal, and my daughter will write her acceptance at once.

"Yours, respectfully,

"EDWARD STAUNTON."

"You see, Emma, I have left all sentiment to you."

"Oh, father!" I repeated, "what have you done?"

But tears and entreaties were of no avail. Father's dignity could not be compromised, and I was obliged to write an acceptance, which I did in the following brief lines:

"MR. ASHBURTON—In obedience to my father's demands, I accede to your proposal.

"Respectfully, EMMA S."

Now I doubt whether any youthful admirer would have been pleased with such a formal acceptance; but Mr. Ashburton told father "that it showed so much docility of disposition

that he was quite delighted with it, especially as it was a virtue with which he had vainly endeavored to inspire my predecessors."

Affairs were rapidly despatched. I passed over the ceremony, which I demanded should be perfectly private. Not even the laughing Lucy, whom I had always intended to have for my bridesmaid, was present. None but my own family, and the six Ashburtons, who looked to me like the ghosts of their departed parents, witnessed the service. This private wedding of mine, at the outset, made enemies for me, as my husband's mothers-in-law all took umbrage at being omitted. If we had undertaken to invite all the relatives, near and collateral, of the deceased Mrs. Ashburtons, our house would have had to have been greatly enlarged.

Imagine me now presiding over Mr. Ashburton's establishment. A few short days since a thoughtless school-girl, now addressed as mother by six children! I felt like putting on cap and spectacles, to let people know that I was one of the senior partners of the concern. One day the new gardener said to me, as I was helping myself to hot-house flowers, "Miss, your pa said I must not let you children pluck those flowers."

Lucy did not desert me in my new home. She, like myself, was extravagantly fond of music, and on awaiting my debut in the parlor, one day, sat down to the piano for her own entertainment; not knowing my husband had given orders to have the instrument closed whenever he was at home. Just after I entered, my liege lord made his appearance, supposing that I was the performer. He interrupted the May waltz, and I must say presented rather a ludicrous appearance in flowing wrapper and slippers, with pen behind his ear, and the indignant exclamation on his lips, "What nonsense, Emma, for you to be so undignified. My former wives!" he paused rather suddenly when he found whom he was addressing, and disappeared from the room; and what opinions the former Mrs. Ashburtons held in regard to music must ever remain a profound mystery.

My greatest perplexity was with my mothers-in-law. They felt a natural anxiety to know something of the character of the new mother of their children, and made various efforts to judge personally. Shortly after my settlement in my new home, I had been indulging in a forlorn feeling of homesickness; as in arranging my husband's wardrobe, I had unexpectedly found, among his treasures, three locks of hair carefully preserved. One labeled my sainted

Ellen; No. 2, my sainted Maria; and the third, my departed Susan. "How came I," I cried, "ever to marry such a Bluebeard?" Here Biddy appeared to summon me down to see my husband's mother-in-law. An image of my own dear mother arose in my mind, and I bounded down in haste to throw myself into her arms. What was my disappointment to see a total stranger surveying me through her spectacles with a penetrating gaze?

"Well!" she exclaimed, "has Aaron really made such a fool of himself as to bring a child to preside over his house? Why, he had children enough already for one roof." To which I mentally responded, "Too many by half." She went on: "Really, it's enough to make my daughter Ellen wish herself back in this world of trouble——"

Seeing me in tears, she checked herself, and said, "Well, dear! What's done cannot be undone, and we must make the best of it; but I have come on purpose to advise you. I have raised ten children, all except nine, who are dead; and you cannot begin training them too young. Have my boxes and trunks taken up to Ellen's room—she will be glad to see her grandmother. This box, marked 'glass,' I'll take myself. It contains my best cap, and I marked it 'glass, this side up with care,' so that those careless back-drivers would not crush the box."

Human nature could endure no more, and I was about retreating from the room, on the plea of obeying her orders, when I ran into the extended arms of another mother-in-law, who had just arrived.

This one was a complacent-looking old lady, fat, and good-natured, and informed me at once that "she was the mother of the sainted Maria, and had come purposely to see how she liked me for a grandmother to her little pet."

I introduced the old ladies, and left them to have their rooms prepared, and their grandchildren put in presentable order. On my return, I found them in about as amiable a position as a cat and dog would have been, if shut up in the same room. Each one was asserting that all the good looks and intelligence belonged to her side of the house. The question had not the slightest interest for me, and all participation in the argument was prevented by the entrance of my husband, with an open letter in his hand. After greeting our guests, he informed me that he had just received a letter from his mother, saying that she would arrive in the evening train, as she deemed it her duty to give his young wife the benefit of her experience in bringing up children.

I quietly disappeared to my own room, and replied to my own dear mother's announcement of her arrival, with a request that she would postpone her visit until the other old ladies had taken their departure.

No pen can describe the confused state of our mansion during the invasion of these mothers-in-law. They only agreed on one subject, and, unfortunately, that was myself. They thought I was too young; that I did not preside with dignity; that I was not fond of children, and quite too fond of dress, etc., etc. Advice was showered upon me from morning until night. At the table, the six children, three grandmothers, and my husband, engaged in reminiscences of my predecessors. Each mother insisted that her daughter's portrait should remain in the room she had formerly occupied—I, when seated alone in it, felt as if it was haunted. I steadily refused all entreaties from my husband that my portrait should be added to the number.

I thought that my patience would be entirely exhausted before the old ladies took their departure. The likes and dislikes of their daughters had been rehearsed and rehearsed to me, their wishes in regard to their children frequently repeated; until one day I retired to my own room, intending to lock the door for a season of brief quiet. But the mothers-in-law were not so easily evaded. One was at my side with her knitting-work and snuff-box, prepared for a social chat. She said it was natural that I should like to hear my husband's former history, and commenced recounting the three weddings, the three death-bed scenes, and the funerals; ending with an intimation that my husband had had the three deceased ladies buried together in a semicircle, leaving places for two graves more. "So, dear," she affectionately remarked, "you may console yourself by thinking that you are the last wife he expects to have. The tablet will be placed in the center, when he dies, with this appropriate inscription: 'Our husband.'"

The climax had now been reached. I had endured the trial of being the fourth wife and the fourth mother to the children, and almost lost my identity—but this partnership in death I could not tolerate. When the old lady, glancing at my wedding ring, pronounced it to be the very one worn by her daughter, I angrily drew it from my finger and threw it from me, giving way to such an indignant outbreak that the old lady jerked her cap on one side, dropped a stitch in her stocking, let her snuff-box roll on the floor, and by her screams brought all

the grandmothers into my sanctum sanctorum. Such a hubbub! Each one was trying to praise her own descendants to the detriment of the rest. I endeavored to rise and assert my own right to my own room, and the effort effectually aroused me. When I opened my eyes, a laughing eye was glancing into my face, and a loving arm thrown around me, and I was greeted with the exclamation, "Why, Emma, darling, what have you been dreaming about this bright sunny day? Why are you so much excited?"

Quite bewildered, I exclaimed,

"Why, Gerard, where are all the old ladies? And the portraits? And the children?"

"What old ladies, and what portraits, and children?" he responded. "I found you in dream-land, in your favorite arbor, where your mother bade me seek you."

When I had laughingly rehearsed my dream, Gerard joined in my merriment, and said, "If I meet the happy Mr. Ashburton, I shall certainly challenge him." But immediately his voice assumed a softer tone, and his eye a more gentle expression. What he said was intended solely for my ear, however. But he could not have taken a more favorable opportunity to urge his suit; and so I became Gerard's first wife instead of Mr. Ashburton's fourth.

WATCHERS.

BY MISS EMELINE CLARK.

Now the lights begin to flicker
Up and down the crowded streets;
And I hear upon the pavement
Fall the homeward, hurrying feet.

Hurrying steps, that tell the story
Of the little faces bright,
Peering from the door and window,
Waiting father home to-night.

Now and then the mother joins them,
As if loving eyes may greet,
Notwithstanding all the darkness,
One dear object up the street.

But I hear some footsteps falling
On the pavement dull and slow,
Like the weary, muffled beating
Of a heart whose hope is low.

And, I think, perchance the beings
Who should meet him at the door,
In another home are watching,
Till his day of life is o'er.

So, when night begins to gather,
Up and down, and over all,
Memory's voice is sadly timing,
Pulses throb and footsteps fall,

In the blue above us bending
Heavenly watchers, clothed in white;
One by one their lamps have lighted—
Who will hasten home to-night?

Some who hear life's chill and darkness
Look with longing eyes afar,
Where the love of the departed
Burneth in some shining star.

Some o'er whom the earthly watchers
Tender, tearful vigils keep;
Joy to know each painful breathing,
Tears them where they never weep.

Ah! before the morning dawneth,
Conquerors over time and space,
Many with the watching angels
Will assume their name and place.

THE WIND.

BY D. A. CLARK.

Why dost thou moan, oh! wind of the West,
Like the saddened plaints of the soul's unrest,
O'er moorland and hill, like a solemn dirge,
And down on the shore, where the blue waves surge.

Low sweep thy wings over meadow and plain,
While the long grass sighs and murmurs in pain;
And fair flowers shrink from thy chilling breath,
Like life and love from the cold hand of Death.

Then far o'er the sea, where the white ships sail,
Thou treadest the waves like a spectre pale;
And thy feet proudly press the vessel's deck,
Till away it floats a dismantled wreck.

Dost thou ever think, 'mid the ocean's roar,
Of wrecks thou hast strown on the shell-paved shore?

Of the hearts erst warm, now silent and cold,
Lying closely wrapped in the sea-weed's fold?
Dost thou pity the ones that watch and weep
On the rocky shore of the restless deep,
While they grieve in passionate, hopeless pain
For the tones they will never hear again?

I list to thy voice till dark shadows creep
Around me, like visions of troubled sleep,
And my heart grows sad as thy wild refrain
Comes up, like the moan of the surging main.

Oh! sing to me, wind, in another tone,
Of the loved and lost, from the cold world flown;
Let thy gentle murmurs float soft and low,
Like the morning bells of the "long ago."

COQUETTE VERSUS CROQUET.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 320.

CHAPTER III.

MRS. CROSLAND and Claude walked slowly down the sycamore alley into the grove beyond, a bit of actual primeval forest, where the trees whispered solemnly the secrets of ages, and the moss spread an emerald carpet under their branches.

They had been talking all the way. Claude was too much excited not to be brilliant, too reckless to care what he said, and he indulged in all sorts of wild theories and speculations, such as pleased the widow, though they were too morbid and unhealthy to be fit food for anybody's mind.

"So I think no one is happy," said Jeannie, at last. "How do you account for that?"

"I don't know; I think people must have been intended to find happiness somehow. The truth is, the world is full of niches, each intended for some particular person; the trouble is, we each get into a niche meant for some one else."

"Then," said she, "the only thing to do is to pad the niche and make it comfortable, and keep still instead of hurling one's elbows by twisting about and scraping against the sides."

She sat down on a great moss-grown log, and began picking the tiny red and yellow lichens scattered over it like fairy cups, that some elfin hand had thrown down in haste after their midnight revels.

Claude stood beside her looking moodily on the ground. She stole a glance at him under her lashes, after a bewitching, sly way she had, and said,

"What are you thinking about, Don Rueful? Come back from the clouds, if you please."

"As if one wasn't always raised to them with you."

"Oh! that's very pretty, but a doubtful compliment just now; for, judging from your face, they must be very black clouds."

"May I sit down?"

She swept the voluminous folds of her dress aside to make room for him.

"You have grown very meek all at once; you don't usually wait to ask permission when you wish to do anything."

"That's when I am not sure of getting your

leave. One can be supposed then to have sinned accidentally."

"Oh! that's one of your rules, is it?"

"I never have any—heaven forbid! I hate rules."

"Aren't you in the humor to-day to hate everything?"

"Everything precise, and proper, and formal."

"Am I included in the list of detestables?"

"What a school-girl question, when you know that I—"

"Take care; you'll say something uncomplimentary!"

"Certainly, you are the reverse of precise and formal, and—"

"Do you mean to say I'm not proper?" she interrupted him, with a pretty, menacing gesture. "You most impertinent of men!"

She flashed a glance at him so full of bewildering coquetry that it was enough to make one dizzy.

"I know you are the most charming, inexplicable, impossible creatures that ever played the deuce with a man's wits," cried he.

The widow's laugh sounded like a tiny peal of bells.

"Pray go on," said she; "relieve your feelings. Call me a sphynx, or an Egyptian mummy at once."

"Sphynx, certainly——"

"To a woman who prides herself on her frankness?"

"Is any woman capable of it?"

"Nonsense; those misanthropic speeches are so old; I dare say the patriarchs made them to the belles of their day! Do be original, even in your abuse."

"Were you ever serious in your life?"

"Perhaps not; so much the better for me!"

Her face changed, a sadness that was inexpressibly fascinating crept over it; her voice grew low and tremulous. She struck that sweetest-of tones when she seemed trying to subdue its quaver and not to succeed.

"So much the better! Is it worth any woman's while to be serious? We have enough to bear—life is hard enough; let us be no more in earnest than we can help."

She was acting, to be sure, but it was acting that had soul in it. That was her chief charm. She was always so carried away by the impulse of the moment that she was in earnest; only, like a skillful actress, while she poured all her genius into her performance, she never forgot any of the necessary business of the piece.

No man could have helped a thrill of tender sympathy, looking and listening to her as she appeared then.

"Are you not happy?" Claude asked.

"Do I look like a happy woman?" she cried.

"I know how the world judges—they see me gay and are satisfied; but I thought—I thought—"

"Ah! say it; don't stop!"

"I thought you knew me better."

Oh! the bewildering hesitation of those little words, the glance of reproach that shot them home!

"You have admiration, worship——"

"From a set of men whom I regard no more than puppets! Don't outrage me; don't make me hate myself for having betrayed the least gleam of my real self! I am not a child, a pretty faced doll of a girl, whose soul is buried in coquetry and new dresses! I am a woman: I have lived and suffered. There, there, what nonsense we are talking!"

"Oh! don't laugh—don't mock yourself and me! You know I understand."

"I believe you do," she said, with a quick, earnest look. "It is so pleasant to be——"

She broke off again and turned her face away.

"What were you going to add? Please tell me."

"Understood, was what I meant! There, you see my natural frankness will have its way, even at the risk of exciting your ridicule. I shall never learn to be wise."

Claude forgot, for the moment, what he had so often said to himself, that she was an actress. His recklessness hurried him along—his man's vanity helped to blind him.

"You do feel that I understand you?" he exclaimed. "You know I am different from the men about you; that I comprehend your yearnings and aspirations; that I share your contempt for the petty life we are forced to lead."

"Would I be sitting here and talking as I am if I did not believe it?"

So hesitatingly said, as if the confession were wrung from her unwillingly, without her fully realizing all that it might be supposed to mean.

"You may believe more—more——"

She shook her head.

"Don't talk persiflage now—don't pay empty compliments."

"You know no man could pay you an empty one, his heart would go with it in spite of himself."

"How still it is," she said. "If one could forget the world and sit here quiet forever. Oh! my friend, it's a poor life—a poor life, Claude. Ah! that's not proper; I hear Mrs. Le Fort call you so till I forget."

"Do say it—don't be formal and cold."

"Claude!"

The very name was a poem as she pronounced it; Claude herself never bewildered a victim with a gaze more entrancing and beautiful.

He seized her hands, and cried out,

"Do you want me to lay my whole heart at your feet? Do you want to drive me quite out of my senses?"

She drew her hands slowly away, and said in an altered voice,

"Take care what you do, Claude Stanley! I am not an absurd girl to be played with at any man's pleasure!"

"Do you think me a fool, a cheat? What have I done that you should speak in this way?"

"Why did you quarrel with Alice Peyton?"

A cloud rushed across Claude's face—a sense of what he was doing swept over him.

The widow had made a mistake—one she would have laughed at in another woman; but the words had come out unconsciously. She saw their effect and her error; but it was too late.

"Are we to make confession of our past lives?" asked Claude, quick as a flash, having regained sufficient self-command to be as ready as ever the coquette was herself. "Which sin shall we begin with? Will you tell yours after?"

"Excuse me," said she, unwisely allowing herself to be piqued. "I had no thought of asking for a confession."

"Who told you that in this case one was needed?"

"Do you mean yourself by this case?" she asked, growing too much vexed to handle her foil neatly.

"You know what I mean—about——"

"Well, I don't understand dashes or enigmas," retorted she, determined to make him pronounce Alice's name, since she saw it was not easy for him to do.

"About Miss Peyton," cried he, desperately.

"Oh! never mind Miss Anybody," said she, regaining her self-command, and trying to recover the ground she had lost. "It is a comfort that she hates you."

"Did she say so?"

"Never to my knowledge; but I really am not

a mole! But what matters a girl's fancies? She would have twenty in a week, and forget the whole list in favor of a new set of flounces."

"That I believe," he said, angrily.

All the bitter feelings rushed back; up again came the desire to do something so desperate that the matter should be at an end, everybody made miserable.

The coquette took advantage of his change of mood. She led the conversation artfully back; she gave him sympathy; she wheedled, and flattered, and bewildered, and bedeviled him, till he would not have been a man if he had not yielded to the impulse of a man's vanity, aided by the reckless state of mind he had been in from the first.

Everything spoken but the words the widow wanted; he was on the verge, but did not go over. She could have struck him in the face for not gratifying her revenge to the utmost. If he would only be an utter fool, that she could triumph over both him and Alice by laughing where everybody could hear.

A little jealousy might help the matter, it usually did succeed; she had intended to essay it when she put the miniature in her pocket. The face of some man for whom she had never cared a straw, but to know that she held it precious enough to be kept with her would prove there was a dangerous rival in the case—and Jeannie understood men. She knew that, with nine out of ten, a rival was a temptation that would spur them on to the fatal leap.

"We must have been here ages," she said, suddenly; "they will think we are lost."

Up she rose, spread her fluttering sails, and artfully allowed the ivory miniature to fall from her pocket just at Claude's feet.

He picked it up; the face was toward him—the handsome, Spanish face; the very man who had been devoted to Alice in Havana, and thereby enraged Claude.

The second error the wily tactician had made; almost the first wrong plays in her long practice—but the most skillful fencers are occasionally at fault.

Claude was not like "most men;" the idea that a woman whom he admired could think of another only made him cold and stubborn. Particularly unfortunate that she should have selected the likeness of the very person he hated, whom he knew so gross and false, that the bare touch of his hand was pollution to any pure woman.

Like lightning came thought. She had been playing with him—it was acting. She was like Alice, like all women, base, treacherous.

One instant of boiling rage, then he stood there outwardly cool as a statue.

He put the miniature in her hand with an ironical bow and smile.

"Thank you," said he.

"What do you mean?" asked the widow, and for once her tone of astonishment was genuine.

"For the lesson you have taught me! My dear lady, I was near making a fool of myself—you have stopped me."

She saw it all; the working of the telegraph was nothing compared to the speed of her thoughts. She had made a false move—that was not the chaff with which to catch him. She could have murdered him, and smiled as complacently the while as Richard himself! But she would not even look angry, perfect quiet was the only generalship to be displayed for that time. She must wait, and, impetuous as she was, she could wait with the patience of a Mobawk.

She put the miniature back in her pocket, as coolly as if it had been her handkerchief.

"Shall we walk to the house?" said she.

"I am quite at your orders," returned Claude.

Another woman would have tried to be questioned; got on toward explanation. Not Jeannie; two wrong thrusts were enough for one day.

They walked toward the sycamore path. Luckily Jenny and Charley Lynn met them just there, and they all went back together, thus avoiding all embarrassment.

When they reached the Croquet-ground the party were still playing.

"Come along, do come!" cried several voices.

"Mr. Waters and Miss Folsom have stopped playing; we want a gentleman for the one side, and a lady for the other."

"I offer my services," said the widow, promptly, glad of any occupation just then, and she ranged herself in the place where she was needed.

"And Claude must give his," commanded Mrs. Le Fort, who was looking on.

He crossed over. Alice was just by him, but he did not notice that he was to play on her side until it was too late to retreat.

Alice had just played; it was the turn of the person who had the place Mrs. Crosland had taken.

She made her stroke and requested Alice's ball, and sent it through the hoop, so that the widow's ball was "dead."

She was in a bad humor, and denied the fact energetically. They appealed to Claude, who was the grand judge. Without seeing that it

was Alice's ball, he gave decision against the widow, and added, maliciously,

"Not only that, Mrs. Crosland did not fairly hit her own ball—she pushed it."

Pushing a ball, be it known to the uninitiated, is when the face of the mallet rests against it, and the ball is propelled without the mallet being drawn back.

"You are entirely mistaken!" cried the widow.

"I beg your pardon," said Claude; "I think I ought to know the rules of the game."

"But I can trust my eyes," returned she; "that ball was first through the hoop before, and I hit mine fairly."

"I can only say, every good player would give decision against you," said Claude.

"Have you seen them all?" demanded she.

"I have seen the best players in England. Certainly Lord——"

"Good gracious!" interrupted she, laughing too heartily to be natural, "if Mr. Stanley is going to string his titled friends like pearls upon his speech, I give in at once."

Claude's face crimsoned. He was not a bit of a snob, and this made him perfectly furious.

"Even Mrs. Crosland's sarcasm cannot change a self-evident fact," said he.

"I was not aware that you had been chosen umpire," retorted she, too angry now to remember more than not to be absolutely unlady-like.

"The party appealed to me," said he.

"I am sure I did not," replied the widow; "perhaps, under the circumstances, I might be allowed a voice."

"I retire at once," said Claude; "I beg your pardon for having hinted that you could make a mistake, even in croquet."

That last shot told. How furious she was!

"I only detest assumption," said she, cheerfully. "Well, well, let it go. Mr. Stanley knows lords and courts—he must be right."

It was all over now. She never could get her power back. Wound a man's vanity in any way, and the woman may henceforth count herself zero.

There was a little attempt from several to have an opinion and end the discussion, which was unpleasant to all.

"Whose ball was it?" asked Claude.

"Miss Peyton's," said Ward.

Alice had been silent; the widow looked at her; she was not even glancing that way. Claude looked, and just walked away without a word.

The game broke up. Mrs. Crosland was re-

flecting how she had spoiled her own; she must go down to her grave without her revenge. She glanced at Alice—the girl looked too careworn to be triumphant. The widow was not bad-hearted enough to hate her; but she was very angry with Claude.

Just then a servant came up with a letter in his hand.

"Who is it for?" Mrs. Le Fort asked.

"For Miss Peyton," he answered.

"Alice!" called the old lady, "here is a letter."

She came forward and took it.

"Read it, dear," said her hostess; "it's from Mrs. Remsen. We'll excuse you."

Alice broke the seal, and, after reading a few words, gave a little cry, and then burst into tears. Not that she was fond of scenes, but her nerves had been so overwrought lately she could bear no new sorrow.

"My darling, what is it?" cried Mrs. Le Fort.

They all crowded about her, and big Harry Ward nearly blubbered out of pure sympathy.

"My guardian is very ill, they are afraid he will die," said Alice.

"Oh! I must start at once."

"Yes, dear, come to the house."

Mrs. Le Fort led her away, and the rest stood silenced and shocked, as people will be for an instant, when trouble of any sort is ill-bred enough to intrude into the midst of their holiday.

"Poor Alice!" said Jenny Snowe; "Mr. Remsen is like her own father."

Harry Ward flew off in an insane desire to do something impossible; perhaps offer himself to Alice by way of consolation; and the guests dispersed as suddenly as if Mr. Remsen's unpleasant ghost had appeared instead of the letter.

Mrs. Crosland went off by herself thoroughly conscience-stricken.

"The poor dear!" said she; "maybe she loves that wretched Claude in earnest; perhaps she can feel! Why, what a wicked wretch I am. I declare, I have a mind to cry quits, if I am forced to own myself beaten."

But somebody else was to be made to feel, and that very acutely. Claude had gone to the house and taken refuge in the billiard-room. He lighted a segar and smoked diligently, by way of relieving his feelings, while he poured out mental anathemas against Alice, the widow, and their sex in general.

"Why, she's worse than Alice," thought he; "the most abominable coquette I ever saw! She has tried to lead me on. I believe she knew the truth from the first, and wanted to

worry Alice and fool me. Good heavens! suppose I had been mad enough to say anything serious!"

Then he dropped his segar on the sleeve of his dashing light sacque and burned it, which made him more furious than ever.

"Women are an abomination!" he cried, internally. "Each one is worse than the other! What a fool I have been! I believe Alice did love me. How stubborn I was wanting to make her give in, poor little blossom!"

Then another revulsion of feeling, with the usual inconsistency of human reflections; then a fresh volley against the widow.

"A mere actress! What a temper. Well, she fooled me nicely. Pshaw! I always saw through her. Not worth Alice's little finger; but that's all over—she'll marry Ward! Let her—women are all alike. I swear, I'll go to Italy and make a Trappist of myself."

Just as he reached that delicate conclusion, in rushed Tom with his face like a peony, and tears much nearer his eyes than he considered at all manly.

"Oh! isn't it too bad, Claude!" he cried, for they were great allies, as a general thing, though of late Tom had rather slighted his society, from a vague idea that he had not treated Alice kindly. "Isn't it too bad?"

"Why, what do you know about it, Peg-top?" exclaimed Claude, so full of his own thoughts that, for a second, he never dreamed of Tom's referring to anything else.

"Know!" howled Tom. "Isn't she crying her eyes out, and aunty getting her ready to go! It breaks a fellow's heart, so it does!"

"To go?" repeated Claude. "Who—what do you mean?"

"Why, weren't you there? Didn't you hear about the letter?"

"Whose letter?" shouted the exasperated Claude. "I'll dip your head in the cistern if you don't talk sense."

"I am talking sense," said Tom, flaring up. "I'll tell you what, I believe it's half your fault. If I thought so, I'd just go in, if you are the biggest, and black your eye nicely."

Claude stared in utter amazement.

"The boy's gone mad as well as the rest," said he, throwing his segar on the hearth. "I'll bet my life there is a woman at the bottom of it."

"I saw her crying yesterday," blubbered Tom; "and now this has come! I wish there weren't any letters. If people never got bad news till I wrote it, they'd wait long enough."

Claude rushed forward and grasped his shoulder, crying,

"I'll murder you if you don't tell me what's the matter, and whom you are talking about."

"Why, Alice," groaned Tom; "and old Remsen's dying; those old buffers are always doing something nasty; and she's going away, and she's most crazy."

Claude loosed his hold and leaned against the table. He could remember neither anger nor misanthropy—Alice was suffering. Alice in trouble, and back rushed all his tenderness, which had only been kept in abeyance by the demons of pride and vanity.

"Tell me all about it, Tom," said he; "I hadn't heard a word."

Tom saw his face change, and his anger vanished. It was his good old Claude once more—more like a big brother than anything else, who always abetted his plans, hid his faults, and loaded him with presents.

"Why, you do like her, after all!" he cried.

"I love her—I adore her!" shouted Claude, excited to that pitch where he must confide in somebody.

"I'll tell you," said Tom, in great haste. "I went by the door yesterday and heard you quarrel; she was crying when she ran off, and I followed. You know I ain't mean—I wouldn't listen——"

"No, no; you're the best fellow in the world! What did she do, tell me, Tom?"

"She ran into her room. I declare, I was afraid she'd die; and she wouldn't answer, and——"

"Yes, yes!"

"Well, I never thought about spying. I looked through the key-hole, and there she was on her knees crying and sobbing, and I'm sure I heard her say, 'Claude! Claude!'"

The gentleman who had been thus christened made a dash toward the door.

"She's in aunt's sitting-room," said Tom, perfectly understanding his friend's intentions, "and aunt's seeing to her things—so she's alone."

Off flew Claude; and Tom executed a triumphal dance of delight, and ended by standing on one leg like a Dervish.

"May one ask the meaning of that very extraordinary performance?" asked a voice.

Tom looked up and saw the widow, dropped his nether limb into a more natural position, and stood there a bright scarlet.

"Oh! don't stop," said she; "it's very funny! I say, Tom, is it hard to do?"

"Now you're making game of me," cried Tom; "I don't care! I was so glad I couldn't help it."

"Tell me what it was, and, perhaps, I shall be sufficiently rejoiced to attempt a similar feat."

"Won't you tell?"

"Never!"

"Upon your word—swear?"

"Oh! you wretched Tom, to make a lady do anything of the sort! Tell me—the tortures of the inquisition shouldn't make me betray you! Have you done something unusually wicked, dear?"

"Not a bit of it; but Claude's gone to make up with Alice. Ain't it jolly?"

I think the widow's head whirled a little, but she managed to say,

"Oh! the jolliest thing I ever heard! Tell me all about it!"

Only too glad to display his wisdom, Tom revealed the history, dwelling particularly on what he had done, and winding up with,

"And, sir—Mrs. Crosland, I mean—he just flew out of that door like a comet; and I'll bet you what you like he's kissing Alice like mad this very minute—hurrah!"

He nearly turned a summerset in his ecstasy.

The widow's first thought was, that Claude had done it because he was angry with her. A pretty muddle she had made of things! Why, a school-girl would have been ashamed of so many false moves—it was the one humiliation of her victorious career.

Let me do her justice. Those thoughts soon passed, and better ones came.

"She loved him—she's a good child. Well, he's a noble fellow, too! Upon my word, I'll cry truce. If I keep friends with them nobody will know I was beaten."

By this time Tom had worked off more of his enthusiasm by leaping about the table, and could talk again, and the widow listened with seraphic patience.

And Claude? He went through the halls like a meteor, and flashed into the room where Alice sat in the darkness of her new grief, feeling as if all possible troubles were coming upon her at once to crush out her happy youth. Before she could rise, or look angry, or do anything, Claude was at her feet, crying,

"Alice, Alice, forgive me! I've been a mad-man, a brute—only forgive me! I loved you all the while. Alice, Alice!"

She did not go into spasms, nor indulge in flowers of rhetoric. She just put her two arms about his neck, those beautiful white arms, and sobbed,

"Forgive me, too; I've been as wicked as I could be!"

I don't know whether Master Claude cried or not, but his face was suspiciously damp as he folded her to his heart—close, close!

She eighteen, and he only twenty-five—time left to redeem their errors. Youth left to be happy in; all life and love before them, and this experience to develop their souls and make them wise to use both aright; and it might have been so different!

So different! God keep the young from knowing the bitterness of what might have been; the wasted youth, the desolated feelings, the thwarted existence, never to be set aright; no possibility of anything but a dull peace when the fire of those years wears out—lives such as we see about us every day. Oh! my brothers, to whose follies and wrong-doing we are such harsh judges, when the angels must pity them for their blindness and their sin.

"It was all my fault," Claude said, when they were calm enough to get beyond broken words and incoherent phrases that meant volumes, for the inmost depths of their two hearts rushed out on their flow. "All my fault. I ought to have been more patient. I was selfish, and jealous, and mean."

"No, no!" cried Alice, not even her idol must abuse himself. "I was as wrong as you! Oh, Claude! we have both been so foolish! I let you believe that horrid man wrote to me, and I read his letters; it was only one, and I sent it back without reading a line."

"And I tormented you and myself in every way I could," said he; "but, oh! how I suffered. My darling, my darling!"

"We shall know better now, Claude!" she said, softly.

"Yes, dear, and we'll have no more secrets. I'll go home with you. I'll see——"

"Oh, my poor Mr. Remsen!" exclaimed Alice.

"I had forgotten—how selfish I am! Oh, Claude! he is so ill; they fear he never will get well."

"He will, birdie; I am sure he will!"

And Claude believed what he said. No trouble could come near them now; the gates of their paradise were too firmly shut for any care to intrude! Oh! sublime egotism of youth, so beautiful because, whether youth recognizes it or not, it has its foundation in faith—faith in that holy love which has reared the walls of the fairy-land.

"I am going at once, Claude——"

"And I am going with you, dear! You are mine now—all mine."

She leaned on his shoulder feeling at rest. Her new trouble even lessened since she could share it with him; could find a refuge in that

great, honest heart, which at the bottom was unstained by the trivialities of the world.

There came a knock at the door.

"It's Mrs. Le Fort," said Alice.

"I'm going to tell her, darling —"

Claude ran toward it without finishing his sentence; but the glow on Alice's cheek showed that she had understood.

The door opened, and Jeannie Crosland peeped her pretty face in, looking pleased and spoiled, and altogether bewitching.

"May one come?" she said, gayly.

Claude drew back with a feeling as if all his folly and wrong had taken a visible shape and appeared before him, and Alice had a thrill that was fairly like terror.

"Now don't look cross at me," said the widow. "I know it's naughty to interrupt; but here's a telegram, Miss Alice, that Mrs. Le Fort wants you to read. Your guardian is out of danger; here, read."

Alice read. Mrs. Remson had written in great agitation, and now that her husband was better, telegraphed to relieve any anxiety.

"Oh, Claude!" she cried, "he's better. Oh! I am so glad!"

"And I am glad, too!" exclaimed Claude, and caught her in his arms, caring no more for Mrs. Crosland's presence than if she had been a Pre-Raphaelite picture of a dangerous witch.

"And mayn't I be glad, too, please?" said the widow; and this time the sweetness of her voice was natural. "Come, you two are happy now, you can afford to forgive me."

They hesitated a little; then Alice held out her hand, and held Claude's in it, and the enchantress shook them heartily, and beamed on them till they could not decline being friends with her.

And I dare say the recording angel was charitable enough to make a blot over that little sin, so that it would not be legible when the widow's account was wanted.

Then while she purred over them, and they

stood there as happy as if heaven had opened before their eyes, Tom's voice sounded at the window.

"I say, Alice!" said Tom.

"Come in, old boy," cried Claude; and in Tom came as sly and uncomfortable as possible, staring at them with a great delight, making his eyes big.

Claude told on him, and shook his hand as if it had been an obdurate pump-handle; and Alice thanked him till he felt as if he was going up in a balloon.

"Tom's my knight now," cried the widow, bound to fascinate everybody to the last. "Alice don't want you, Tom—swear allegiance to me."

"So I will," said Tom. "I tell you, Alice, she's a trump anyhow, she was just as glad as I was."

"Yes, indeed, if I didn't stand on one foot," said the widow, unable to resist being wicked in some way.

"Never you mind," said Tom. "Oh, Alice! here's what I just found under the laurel-bush. Isn't it yours?"

He held out the bunch of charms Alice had torn from her bracelet, and flung away on that night when she and Claude tried their best to fling their happiness after it.

"Thank you, Tom," Alice cried again.

"And thereby hangs a tale," said the widow, "for you both blush. When we all get old and gray, you shall tell it to me."

She turned to go. She knew they might be friends, but it would not be wise to meet often, lest she should, in some way, trouble their peace, and she wished them well.

"After all," said she, stopping with a merry laugh, "it was not you, nor I, Alice, nor that man who set things right."

"What was it then?"

"The natural bad temper of his sex, my dear. I was saucy to him, and that opened his eyes! It was Coquette *vs.* Croquet."

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY MISS BELLE BELFORD.

Mother says the war is over;
Father will be home to-day;
Oh! how nice for me and mother,
We shall see him right away.

Brother says the war is over;
Thousands have been slain, they say;

Father's not among the number,
For he's coming home to-day.

Father's coming! Father's coming!
Mother's in his arms, you see;
Minnie for her kiss is running;
Father's coming now to me.

ELIZA NEESON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECOND LIFE," ETC., ETC.

THE doctor smoked his pipe, watching me while I pulled the drawers of his cabinet open and shut, and fingered their contents.

"I'm afraid," he said, at last, "my curiosities would prove, to a scientific man, nothing but foolishness and a stumbling-block. They're pregnant enough with ideas to me," turning over the bits of rock, glass, photographs, withered plants. "Relics, you see, most of them, of some of my travels, or of people I have known; or, sometimes, hints of some theory of mine. I've had my share of hobbies, eh?"

"Yes, Durbetter, you have."

"Well, well. At any rate, my cabinet has a very human interest to me."

It was a cold winter's evening, and we were both in a talking mood, so the old doctor contrived to give his collection a human interest to me, also, as he looked it over, with a running commentary of anecdote and explanation.

One pile of folded yellow papers, enclosing bits of hair, he lingered over longest.

"Nobody could study the subject, I say, Polson, without being convinced of how accurate an index to character the hair is. It hints at every trait, to my eye; energy, or the want of it; the sensuous instincts; coarse, common sense. Look at this," producing a pale brown wisp, as fine and nerveless as cobweb. "You have no eyes if you mistake this for any but a poet's hair, and for any poet's but John Keat's. Here is a bit, as sensitive and rare, that belonged to a butcher—a young fellow that died, last spring, of consumption. But he spent his life killing sheep; wanted opportunity, sir—opportunity, that's all. Here's another scrap—what do you think of that now?"

The hair he handed me was strong and curiously elastic, full of tough vitality, a bright, clear yellow in color.

"The person who owns that cannot be dead?" I said, turning it to reflect the light.

"How? Eh? Not an ill hint that of the hair. No. Nobody could think of Eliza Neeson as dead, if the sexton piled a dozen grave-stones on her. No, she's not dead."

But he held the coarse lock with a grave sadness in his face, as though, dead or not, the woman was lost to him, and his life missed her.

"Here is her likeness," he said at last, taking

out a Daguerreotype-case from an inner drawer. "That is she. What is your first notion about her? The first—heh?"

"Well," slowly, "I would not like to expose myself to her ridicule. She has a keen eye, and a biting tongue, I fancy."

"Tut! tut!" He took the case with a look of disappointment. "That is a small part of her character to fasten on as prominent. But these sun-pictures parade the minor traits always, I think. Correct enough, though, as far as it goes; she had a sharp sense of the ludicrous. But the circumstances of her life were too real and earnest for it to grow. They crushed it out of her, as it were, fortunately. It degrades a woman in my notion."

He was silent a moment, looking at the woman's face; a homely, frank face it was, with clear, protruding brown eyes. Then he put it up with a half sigh that he turned into a whistle.

"It is an odd little story, Eliza Neeson's. Would you like to hear it, Polson?" rubbing his hands on his knees, and looking in the fire. "A heroine without a color of romance in her. That is something worth looking at in this sham age of maudlin poetry?"

I assented readily, turned my chair to the fire, and prepared for a comfortable smoke; and, after a short pause, Durbetter began in his usual desultory way.

"It's nothing uncommon. No tragedy. Only I liked the woman. Some people impress themselves on you in that way, heartily, pungently; touching your marrow of perception, as it were, like your first sight of the prairies, or breath of sea air. You like to go back often and remember all you can of them and their histories. But Eliza Neeson— Well, it was a long time ago. You know, Polson, my profession was not thrust on me, as on these lazy dogs of students in the office beyond. No gold spoon ever brought a mouthful of knowledge in my way. I had to fight rough and sharp for every morsel I got. While I was studying medicine at night, I was employed by day as book-keeper by Farns & Spofford; it was in their paper-factory, down in the village of K—. It was not a hard nor an unpleasant berth; the duty was simple and monotonous; the factory large and clean, with

plenty of sunshine coming in the wide windows upon the gravely moving iron cylinders, and the unceasing flow of the streams of pearly-colored pulp. It was the most quiet of all mills. There was the steady drip, drip, of the liquid, its crisp rustle as it fell in sheets of paper at one end of the machine; the slow steps of the half-dozen 'watchers', who were our only workmen; and outside, the wind in the sycamore trees that lined the pavement; that was all. I had many quiet hours for study without neglecting my work; consequently, I remained there, off and on, some four years, until, in fact, I was ready to go on for lectures; then I came back, and began to practice in K—. I had grown attached to the little village.

"I told you Farns & Spofford ran the mill. Farns was a practical workman; his skill and experience were the shares he threw into the concern; Spofford was the capitalist. He was the last of an old county family. Peter Spofford lived in a roomy old stone farm-house, a bit out of the village, and never showed himself at the mill, except on pay-day, to take his dividends. I believe he spent most of his time in raising stock; he was a successful mule-grower I remember. The Spoffords had been the first settlers in K— county, all the lots in the village yet paid ground-rent to Peter, as late as my day even; but there was no other reason for the certain *pose* of distinction the family held in the neighborhood; they were honest, well-bred, commonplace people enough; nothing more. You know, however, the Brahmin-like attitude assumed by these old farming families toward new-comers in our western Pennsylvania and Virginia districts. Old Mrs. Spofford, Peter's mother, drove in the old green carriage into the enclosure before the Baptist church on Sundays, with as proud a heart under her brown shawl, as if she had been the last of the Bourbons coming to worship over the tombs of her ancestors in Saint Denis. Peter, himself, did not often trouble the church; when he did, his gray, bullet-shaped head nodded, as his father's had done before him, at the end of the pew; while Bill's (his son's) tow-headed one kept time in the middle. They were an inert, sleepy-headed family, the Spoffords; even Agnes, Peter's other child, (a girl of about fourteen at that time,) owed much of the strange charm of her singular beauty to the immovable languor in the delicate tints in her face, and in her passionless blue eyes. She had a look of one of Corregio's Madonnas, Agnes Spofford; almost as innocent, and quite as silly. I had a keener relish for beauty then than now, though, and

used to be glad when she came to the mill, which she often did, with other school-girls, looking at the machinery, and then sitting down in the shady back yard to eat their luncheon.

"One summer morning, however, she came alone into the work-room and tapped at the railing that fenced off my desk and stool. The light flickered pleasantly in the open window over the lithe little figure in its white dress, the shower of light curls, straw hat, and waving blue ribbons. Agnes was one of those women whose dress never wrinkles nor soils; and I had an odd fancy, as I turned round and laid down my pen, that the little girl's heart and brain would be like her dress, and would leave the world pretty much as they came into it, worth just as much—and nothing more.

"She bowed, and I rose respectfully; there was a certain gravity, *aplomb*, about the child that always commanded that show of politeness from everybody. 'Good-morning, Mr. Durbetter.' She lisped, by-the-way, as people of her caste of intellect invariably do. 'I have brought a new hand into the mill—I asked Mr. Farns to give her the place. It is to be watcher instead of Joe Drin.' 'Very well, Miss Spofford.' 'Here she is,' drawing forward what seemed to be a rough mass of flesh, as one might present a newly-caught bear. 'Hold up your head. What is your name?' in a sharp catechetical tone. 'Eliza Neeson.' 'How old are you?' 'Fifteen,' the straightforward, dark eyes looking full in my face. 'Fifteen,' with a decisive little nod. 'Yes. Just three months older than I am, Mr. Durbetter. What I want to say is, that I wish this girl to be well treated in the mill. The hands must let her alone. She is a friend of mine. She is my foster-sister.' I hid the smile at her pompous little air of patronage. 'Neeson?' I asked, carelessly, for want of something to say. 'Jim Neeson's daughter, from the Stopp farm?' The rose-color deepened on Miss Spofford's face. 'His sister's, sir.' The girl looked at him defiantly. 'I bear my mother's name,' she said, in a coarse, unmodulated voice.

"There was an awkward pause. 'Well, I want her well treated, Mr. Durbetter,' said Agnes. I assented. 'Good-by,' in her grave fashion; 'good-by, Eliza,' putting her little sea-shell-tinted hand into the paw of the other. The flush that broke over the Neeson girl's face startled me into watching her; it was a something so strangely real, and sudden, and hearty. She followed Agnes out to the front pavement with the lumbering step of a big dog, and stood on the curb-stone holding the head of her Mexican

pony while she mounted. Not unlike a mastiff, either, in the half awe-struck look of affection shining out of her broad, pleasant face, and the way in which she paved over the light folds of the delicate dress, and the tiny feet, arranging and placing them. Every touch was tender as a kiss. When Miss Spofford rode off, she stood in the gutter watching her go down the street, the sun glancing on pony and rider as they went. I wondered if she recognized the picture as a pretty one? Agnes did undoubtedly. She never rode in any but fluttering white dresses. 'This is your place,' I called to Eliza from the door, leading her to her range of sieves, and explaining her work to her. She was anxious to learn, but dull. There were a good many muddy sloughs in poor Eliza's brain never cleared out—that's the truth. You *ezegeant* people would have abandoned her as a half cretin on some grounds. But when you got down to the heart-substance of the woman and the knowledge which that teaches— Well, well! There was stuff there such as I have met with but once or twice in my life——"

He paused reflectively, beating the bars of the grate with the poker.

"But your story, doctor?"

"Yes, yes. Well, I said to her that morning, 'Miss Spofford is a friend of yours?' The red flush of pleasure rushed over her face again, but she did not assent. 'She has been kind to me,' she said, as if jealous that I should recognize the distinction between the brilliant beauty and herself. 'I would have starved once if it hadn't been for her. She gave me these clothes, Miss Spofford did. Got me this place. I——' 'Like her, I suppose? That's right, Eliza, seeing that she choked. She replied only by a laugh between a sob and a whoop, picking at the sieve to hide the tears on her face. There had been but few kind or friendly touches come into the poor boor's life; and I saw how she gloated over those few, and into what a big, healthy-glowing soul it was she took and held them. Just then young Bob Farns, who was junior clerk in the mill, came up. 'I'll explain her work to Eliza, and relieve you, Mr. Durbetter. I know her,' he said. She raised her red face suddenly. 'Hey, Robert! Is this you?' holding out both hands and looking down on him. He was a year or two older than she, but the puny little fellow appeared like a pigmy before her broad shoulders and stout build of body. Not sorry to be relieved, I went back to my desk. But as one or two hours passed, and Robert still stood patiently by the stupid, new hand, explaining her work, I watched them

with a little surprise. Bob hid a good many dainty prejudices under that sandy head of hair of his. If he laced his slim figure, and curled the faint moustache on his upper lip, it was for no coarser beauty to admire than Agnes Spofford herself; other women he treated with a supercilious scorn that would have been amusing, if it had not been too paltry. Still, it was a real preference for the pure and graceful in life that made him act thus; a preference hinting itself in a thousand ways in his quiet manner; simply chosen language, clean habits of life, in the very whiteness of his hand, the neat ledgers open on his desk, or the pot of violets and blue-bells close beside them. This girl's hands were not clean; the nails were bitten and black; the flannel dress she wore was ragged; her clog shoes lumped with clay; she was awkward, boorish, coarse, from her yellow hair to her stuttering tones. Once or twice she slapped Bob familiarly on the shoulder, as though pitying his inferior size and strength; hallooed to him across the room when she needed his aid. Of all creatures the one I would have thought he would shrink from disgusted. On the contrary, he was patient, gentle, indulgent. When he left her, he moved his desk-stool so as to command the side of the room where she stood, and watched her furtively all day, a graver look on his face than I had thought his insignificant features could express.

"I must make my story brief. The girl fell into her place in the mill as weeks passed. It was a different one from that which her patroness expected; she did not need my aid to defend her from the mill-hands. There was a something genial, and strong, and warm about her, new in the every-day work; her hands were ready with a blow or a caress; the other women took care how they approached her, then learned to trust in her curiously. Nothing troubled her. Her patched frock and cold potatoes at meal-time were only jokes to her. She made life, in short, a long holiday more obstinately than any being I ever knew. She had a habit of singing, too, new in the mill; no one checked it; her voice, rough when she talked, was thin, clear, joyous, sweet. She had unbounded store of old songs—it sometimes gave a fresh spring and impetus to our dull factory ways to hear her. Some things she was not slow to learn; her skin cleaned, and came out fresh and quick to blush or pale; the linsey frock gave place to a neat wrapper; the hands were well kept as Bob's heart could wish; even the voice began to break and soften. But I understood Eliza Neeson from the first; I'm

glad of that. I saw the nugget before Bob Farns had worn the clay off it.

"I used to make a circuit round the mill every day, just to have her lift her ugly, pleasant face, and call out a hearty 'good-morning.' It freshened the whole day someway. She walked about among these dead-alive women with the free, bold step of an Indian; she had the same fearless, kindly tone for the master of the mill as for the dog out by the lime-rats. Perhaps my attention to her was kept awake by the mystery of young Farns' protection of the girl. What did he want with her? His watchfulness never slackened for a day. Before she had been in the mill a fortnight, I found her in off-hours seated by his desk, poring over his long worn-out school-books, then reciting her task to him. 'It's slow work, Mr. Durbetter,' she called out, 'I'm such a dull mule. But he's so patient;' and her voice lowered, and a new womanly flush crept over her thick features. Bob colored angrily; but the lessons went on every day, despite the sneers of the hands. 'What's that red-haired imp after?' I heard Tom Sanders say to a porter. 'What's to be made off of poor Sue Neeson's gell? Let him alone for a long-headed Scotchman. I'll warrant he sees his profit in the end.' I thought they overrated Bob's foresight, and concluding it was but a boy's whim, ceased to notice him, or his proteges. The girl had a secret in her life; it might be one, which, known to Bob, had touched his pity, and wish to help. Some unspoken disgrace hung about her; I saw it in the manner of the work-people every time her name was mentioned; in their very gentleness toward her. I did not wish to discover it; one would willingly turn aside from as many unclean pools in life as possible; whatever it might be, I was sure the great uncouth creature herself was pure from it. For with all Bob's daily efforts, at the end of two years poor Eliza Neeson was till uncouth and uncomely.

"I thought that, as she came up to my desk-rail one Saturday evening for her week's wages and stood humming a tune, and looking out of the window while I counted it. 'It's the last time I will give it to you, Eliza,' I said, pushing it over the baize. 'I am going to Philadelphia on Monday.' Her song stopped, and she said, 'Is that so, Mr. Durbetter? I'm sorry, more sorry than I can tell you,' thrusting her hand between the rails eagerly. 'You've been a good friend to me in these two years.' 'You have different luck from other people, Eliza. Everybody is a friend of yours.' She laughed. 'That's true—that's true. Odd, isn't it?' 'Bob Farns

in especial. He will have you chipped out into quite a woman of the world by the time I come back.' It was an idle, inconsequent speech. I regretted it as soon as I had made it, for she did not laugh; a soft pink flush stole over her face instead, and the heavy eyelids quivered. I was startled, grew suddenly hot and angry. Was it possible that Bob Farns had talked of love to this poor creature? He would as soon think of marrying the mulatto in his father's kitchen! I knew him well. Yet what did this blush and tremor mean? She was a woman, with the tenderness, the passion of a dozen women in her coarse, low-born body. I was awkwardly silent, while she stood shyly turning over the silver pieces. I was not sorry when Joe Dickson, (who was to take my place in the mill,) struck in with, 'They say Bob is to bring that affair of his with Miss Spofford to a focus soon. Old Peter has given his consent.' I replied to him. She went on turning over the money. I fancied it was not the first time she had heard the story; the color faded out of her face slowly, she shut her teeth together for a minute; then she raised her head with a brave, kindly light in her eyes—I almost had said a manly look. 'That would be but right,' she said. 'They suit each other; they are so different from the rest of the world—each of them—different!' Some of the other hands came up to be paid. 'Wait a moment, Eliza,' I said, hurrying them over. My heart ached for the creature. I wanted, in some trifling way, to show her how much I was her friend. When the work-people were going out of the mill-door, I took up my hat. 'I only wanted to say good-by, and that I hoped——' 'The world would use me well? God knows it has done that, Mr. Durbetter. I don't forget. I'm not ungrateful.' She stood thinking a moment, tying the strings of her calico bonnet. 'Would you care to do something for me?' looking up. 'Walk out the road a bit to my home? You called me your friend awhile ago. I'd rather you would see exactly who and what you gave the name to.' 'Surely,' I said, heartily; but I looked at her keenly. There was some secret motive under this freak. We walked together down the street. Everybody halted with a nod or laugh when they saw Eliza's honest, good-natured face. I had not half so many friends in the village. We turned out a by-road; I knew it was not the direct path to the Spott farm, but led past Spofford's place. She came there purposely, I was sure, for she slackened her pace as we neared the hedge fencing in the old farm-house, and watched through its gaps

eagerly, stopping suddenly when she caught sight of two figures sauntering slowly, side by side, through the alleys of lilac-bushes and hollyhocks. 'There they are,' she said, under her breath, and so stood, bent, pulling at her bonnet-strings, silent for a moment. The fresh morning sunlight shimmered over the two figures in their cool dresses, making a pleasant, pretty picture. They were graceful, light, easy, both of them; if there was a taint of affectation, an artificial atmosphere about each, my companion did not see it. 'It's no wonder they love each other. God made them alike,' with a sort of gasp; then she stood up, wiping the sweat from her freckled face. 'So delicate she is—Agnes,' looking at me with a smile that made even my tough heart sick. 'So tender and beautiful, from her soul to her very eyes. I'm not a fool. I know. I can see.' I saw now why she had come; to show herself, not me, the difference between Eliza Neeson and the girl Farns was going to marry; to force the truth into her heart as nuns have driven, sometimes, the iron torture of the cross. 'Well, well, come on, Mr. Durbetter, the road is growing hot, I think, and dusty. As we went down past the hedge, we heard Bob's voice in a half laugh, and the soft murmur of his companion's answer. Eliza forced herself to speak. 'It's such a pleasant view from this hill,' she said. 'It will be such a good home for them.' As soon as I could I began talking of Philadelphia. She listened in silence for awhile, and then turned suddenly. 'Could a woman have a chance in that great city to make herself a lady? If she went there with enough of money, I mean? Grow delicate, soft, refined? Worth love—do you understand? Not to win beauty—I don't intend that—no money can buy that; but there's a sort of beauty that works outwardly——' 'I know, I understand you, Eliza.' Some sudden impulse had forced out her questions breathlessly; she put out her hand to silence me. 'Hush! do not heed me: I talk like a fool. We'll go on.' I watched her askance. She was so baited by her own passions, and fought so bravely to keep them down. 'You said with money, Eliza. It would need that.' 'Yes,' vaguely; 'that's not the difficulty. There's a sure way of earning that.' There was another pause. Then she stopped again. 'Mr. Durbetter, I am going to trust you. There is nobody I can ask this question of but you.' 'Go on, Eliza.' 'I want you to tell me the truth, with God looking down on us here. Do you think she, Agnes Spofford, loves him? That it would cost her much if she had to give him up?' 'How

can I know, Eliza? A woman judges better of a woman's heart than a man does. I will give no false answer to a question so asked, and I cannot give a true one.' 'No. Let us go on.' In the terrible struggle going on in her soul, I do not think the unwomanliness of the question touched her; though, in a fair view, I doubt if it were unwomanly.

"The hot noon sun massed the shadows close about the tree-roots, as we struck into a broad, yellow clay road, bordered on either side by turnip and potato patches. 'This is not the Spott farm,' I said. 'I thought——' 'No. That is my uncle's home. I lived with my mother. Sue Neeson's gal—that is the name the country people give me.' It was the first time I had ever heard a bitter tone in her words. 'She is dead now. This is my home,' stopping in front of a mud-plastered house in the center of a stubble-field, without shade of a single tree or bush. 'You do not mean that you live here alone, Eliza?' 'No. Jim Wolf's widow is with me. What I make in the mill is enough for both; she serves as protection.' She turned round, leaning on the rough gate tied with rope, while I stood in the dusty road. Behind her was the hovel with its one miserable window; two or three wash-tubs filled with dirty suds at the door; behind that the yellow stubble, and the hot sky backing it all in. Her eye glanced over it all; then she faced me, pushing back the bonnet that hung over her face. It was red, swollen, and damp with perspiration. She looked down at her brawny, uncouth body in its coarse dress. 'This is my home, Mr. Durbetter, and this is I.' There was unmeasured bitterness in the words, in the loathing gesture she made toward herself. I understood. She wanted to see, through the eyes of another, the woman who hoped to be Robert Farns' wife. 'I wanted to show you the girl you called friend.' 'Whom I was never ashamed to call friend until now,' I cried, 'when she is ashamed of herself. Eliza! I thought you a truer woman than this.' I took her hand. A curious change came and went over her face. At last she looked up; other women would have shed tears with that expression on their faces, but she was not given to such exhibition of feeling. 'I have acted like a silly child to-day,' she said, finally. 'You did well to reprove me. But I thought to cure myself of——' 'No matter,' seeing that she stopped. 'Let us forget this part of our last day. You shall ask me in, and we will drink to my safe journey in a glass of new milk, if you will.' She laughed, and in a little while her old heartiness came back to her. Before I

went away, she said to me, with some effort, 'I would like you to do me justice, Mr. Durbetter. I'd like you to know that I will never work harm to Agnes Spofford. She has been kind to me, I love her as she does not know. She shall never suffer loss through me.' Long afterward I knew all that those words meant to the girl.

"On the next Monday I left K—— and came to Philadelphia. I was there for three years; forgetting, as one will in the attrition of new scenes and interests, much of my old life in the mill. However, I had determined to return to the village to practice. About three months before I took my degree, I received a letter from Bob Farns, who, in my absence, had been admitted into a partnership with his father and Peter Spofford. I had been favored before with some epistles from Bob, written in a feminine Italian hand, descanting usually on fashion and gossip, for both of which pursuits he had a craving appetite. This present letter meant more, however, I soon perceived. Under Bob's attempt at dilettantism, he had a shrewd, hard head for business, and used plain words when he came to business matters. The purport of his letter was this: Peter Spofford, he informed me, had been the elder of two brothers, between whom the estate had been equally divided—the house, farm, and interest in the mill accruing to Tom, the younger; certain shares in profitable stocks being Peter's portion—he having a keen, speculative talent, so keen and hungry that he succeeded in swamping his whole fortune in about five years, and was penniless when Tom died, unmarried, as was supposed; and Peter, not unwillingly, stepped into his shoes and property, and turned to dealing in mules instead of railroad bonds. He was, as I was aware, an old man now, and failing in health; his estate would probably be divided equally between his two children, William and Agnes, in whom Bob assured me, with somewhat gratuitous earnestness, he had no interest save that of a friend. As a friend, however, he did hold an interest in her, and wished me, by application to some legal authority, to ascertain the following fact: Whether, if any claimant to the Spofford property appeared, such claimant, professing to be the legitimate child of Thomas Spofford, and producing an authentic certificate of said Thomas' marriage, such plea would hold positively good, and would be allowed by the courts, so long a period having elapsed before its presentation? Vaguely hinting that there was danger of such a claimant's appearing, it was threatened, etc., etc. What was the actual chance of success? Would this beautiful crea-

ture, Agnes Spofford, be thrown out destitute upon the world? Thereupon Bob indulged in a faint haze of sentiment and bombast, which did not veil the hard gist of the letter to me as I laid it down. Yet if anything held a real place in Bob's miserly, frothy heart, it was this woman Agnes—I knew that.

"Well, I consulted the lawyer, and sent the answer by the next day's mail. If the claimant could produce authentic proofs of Thomas Spofford's marriage, and his or her birth, the property went over at once intact to the real heir.

"I heard no more from Bob until three months after I returned to K—— and opened an office there. I fell into a good run of practice soon; people remembered me, I suppose. The very day after my arrival, I was summoned to attend Eliza Neeson, who was ill in one of the boarding-houses set apart for the mill-hands. I hardly knew the thin, worn face turned eagerly on the pillow toward me as I went into her room; but the fresh, fearless smile was unaltered. She threw out both hands impetuously as of old. 'I'm so glad! so glad! No friends like old friends,' she cried. It was pneumonia that ailed her, ending in a slow typhoid fever, that had got a firm grip of her stout muscles and nerves, and it never, by-the-way, let them go until——

"She was in the mill still; but held my old place as book-keeper now. The three years had taught her much; not of book knowledge, perhaps, but had softened, refined her, broadened her range of thought. But the old light-heartedness was gone; her face, when in repose, fell suddenly into the dull, anxious look of one who has waited long, and wearies of waiting. It had been a lonely life after all with her, I thought. 'I want to go back to work,' she cried, unceasingly, in her half delirium; 'I want to forget. I'll work nobody harm,' she said once, in a sudden terror common to that fever. 'I'm only poor Sue Neeson's girl. Only that Robert.'

"Then the truth began to dawn on me. It was all plain at last. One evening, on going up to her room, I heard footsteps within, heavier than those of her landlady, and, opening the door, found Robert Farns pacing slowly up and down, strange signs of emotion on his small, mean features. I had not seen Bob before; he was dainty, graceful, insignificant as ever. The girl sat in an arm-chair, wrapped in a coarse shawl, her hands clasped tight together, her face turned toward him half supplicating. I stopped; the deep, grand feeling and passion in the sick face made it noble and beautiful. 'You here, Farns?' I cried. 'Yes. Come in,

and you shall know why I have the right to be here.' She raised herself. 'No, Robert, my secret is my own.' But Farns' face was heated, as if my entrance had suggested some scheme which he was obstinately bent upon. 'Not your own, Eliza. If the world knew it, you would be forced to do justice to yourself—and me.' I put my hand on her wrist, before she had time to speak, and answered, 'The world need not know it, Bob; but I know it. I think you are not so obscure as you would believe. Shall I tell you? This is not Eliza Neeson, but Thomas Spofford's legitimate daughter, whom you have long intended to marry.' They were both silent from astonishment a moment. 'Pish!' muttered Bob at last, 'I told you too much in that letter.' The girl leaned back pale and silent. 'Now that you guess so much, Durbetter, I'll tell you all,' he went on. 'You know what Eliza has been to me. How cherished, how dear!' (To see the honest blood spring to her cheek at that poor, silly fool! To think she had laid the heart it leaped from at the feet of this shallow schemer!) 'How, dear? To marry her?' 'Certainly. Yes, I always intended that. But she is not Eliza Neeson, with a stain of disgrace on her. She is the honorable daughter of an honorable man; and I claim that she shall come to me as such. She has the proofs of her parentage—has had them for years; and I demand now that she makes them public. It is due to me as her future husband.' He finished with a slightly pompous air.

"Eliza was silent. 'I'll tell you how it is, doctor,' she said, meekly, at last. 'I'll tell the truth. My father drank hard sometimes. It was in one of these fits he married my mother, Susan Neeson. But he did marry her. She was too ignorant of forms to ask for a certificate, and there were no witnesses, but before her death the clergyman who performed the ceremony (it was in another State) found her out, and sent her the proper proofs. I have them now.' 'But she will make no use of them,' said Farns, fiercely. She put both hands up to her forehead. 'If I used them I could be Robert's wife——' 'And owner of the Spofford place,' insinuated Robert. 'What matters that?' she cried, bitterly. 'It's too late now—the money. I am a woman now. It could not make me fitter for you, or worthier of your love, Robert. It's too late.' 'No,' hesitated Bob; 'but it is the honorable name I care for, Eliza.' 'I know that,' said the woman, taking her hands down, and looking at him firmly. 'I never will be your wife without it,

and, therefore, it must end.' She spoke slow and faint. 'But why not claim your own?' I said, 'for the sake of your mother's name, if for no other reason?' She resumed, 'I have thought of that. But the dead are dead. Then,' she added, in a clear, firm tone, 'I will not do harm to one who has been kind to me. Agnes Spofford saved me from starving once. I'll not turn her out a beggar upon the world now.' Farns came up and stood before her. 'And I, Eliza? Have you no thought for me?' She turned her face into the wall. I caught a smothered 'Oh, God!' To think of her holding this puppet in that great, honest soul of hers! 'I'm trying to do right,' she muttered at last. Farns' face hardened into steel. 'I want you to choose once for all, Eliza. It must end here. Sacrifice this girl.' 'She has been kind to me,' quickly. But he went on: 'Give up this fantastic care of Agnes Spofford. Enter into possession of your name and place, and then come and rest your tired head here,' drawing her head into his breast. 'My wife!' A soft trembling stirred her face—her lips moved, but she said nothing. 'Or leave me,' he added, 'if you will. Has your life been bare, and poor, and lonely, Eliza? Will it be so easy for you to live apart from me? Even our friendship at an end? You, dogging out the days in the mill; Sue Neeson's bastard child, that even the meanest of the hands pity. Without a name—without love——' 'Hush!' with a sharp cry, covering her face again.

"I did not interfere. I thought it best even for my patient, as a patient, that the struggle should have a definite end. 'Determine, then,' and Farns and he walked to the window. There was a long silence. Only the ticking of the clock was heard. She beckoned him at last. 'I have decided, Robert,' in a whisper. 'Go on,' he said, seeing she stopped. 'I will not wrong her. God help me! But it's hard. Good-by.' He held out his hand, not answering a word. If she waited feverishly for a kind touch; none came. He let her fingers fall, and turned away his sandy-colored face pale. The schemes of his whole life were overthrown at that moment. No wonder that he bit his thin lips and went out of the room without a look back at the woman lying there. She had only been the scaffolding on which these schemes were built; in herself, nothing.

"She sank rapidly after that. It was late in the evening when I left her in the nurse's care, and went out. I met Farns in the street, his head down, his hands clasped behind him, a dull perplexity on his face. 'If one could be

sure she would hold to that decision,' he said. 'But she'll change her mind. If I did anything to displease her, she'd change her mind.' If he married Agnes Spofford! I understood him better than he thought. Besides, the spoils with Agnes would be but half the property; no wonder he clung so desperately to the poor mill-girl. 'Women are so obstinate!' he muttered, with an oath. 'I've been working at her for years about this thing.' 'Well, I cannot help you,' I said, gruffly."

"Go on, doctor," I said, for Durbetter had stopped, and, rising abruptly, began to put away the hair in the cabinet.

"Well, there's little more to tell," impatiently. "Roguery prevailed, as usual."

"Come, come! Tell me that little."

"It is not much," seating himself; some strange emotion fading from his face. "She married him. I saw the change in her in a day or two; the happy light in her face, the sudden tears coming to her eyes, the shy, nervous smile. At last she told me. 'He has given me my own way, doctor,' holding my hand like a child. 'His love is so deep and true—Robert's.' 'You are going to be his wife?' 'He will have it so,' with a deep blush. 'And now that he thinks of it, he sees it as I do—that it is better to bear a disgraced name than to ruin her, whom we both love.' I comprehended Bob's logic. Once his wife, and this woman would yield in less than a year. But I thought he was wrong."

"Was he?" For the doctor had stopped again, beating time on the table. This part of the story was wrung out piecemeal.

"I do not know how it would have ended," he went on. "He married her, as I said. She was still ill. He took her off for a winter in the South. Meanwhile, the story of her birth began to be whispered about, through Farns' instrumentality, I was confident. It reached the ears of the Spoffords, who hooted at it in scorn. But it made them uneasy. Agnes Spofford grew haggard and yellow that winter; there was a shrewish, disappointed look on her face never seen there before. When Farns and his wife came back, she went to their house daily, to my astonishment—hung about them like a leech. Poor, honest Eliza, welcomed her all the more cordially, knowing how true her own feeling was."

"And Farns?"

"In the role of husband, you mean? Oh, he played his part to perfection. His end was not accomplished, you see. She was thoroughly sly in every drop of her blood—Eliza. I

am glad to know that. I used to like to catch a glimpse of her great laughing eyes as I passed their house. So it went on. God help us all! I wish I had not begun to tell this story." Wiping his forehead, and walking about nervously.

I was silent; some pain in it hurt more sorely than Durbetter chose to show.

"Well," he burst out, at length, "it did not last long. She never was strong. The fever had sapped much physical life out of her. It was a bright, happy year, but short. In it Agnes Spofford had managed to possess herself of the truth concerning Eliza's claim. Yet she clung about her as before. In August, Eliza's child was born—a boy, with her sturdy build, and honest, fearless eyes. There was no atom of the Farns blood about it. They were healthy and strong, both mother and child."

The sentences came out brokenly, as if he feared they might mean too much.

"Agnes Spofford never left her friend's bedside. The baby died in a week."

"And the mother?" I asked.

"Not for some days after; slowly, then, and quite consciously. The dregs of the fever may have been at work. I do not know. Just as glad to die as to live; as cheerful, and hearty, and brave, I mean. I saw her in the morning, lying with her earnest, ugly, happy face turned to the fresh sunlight. 'I do not think I shall be here to-night, doctor,' she said, holding out her hand, with a smile. 'There's something gnawing, gnawing here,' touching her breast. 'It will stop soon, I fancy, and then my heart will be reached. Could that be?' She held her husband's hand night and day. A more miserable, defeated wretch I never saw than he. She thought it was grief at her loss, poor fool!"

"I am glad," I said, "she never learned to disbelieve in him."

"So am I," said Durbetter; "and yet she was so content to go. Not that this world had cheated her; but there was something better and as real beyond. I stayed with her all that day, giving her the medicine myself. But it was too late. Just at sunset she made her husband lift her up and hold her head on his breast. 'You have been good and true,' she said, as loud as she was able. 'You're not sorry we did right, are you, dear?' He made no answer. Agnes Spofford left the room. 'I'm going to my baby,' with a half laugh. 'That is so sure to me. My baby! God wants me to take care of it. We will never grow tired of each other.' She went to her child that night."

The doctor was silent for a long time.

"And Farns?"

"He married Agnes Spofford."

"You did nothing?"

"No. The dead were dead, as Eliza herself would have said. And yet," rousing himself

after a pause, "I never think of her as dead. She is alive to me always—earnest, hopeful, working, loving. God filled her heart and hands at last. She and her baby will not tire of one another."

THE SHADOWS OF PARNASSUS.

BY CLARENCE F. BUEHLER.

GRUDGE not, swart lord of sea or soil,
What seems the poet's life of ease;
None so severe as mental toil,
For that begins when others cease.

When labor, in refreshing sleep,
Folds its brown arms as wanes the day,
Then gloomy bards their vigils keep,
And wash with tears life's sands away.

For rainbow visions shine alone
In eyes whose clouds have rained in tears;
And, swan-like, in his sweetest tone,
The minstrel his own requiem hears.

Naught to the outer world he owes,
'Tis but a glass wherein is seen
Ourselves, and Nature's varied hues
Are but reflections from within.

And while the mirrors of the breast,
If passion's breath their sheen affect,
Like those in Smyrna's temple placed,
Deform the objects they reflect;

The bard, with Summer in his soul,
Can in the hissing yule-log hear
The voice of bird and waterfall,
And rustling of green branches near.

His, like Pygmalion's sceptre, makes
Rude forms with soul-like beauties rife;
To him the snow-wreath's delicate flakes
Seem blossoms from the tree of life.

Like those that martyr-brows enfold
The fires that eye and forehead flush,
And words of liquid silver mould,
As they from founts of music gush.

For saddest souls have tenderest chords,
And singers die that songs may ne'er;
The heart has no such tuneful birds
As those that sing from ruins there.

Nor gayest those who gayest sing;
What most we feel we least impart,
And cheeks may wear the bloom of Spring,
While Winter desolates the heart.

Though round Parnassus' summit plays
The brilliance of eternity,
The storms of time howl round its base
That slopes into oblivion's sea.

Of, unawares, we entertain
Immortals, jostling in the throng;
Beings of finer sense, that gain
The cross without the crown of song.

For often brows that most are scarred
Are with the fewest laurels twined;
And men have, like the eagle, scarred,
To leave, like him, no trace behind.

Not theirs the spoils of camp and court;
Rare pearls they bring from life's sea-weed;
And jewels from the mines of thought,
Enrich the world and die in need.

AS THE CLOUDS THAT FLOAT AT EVEN.

BY LUTHER G. RIGGS.

As the clouds that float at even
Mourn too soon their glory down,
So the heart with gladness teeming
Soon shall wither, sad and lone;
And, as floating clouds at night-time,
Hide, perchance, the moon's pale beam,
So our souls are oft-times shaded
By life's dark and fleeting dream.

As the frosts seen in the morning
Melts before the sun's first ray,
So the pleasures earth doth render
Take their wings and fly away;
And, as tiny streams of water,
Help to swell the mighty sea,
So each day that passes o'er us,
Nearer brings eternity.

It is well that we should linger
'Mong the memories of the past,
Wreathing garlands o'er the green graves
Of the pleasures that are past,
Though the flowers soon may perish,
And the place seem sad and lone,
Yet their sweet perfume will hover
Round the scenes of beauty gone.

Far beyond the glowing cloud-land;
Far beyond the azure sky,
Are there joys for souls immortal—
Bliss too deep, too pure to die!
And when life's dark voyage is o'er,
Crossed have we the crooked foam,
May our life-bark reach the haven
Of the blessed—our last home.

MARY LEIGH'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

It was Christmas-eve, and Mary Leigh sat by the window, in the suburbs of a great city. The fire burned low, and the room grew cold and cheerless. The out-door prospect was still more gloomy. A cold December wind came in fitful gusts against the windows, tossing the dead leaves across the gravel-walks, and sighing mournfully through the leafless branches of the trees. But Mary Leigh was not at all affected by it; indeed, she scarcely glanced out except to note, at intervals, how low the sun was getting, and calculate how long a time intervened before the supper-hour.

There was a shade of anxiety and care resting on her pale features, changing sometimes to a look of vexation. It was the eve of a holiday; but life had no holiday for her. The table before her was heaped with pieces and patterns. A coat, much worn, but ripped in pieces, and pressed carefully, was laid before her for consideration. She thought it would make a winter jacket for Johnny, her youngest boy, who needed it sadly. But it would not do. She had turned it every way, and the patterns were laid on, again and again, to no purpose. There was a thin place here, and a spot there. "It is no use," sighed poor Mrs. Leigh; "it is too scant a pattern."

She leaned her head heavily on her hand, and the tears gathered in her eyes. "I have been all my life," she said, "at least ever since I can remember, trying to make one dollar do the duty of three—trying to make something out of nothing." Her thoughts went back to her earliest recollections of her childhood; to the patient widowed mother toiling, day after day, far beyond her strength, uncomplaining, accomplishing so much, and yet receiving so little credit from the hard-judging world. She thought of the school-room where she had sat, oh! so wearily, trying to learn lessons far beyond her comprehension, with no guide save the text-book, which she could not understand, and the indifferent teacher, who kept school because she must do something for a living. She thought of all the long, weary struggle to fit herself for the world—to become an ornament to society; of the yearning and thirsting for more knowledge, and the half promise of assistance from friends. She thought of her fond anticipations as she

had looked forward to the joyous day, when her bright dreams should be realized. When school life should really begin, and countless books unlock for her their hidden treasures. She thought, too, of the sudden death of that beloved mother, that had put all pleasant anticipations far away from her thoughts.

She had been left alone. None cared to aid her now; she was not theirs, and bitterly the orphan felt it. Going to school was out of the question now, with no home, and her limited means. She must teach for her living, they said. She did not choose her vocation—there was no choice left her. Naturally delicate, with feeble strength, and an ambitious mind, she could think of nothing else; longing to do something for others, yet not able to help herself.

Fortunately, or unfortunately—who shall judge? her place in the teacher's desk was soon vacant. Mr. Leigh, one of the committee, thought Mary Morton would be an ornament to his cottage-home, left desolate when his mother died; and he asked her to be his wife. So Mary Morton became Mary Leigh. Gossiping mothers said the school-teacher had done well, for Arthur Leigh was a fine man, full of energy, and would be rich, too, some day. Poor orphan Mary! She was grateful for his love; and she poured out for him all the hoarded affection of her heart. Hers was no stinted gift, but an overflowing love, garnered through many lonely, weary years. The world said they were happy; and the bright tears gathered in Mary's eyes, as she often asked herself why she was not?

As years passed on, three little children were given to them. Two sturdy, roguish boys, and a blue-eyed fairy, that bore the name of Lily. But the sweet baby-girl was too fair a blossom for this cold world, and was soon transplanted to heaven.

"Because we are not worthy;" and Mary's tears fell fast on the little unconscious sleeper. Not so much for her loss, as for the knowledge that she was not worthy to train that sinless babe for heaven.

Mrs. Leigh's thoughts had wandered back over all these weary years, noting every heartache, every new trial. Her efforts for improvement had passed unnoticed; her thoughtful love and

care had not been appreciated; and, worse than all, her love seemed thrown away on her thoughtless husband, who should have shielded her from petty trials and vexations. "Yes," she said, audibly, "I have tried all my life to make something out of nothing, and I have failed. These little cares and troubles may be trifles, but they are very hard to bear."

The worn pieces and little patterns were pushed aside hastily, and the weary head was bowed on the table, while sob after sob broke the stillness of the room. The clock on the mantle struck the hour of five, and she started up nervously. Hastily putting aside her work, she bathed her face and swollen eyes, then descended to the kitchen. She kindled a fire and began to prepare the evening-meal. The children came in from their out-door play, noisy and clamorous for supper. Albert had torn his jacket, and lost his knife. Johnny was half-crying, half-seething, and holding up a bruised hand. He had stumbled and fallen on the hard frozen ground, and though he was a brave little fellow, the tears would come. The wants of the children were kindly attended to, and the supper-table laid with its snowy cloth. The biscuit were light and nice. The preserves were brought from the cool cellar, and the pie put near the grate to warm. There was only one maid-of-all-work, and that was Mary Leigh herself. She tried to recover her wonted cheerfulness, as she prepared the fragrant tea in anticipation of her husband's speedy arrival.

He came soon, greeting his pale, patient wife with a careless smile, but his children with kind words and kisses. Arthur Leigh was not an unkind man; "only thoughtless," his friends said. Yes, thoughtless he certainly was; and, if the truth must be told, selfish, too. He did ample justice to the viands placed before him, while his wife, unnoticed, helped the children and sipped her tea, too weary and worn to care to eat anything. She followed her husband to the sitting-room, after putting aside the tea-things and setting the room in order. Mr. Leigh had just finished the evening paper, and was preparing to go out as his wife entered the room.

"Mary," he asked, anxiously, "have you spent that money that I gave you yesterday? I have run short to-day, and I will borrow it of you if you do not need it now."

Need it! He had given her three dollars, reserving twice as much for himself; and she had been revolving in her mind, for the last hour, what to do with it. Other families had money, even if a little, for Christmas presents

to the children; but Arthur said Christmas presents were "a humbug." For them there was really no Christmas. If she could get the necessities of life for her family, she was thankful. So she had been considering whether she should take this money for a pair of shoes, long needed, or buy a jacket for Johnny, which garment was indispensable for the cold weather.

"I had thought of getting cloth for John for a jacket," she answered, timidly; "but, if you need it, I will wait."

"John a jacket! I don't see why you cannot make over Albert's clothes for him, I'm sure. Because it is a little more work, I suppose. Mrs. Somers never buys new cloth for her boys;" and he took the bill she handed him, and went out hastily, shutting the door, by no means softly, behind him.

"I did try hard to make the old clothes do," she said, "but they were completely worn-out." Tears came now; she had kept them back with a strong will while her husband was speaking; for if there was anything that Arthur Leigh hated, it was to see a woman cry. He had told her so repeatedly; and the brave woman, dreading nothing so much as his anger, had conquered herself, and sat down to her sewing in silence.

Arthur Leigh strode down the street, soliloquizing to himself: "I do wish Mary was not so easily discouraged. She is always down-hearted about some trifle. Something went wrong to-day, I suppose. I'm sure she had everything she needs; but women are never contented." As he spoke thus, he encountered the friends who were to meet him. He had wanted the money to pay his share of the evening's pleasure. He could keep Christmas-eve, even if his family could not. And yet, it was not without a twinge of conscience that he thought of his wife at home. Mr. Arthur Leigh was not wholly bad; he was only selfish.

His wife sat alone all that evening, stitching wearily. The children were in bed, their little cares and sorrows forgotten in sleep. Mary Leigh sighed audibly. There was no one to chide her now. "I do not see why our children cannot have better clothes, and look as well as other people's," she thought to herself. "If we were very poor, it would be different; but with Arthur's salary we ought to have things comfortable, especially as I do my own work. I surely am not extravagant in dress. I am almost ashamed to go to church now, my clothes are so shabby. If I mention it, Arthur says, 'Stay at home then. If you only go to

show new clothes, it will not do you any good. I don't see but what you look well enough. Sometimes he says, 'Oh, yes! you must have this or that. I'll give you the money next week.' But he forgets it, and I cannot bear to keep asking for money. Poor Arthur! I wonder if anything has gone wrong to-day. If he would only tell me about his business, and let me know his trials and disappointments, how much better I could sympathize with him!" and, with a heart softened toward her husband, she took up her little Bible, sure of finding something to comfort her.

"Trust in the Lord with all thy heart, and lean not on thine own understanding." "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths." Yes, if she could only do that—and she had tried. Ever since she had kissed baby Lily good-by, she had longed for that "peace that passeth all understanding," and that "rest that remaineth for the people of God." How insignificant, how trifling seemed petty disappointments and annoyances of the past day! The memory of them could no longer vex her. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him." The words came to her with new meaning. Should she then ask help to bear these little trials, these minor ills of life? Hitherto she had only gone to the Saviour with what she called great burdens. Would He help her to bear trifles also?

When her husband came home, an hour later, irritated with himself and disappointed with his evening, he wondered silently at the cheer-

ful, happy look on Mary's pale face. He felt keen remorse. "I shall have some more money soon, Mary, and you shall have it to get yourself and the children some clothes," he said, in a softened mood, as he bent over his wife, and kissed her pale cheek. "And to-morrow, as it is a holiday, (we don't often keep Christmas, but will for once,) we will go and see uncle John. A ride will do you good—you are growing thin and pale, darling." He had noticed lately how patiently and uncomplainingly she had borne his teasing words, and the children's waywardness; how careful she had been not to irritate or provoke him when weary; and though he scarcely acknowledged it to himself, it had had an influence over him. From that Christmas-eve, too, he began to be a different man. As days went by, and he witnessed his wife's constant patience and cheerfulness, as he saw that she possessed something to which his own heart was a stranger, imperceptibly his conduct changed toward her. He became more thoughtful of her comfort—more ready to supply her wants. Gradually he even began to practice economy in his own expenditure, and was surprised to find how many things he could do without, which he had once thought indispensable to his comfort.

Mary Leigh never forgot that Bible lesson, learned on that Christmas-eve, when her heart was bowed down beneath an accumulated burden of trifling cares and disappointments. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

"HARVEST HOME."

BY PHILO HENRIETTA CARR.

AGAIN in the meadows, so wide and green,
The mowers are tossing the fragrant hay;
And down from the upland the cooling wind,
Blows over the brow of this Summer day.

In and out, with its threads of gold,
The woof of the valley the sunlight weaves;
And the reapers are merrily driving home,
The last high load of golden sheaves.

Ah, yes! the last load! and wave on wave
Of the harvest-hymn goes swelling by;
A psalm so glad that it fills the earth,
And floats away to the cloud-flecked sky.

It is more than ever a "harvest home,"
This grateful song with its glad refrain;
A psalm of victory, a shout of joy,
Runs up and down through the swelling strain.

"Hurrah! for the white, white flag of peace
Is floating over the land so wide;

Hurrah for our army! hurrah for our ships!
And the conquering heroes we hail with pride."

Thus gladly they sing, and well we know
That banners flaunt and bugles play,
And drums are beating all over the land,
To hail this gladly jubilant day.

This day of peace; and patient hearts
Are throbbing high at last with bliss;
Husbands, and brothers, and lovers to greet,
Brave hands to clasp, and warm lips to kiss,

But I look into my clouded heart;
Ah! the crape is heavy upon the door;
And I think of a far-off, nameless grave,
And a soldier-boy who will come no more.

Two years ago, on a day like this,
When the harvesters sang and the earth was bright;
His life went out with the smoke of the guns,
And mine grew dark as the blackest night.

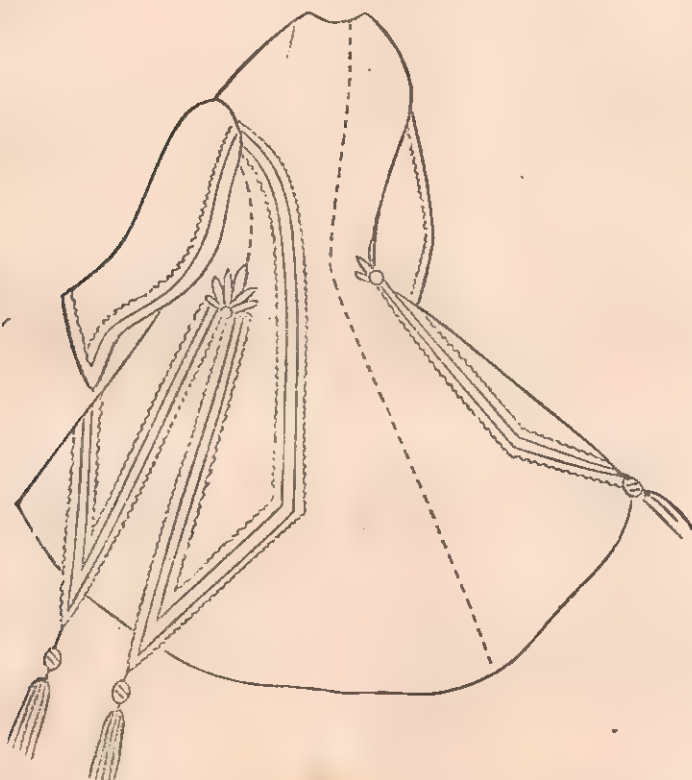
ORIENTAL EMBROIDERY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

In the front of the number, we give two designs in this new and pretty embroidery. Figure 1 is done with narrow ribbon, fastened on the edges with button-hole stitch, done in coarse sewing or embroidery silk. The dots are embroidered in a contrasting color with silk, and surrounded with gold, or steel beads. In figure 2 the waved line is done in cat-stitch with embroidery silk, with beads between, as seen in the design. The cross-pieces are done in white embroidery, at equal distances, with black silk; the stars between may be of various colors. This Oriental embroidery is exceedingly fashionable at present, and is much used for the jackets which are now so fashionable, sacques, skirts of dresses, and opera cloaks.

FALL AND WINTER JACKET.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



This jacket may be made of black silk, velvet, or cloth, according as the wearer desires a jacket for fall, or for winter wear. It buttons straight down the front, and is fitted to the figure. It is ornamented with two points on each side, proceeding from the side-pieces of the front and back. They are fixed to the garment by the seam under the arm, and fall naturally to the bottom. These points are trimmed with black silk puffing, bordered by a narrow guipure, and terminated by two silk tassels. A similar trimming is applied to the neck, at the shoulder seam, also to the seam of the sleeve and round the wristband. At top the sleeve is round.

We give a diagram, by which it may be cut

out, after first enlarging the different pieces to the sizes indicated.

No. 1. FRONT.

No. 2. SIDE-PIECE OF FRONT.

No. 3. POINT OF FRONT.

No. 4. BACK.

No. 5. SIDE-PIECE OF BACK.

No. 6. POINT OF BACK.

No. 7. SLEEVE.

Owing to the length of this garment, No. 1 is given six inches too short, and No. 2, eight inches. Our subscribers must, therefore, prolong the lines of those two patterns to have them of the proper length.

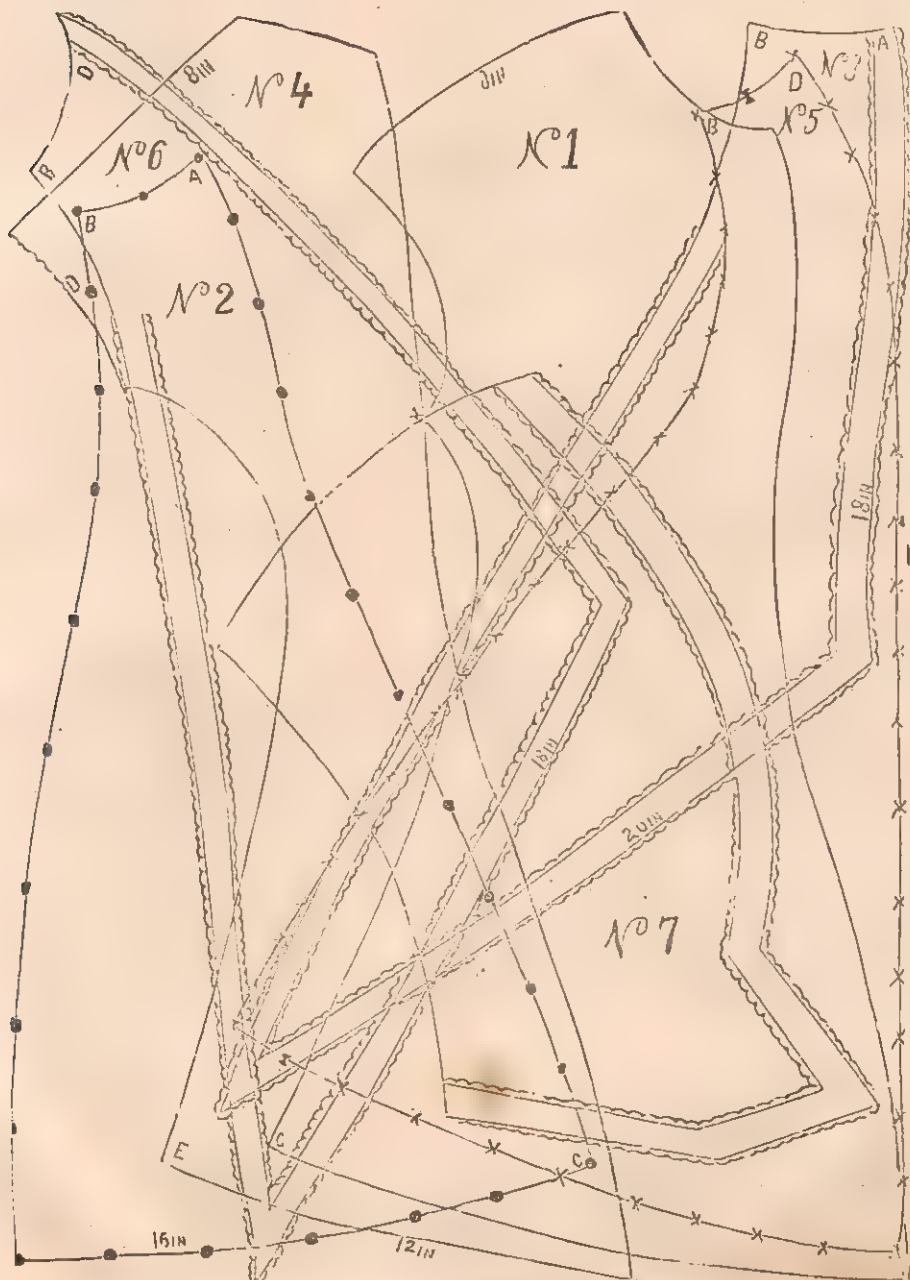


DIAGRAM FOR FALL AND WINTER JACKET.

PERSIAN DESIGN.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This design in embroidery is for ornamenting the corners and back of a jacket. The palms are done in various colored embroidery silk, interspersed with steel and gold beads.

HANGING PIN-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

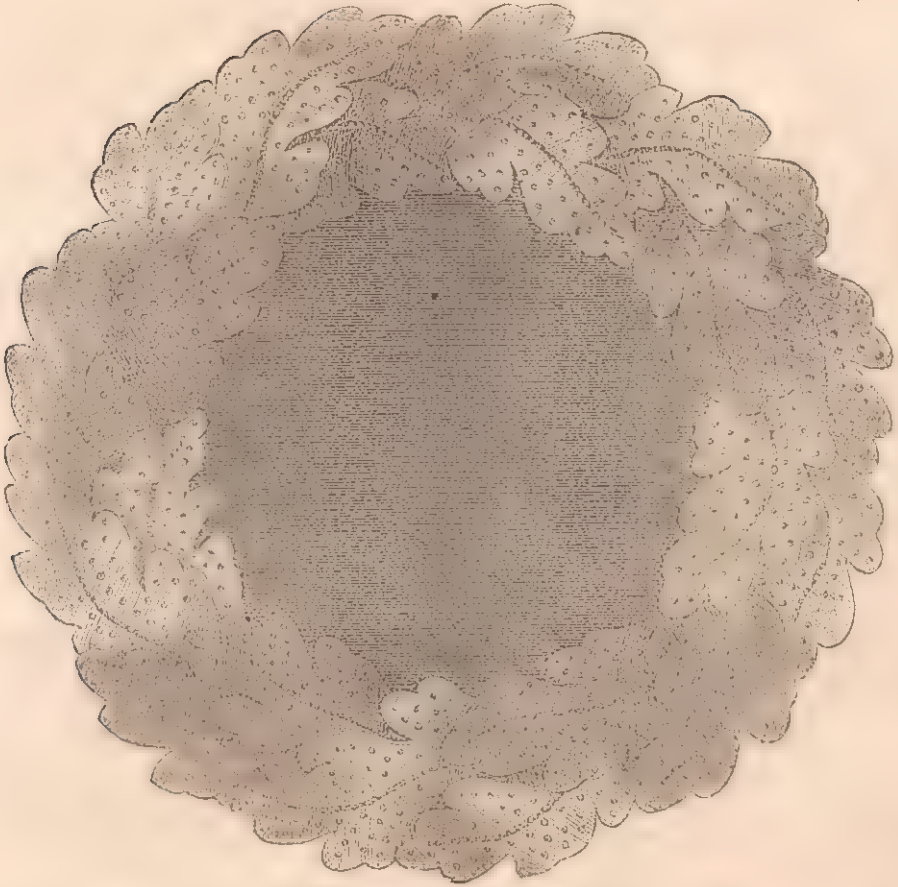
In the front of the number, we give an engraving of a very pretty Hanging Pin-Cushion. The design gives the Pin-Cushion in full size when made. Of course, in cutting out the silk, or velvet, of which it is to be made, a large margin must be allowed for the making and stuffing. This cushion is of black velvet, embroidered with floss silk: shaded green for the leaves and stems, bright blue for the flowers, with white for the centers; small gold beads surround the petals of the flowers, also the center. A row of gold beads around the outer edge of the cushion, also in clusters of three or four around the top. Tassels of the beads, or looped fringe of the same; and three-eighths of a yard of gold cord to suspend it by, completes the cushion. Two bunches of gold beads are required; and silk or velvet may be used, as the fancy may suggest. Sky-blue velvet, embroidered altogether with white opaque beads, produces a charming effect; also emerald green with gold beads. Many combinations can be produced, all equally pretty.

NAME FOR MARKING.

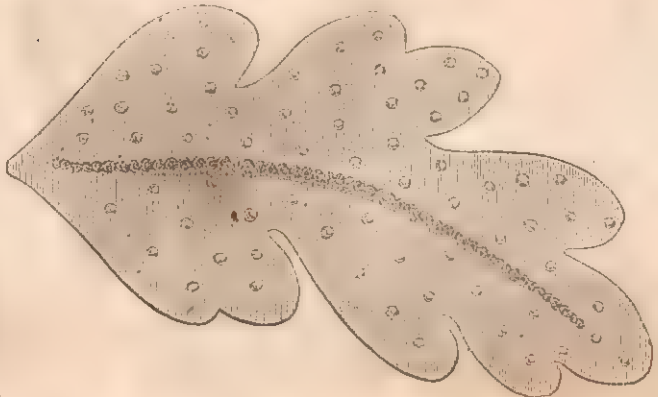
Blanche

LAMP-MAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE foundation of this Mat is a circular piece of stiff pasteboard, covered with silk of a pretty shade of violet. The leaves are cut out of red cloth and gray cloth, embroidered with white glass beads on the red cloth, and with gold and jet beads upon the gray cloth, following the design we give. This arrangement of color may be modified, making the center of the Mat of green, and the leaves of shades of



green and brown, like autumn leaves; embroider these leaves with crystal beads, imitating the dew-drops upon roses. Prepare twenty of these leaves so embroidered, and dispose of them as seen in large design. Some care must be taken in the arrangement that the end of the leaves are hid, and the colors artistically placed, or else your Mat will fail in beauty.

SILK EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL.

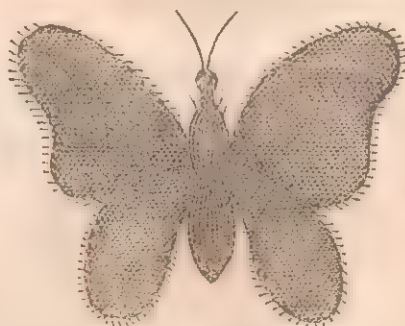
BY MRS. JANE WHAVER.



THERE are so many ways in which a design like this can be made available, that our readers will thank us, we know, for giving them so very pretty a pattern. Nothing, we think, could be more tasteful than this combination of wheat-ears and grapes.

BUTTERFLY IN TULLE.

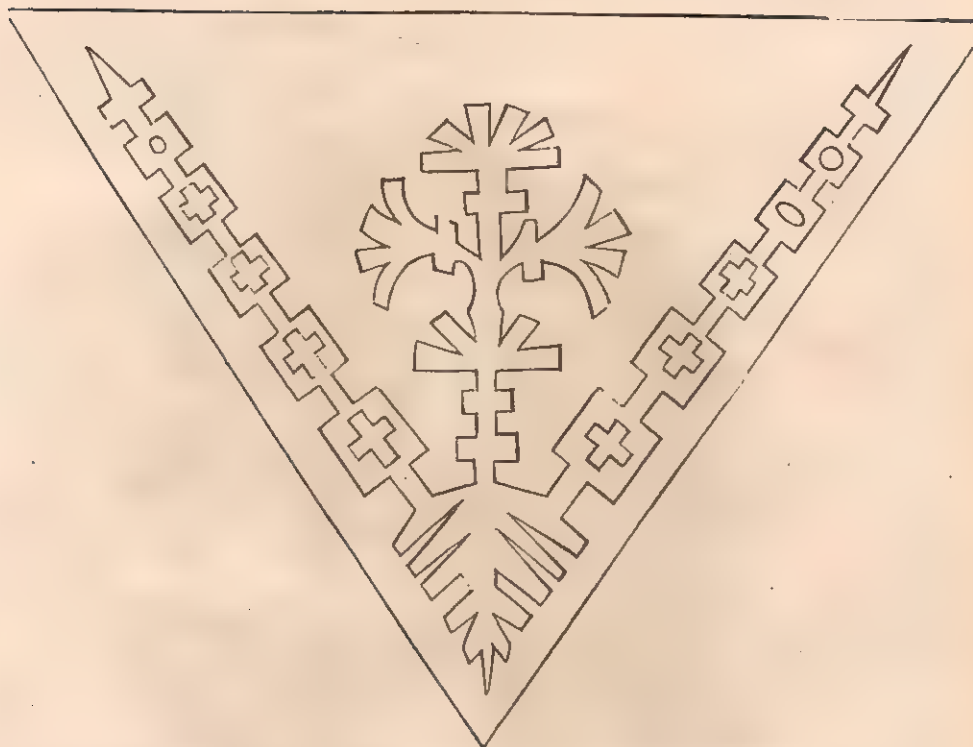
BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



THE body and front wings of the Butterfly are cut out in tulle doubled, and afterward darned with black or colored floss silk; the small wings are left clear. These Butterflies form nearly the entire trimmings for many dresses. They are placed round the bottom of the skirt, on the waistbands, sleeves, and bodices of dresses.

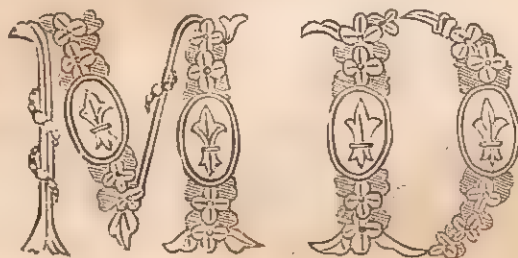
END OF CRAVAT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



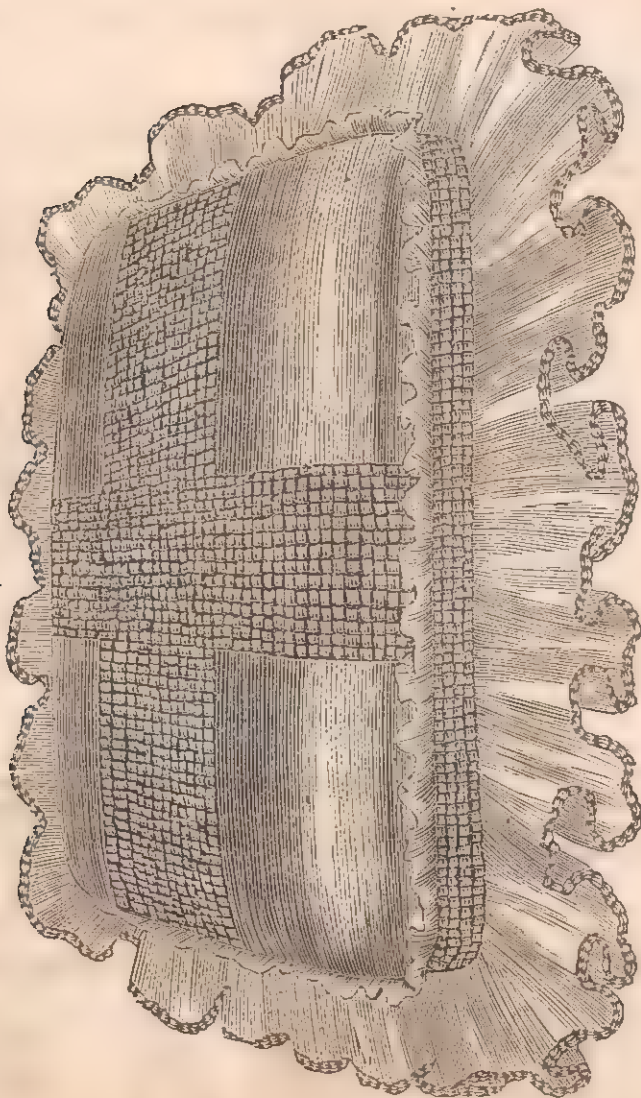
EMBROIDERED ends for cravats are becoming quite fashionable. It is a kind of work which every lady, almost, can do; and nothing is more suitable for a Christmas, New-Year's, or Birth-day gift, than one of these neatly embroidered cravats. We give above a pretty design, of the full size, for such a cravat. The material may be in silk or cambric.

BUTTERFLY AND INITIALS IN EMBROIDERY.



THE CASKET TOILET-CUSHION.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.



This form of Cushion—combining at the same time a handy receptacle for many toilet articles—has long been used, covered first with glazed cambric, and having some fancy white material over it.

The box is a strong segar-box, lined with

wadding, covered with sarsnet inside, and outside a covering of velvet; the top ornamented with beads, according to the design.

Crimson, violet, black, blue, or green velvet, or silk, look equally well worked with crystal and opal, or crystal and chalk-beads.

The trimming round the edge is of ribbon to match the covering. Canvas may be placed over the material to work the beads upon, and the canvas should afterward be withdrawn. The design serves equally for a Cushion, dispensing with the box.

VARIETIES IN FASHIONS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.



CHILD'S DRESS.



NEW STYLE DRESS.



BANDELET.



CHEMISETTE.

WINONA POLKA

BY A. BACHMANN.

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PIANO.

Moderato.

The first system of musical notation for the piano. It consists of a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Moderato.' and the dynamics are marked 'p' (piano). The music features a melody in the treble with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and eighth notes. There are several slurs and accents over the notes.

The second system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a melody in the treble with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and eighth notes. There are several slurs and accents over the notes.

The third system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a melody in the treble with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and eighth notes. There are several slurs and accents over the notes.

The fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece. It features a melody in the treble with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line with chords and eighth notes. There are several slurs and accents over the notes. The dynamics are marked 'f' (forte).

WINONA POLKA.



EDITOR'S TABLE

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"PETERSON" FOR 1866. DOUBLE SIZE COLORED FASHION-PLATES.—We call attention to the Prospect for next year, to be found on the cover. It will be that we contemplate various improvements, the chief of which will be a double-size, colored, steel fashion-plate in each number.

This single improvement will cost nearly twenty thousand dollars extra. We mention this fact to show the public that we stop at no expense in order to add to the attractions of "Peterson," regarding our remuneration, not on large profits on a small edition, but on small profits on a large one. This is the secret of our having been able to publish, for so many years, so cheap, yet so good, a Magazine. We have now the largest circulation of any monthly in the United States, and we expect, next year, to double it.

For our mammoth fashion-plate will not be our only improvement. The Magazine will be printed on new type, and the reading matter increased. Our original stories have been, for years, superior to those to be found in other ladies' magazines. Our list of original contributors is unrivaled; and such first-class writers as Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Frank Leo Benedict, and the author of "The Second Life," are engaged to write exclusively for us. While retaining the best of these contributors, new writers of acknowledged ability will be added.

Now is the time to get up clubs! Everybody will subscribe for "Peterson," if its claims are fully presented, unless a promise has been given to take some other magazine. Be, therefore, the first in the field. A specimen will be sent, gratis, if written for, to show to acquaintances, so that you need not injure your own copy. *Don't lose a moment!*

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT.—If the attempt, being made in Paris, to reintroduce the fashions of the first Empire, succeeds, we shall have an era of the worst taste possible. The Empire bonnet has already triumphed, so has the Empire head-dress; but on some ladies these really look very pretty. The Empire gown, however, was hideous. Here is what Miss Berry, (whose "Journals and Correspondence" have just been published in London,) says of it. She visited Paris in 1802, just after the short-lived Peace of Amiens. "The little colored plates of the Paris fashions are exact, unexaggerated representations of their dresses, but in reality they are seldom exhibited upon as handsome figures. Loads of finery in gold and silver, excessively fine laces, bare necks and shoulders, more than half way down the back, with the two blade-bones squeezed together in a very narrow-backed gown; arms covered with nothing but a piece of fine lace below the shoulders; and trains that never ended: in short, an endless variety of bad taste, without one single figure that one's eye could repose on with pleasure. Such wore the women." This, as we have said, was in 1802. Already dresses are cut "more than half way down the back," as Miss Berry expresses it, by the most fashionable dress-maker of Paris, who, by-the-by, is a man. In our October number was such a dress. So, ladies, you see what you may expect, if the Empire styles triumph altogether! For one, we hope they may not. Of course, we shall give the latest fashions, whatever they are; and then you may dress to suit yourselves.

THE BEST PUBLISHER.—The Mount Carmel (Ill.) Democrat says:—"All things considered, Peterson's, for cheapness and excellence, is the best Magazine of its kind published."

THE OPINION OF THE PRESS.—The newspaper press is unanimous in pronouncing "Peterson's Magazine" to be the cheapest and best, excelling in fashions, literature, etc., and, therefore, just the one for the times. We have hundreds of notices to this effect. Says the Waukegan (Ill.) Gazette:—"It is the best practical help and instructive companion that a lady can have—next to a good and intelligent husband." Says the Port Clinton (O.) News:—"Peterson's is the cheapest Ladies' Magazine published." Says the Portsmouth (O.) Times:—"For merit and cheapness combined, the ladies will find 'Peterson' unsurpassed." Says the Milan (Mo.) Radical:—"If you are not taking this Magazine now, commence right away." Says the Galeville (N. Y.) Casket:—"The engravings are the finest, the fashion-plates the latest, and the reading matter the most choice." Says the Whitehall (N. Y.) Times:—"The stories are conceded, by all who have read them, to be of the highest order of literature." Says the Woodfield (O.) Spirit of Democracy:—"The fashions are of the very latest, both for ladies and children. The literature cannot be excelled. This is decidedly the cheapest and best Two Dollar Magazine published." Says the Machias (Me.) Union:—"The steel engraving in 'Peterson's' for September, 'Who's Bit My Apple,' is worth a dollar." And the Grayville (Ill.) Independent says:—"The last number is before us, rich in matter, engravings, etc., and proves 'Peterson' to be the Magazine."

THE FIRST BONNET.—The first bonnet worn in England was brought from Italy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its form was a compromise between the present Italian peasant hat and the French hood. The materials employed in constructing these head ornaments were crimson satin elaborately embroidered, cloth of gold, and similar rich materials. The Lehigh flat, with perpendicular crown and wide brim, standing out far around the face, was the first legitimate bonnet worn, and this appeared long after Queen Elizabeth's time. It was trimmed with artificial flowers and immense bows of ribbon.

OUR NEW ENGLAND subscribers, particularly, will be delighted with "The Old Mill of Amoskeag," one of our novelets for 1866. It is the best story written by its author since her "Susy L.—'s Diary," and is, perhaps, even better than that. It will be popular everywhere, however, and not only in New England.

CHEERFULNESS is one of the greatest of virtues. It makes everybody around you happy, besides keeping yourself happy also. To be cheerful is not difficult. Be contented, hope for the best, and think as well as possible of everybody. If you do these things, you will be happy and cheerful.

THE MODEL MAGAZINE.—The Olney (Ill.) Democrat says:—"Peterson's is the model Magazine of the world, and every real lady should have it. Its fashion-plates are always the very latest, and its stories excellent."

MAKING A SCOFF OF RELIGION is a bad sign in a young man, or an old one either. If ladies will take our advice, they will have nothing to say to a suitor who does it, no matter how rich, or talented, or famous he is.

THE POSTAGE on this Magazine is twelve cents yearly, payable, every three months, in advance, at the office where the Magazine is received.